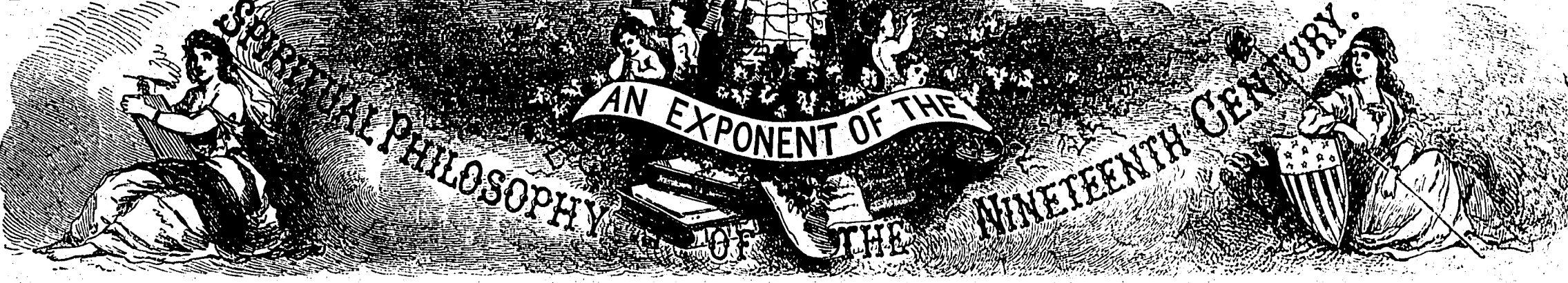


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 3.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE VETERAN.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAV.

"My half-day's work is done,
But still I act my part;
I give a patient God
A humble heart—
And pray His banner still—
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead unto Him!"

He sits beside the crowded way,
Where noontide sunbeams fall,
And faintly rings his well-known lay
On careless hearts who will not stay,
In memory of that glorious day
When swept the stormy call!
When eastern hills and western plain
Thrilled with the conflict's wild refrain
That pealed from Sumter's wall!
When manhood seized the Spartan shield,
And woman cheered him to the field
To win the crown or pall!

As oft, upon some festive play,
The prancing horsemen ride;
And where their crimson ranks display
Their glittering lances light the way,
And snow-white plumes are waving gay,
And streamers dance in pride—
He hears from out the long ago
The gathering tumult swell and grow—
The trumpet sounding wild,
When charging through the sulphurous air
High o'er the sabres gleaming bare,
Death reined the rushing tide!

When thick as Summer's rustling leaves
The waiting bayonets shone;
And music shakes the towering eaves,
A fading spell his fancy weaves—
He sees the battle's grisly sheaves
Above the marching line—
When flashes light the "elm clad gloom,"
The deep artillery's thunderous boom
Tells, like a mystic sign,
How from the North, with iron hand,
Columbia hurled her hero band,
As lightning smites the pine!

He stands, an index of the past—
The shouting crowd sweeps by;
Ye say through deathless ages cast
Their names on history's page shall last—
Till chaos part the final blast—
Who dared for right to die!
Then, pitying aid the veteran's woe,
Who waits through pain and toll below,
Where earth's dark night clouds lie,
Till angels write his new risen soul
On heaven's eternal mystic scroll
Ninth God's approving eye!

Yes! pitying aid. The storm shall blow—
Again our sight grow dim;
And he who guides the century's flow
Shall bid the battle's furnace glow,
And life leaves torn the winds blow,
And blazing navies swim!
But if with truth and justice armed,
The storm-swept State shall gain unharmed
The cyclone's boiling rim!
And float in pride o'er fairer seas,
Tullied by the cadence of a breeze
From Eden's confines dim!

Boston, March, 1870.

THERE'S AN ANGEL IN THE FOREST.

[The subjoined legend is furnished us by Mrs. Kate O'Brien, says the St. Louis Democrat, as the offspring of a spiritual manifestation or inspiration. It is very beautiful, and plaintively touching. We are quite incredulous as to the "spiritual" origin of the lyric, but not the least as to the inspiration that produced it. Without eulogy as to the source of its inception, however, we trust to receive other favors from the same gifted quarter.]

There's an angel in the forest—
All the peasants tell us so—
That the spirit of a baby
That was lost their long ago;
Twas the woodman's cherished darling—
He could never from her part—
And the mother's precious treasure,
Dearest child of her heart.
'Twas the first-born babe and comfort,
Brightest morn and evening star;
But the little feet would wander,
And they wandered off too far.
Storms of rain and snow were falling,
On the night the baby strayed,
Thunder roared, lightning flashing,
Till the bravest grew afraid,
Vain was all their faithful searching,
Through the night, till light of morn,
Then they found their baby sleeping,
Buried with a milk white fawn—
Deep beneath a new made snowdrift,
Resting on a violet bed—
Little tremble, jingling bells,
Fawn and baby, all were dead!

There's an angel in the forest—
All the hunters know it well;
They have felt her star-light glance—
Sleep beneath their magic spell;
Angel child, with golden tresses,
With the little snow white fawn,
Ever charming boldest hunters
Through the night and through the morn;
Then they leave the haunted woodland,
Bouncing deer and dozing wild,
Evermore to see, when dreaming,
Snow white fawn and angel child.

TWILIGHT MUSIC.

That strain once more! Oh touch those chords again.
They call from out the past
Sweet joys that could but last—
In memory's soft refrain.
When the father and the mother,
When the sister and the brother,
Beneath the old elm tree
Shared one dear home with me.
Ah! well can I recall that evening hour
When I, mid childish play,
First heard that simple lay,
And felt its gentle power,
As a gentle breeze, I listened,
Barely like the fireflies glimmered
On the soft evening breeze,
Fitting among the trees.
Then wake for me once more that long loud strain,
And by sweet music's power,
For this one blessed hour,
I'd be a child again;
And through the twilight half discover
Angel forms that round me hover,
Their hands upon my head
In tenderest blessing laid.

—Monthly Review.

The Lecture Room.

WOMAN'S PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE SPHERE.

A LECTURE BY MRS. MARIA M. KING,
Delivered before the Society of Progressive
Spiritualists of Hingham, N. J.,
Nov. 28th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The present age is crowded with questions upon whose proper solution depends the progress of the race of man in the ages to come; and the fair discussion of these questions is the only appropriate means which can bring about their solution, or shape public sentiment to accept of such reforms as the civilization of the age is imperatively demanding. Looming up in broad proportions, side by side with others, and overshadowing most others deemed of vital importance to the interests of civilization is the "woman question"—that question which involves so many in one; which indeed comprehends the interests of humanity as scarce any other mooted question can, considering the present status of society. Woman, the element in society upon which its vital interests hinge, in a sense that has not hitherto been recognized or understood, while, at the same time, she has been the theme of poetry and romance, the adored of chivalry, the worshiped of heroes, the ideal in some minds of angelic purity and excellence—woman, I say, is to-day standing and pleading with the age to grant her a full hearing and accord to her what her nature is demanding, and what humanity and civilization is demanding as well. She is effectually arousing the public to the discussion of questions which heretofore have been considered settled by the theology, the customs and opinions of all ages. She is surely undermining the foundations of the old system of thinking in regard to the capacities and the aspirations of woman, and as surely the theological tenet which places her subordinate to man in every relation and station in society. She is astonishing the world with the bold assumption of rights which have hitherto been considered as prerogatives of masculinity, and in no sense of the sex whose chief prerogatives were considered to be obedience and dependence. She is actually outdoing herself in her zeal for the reformation of codes and creeds which affect her vital interests in common with those of man, and which she regards, as they are now constructed, as her enslavers.

It is not the cry of the unreasonably discontented that is now sounding through the land from tens of thousands of women; but it is an actual cry of distress; a burning forth of a fountain of indignation and sorrow, whose pent-up forces will no longer be stayed. It is the wail of the starving sewing women, the unemployed poor single and married women of both city and country, and of the multitudes of such of the sex as have forfeited the respect due to women by stooping to an employment held out too often as a lure to the starving, by those of both sexes, whose names is baseless, and who stand in the relation of beasts of prey, cunning, deadly serpents to society. Oppression, misapprehension, has wrung this cry from women whose lot it has been to struggle with oppressive customs to gain the bread to support physical existence at the expense of health, comfort, ease—in fine, almost the whole pleasure of living. Sympathetic spirits, those in whom the fires of inspiration have been lighted by a contemplation of the wrongs heaped upon their sex, have caught the moans of anguish from stricken hearts in dens of vice, in garrets and cellars of want, in all the avenues of life, and are reaching them through the land, in aid of those who need champions, being themselves unable or unqualified to reach the public ear.

What does it signify that women are complaining so much in the sphere in which they are at present acting? What do they need at the hands of society to place them where they would or should be? These are questions that must be answered understandingly before the coveted reforms can be inaugurated. Woman at present occupies a sphere too contracted for the exercise of her powers, physical or intellectual, but chiefly intellectual. Nature formed her for exercise, physical and mental, and bestowed capacities for the outworking of strength of constitution, physical and mental. Bodily exercise is necessary to the development of the physical powers, and without this exercise there is no proper development of the physical nature. This is precisely the rule with the intellectual nature. As society is at present, there is a large class of women who exercise in a perpetual round of domestic duties that permit of the development of physical strength to a certain degree, but does not allow of the perfect unfolding of the physical powers, from the fact that the exercise is too much indoors, and too laborious, or continued through too many hours of the day. Kitchen and nursery "duties," as this sort of exercise has been called, is honorable, I was about to say, above every other employment; yet it must be admitted that, as it is now done, it is cramping to the energies of the women who are compelled to it, through from twelve to sixteen hours of the day. It leaves the physical energies prostrated when the labors of the day are done, with no strength, desire, or time for mental exercise, or even for the diversions that are as necessary to individual well being as the daily bread. The mother must care for her children, the wife for the husband and father, who is toiling for the daily bread. The mistress of the household must have a care to make home attractive to husband and children; or there is an end of domestic peace—the heaven of earth, most truly; but with the present order of doing things, she surely does all this with too much cost to herself. Sickly wives and mothers are too much the rule in American society, and one cause of this is the manner of living and laboring

as I have described. Out-door exercises, gardening, fruit gathering, and many other species of physical labor adapted to her strength, should be interwoven with the domestic duties of woman and she would be happier and more efficient.

Mental culture, with this class of females, is a thing not to be thought of generally. The school-days are remembered, and perhaps the habit of reading, in some measure cultivated, but generally to so small an extent that the mind is almost a blank as regards the information that really ennobles, cultivates the intellect, and furnishes food for thought, and a fund from whence to draw to furnish the infant intellects committed to the mother's care with the necessary instruction to set them in the path of improvement in knowledge while under the home roof, and the mother's influence. Study—who can think of that who has the care of a family on her hands, with the labor also? It is a thing actually not thought of by women, generally, after the school-days are passed! And yet, who that realizes a mother's, a wife's responsibilities, can for a moment hesitate to confess the necessity of her being educated, not only in the school-girl's learning, but in that of the statesman, shall I say? Yes, I shall say in that which concerns every man and woman comprising the nation, to understand, which is a knowledge of the politics, the religion, the arts and sciences, the literature, the improvements in the arts of life, &c. While woman stands in the place of instructor to the children of a nation, that nation owes it to her to provide means whereby she may be qualified for her position.

The sacred relation of mother, which it is woman's to bear to the race, places her in the position of teacher of all who come upon the stage of action. The minds that are to mold the destinies of the nation, are first molded by this instructor. Who has measured the influence of the mothers in society, in shaping its institutions, either in the interests of a high civilization or against them? And yet the mass of the women of the nation toil on in ignorance, and, in a degree, without the means of making themselves efficient mothers, if they desired to do so. This is no exaggeration, as all must admit; although it may be charged that women really possess more advantages for improvement than they are ready to avail themselves of. The public sentiment that, until recently, has favored the idea that woman's business, and her only business, beyond household duties, to fritter away her time at embroidery, and the various other arts that serve the purpose of consuming time, without adding to the stock of knowledge, is responsible, in a great degree, for the failure of women, in this age, to comprehend and fulfill the more important duty of enriching their minds. The sphere that was appointed them in a past age, they still occupy, being unwilling, masses of them, to leave the old paths and try the new ones that lead women to intellectual effort.

It may be suggested to the minds of my hearers, that I am complaining of a state of things for which I point out no remedy—and for which there is, really, no remedy. I propose to point out a state of things for which there is a remedy in the growing intelligence of the age, and the growing interest in woman's elevation as well as that of man. I am no enthusiast, that ignores the relation of wife and mother, that places woman on a plane so far above man that he is hardly worthy to occupy the relation of husband to her. I cannot see, as those who, while they call man "woman's natural protector," at the same time proclaim that she should be "independent," "sovereign," and "dictator." I would claim no right for woman that her nature does not fit her to maintain; neither would I have her assume responsibilities through a vain love of position and influence which belong to the other sex. There is enough for her to do in her own legitimate sphere, when that sphere shall have been enlarged to suit her expanding faculties, without her doing man's work.

I claim that woman is entitled to equal privileges of education with man; that the doors of colleges and universities should be open to her; that the professions should be accessible to her, such of them as she has the ambition to study and practice, particularly the medical profession. There is no shadow of justice or right in shutting any avenue of knowledge against woman, as long as she is an intellectual being, and forced upon the stage of action to develop her mental powers for herself, and often to gain her own support, without any more assistance than man receives, who is poor and dependent upon himself for support. I claim that in order to stimulate the female mind to action in the direction of intellectual development, there must be similar incentives to effort that men possess. A young man enters school with a world of hope and ambition, founded upon the knowledge of what society has for him if he proves himself worthy. He knows that a thorough education will fit him for remunerative employments and honorable positions; and if he is a man he will strive to be and do something in the world. A young woman enters school with a very limited ambition, generally for the reason that she looks forward to a life, married or single, crowded with what she has learned to consider petty duties and unremunerative employment. Public sentiment has not educated her to consider the vocation of housewife and mother as professions as exalted as it is in the gift of Providence or society to bestow; and professions that need to be studied with equal or more care than those so honored and sought after by men. I do not wish to be understood here as declaring woman's sphere to be to fill these professions alone, far from it; but I would be understood as declaring that society suffers as much, to-day, for the lack of competent housewives and mothers as from any other cause that can be mentioned. By competent housewives and mothers is not only signified those who understand the details of housekeeping and the care of children, but in addition to this knowledge, the necessary accom-

plishments of mind and heart to make home attractive, and to train children to be true, noble men and women.

The home-hearth is the school where real nobility is reared and fostered; where intellectual development most generally begins, if it begins at all in earth-life. And wives and mothers are the angel guides and teachers whose prerogative it is to send forth into the world men and women of full growth to do its work, not dwarfs and children. Teach women entering life to understand that truly noble work awaits them, not only this that I have just mentioned, but also that they may compete with men for many honorable employments that require preparation—education—to fill, and they will be ambitious for something more than a few showy accomplishments, and a knowledge of the art of making themselves attractive by dress and show. The feminine intellect needs stimulation even more than the male, being negative to that; and stimulation of a legitimate character effects its unfolding more rapidly than the same amount would the masculine. Thus woman can be elevated to a sphere where she will be a real helper in the sense she is not now, by opening to her the gates of knowledge and the avocations to which she is fitted that she now does not engage in, or only to a very limited extent, and that by sublimation.

Why should man grudge woman anything she may ask? He is powerful in his very nature to keep her from entering his sphere, or robbing him of one privilege that is his own. Why should he not tenderly, manfully assist her to rise to the level she is sure to find, as her faculties unfold in the light of the civilization of the present and future ages? I would have women fit themselves to have a voice in the government. I would advise them to gain sufficient knowledge of the interests of society, their country, of politics, and things in general, to be able to vote understandingly, and then I would have them vote. If they begin before they are thus exactly fitted, they will be doing nothing new under the sun. A vote cast by a trifling, silly woman, would be of the same weight as that of a man of the same character; and there are yet some such men who vote, and vote, too, upon the interests of intelligent, noble women, who have no voice for themselves. Voting, in this country, is simply an expression of the right of individuals to say who shall hold the offices in the gift of the people, and what shall be the laws and regulations under which they are to live. In the name of justice, is it right, in the sense the American people understand the term, to make a distinction in the sexes in regard to voting, when each are intelligent, amenable to law, and equally interested in the equitable administration of government? Man cannot represent woman in voting more than in thinking and acting in any other capacity. She has, or should have, opinions of her own, and should have the right to express them, as man does, by the ballot, for the good, as she conceives it, of her country, herself, and her children. I have no time to discuss this question, on this occasion, as it merits; but I must add that I am sure, when the hour comes that the wives of American citizens shall vote beside their husbands, there will be manliness enough in the latter, as a class, to allow their wives to differ from them, if it must be so. I would have husband and wife truly and wisely one in this matter of voting, as in all others, if it can be. But until it can be, the consequences of differences of opinion must manifest themselves in this as in all other matters that make up life, being essential to it.

What shall be said of the large class of women whom wealth places above the necessity of labor, and who are content to be butterflies in society, while they cry out against those of their sex who are heartily laboring to better conditions, by calling upon women to assert their womanhood? "We have all the rights we want," say this class. Here they are in the sphere society assigns them, like the other class mentioned. Husbands and fathers have to help reform the sentiment of society in respect to woman's sphere, before any large class of the sex can emerge into a higher than that now assigned them. The "old fogies" that still adhere to the doctrine that woman's sphere is in the kitchen, parlor and nursery, exclusively, or, perhaps I might add, the factory and country school house, where the spelling-book is taught, and that trembles at the mention of "woman's rights" as it would at the ghost of Federalism, or Andrew Jackson, is not extinct in American society yet. It is that which quotes Scripture, and hurls the anathemas of heaven against "the woman movement," that proclaims that women will forfeit the respect and protection of men by practicing the professions, the arts, any of the various employments hitherto assigned particularly to men, and especially if they exercise the right of the elective franchise; that fears the effect of woman's intermingling with her "natural protectors" in the shops, the offices, the counting-rooms, the fields, and at the polls. It also fears the effect of the intermingling of the "ladies" and the "Bridgets," at the latter place. What a terrible thing for a finely dressed, refined woman to be jostled in a crowd of voters by a washerwoman! The contrast between white, jeweled hands and arms and coarse masculine ones, bearing the signs of strength fitted to the tasks Providence or society has assigned them, would be so disgusting to this fogism, that all the possible utility arising from the power of the ballot in woman's hands, would be overborne! It is nothing for women and men of all classes to intermingle—to crowd and jostle each other at churches and places of amusement! Only keep women in their places as helpless dependents upon men; keep from them the means to elevate themselves on a par with their brothers by shutting them out from the employments that are remunerative, and which honor those engaged in them as intellectual beings, and this spirit is satisfied; even though jostling, strong men crush the life out of crowds of women who would fain trust in the justice of man to afford them the means of an honorable support.

Woman, clothed in the panoply of virtue, is encased in armor stronger than steel to resist the influence of crowds of her fellows of both sexes on a low plane. Her very presence, as pure woman, purifies the atmosphere of the workshops, offices, &c. where she is employed, and will purify the halls where elections are held, which are now too often reeking with sensuality. Does the pure woman fear association with man in any avocation—any place where circumstances may force her to labor with him? No. To his honor—to the honor of humanity be it said, No. SHAME to him who thinks evil in the presence of a sister, who, with him, is striving for daily bread at whatever employment her hands or her brain are fitted to undertake! Is that philanthropy which, in effect, points man to itself as a means to rid the workshop and the office of a competition for employment and fair wages? Does it speak well for the civilization of the age, if it must be proclaimed to be *unsafe* for the sexes to work together? I ask, is it a mark of the good judgment of him who proclaims this sentiment, in view of the chivalry of man in this age—man, who really honors woman when he sees her striving to exercise her powers in directions new to her sex, and for the laudable purpose of preserving herself from squalid poverty or infamy? Because man always has set type and worked telegraph wires, he always must, to the exclusion of women from these employments! This is progress! Because one is born and reared a farmer, and begins his life clearing land and logging, he should never aspire to any employment higher, easier, or more congenial, because, perchance, if he does, he may step in some person's way! It is a shame that woman, whose sphere is so subordinate to that of man that she has scarcely the right to live unless she has a father or husband able and willing to support her, should dare to trouble statesmen and grave editors to write articles to endeavor to suppress her! But "Nature is stronger than the will" of such to keep quiet with the great buzz about their ears made by the Anthons, the Dickens, the Stantons, &c., and they must give expression to their fears and hopes, and the expected pleasure of witnessing these agitators get their places after a while.

All honor, I say, to those who are doing noble work for humanity, who do not see the consistency of the "woman movement," but for humanity's sake, let not the influence of great men—great in some qualities of heart and head—daunt those who are battling for the right where that class sees nothing to battle for. Wisdom dwells not alone in the renowned, the worshiped among men. It often asserts itself where folly is supposed to hold supremacy. Woman's instincts, her own "wants and woes," inspire her in this day, to a wisdom that is outgeneraling the wisest, the most persistent of her opposers.

Women justly complain, when they contemplate the contracted sphere in which the sex has hitherto moved, with a few noble exceptions, through the ages; and still are bidden to keep within it, notwithstanding the world's work is growing upon the hands of philanthropists to the extent that the one sex cannot possibly do it all. They complain justly when bidden to be quiet and remain ignorant in an age of growing intellectuality and spirituality. As though women should repress the rising, energizing forces within them, which are struggling for expression in this age, which emphatically is the dawn of a new era—a spiritual era—one wherein the essentially spiritual element of the twin forming man, can unfold the exalted faculties with which Nature has endowed her as spiritual, intellectual woman! As though it were possible for any power to repress the agitation that she herself has raised, as a spiritual positive force, battling with a physical negative force for the promotion of higher life—more rapid progress of mankind into the spiritual state that has been called the millennium!

I am of those who would prefer the present state of things to that which has been depicted by some as "the good time coming." I know that extremes must be avoided if the coveted good is attained. And yet I know that in the agitation of any question, extremists will arise who would ruin, had they the power. I have all faith in the sentiment of society in favor of order and the maintenance of the sacred relations of the sexes as they now stand—yes, as they now stand. I believe the highest sentiment of society, and that which is in harmony with our progressing civilization, will frown upon license or promiscuity, under whatever name it assumes to hide its hideousness. I do not believe that the sacred relations of wife, mother, husband, father, and home, are to be sacrificed at the bidding of a few, who see in "freedom" their heaven; or who mistake the method of righting the wrongs that now afflict society with apparently a legal sanction. I see a tendency in women and men to exaggerate the wrongs of the sex and the abuses of the marriage relation; and I also see that this will be one means to arouse the lovers of order and right, and set them at work to devise means to purify the homes of the land, the natures of husbands, and wives as well, that the sanctuary of man, and woman, and children be not destroyed; that the home, sweet, sacred, heaven-born home be not obliterated from society, and its members be precipitated into abysses of disorder and barbarism. My subject grows upon my hands. I must hasten to say something of woman's prospective sphere, leaving many legitimate branches of this subject untouched.

As I look into the future, trace causes to legitimate effects, I see a condition for woman wherein her whole nature can have ample scope for action—wherein true womanhood can unfold as it has had little or no power to do in the past or present. I contemplate her a being, womanly in the true sense—trained according to the strictest signification of the term. I yet contemplate her as intellectually strong—able to cope with man in argument; and if in reason not as

deep and overpowering, yet, in intuition—which is only another name for inspiration—deeper, quicker of apprehension, and withal, a worthy helpmeet for man intellectually. I see her active with man in all manner of work; I see she can counsel in peace and war; and if she may not bear the sword, she can scrape the lint and nurse the wounded. When war is no more, she can counsel with man in all matters that pertain to humanity; she can wield the author's pen; sit in the professor's chair; study the sciences, arts and philosophy. And whatever attainments she makes are *her own*, and the future generations also; for as another who will transmit her nobility, natural and acquired, to her children. She will adorn the home—make the fireside a heaven; for she will work where circumstances place her, when she is a true woman, uncomplainingly—may cheerfully, happily, and circumstances will bend to her good, when man appreciates her for what she is to him and humanity at large.

Excuse me—you who ask all honors and emoluments for women, if I say I do not see women in the great, "good time coming" occupying Presidential chairs, Judges' benches, the chief seats in the synagogues, the uppermost offices in Government. I cannot see them, where their negative influence would be overborne by the positive of their brother man. Until the sexes have both comprehended their true relations to each other, and their legitimate separate spheres, there must be incongruity of relations between them. Man will claim woman's privileges and duties while he is on the low selfish plane where ignorance and sensuality have kept him heretofore; and woman will submit to be out of her proper place until she is qualified to understand what that place is. She is to-day on the same plane with man, viz.: that whereon the spiritual nature is debilitated by sensuality to the degree that none can see clearly the true place or sphere which Nature has appointed to man and woman to fill. Woman will step out of her proper sphere as naturally as man will out of his, while she is in ignorance and as selfish as he. Why, should she not? Is it to be supposed that on the first agitation of a question, perfectly just and appropriate ground will be assumed on important details? Never yet has it happened that the first ideas of reformers have needed no qualifications to suit them to the wants of an advancing people. Women today claim the right to every position men may hold in society. This is an error they will outgrow as they develop their reason, and learn by experience the true relations of woman to society. As the functions of the female form differ from those of the male, so her real nature is different. There is an actual difference of spheres of the two sexes expressed by the functions that Nature herself—not society—has imposed upon each. The woman is the element of the twin that makes one perfect whole—that creates the *home-life* in society—that creates conditions that make life endurable and desirable. What is society without its homes; and what is the home without its presiding genius—the woman? "What is home without a mother?" the poet has said. Yes; what is a home without the mother and children?—or what is the end of social forms, or the existence of man and woman, if not, to foster the home relations, and aid and encourage the rearing of children—the gods that are to be—in a truer sense than parents have yet comprehended!

Man is formed by nature to "bear the brunt" of the work that must be done to support the physical existence of the race, and to keep society from disorganization. His strong muscular system adapts him to the work that is to be done outside the home, at the same time that his positive nature, his strong will and his intellectual force fit him for the position and the labor of the legislator, and as the power that keeps in action the career machinery of life. Woman naturally shrinks from the career work that is to be done in society, as a spiritual being shrinks from contact with gross elements for which it has no affinity. She will do what is necessary—what is forced upon her by circumstances—but she chooses the work for which man is not so well fitted. She is a better philanthropist than warrior; a better advocate for social reform than at the bar; a better preacher and temperance lecturer than politician; that is to say, she fills her sphere as a *spiritual force* in society—which she really is—by over leading in reformatory movements, and expending her strength in directing the labors of man in favor of righteousness and good will, better than when she attempts to overcome by sheer force of physical or intellectual strength. She will be a force to cleanse the "dirty pools of politics," by directing the legislation of men into appropriate channels; by infusing a love of justice into the hearts of those who honor her as a worthy co-laborer in the sphere Nature appoints her. Hers is a persuasive, a quieting force, and it leads the positive, the coercive, the intellectual force of man in the right direction, when it is expended as Nature appoints it to be.

The functions of wife and mother are those that Nature appoints to woman, as those of husband and father are those she appoints to man; and when Nature asserts herself, as she will in the future of the race, the sexes will adjust themselves to their natural positions, and in them will display their perfect adaptation to each other and to the wants of society. Single women and men then will seem as much out of place as the former are generally misplaced or displaced by the present order of society. There will be actually no place for such when all live naturally and justice holds sway. Honor belongs to men and women who fulfill the design of Nature in their creation; and such only Nature truly honors; for it is not possible for any others to outwork their true nobility of Nature.

Thus I place woman, "in the good time coming," just where Nature places her—at the side of man—as his efficient counselor and aid. Not alone in any position where the positive, the reasoning and the coercive nature of man is needed, but ever at the side of the man in his public and private capacities as his mentor, or as a power to restrain his passions, to guide his reason in the direction of benevolent action, and to assert her interest in all that interests man. Thus I place her in legislative halls to discuss with man on the interests of nations. I place her there with her husband—not independent of him—as I place man there, not independent of his wife, who will be to him then a necessity in every position. When woman is thus in her proper sphere, she will not be at the mercy of unjust man. Men, before they will admit of the equality of women with them, in the sense here designated, or in any other, will have outgrown their disposition to oppress the weaker sex. Until this disposition is outgrown, there is no remedy for woman but "to labor and wait" for her enfranchisement. Until then, laws will be framed to suit the strongest element of legislative bodies; and although woman may assume a place in legislative halls while the question of her full enfranchisement is pending, she will not overcome the positive legislation of man sitting beside her, because she is negative to him—her intellectual strength and will power are not

equal to his. Man has ever been the governing element in society, because of his superiority of will and intellect. Woman has succumbed to man's power, as the essentially weaker element, until the present age, which, being one in which the spiritual forces of the race are being brought into efficient action, she, as a spiritual force, is raising her voice in her own behalf, as she has never done before. She is destined to be her own savior from her false position. Nature has made her an efficient power to cope with the positive coercive power of man when she shall have developed that power. Indeed, she is destined to lead as a high spiritual force, and she has already commenced to lead the sentiment of society in the direction of reform, now that her powers are unfolding rapidly. She is to assert her position as an equal with man, by the overpowering force of her love nature, coupled with the intellectual force she is developing as she reaches the plane where her powers can unfold, by her power to cause men to understand the claims of justice, which is akin to love, and ever swayed by the Divine Mind according to its dictates. Sheer intellectual strength will achieve no victory for intellectual woman over intellectual man, but this strength aided by womanly power, a thing not to be defined, or only as one akin to that by which the angels urge to deeds of justice and mercy, will sway man's power at once and forever after the plane is reached whereon this power comes into full healthy exercise. By love and reason woman is to sway, not rule man, and aid in all societal regulations. A state of society wherein woman is man's equal, in the sense here indicated, is one that must follow the elevation of the sexes to a high moral and intellectual plane as surely as sunshine dispels the dews and darkness of night. God did not mean oppression when he placed woman subordinate to man as a negative element; neither did he mean that Nature's order should be subverted when the true woman should be unfolded in the millennial times. He arranged that order should reign at length, when the positive and negative, forming the perfect being *man*, should adjust themselves according to the perfect law written in the natures of man and woman. The practicality of a state of society such as is here indicated as that to be in the great future, cannot be conceived of as yet by the masses in society, who regard almost every effort of reformers to better the condition of society by advocating changes in the social order, in laws, &c., as the mad policy of enthusiasts or fanatics. Fanaticism is far removed from enthusiasm. The latter exercised in a good cause is sure to have an effect, and such an one as conservatives of the old school ignore, and all lovers of progress hail with pleasure.

Mankind have hardly yet conceived of the true relation of the sexes—the true significance of the marriage relation. Man alone does nothing well, neither does woman. Thus it is that nothing in this age is done well, because each is striving to do his or her work without the aid of the other. The distinctive spheres of woman and man comprise the sphere of the whole perfect one, which God made in His own image, according to the ancient prophet, whose words were true inspirations from God. In the family man and woman must act together, or the end of the family relation is not attained; nothing is accomplished to bless society or the individual man or woman. No child is properly reared without both parents lend their aid in rearing it. No household is perfectly arranged without the two, who are its head, consult together upon its arrangement, and no business is well conducted where the husband and wife do not combine their wisdom to conduct it. Public interests are the interests of man and woman, and both should consider it their duty and privilege to act for the public in every way possible. Governments are for both sexes, and both should have a voice in their construction, or they are not—cannot be in the nature of things—well-constructed. To attempt to separate the spheres of man and woman is to attempt what is as impossible as to separate a planet from the influence of its sun, or to expect the propagation of a species without the co-operation of its male and female principles. Mistaken notions are prevalent concerning what belongs to men and women as beings whose interests are as really one as though they were not distinct entities, because they are separated into two parties with antagonistic interests. How long these mistakes shall continue to disturb society, and defer the true order, will depend upon the wisdom of the leaders in societal reforms. Great changes in the sentiments of most of the leaders of the present must take place before they will be qualified to inaugurate agitation in just the right direction. Some, it is true, are aiming toward that direction, but hardly in it yet. "To here!" and "to there!" now disturbs true reformers, and distracts attention from important principles, that the world must be considering or lose ground. But this is as it always must be in a low state of society, while its elements are seeking to assume proper forms and relations. It is the business of all who love order and condemn license, to raise their voices in favor of such a system of reform as shall meet the wants of the people now. The critical time is now, because now the people are calling for reform, and will have it or degenerate. Women are working with might and main, and it needs that they work with as much light thrown upon them as can be obtained from heaven and earth. Let those who depend upon angel guidance seek after the highest inspirations the angels have for men, in a crisis when so much is at stake. Heaven speed the day when the will of woman oppressed shall cease to affect the ears of the people; when woman and man shall stand forth in their true, their Godlike natures, shorn of the defilements that now make all their woes, and prevent the reign of peace and good will among men. For this consummation let us all devoutly labor and pray, in the sure confidence that the desires of our hearts to this end shall be satisfied.

BENEDICTION.

The benedictions of God and the angels be upon you, and may they lead you into the paths of righteousness, and to the possession of all truth.

New Lecturer in the Field.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I take great pleasure in acquainting the Spiritualists of the country, through the columns of our beloved *Banner*, with the fact that our "city of spindles," during the past year, has not only turned out 125,000 yards of various kinds of fabrics for the warmth and support of the outer man, but also something of no meaner value for the support of the inner man, in the shape of an expounder of our new and beautiful religion and philosophy—Spiritualism—Miss Nellie L. Davis. This young lady will now take the field for other than local engagements. And I am pleased to say that having been personally acquainted with her for some years, I am convinced that she will win a host of friends in her chosen field of labor, being intellectual, cultured, affable, and most zealous in the cause of truth and progress. A little more than a year ago, Miss Davis made her first appearance upon the public rostrum before the Spiritualists of Lowell, and her lecture upon that occasion gave such general satisfaction that the Executive Board of the Society prevailed upon her to give them several lectures, which she did, drawing large and attentive audiences upon each occasion. Her many warm friends in Lowell bid her a hearty God-speed, upward and onward.

Respectfully yours,
B. W. FOSTER.

Lowell, Mass., 1870.

Lyceum Stories.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BOOK'S STORY.

BY MARY COLBY.

PART THREE.

Would you like to follow my fortunes a little further, and learn in what service I am likely to wear out my body—though I have the satisfaction of knowing that my teachings must live throughout eternity? Think often of this: what one may do to-day may not be of so much consequence now, but its influence will last forever. You may all have heard the story of the boy whose father required him to drive a nail into the wall for every wrong act he committed. He did so, and, when quite a number were driven in, his father said, "Now for every good deed draw out a nail." When there were no more to draw he called his father to look. "Ah!" said his father, as he gazed sorrowfully at the marked wall, "but the holes are left yet!" It is even so; the marks remain, and though much time and patience are expended in trying to fill them up, still the wall will always be defaced. It is harder to live down an error than to refuse to commit one. But to my story:

Mrs. Green was returning from the sea-shore where she had been spending a few weeks; and, as she was a woman of means and had more time than she knew how to occupy, she was pleased to spend a week or more in so pleasant a manner as riding leisurely in her own carriage through the country, viewing the scenery along the river banks, visiting the places of interest and calling on a few friends who lived by the way. Her invalid sister, Julia, to whom she was fondly attached, and her only daughter, Alice, accompanied her on this journey. The ride, which was giving the mother and aunt so much pleasure, was very tedious to the daughter, who, with all the restlessness peculiar to a spoiled child of ten years of age, was continually wishing it at an end, and in various ways showing her impatience.

Had the route been less interesting to Mrs. Green, or less pleasing to her sister, she would in all probability have given it up and chosen a more speedy conveyance to her home, for she was in the habit of yielding more to her daughter's wishes than was good for that young lady.

Many were the articles purchased during the ride to please the little miss, but they served to amuse her for a short time only, and when I was purchased it was feared the result would be the same, but they hoped some of the most interesting of my stories might serve to amuse her for a short time at least, and so it proved. The greater part of two days I served to keep the young lady quiet, and gave rest and peace to the mother and aunt. We were now but two days' journey from their home, which was to be mine also. I was pleased with my owner, for she had listened to my stories with a great deal of interest, and she was such a pretty looking girl that I thought I might learn to love her almost as well as Lucy. Alice got tired of me at last, however, and threw me down on the seat, where, by listening to the conversation, I learned the particulars which I have already given you.

Every journey, however pleasant or tedious, must have an end, and we at last arrived home. So at least I supposed, for I had slid down under the cushion of the carriage, and my little mistress had quite forgotten me. The carriage must be cleaned, however, so I was found and taken out by the hostler and handed to his little daughter for her to bring in to Miss Alice.

Little Jane Henry would have been, oh, so glad to have kept me to read to her poor, lame brother at home, but no, that would not do; to have kept me would have been stealing—and had not her kind mother repeatedly warned her against even courting temptation? Besides, if she should steal, how it would grieve the heart of the gentle sister who had passed away from mortal sight, but who now hovered around her as a guardian angel. So thinking, she hurried along with me in her hand. Arriving at the house, the maid told her to step into the parlor, where the family, who were then out, would soon join her. The door to Alice's little library, which adjoined the parlor, was open, and the books so neatly arranged on the shelves attracted Jane's attention, and, almost without knowing it, she walked toward them and was gazing almost wonder-struck at what seemed to her such a large number of books. There the family found her, though she was not aware they had entered.

Mrs. Green would have spoken abruptly if not harshly to her, and have asked her why she entered that room without permission, but a sign from her sister Julia prevented her. It was some minutes before Jane was conscious of the presence of the family, and then she came forward with many blushes handed me to Mrs. Green and began to excuse herself for her thoughtlessness. Mrs. Green, seeing the child's embarrassment, readily excused her, but Julia, who was quite an adept in reading human nature, was struck by the child's manner as well as her beauty and wished for a more close acquaintance with her; so she motioned her to a seat near the lounge on which she had lain down.

On being questioned, she told her name and age, and that her father had been obliged to leave his profitable employment of machinist; how the doctor had told him he must not work at his trade for fear of consumption, and had advised him to be about animals, especially horses; that he disliked to leave the little home his industry had reared, and where his children had been born, and where some of them had died, and so had engaged with Mrs. Green to take care of her horses and help the gardener; that out of a large family only herself and a lame brother were left.

"Dear sister Fanny, who was almost a young lady, died a year ago," said she, "and we thought then that our hearts would break; but"—and the little one's face brightened with enthusiasm as she spoke—"oh, ma'am, do you know, dead folks isn't dead? they're alive, and can see and can talk with you, and you can see them—some can. I mean, 'twas a long time before father or mother could believe; but they believe now; they know; and we are so happy evenings, when we sit about the table, and Freddy—'that's my brother—can describe the beautiful things that Fanny shows him, and 'tis just so like Fanny! and she's got some wise person who lives there where she does, and he knows all about folk's sickness, and he's come and told father and Freddy all about them, and now father won't have to pay away any more of his money for his doctor's bills, and we shall have things same's we used to. Fanny says, and father thinks it's so nice to have his doctor and his minister right in his own family. Now I'm saving all the money I can to buy books for Freddy, 'cause it's so hard for him to stay in the house all day, and mother at work and I at school. Fanny comes and amuses him, but then you know little boys don't like one thing all the time, so I'm going to try to buy him some of those nice things I saw when I went into the city with father, when he went to see the big

doctor which was there, and oh, Freddy'll be so glad!"

The little girl paused, fairly out of breath, and looked about her half-frightened and half-ashamed to think she had forgotten herself, then, rising, said: "I guess I'd better go home now; perhaps mother will want me."

"You can go now," said Mrs. Julia, "but won't you call again to-morrow?"

"I'll ask mother," was the reply, and, making her bow, she left the room.

It was some time after she was gone before a word was spoken by either of the three remaining in the room. Mrs. Green was apparently busy with her sewing, Alice was looking over the pages of a book, while Julia lay upon the lounge with her eyes closed, and I saw a tear or two steal down her cheek. She, too, had lain dear ones away when it seemed as if her heart would break. Oh, what would she not give for the faith of this child! She had heard of the glorious truths of Spiritualism, but had never striven to unfold the mysteries which she supposed enveloped them.

"Is it possible," she said to herself, "that my dear ones are about me, and I extend to them no welcoming hand? But why harass myself with such thoughts? Ignorant people are always superstitious! Well, but again, this little girl was not ignorant. She was well brought up; any one could see at a glance that such a child could not come of ignorant parents, even if they are day laborers, the very lowest of my sister's servants—her hostler! Oh, let me be governed by reason in this matter, not by foolish prejudice!"

Then, after a few moments, she said to her sister: "Emma, do you know this child?"

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Green, "I know her to be the daughter of Mr. Henry, scarce more, only, as she told you, her father was sick and wanted the care of the horses, though at the time old Ned used to care for them, beside working in the garden. It costs me rather more, to be sure, but the horses are young and rather high-spirited for so old a man as Ned, and, with the improvements I intend making, there is, or will be, employment for both of them. This Henry has good taste and judgment, and were it not for breaking Ned's heart I'd put him in head man. But then 'twould cost me more, and Ned was in the family before I came here, so I really have n't the heart."

Again there was a silence. Mrs. Green was thinking of improvements to be made, and Julia wondering how people who saw so much of each other every day could be in reality such strangers. Alice was wondering what it was all about, and was about to ask, when her aunt Julia again broke the silence by asking her whether, with her mother's permission, she would not be willing to lend some of her books and games to amuse the lame boy.

"Well, aunt," said Alice, "do you suppose they would take good care of them, and not get them dirty? You know I hate dirty books."

"I don't know," said the aunt, "you saw the child. If we can judge the family by her, I should say you might trust them. However, you can cover the books and I will be answerable for any damage done them, and if she injures one you need lend her no more."

"Well, but aunt, why not let them cover them themselves? I don't want the trouble, and it's only for her own benefit that it's done."

"I hope my little Alice won't call so slight a deed a trouble," said Aunt Julia. "Just suppose for a moment that you had to sit all day long with nothing to amuse you or call your thoughts from your pain. I presume they would be perfectly willing to do it, though."

Alice, a little ashamed, looked up to her mother for the desired permission.

"You can do as you please with your own," said her mother, "but I don't wish Aunt Julia to be responsible for them if they are injured; the loss must be your own. I advise you, also, to cover them yourself. Persons should never neglect their own affairs and leave them wholly with others; if they do they should not complain if others neglected them."

Jane's mother gave her permission to call on Julia the following day, and Alice made her happy by lending her one of my companions, which she had neatly covered with stout brown paper, and on the outside of which she had pasted a neat printed slip which read, Emma Alice Green, Vol. 120. Alice told Jane to be very careful of the book, and if it was returned in good condition she could have another. This she promised to do, and, as she kept her promise, she received another and yet another.

Aunt Julia continued to take a great deal of interest in her, and asked her a great many questions, but could never succeed in drawing her out as on the first day.

Julia asked for permission to call on her mother, and receiving for reply, that "Mrs. Henry would be very happy to receive a call from one who had been so kind to her daughter, and whom she loved so well," she set an early day for Jane to call for her.

Jane came at the appointed hour, and returning the book she had previously borrowed, received me in exchange; and in this way I became an eye-witness to the meeting of the boy who stood as an instrument between Aunt Julia and the beloved ones who had preceded her to that beautiful home where we must all one day dwell.

It was an affecting scene, and Julia could not exclaim, "Lord, I would believe; help thou my unbelief." She felt that she stood face to face with her husband and children, her father and mother. She was alone no longer, but surrounded by all the loved friends who often, in the mortal form, had been separated from her. "Out of the mouths of babes have I indeed learned wisdom," she said.

She returned home, and doubts arose. "May not this child's parents have learned my history? Old Ned has lived long in my sister's family, and even been at my home in happier times; might he have mentioned my affairs to Mr. Henry, and he instructed his child in this deception?"

It certainly must be an apt child to have learned so well, but the thought gained ground in her mind, and at last she called old Ned to her and questioned him.

"No," he said; "Mr. Henry never had mentioned her, except to say she had been very kind to his family. Mr. Henry was n't a man to be prying into other folks' business. He's got a good many new-fangled notions inter his head which I do n't think much on, but he does have a knack of fixin' things up kind o' pooty in the garden, and it does seem as though the poses and sass grew on purpose to please him; and Miss Green alters seems ter know just where Mr. Henry trimmed up the shrubs, and where he put his spade inter the ground. He'd be a tip-top feller, only let him git rid of his new-fangled notions, and not be talkin' so much of what he calls the philosophy of things."

Again Julia visited Freddy, and yet again held communication with those she had loved on earth. Her children besought her not to drive them away or turn to them a doubting face, and brought up to her remembrance many home scenes, such as she

knew could not have been known by the child who described them.

Mrs. Green, at first, laughed; but when she saw how earnest her sister was, and how happy in her new faith, she ceased to ridicule, and after a while little Freddy might often be seen riding in Mrs. Green's easy carriage toward her house, and Mrs. Green was well repaid for her trouble in sending for him, by the gentle teachings which fell from the boy's lips, and when she visited the city she ordered a garden chair made for him, which he himself was able to propel, so that he might at any time go out and take the fresh air and view the beauties of Nature. Freddy was not long to remain, however. A severe cold brought on a fever, and before the winter was over, the "wise men whom Fanny had brought," and who helped Mr. Henry and Aunt Julia, had decided that all that could be done for little Freddy was to ease his pain until the mortal form could no longer contain the spirit, when they took him to dwell with them.

I heard one of the neighbors tell Mrs. Green that "Mr. Henry's folks did n't take Freddy's death as hard as they did Fanny's; but then, it could n't be expected that they would. Freddy never'd be any help or comfort to them."

Freddy no help or comfort to them! No help—he who had been instrumental in making their burdens light, and leading them from the depths of despair to look beyond the darkness of the tomb into the glorious sunlight of divine love!

Freddy no comfort to them! Ah, poor human nature, who cannot or will not look beyond the groveling pursuits of life, who know not how to measure happiness but by the "almighty dollar."

Mrs. Green knew better. She mourned with the family who must mourn, though they knew that their loss was Freddy's gain; but who can tell how they missed his voice when the evening lamp was lighted and they formed their accustomed family circle?

Months after, Jane became capable of supplying Freddy's place, in a measure, and even the father and mother could occasionally catch glimpses of that bright land, and of the loved ones about them.

CONSAINGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.

BY DYER D. LUM.

An article in a late number of the *Banner*, criticising the statement of Dr. Cowles that consanguinity was never of itself a cause of idiocy, leads me to request the publication of the annexed extract from the report of M. Paul Broca to the Anthropological Society of Paris, of which society he is General Secretary.

Many able and learned men in the scientific world, such as MM. Bourgeois, Périer and Dally, utterly repudiate the idea of the injurious results of such unions. M. Périer, the author of a learned treatise on the cross-breeding of human races, was led by his researches to affirm that "the disadvantages of cross-breeding are the more decided as the two mother races are more unlike. If the similarity of the parents constitutes a favorable condition, it is natural to think that, all things else being equal, and abstraction being made of hereditary pathological influences, consanguineous unions cannot become detrimental from the sole fact of consanguinity."

The few Catholic families among the English nobility have for centuries been compelled to intermarry, until they are all more or less related to each other to-day, yet no evil effects have followed. The quotation promises furnishes another convincing proof of the position. Dr. Broca, in summing up the results of researches communicated to the Society (1867), says:

"No one contested the reality of certain facts alleged against consanguinity; all acknowledged that in families infected with constitutional vices or hereditary diatheses, marriage between cousins leads to unfortunate results; but these results were attributed by the one party to the consanguinity itself, while the other considered them but as a particular case of the accidents of inheritance. These last gave expression to their opinion by saying that healthy consanguinity is exempt from bad effects. The question being stated in this form, it was no longer competent to seek here and there for sporadic examples which might appear more or less favorable to one or the other thesis. To avoid the chances of error resulting from individual accidents, it was necessary to study the effects of consanguinity in some restricted and well-circumscribed populations, in which unions between relations are habitual."

This has been done with the greatest precision by our colleague, M. Voisin. The commune of Batz, situated on a small peninsula north of the mouth of the Loire, comprises a population of 3,300 souls, devoted exclusively to the cultivation of salt marshes. The special nature of this industry offers little attraction to strangers; hence it is very rare for an inhabitant to marry beyond his commune, while consanguineous marriages are even within the degree prohibited by the church, are extremely frequent. Thus, in the year 1865, there took place between cousins-german or their issue fifteen marriages, for which it was necessary to ask ecclesiastical dispensation. It was in the midst of this consanguineous population that M. Voisin collected his observations. He did not content himself with verifying in a general manner the physical prosperity of the inhabitants. He has recorded the history of each household, examined the parents and children, studied the births and deaths, and in a word, prepared very complete genealogical tables, in which is summed up all the information relating to forty-six consanguineous marriages. In studying these, he published at the end of the memoir, we cannot help recognizing with M. Voisin, that in a healthy population, consanguinity, even when superadded, involves none of the deterioration which has been attributed to it. After having sojourned at Batz an entire month, and passed in review all the families, our colleague has ascertained that "whatever vices of conformation, mental or physical, cretinism, surdo-mutism, epilepsy, albinism, nor blindness from pigmentary retinitis, exists in any individual, whether the issue or not of consanguineous parents."

Analogous observations have been collected by M. Dally in the little Isle of Bréhat, (Côtes-du-Nord), and by M. Duchenne, of Boulogne, among the population of Portel. They are less numerous, indeed, than those of M. Voisin, since they are not accompanied by genealogical tables, but they are still very important; they are moreover confirmed by the zootechnical observations, of which M. Sanson has presented us a summary, and which are due to M. Renard, of Issouire, and M. Légrain, of Brussels. M. Légrain made an especially careful attention to the production of albinism in rabbits. It results from his experiments, divided into several series and conducted with great sagacity, that consanguinity never produces albinism among those animals when they are reared under good hygienic conditions; but that albinism manifests itself at the end of some generations when the rabbits are ill fed and lodged in dark and unclean warrens. Nothing could better justify the distinction advanced by M. Périer between healthy and morbid consanguinity than this example."

SPIRITUALISM.—As to the power of holding intercourse with spirits emanated from our present sphere, we see no reason why it should not exist, and do some reason why it should rarely be developed, but none why it should not sometimes. These spirits are, we all believe, existent somehow; and there seems to be no good reason why a person in spiritual nearness to them, whom such intercourse cannot agitate or engross so that he cannot walk steadily in his present path, should not enjoy it when of use to him.—Margaret Fuller.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.

