

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 14.

Original Poetry.

Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, the California Poetess.

The subject of this notice was born at West Hampton, Mass. Her father was of German descent, and a most humane and benevolent man. Her mother was of Anglo-Saxon birth, possessed of an amiable disposition and a spirit naturally bold and aspiring. Miss Pittsinger was at a very early age deprived of the companionship of her mother by death, her father feeling his loss so deeply as to unfit him for business. Eliza early exhibited a disposition daring, impulsive and precocious, and availed herself of all the means of obtaining knowledge of all kinds. At the age of fourteen she took charge of the house of her father; at sixteen she was a teacher of a school in Western New York, composed mostly of boys much older than herself. For the three following years she taught school in the summer and attended the Northampton High School in winter, from which she graduated with what is generally considered a thorough New England education. Subsequently she was employed for several years as a proof-reader and reviewer at Rogers's stereotype institution in Boston.

In the spring of 1854 she sailed for California, and four years later her songs and lyrics began to make their appearance in the journals of the Golden State. She has there created many warm friends by her fervent patriotism and devoted enthusiasm in the cause of social and moral reforms. We present below an original poem from her pen, which will give the reader an idea of her style of thought and method of expression.

THE LAURELS.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Oh, quiver 'neath the morning sun,
Ye arrows, in your speeding;
The laurels have ever won
Their laurels in the leading!
Ye champions of freedom, hail
Each your valorous molding,
While yet our purpose may unveil
Some wisdom in unfolding!

Oh, would that fortune still might speed
Your mission and defend it!
But, ah, she gives but little heed
Until the strife is ended!
And yet our cause may never frown
On rights pre-eminence equal,
With stars, like angels, looking down
Upon a golden sequel.

Most graciously within its sphere,
Old Earth is onward moving;
Conservation in the rear
The backward march is proving.
The radicals are found ahead,
Grouped in a mass together,
Who, too, as by a solemn led,
Its motto, weight and tether.

Well balanced on a polished plane,
Its orbit of extension
Unfolds a law from which they gain
Its molding, might and tension.
Speed on, ye ever-moving wheels,
Speed onward with the ages,
Until your fiery magnet doles
Its lightning to our sages.

It is an age of will and steam,
Of onerous gigantic,
Whose inner forces madly team
With powers wild and frantic.
Then quiver through the noisy din,
Ye arrows, upward glancing,
The radicals shall ever win
Their laurels in advancing.

Speed Justice with her golden scales,
And Freedom, with thy teaching;
And speed the law that never fails
Before despotic preaching.
Speed mind to wisdom, and to mind
Speed on the sweet communion,
Until a silver cord may bind
The two in heavenly union.

Speed, woman, till the future brings
Its mission to enshrine her,
And speed the poetess who sings
The crowning of her era.
Oh, speed the music of each tone
To a world-wide destination,
Until each clime, domain and zone
Give back its inspiration.

Speed, speed the car of progress on,
Ye radicals, unheeding
Aught save the crowd wherein ye won
Your laurels in the leading.
Speed earth to heaven, and heaven to earth;
Speed light and revelation;
And let the love of freedom girth
The limits of creation.

For the Banner of Light.

THERE'S A DEEP AND SURGING RIVER.

BY BELLE EVELYN.

There's a deep and surging river
Running o'er the sands of time,
The music of whose flowing
Has a soft and mellow chime;
But beneath the rippling wavelets
Is an undercurrent strong,
That throbs with restless struggles
As it swiftly rolls along.

You may float upon its surface,
And watch the shining spray
That flashes in the sunlight,
As it softly glides away;
Or gather tangled mosses,
And flowrets fresh and fair,
That bloom along its margin,
And shed their fragrance there.

But I'd rather hear the whispers
Of the waves that are below,
And catch the murmured music
Of its stronger, deeper flow,
As it rolls in quiet grandeur,
And a "harmony" sublime,
Beyond the narrow circles
That bound the sands of time.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Sitting with Charles H. Read—An Experimental Seance with Anna Lord Chamberlain, etc.

Thomas R. Hazard, of Portsmouth, R. I., sends a very interesting communication to the *Newport Mercury*, in which he gives a full account of a seance in Boston with Charles H. Read, the physical medium. Mr. H. also gives an account of a seance we had some time since with Annie Lord Chamberlain, in the presence of a select company of ladies and gentlemen. We copy the communication entire.

SPIRITUAL TRANSFER OF COLOR, &c.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

EDITOR OF THE MERCURY—Many of your readers are pretty well posted up in regard to the physical phenomena that transpire through the organism of the Davenport Brothers, who, it seems, after being patronized by nearly all the crowned heads and living down all slanders and opposition in Europe, are about to return to their native country. But there are also the anti-mundane performances of these Brothers; they are far outstripped by some "spirit mediums" who have recently been developed and sent into the field to break up the sterile ground of Maggoty and unbelief through physical phenomena, and prepare the hearts of misguided men for the reception of the higher and more beautiful revelations of "spiritualism." Among these is Charles H. Read, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose presence, among hundreds of other wonderful things, the following "miracle" was undoubtedly performed.

Read had in his possession three solid iron rings, just large enough to encircle his neck, around which they were occasionally clasped and unclasped by his spirit friends, by means incomprehensible to mortals. A clergyman in Brooklyn had been a witness, in several instances, to the accomplishment of this feat, and thinking there might be some trick in the rings, he secretly conspired with a smith to make one of hardened steel, marked so that it could be identified, of the same size and appearance of those in the possession of Read. This he took to one of the seances and, unobserved, exchanged it for one of Read's rings. Not long after the manifestation commenced, the clergyman was observed making his way to the door in rather an excited frame of mind; and it afterwards transpired that he hastened to his fellow conspirator, the smith, for the purpose of getting the steel ring removed from his own neck, around which it had been clasped by some *hocus potius* incomprehensible to him. The ring, however, being hardened and fitted, moreover, very closely, could neither be cut, broken or filed, and in despair he was driven, like Saul of old, to apply to a medium for help. The spirits told him that they could do nothing for him through the organism of that mediumistic instrument, but if he would go to a certain medium in Akron, Ohio, they would relieve him of the ring. This he was preparing to do, but was arrested from carrying out his intention by another "miracle," to him almost as astonishing as the first. It seems that he was at that time afflicted with a cancerous tumor on his neck of the size of a hen's egg. This began to subside under the healing magnetism imparted to the ring by the spirits, and finally entirely disappeared, leaving him satisfied and content to wait the result, and neckache for life, if necessary, and there on his neck it remained at last accounts. (A striking case of "judgment tempered with mercy.") On seeing a report of the above in some of the New York and Brooklyn papers, well attested, I had a curiosity to see Read and attend one of his seances, during which I witnessed many things quite as astonishing and as worthy of record as the one with which I was so lately related, which is no more than a fair sample of what is performed in Read's presence, with a facility and under conditions that render the suspicion of fraud or trick simply preposterous with any witness capable of weighing evidence. On the evening I attended Read's seance a respectable Baptist clergyman, who formerly preached in this island, where he is well known, officiated as an only assistant, his province being to sit at a table with a lamp in one hand and a match in the other, to instantly extinguish and relight the lamp when requested.

Read was sitting in the middle of a large room with a small table on his right, on which were some bells and instruments of music. The company, composed of some score or more of persons, sat near him. Read rose from his seat, and after a few remarks requested one of those present to come to him. A gentleman stepped forward and, in response to Read's request, placed his left foot closely against Read's right foot. He also pressed his right hand firmly on Read's left shoulder, whilst with his left he grasped his (Read's) hair. Read then took hold of the gentleman's left arm with both hands, and requested him to notify the company present in case the pressure of either of his hands were removed or slackened. This was done in the light. When all was ready, Read said quickly, "Put out the light," and in an instant all was dark and the bells and instruments of music commenced performing, each after its kind, as they careened over our heads around the room. This was repeated again and again, whilst all who in turn stood up with the medium, declared positively that Read's hands were never for an instant removed from their arms.

When my turn came I placed my foot and hands precisely as has been described. When all was ready, Read called quickly, "Put out the light," and in a moment all was dark. A second could hardly have elapsed when I heard something fall on the floor beside me. Read shouted "Light," and in an instant the lamp was relit, and lo, there stood Read in his shirt sleeves, and his coat on the floor beside me. When I took my seat a skeptical gentleman who sat behind me asked if I felt Read's coat pass from beneath my hand. I told him that I did not, but that possibly

Many persons carp at the fact that heavy physical manifestations are seldom performed except in the dark, and ask why they don't do these things in the light? Probably like questions were asked by the same kind of persons when Peter's prison doors were opened in the dark, and the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre of Jesus at night. The same law operates now that did then, and spirits inform us that both the light and the human eye tend to dissipate the magnetism or fluid that is indispensable in producing the heavy physical manifestations.

Mr. Frederick Willis, who was expelled from Harvard University, for accepting and being witness to the truth as it was declared by Jesus, relates that on one occasion whilst at the house of Mary E. Currier, of Haverhill, Mass. (an excellent spiritual medium), was sitting alone at the piano in a lighted room, he chanced to approach unobserved so as to see in a diagonal direction, when he beheld several instruments of music keeping time with the piano as he played. He turned round and saw that the piano was empty. Mr. Currier chanced to turn his head and became aware of Mr. Willis's presence, when in an instant the music ceased and the instruments fell to the floor. Such is the delicate texture of spirit intercourse, and as it were from the "wink and nod" of this world, but revealed unto beings, alike in this day as it was formerly.

ly I might have noticed it were it not that my attention was mainly directed to the other arm so as to detect any attempt that might be made by the medium to withdraw his hands from their position, which I was sure had not been done.

"Well," (said he), "I will try and see whether I cannot feel the coat pass from my hand!" After some other persons had taken their turn this gentleman stepped forward, and placing his foot and left hand as before stated, he grasped the collar of the medium's coat firmly with his right hand, knitting his teeth and brows at the same time with an unctious that seemed to say, "Now let the coat get away without my knowing it if it can." When all was ready Read said, "Out with the light," and scarcely was it extinguished when he again shouted "Light," and in an instant the match was struck, when lo! and behold, there lay Read's coat on the floor, whilst the *positive* gentleman stood agape with his right hand clutched on vacancy, he not having perceived, as he declared, the moment when the collar of Read's coat had been whisked by the spirit from the firm grip with which he held it. That gentleman, (as he said), was convinced that there were "more things in heaven and earth than he ever dreamed of," in our old philosophy!

After this we filled Read's hands with rice, and tied them tightly together at his wrists with a small cord. His thumbs we also tied tightly together with strong thread; when all was ready he said, "Out with the light," and in a few seconds again shouted "Light." And there he sat firmly tied, his hands and feet from the rings that had just laid on the table beside him, one on each arm. After all had examined to their satisfaction, he again said, "Out with the light," and in a few seconds again shouted "Light," when he appeared clothed and in his right mind, and with his coat neatly fitted to his back, and the rings on the table beside him. These feats, with many variations, were repeated for some forty or sixty minutes, and until Read's hands became so swollen and inflamed that it was necessary to release him, which was done, but not a grain of rice had been disturbed, whilst the mark of the cord on his wrist was deep and distinct. And now, methinks I hear some of your readers say, "And of what use is all this jugglery or legerdemain?" Why, simply, I answer—as the spirit friends inform us—to enable us to question the class of persons who ask that question the truth of spirit communion. For such cannot, with their educational bias, and in the absence of a proper development of their spiritual faculties, receive the beautiful truths that are being given in this our day to those who are able and fitted to receive them, until their darkened and misdirected minds are compassed by violence, or by a more peaceful and gradual process, the physical phenomena that cannot be accounted for by virtue of mundane laws, and thus prepare the way for the reception of a class of spiritual phenomena, as much superior and more beautiful than those, as the sun is brighter or the heavens are higher than the earth.

Similar manifestations as I have described, are no longer exclusively exhibited in the presence of many hundreds of mediums. But there is still another phase of spiritual phenomena that goes even beyond these, and would seem to rival the very alchemy of Nature, that extracts from the atmosphere the varied tints of the rainbow, and transfers them with unerring accuracy each to the tree or flower, according to its color, and to what is called by Spiritualists the "transfer of color."

Some of your readers have probably heard of the "Allen Boy-medium," who was only eleven years of age. I once attended one of his seances. He performed altogether in the light. All the conditions required were that any one of the visitors present should sit beside him and cover their arm with a thick cloth, and then, with the arm beneath the dark covering with both his hands, and whilst in this position instruments of music that were placed in a small dark cabinet (open to constant inspection) behind him, would perform, whilst occasionally a hand and arm would distinctly appear in the air near the medium, and at times would pull the hair of some of the persons present, and with the arm and hand, the arm saw a hand and arm entirely out of the medium's reach, and at the same moment that I felt both his hands manipulating (as I had requested) my own arm. On one occasion a skeptic had put some ink on his hair, and then sat near the Allen Boy; soon his hair was twitched, whereupon he seized the boy by the right arm and shouted to the company present that he was up on it. It was very evident that the boy was a cheat, a trickster, who by some clever legerdemain could pull hair whilst both his hands were manipulating the person's arm whose hair was pulled.

But there had been several instances of this supposed trickery, and with different mediums, and a number of gentlemen in Boston, including Mr. Colby and Mr. White, editor and publisher of the *Banner of Light*, a leading and the oldest paper of the Spiritualists, thought the subject worthy of thorough investigation. Accordingly they arranged to hold a circle with Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, one of the best and most reliable mediums for musical and other physical manifestations, under the strictest test conditions. The seance was placed in a straight jacket, and secured firmly to a chair, which was again secured by staples driven into the floor. A circle was then formed in the usual order, composed of Mrs. Daniel Farrar, Mrs. Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. White, Mr. Colby, and a number of other gentlemen and ladies, all persons of respectability, and well known in Boston.

Mr. Colby then stepped out, and went to Mr. Read's printing-office, 9 Washington Street, where he procured three different colored inks, red, blue and green, and on his return, passed through his own printing-office, from whence he took a roller inked with black. With this last he blackened the handle of two base drumsticks used in the ordinary manifestations at Mrs. Chamberlain's seances, and with the black made several dots on each of several ball-handles, and in like manner striped and dotted the handles and other parts of musical instruments with the red and green. This was all done unbeknown to the medium.

Mr. Colby then returned to the circle, now impatient at his unexplained absence, and placed the bells, drumsticks, &c., out of the reach of the medium and of all other persons in the room. All present then clasped hands round a table (never broken until the seance is over), as is usual, to form a magnetic battery for the medium to draw power from, with the exception of the performer on the violin (a necessary accompaniment in most musical spirit-circles to promote harmony), who was kept in his place by a rope securely fastened around his waist, and which was held by Mr. Wilson. The light was then put out and the musical manifestations commenced as usual, by ringing the bells, beating the drums, playing on the guitar as it flew around the room over the heads of the circle, &c., &c. All this time the medium was fully enraptured, and was influenced by her spirit-guides to touch every second the hands of Mr. Colby on one side and Mrs. Hild on the other side, who had been placed there for the express object of detecting any trick or fraud, she being perfectly reliable and competent for the task.

In due time the lamps were relit, and accompanied by her husband, the medium was taken into another room by Mrs. Wilson and a number of

other ladies, and her person subjected to examination, when it was found, to their astonishment, that a stripe of red, of the same peculiar color as that procured by Mr. Colby, passed diagonally across her chest. A blue stripe appeared also on each side of the medium's neck, and dots of green on other parts of her person, which last, it was found, were difficult to remove.

The right hand of the medium, which during the seance had been momentarily touched by Mr. Colby's, was stained with black ink, such as the drumsticks had been crocked with, and in the same form and manner as would have been imparted had the medium actually clasped the sticks with her real, physical hand, which Mr. Colby is ready to affirm could not have, under the circumstances, been possibly done. This experiment, so carefully conducted by reliable persons, under the most thorough test conditions, satisfied all present that the "Allen Boy-medium" might not have been guilty of fraud or trickery after all, notwithstanding circumstantial proof was so strong against him.

I will close this long communication by remarking that the spirit-guides of Mrs. Chamberlain, afterwards cautioned Mr. Colby, through another medium, that, in future experiments of the kind, they should omit the use of green, as, in making physical manifestations, spirits are obliged to draw magnetism from every organ of the medium, including the lungs; and that when the aura goes forth and unites with the magnetism of those forming the circle, and with the surrounding atmospheric elements, on its return to the medium it carries to the medium a spiritual part of whatever it has been in contact with, and hence the poisonous verities of the green might injuriously affect the lungs of a medium. It is curious that Mrs. Chamberlain was not long after this seance attacked with a serious lung complaint, from which, happily, however, she has recovered.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

DR. J. B. FERGUSON.

BY J. H. POWELL.

In estimating human character it is essential that we look through party and see our hero as he is prompted by interest, ambition or principle.

It is somewhat difficult, however, for the biographer who is wedded to any specific dogma in religion or politics to do justice to men and women who attain greatness, but who, nevertheless, represent opinions and principles opposed to his own.

I know no study more valuable than biography, which while it embraces an outer does not by any means ignore an inner world—viz, the world of one's self.

Some men achieve greatness in youth, but they are rare specimens of the *genus homo*. Most representative men touch the pinnacle of earthly greatness about the time their hairs whiten.

The fact shows at least that the world is generally in no hurry to place crowns upon its heroes. Fortunately, Nature molds the genius and God directs the agencies that give him strength. He may long for recognition and feel afraid at times to work for it; nevertheless, if he is truly gifted with the divine afflatus, he shall some time or other do his work, which none can do for him.

I do not propose to write a full biography of Dr. J. B. Ferguson, but simply to give a few facts in my own experience in connection with him, leaving those who may feel interested to read "Supramundane Facts" for other and more extended details.

Mr. Ferguson was first introduced to me in London, where he came accompanied by the Davenport Brothers, to introduce them to the elite of English society.

During some portion of the time he was in England the doctor made my house his home, and during the whole time I was frequently in his company at private parties, and from the fact of my connection with the *Spiritual Times*, I had every opportunity of hearing expressed opinions on his character and qualifications. I speak, therefore, of him from personal knowledge, to a great extent, and desire to pay a tribute to him through the columns of the *Banner of Light*.

From the very first Dr. Ferguson, whilst he was gentlemanly in his bearing to every one with whom he came in contact, openly and fearlessly expressed his bold, broad and uncompromising views on the Spiritual Philosophy.

At the time he was with us, the majority of Spiritualists in England were of the aristocratic and middle classes, and it is no injustice to them to say they were, with few exceptions, chained to their established creeds and conservatism. It was no easy work for a man of broad, liberal views, like Ferguson, to move amongst these people. Yet he was constantly courted and invited to their homes, and in no instance that I know of did he fail to leave an impression favorable to his scholarship and humanity.

It is for this that I honor him. He was never "all things to all men," but in all circumstances the representative of himself. What man can be more? But a man may be a representative of himself, and yet, as we are taught to judge men, a very bad man.

I have watched Mr. Ferguson's career closely, during the years I have been acquainted with him, both in the Old and New Countries, and I can here honestly affirm that in calling him a representative of himself I mean to include all the virtues that go to make up the patriot and philosopher.

In England he accomplished a good work, not only in introducing the Brothers Davenport and Mr. William Fay to the public, but in delivering lectures, (all of which he gave to the cause), which were masterpieces of logic and eloquence, and in private conversation—perhaps the most effective way of reaching certain leading minds. I never saw a man who met my ideal of a private conversationalist like Ferguson. Those who have had the pleasure of talking with him, will not readily lose recollection of his real power in this department of culture.

It is one of the most attractive and instructive methods of imparting knowledge, to do it in a quiet, social way. It is true that the same power

o "Supramundane Facts in the Life of J. B. Ferguson," by Dr. T. L. Nichols. *Banner of Light* Office, Boston.

and time devoted to a few, would in public, interest and instruct thousands, but there are people who are not to be despised who never go to public assemblies, especially to hear extreme radicalism expounded, who gain much from well-ordered and able conversation. It is only saying the simple truth to state that Dr. Ferguson is a fair conversationalist.

I am not singular in this opinion. I frequently heard my friends in England express in unmeasured terms their appreciation of him, not only as an orator, but as a conversationalist and as a man.

I consider that Spiritualism in England owes considerable to Dr. Ferguson. He inspired many noble minds there to increased action in the way of freedom, and I don't think I dream simply when I assert that the wheels of conservative Spiritualism moved a little ahead on the reform track through his inspirations.

It is always gratifying to see men who take the vanguard in the army of Progress stand to their guns in the very teeth of death. The coward soul is always despicable, whilst the brave soul is alone worthy to listen to the plaudits of men and angels.

Dr. Ferguson has stood to his guns, and has well deserved the praise that has been bestowed upon him by the Spiritualists in the old country. Before he returned to America, after visiting France, my friend Mr. Cooper and I resolved to get up a testimonial to him.

Although the time was short, we succeeded in collecting and presenting to Mr. Ferguson a sum of gold, which, though not large, was sufficient to convince him that we were not unmindful of his services for Spiritualism during his residence amongst us.

The Testimonial was presented at a public meeting, and responded to by the Doctor in an able speech on American Politics.

To show that my appreciation of the Doctor at this time is in no way altered, I annex these lines, which I wrote and recited on the evening of the "Testimonial":

"TO DR. J. B. FERGUSON.

A conqueror, thou, o'er Selfishness and Wrong;
A man unshaken, true, unflinching, strong;
In principles that make the ages grand—
A worker for mankind, in every land!
A soul-ascending, truth-inspiring one—
Whose holy zeal burns brightly as a sun—
Whose life and love expand, as spheres reveal
And, oh, may blessings cheer thy future days!
As one whose hand in suffering's thorny crown
Has bled, while Freedom's sun in blood went down.
Because of slavery's wail and war's red brand,
While savage carnage swept Columbia's land,
As one baptized in Freedom's sacred sea,
Whose every thought and act essayed to free
The soul of God of every clime and clime,
To mold the Future molded by "The True"—
Didst thou perform, at Duty's highest call,
The work that crowns thee patriot of all.
We pray thee, Wisdom's voice may speak thy worth,
And purest intentions walk with thee on earth.
And when, at last, the stern stern strife is o'er,
Thy spirit, in its home beyond earth's shore,
May work with angels, quenchless in its zeal,
Where life and love expand, as spheres reveal
Immortal fruits, and flowers divinely chaste,
And pictures that eclipse on Raphael's taste.
Go, thou, oh friend of Truth, across the sea!
Where Duty beckons, stand and stand firm,
With truth in God, and hope in man, go forth,
And plead for justice—peace—for South and North."

I do not mention the names, some of them of celebrity in letters and law, who considered themselves honored in holding conversations with the Doctor. But I noticed this one trait in his character: he always proved himself as kind and good-natured to the servant as the master—in fact, he showed no disposition to ape the follies of fashion, but looking upon humanity as an unit, he acted for all and not for few.

I look over those early days of my acquaintance with Mr. Ferguson with considerable pleasure, and doubt not that most of the Spiritualists with whom he was brought in contact do the same. I had then and still have the opinion that a year's lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy by the Doctor, would do an incalculable amount of good in England. I hope sincerely he may see fit to undertake such a work. I am satisfied of this: No man or woman ever entered England as a Spiritualist pioneer missionary, who won and maintained the sympathies of the entire body of known Spiritualists more unmistakably than did he. Such men are greatly needed. There is too much, by far, of disunion amongst Spiritualists everywhere. I believe sincerely that the Doctor possesses to a remarkable degree the faculty of uniting the fragmentary forces, which, for the want of direction, are at war with each other, rather than at war in union against error.

It is hardly necessary for me to say anything further of Dr. Ferguson as an orator, since his reputation in that department is well known in America—and, moreover, his late lectures at Music Hall, Boston, delivered to large audiences of the most intelligent of the public, have not disappointed his friends, and they are very numerous. But I deem it more appropriate to the object of this sketch to note the more important fact of his true fellowship with Moral Freedom.

I find in a discourse on "Moral Freedom," which he delivered as far back as 1854, and which he heralds to the public with this most righteous motto, "Let me know no duty but Right," these sentences:

"OUR WORLD IS ITS CHURCH; HUMANITY AT LARGE ITS MEMBERS; GOD ITS DIRECTOR AND PROTECTOR. No conflict reigns in the harmony of heaven. There is no dissection of heart and soul to propitiate the claims of an 'angry God'; there, no desolated wastes of a common brotherhood to mark our peace. No jealous hope of rivalry to transcend the claims of some unfortunate brother. None of these can claim our thought more. Oh, ministering Angels of Light! I hail thy appearance, to dispel such blinding demons, that walk like stately monarchs forth, to wield the righteous sceptre of hate, to propitiate a claim of unending wrong. Oh God! let thy children learn the lessons of love, and the fruits of peace with bloom and blessing beneath the withered fig-tree of Hope that has crushed the hearts of thy people! Then hail! all hail for the portals of peace have an infinite embrace for all!"

The above extract is sufficient to show the free spirit of the man, who to-day is wedded, as in 1856, to principles that grow only in the soil of liberalism. From my knowledge of Dr. Ferguson I am satisfied that he is not the man to pander to mere

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North-Western Missions—Peace changed to War.

We are now—the nation, we mean—at war with the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and other tribes of Indians located in the Northwest. We began the war with the Cheyennes by burning their village at Powder Fork, in April, 1867, and in six months killed six "redskins," at a cost of millions of dollars and the lives of three hundred citizens and soldiers. Broken faith always results in retaliation, with the savage as well as the civilized. The consequence has been that many innocent people on the border have had to suffer for the innumerable shortcomings of selfish officials, who have from time to time been entrusted by the Government with our Indian affairs. We have gone over this phase of the subject before, and warned our people many times that we were drifting into an expensive war, when we could much better arrive at results through carrying out the peace policy. We are not alone in this opinion. The most influential daily journals in the nation are looking this important question squarely in the face, notwithstanding the opposition of speculating capitalists and interested politicians. The *Boston Evening Transcript* of Dec. 17th says:

"General Grant has emphatically given the recommendation of General Sherman that the Indian Department should be transferred to or merged in the War Department, and the dealings with the belligerent and restless Aborigines be left mainly, if not exclusively, to the military. This policy is based upon the fact that the Indian Department is a creature of the present, and the present is a creature of the future. The trouble is owing to the present, vicious agencies, whereby any amount of speculation and fraud are indulged in, and the making of money put before the preservation of peace. No doubt there are other causes of disturbance to be found in the official attitude and neglect of the Government, but beyond all question the chief difficulty is, and has for a long time been, just that urged by Grant and Sherman, and all disinterested persons who have had experience or opportunities for observation on the frontier.

The existing system is wrong in principle and mischievous in its effects. It offers almost irresistible temptations to peculation. It provokes direct bribes to wholesale dishonesty. It increases the suspicions of a just people, and it breeds extreme and teaches them new lessons of cheating to add to their well-known craftiness and disregard of truth and plighted faith. It appeals to the selfishness and covetousness of reckless men to stir up strife, and in numerous other ways creates not a few of the difficulties it proposes to remedy. This is admitted even by the people of the West, who believe the Indians to be of themselves intractable fiends, and argue for their extermination. At the East we do not sympathize with such sanguinary ideas and plans. We believe the Indians have some rights which we are bound to respect. We believe that they have been grossly wronged, whatever may be their untrustworthiness and cruel disposition, and however bloody the outrages they commit. We believe that Government is bound to protect them from fraud and maltreatment, even whilst ruling them, for their good and the good of the country, with a strong hand, and compelling them to keep quiet on their reservations or elsewhere.

But whilst we thus modify and qualify the extreme views of those whose exposure to constant conflict with the savage explains and in a measure justifies their wholesale denunciations, we ought to be all the more earnest to have what is almost universally confessed to be a more efficient system substituted. In this matter public sentiment must sustain the 'authorities'; because the opposition to the needed reform trade will cause it to fight desperately and its hands.

And now we come to Sheridan's late "victories" over the Indians. They may sound glorious, and people may be taken off their feet by the enthusiasm which they unconsciously excite; but justice and truth are not forgetful of the causes which have led to this lamentable result—causes in which the new triumphant whites have had anything but an innocent part. There is more to be considered than the victories of force. We owe a duty to ourselves as well as the Indians. If bad Indians kill some of our people in cold blood, have we, who are a superior race in intelligence, who call ourselves Christians, a right to pounce at night upon a village composed of men, women and children, and indiscriminately butcher in cold blood these children of our common Father, and do even worse than that? The great spirit-world is exultant at all we do, and justice will be meted out according to our due. Listen to the statements of one who was an eye-witness—although a spirit out of the flesh—to the last great massacre on the Plains. THEODORE PARKER, at our circle, on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 3d, commented upon the Indian question in this wise:

"I have received this question, with the request that I answer it here and at this time: 'What becomes of all the money that is collected by Government (meaning, I suppose, the Government of the United States) by levying large taxes upon the people?' I propose to answer it by reading an article which appeared in the *New York Daily Tribune* of Dec. 3d, for it will give a more clear explanation than I could by any possibility do."

Mr. A. H. Jackson, of New York City, has compiled from the official record and other sources an account of the cost and causes of the several Indian wars during the last thirty-seven years, beginning with the Black Hawk war of 1831-32, which cost directly \$2,000,000, and indirectly, the destruction of property, employment of volunteers, pensions, etc., \$4,000,000, making an aggregate of \$6,000,000, attended with a loss of 400,000 of our people. Officers of the army and Government, including the present Secretary of the Interior, who served through this war, are unable even at this late date to give a correct account of the conflict. They are confident that it was forced upon the Indians in the interest of broken-down politicians and speculators. The Seminoles of Florida war lasted nearly seven years, employing the army and navy, the militia of Florida and volunteers from some of the other States, costing \$5,000,000 lives and \$100,000,000. The number of Indians engaged was estimated by the Indian Agent at 500 warriors; the army officers estimated their number at 1,000. Nearly 300 of the Indians still remain in the Florida Territory, and the others were moved west of the Mississippi. These in Florida insist that they were never whipped. The first cause of this outbreak was an interpretation to three treaties: one requiring a removal of the Seminoles, the twelfth of an Indian, and the imprisonment of one who had escaped, and became the leader of the war party. At about the same time a difficulty occurred with the Creeks, Cherokees and other Indians, costing in the aggregate \$1,000,000. In 1857 we had the Sioux war, costing \$1,000,000. The war was killed a Sioux worth \$10, the property of a Mormon. This war lasted nearly four years, and cost about 300 lives and nearly \$4,000,000. In 1861 came the Cheyenne war, which lasted nearly a year, costing 1,000 lives, and with the Sioux war at about the same time, \$50,000,000; cause of the outbreak with the Cheyennes: a false charge made against them of stealing a horse worth \$50; with the Sioux: the opening of a road and the establishing thereof in their country, in violation of treaty stipulations. The war with the Cheyennes ended with a treaty of peace in the fall of 1865, but that with the Sioux continued until the treaty which was recently made by the Peace Commission.

The Cheyenne war was resumed and continued seven months in 1867, in consequence of the burning of their village by Gen. Hancock. It cost about 300 lives, and from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000, and is not fully settled up yet. On the Pacific slope, during the last 20 years, Indian outbreaks have cost in the aggregate, \$300,000,000. In New Mexico Territory, since we acquired it, three campaigns against the Navajos have cost \$3,000,000. The cause, the enslavement of Navajo women and children by the Mexicans. The troubles in that Territory with Indians have increased its cost to the Government to \$125,000,000. In fact, on a small scale, in some of the States and Territories, with the expenses growing out of a war, the claims for destruction of private property, will make our Indian troubles foot up nearly \$1,000,000,000 during the last 40 years, and in almost every case the fault was with the whites. The present conflict with the Cheyennes, Apaches, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Comanches, growing out of a failure to fulfill treaty agreements, and the bulldozing of some of our military officers, to destroy the roving Indians, as is foolishly proposed by some, will cost the Seminoles war as a criterion, 37,000 of our own people, and \$1,000,000,000, and keep 100,000 troops employed ten years.

Commissioners W. G. Taylor, Gen. A. H. Terry and Col. S. F. Taylor, of the Indian Peace Commission, are in Washington. Senator J. R. Henderson, Lieut.-Gen. W. T. Sherman, and Gen. John B. Sanborn, also of the Commission, are expected to arrive there on the resumption of Congress, and then an earnest effort is to be made to induce Congress to pass such laws and make such appropriations as may be necessary to enable the Peace Commission to carry out its policy for the

civilization and welfare of the Indians, and the peace of the Plains. Should Congress fail to adopt the recommendations of the Peace Commission, the Commission will feel constrained, as a last extremity, to make the humblest confession that the civil arm of the Government is powerless in the Indian country to protect and civilize its wards, enforce the law, maintain the faith and vindicate the honor of the Republic. This confession they will make by advising the President to withdraw the troops from the Interior to the War Department, for the reason that military law is better than no law, and army rule for the Indian is preferable to no rule.

MR. PARKER'S REMARKS.
It is useless to be asking where goes the money that is taken year after year by taxes from the people—useless, I say, to ask, unless all of you, individually, shall make it your right to know. You may rest assured that so long as injustice is held at a higher estimate than justice amongst you, so long you will have wars and bloodshed, so long you will be taxed to pay for that injustice. So long as A, B, C and D sit quietly at home, not making a single effort, either in thought or deed, to right the monstrous wrongs that are glaring this nation in the face, so long there will be individual and general suffering—be sure of that.

You are just emerging from one phase of civil war, brought about by long continued injustice to the negro. What is the result? Green graves all over the South! Broken hearts, North and South, East and West! Your streets everywhere are filled with your widows and orphans. It is time that you began to ask in earnest concerning these matters, which ought to interest every man and woman belonging to this great nation.

It was my misfortune—for as a misfortune I can but understand it—in one light, though in another I was fortunate, because I have from thence gained a greater lesson—I say it was my misfortune to witness, less than one week ago, that second massacre of the wards of this great nation. I saw these little Indian babies thrown out in the snow, to suffer, till death should relieve them. I saw Indian mothers rudely separated from their babies. I saw an inhuman outrage perpetrated upon these wards of the nation, by Christianized men—men acting under the sanction of this Government. God help him, I say, for it needs help of God! I saw Indian warriors and chiefs, surprised in their camps, who had ever been loyal to the whites, who had served faithfully all through the last war, who had given, from time to time, valuable information to the Government concerning those who were in rebellion against it—I saw those chiefs who had carefully tended and nursed the sick soldiers of the nation till they were restored to health, and then after giving them their blessing restored them to their friends—I saw them murdered in cold blood. And this under the name of Christianity! This, by a great nation, to whom all other nations are turning to look for light, for liberty, for the best kind of government. God help the worst, I say.

It is useless for any man or woman to say, "It is nothing to me. I cannot help these outrages." You can every one of you do something. You can exercise your kindly thoughts. You can send out a magnetic influence, to change the great tide that is threatening to overwhelm justice. You can all do something, and rest assured if you do not, the consequences you cannot escape hereafter. Rest assured of it. You cannot escape it. Die you must; and because you must die you will enter the spirit-world; and what then? Those oppressed ones, black and red, may come to you, individually, asking what you have done for their people here. See to it that you can give them a good answer. See to it that you, every one of you, can say, "I gave my prayers in your behalf." If nothing more. If you can give nothing more, you can give them. You can send out a magnetic influence that will tend to lighten the lump, and make it what it should be. You who have the light—you who know the better way, see to it that instead of asking what becomes of our money, that you know what becomes of it. Inform yourselves. And when justice shall be held at a higher estimate than injustice, then your Government will not be what it is to-day. Members of Congress will not be what they are to-day—a drunken rabble—fighting, each one, for their own interests.

Oh, God! help the American nation, is my prayer. Farewell.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

In justice to all parties we give place in this connection to the following letter from a friend in Kansas; also the reply of the spirit-intelligence controlling at our Public Circle on Tuesday, Dec. 8th, and reported verbatim. We wish it distinctly understood that our columns are open to a full discussion, pro and con, of this important subject.

THEODORE PARKER, Nov. 30th, 1868.
Editors BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your issue of Nov. 21st is an article upon Indian Affairs in Kansas. You criticize severely a proclamation of our Governor, also the utterances of other Kansas persons. You are unjust to your readers, yourself and us. Their hands dripping with the blood of our settlers, their saddles hung with scalps, their whole path and surrounding scene of desolation, the savages are still hovering upon our borders. But yesterday there were here in our streets, begging for sustenance, the widows of men recently murdered on the Solomon. Outraged by a whole band of armed and armed men, these women, men and children were left, desecrated and broken wrecks of humanity, to die, or what was more cruel still, live. One poor woman was found gasping her life out from a few steps from the bottom of a gulch and husband. After terrible descriptions, path and surrounding scene of desolation, the savages are still hovering upon our borders. 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