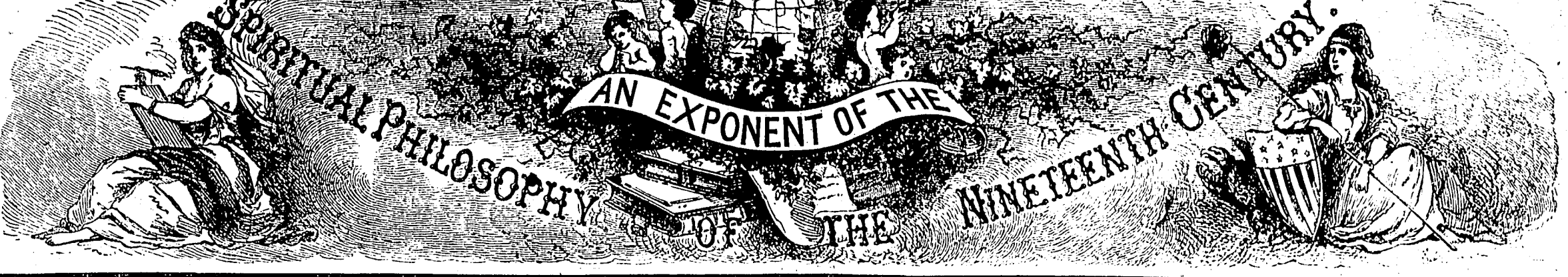


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Reviewer.

### PRIMITIVE CULTURE.

I have just perused a large English work, in two volumes, of about four hundred and fifty pages each, with so much interest, instruction and satisfaction as to incline me to a disposition to furnish a brief notice of it. Its title-page is: "PRIMITIVE CULTURE: *Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art and Custom.* By EDWARD B. TAYLOR, author of 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' etc. London: John Murray, Albemarle street. 1871."

The above work is a skillfully condensed selection from what was collected during a vast and exhaustive study of all accessible works of explorers, navigators, missionaries and the like, the world over, who have recorded their experiences, observations and opinions relating to savage tribes everywhere and in all times. For the deep and logical student, it is a work of great value. Its interest to the *Spiritualist* lies back, beyond where he is accustomed to turn his gaze. Its facts are such as bear upon the fundamental question whether any spiritualism exist at all; that is, whether there be anything but matter and its perishable products. The author very justly says (Vol. I, p. 433):

"The divisions which have separated the great religions of the world into intolerant and hostile sects are for the most part superficial in comparison with the deepest of all religious schisms—that which divides *animism* from *materialism*."

From pages 384, 385 and 386 the following extracts are taken:

"I propose here, under the name of Animism, to investigate the deep-lying doctrine of Spiritualism, which embodies the very essence of spiritualism as opposed to materialistic philosophy. Animism is not a new technical term, though now seldom used. From its special relation to the doctrine of the soul, it will be seen to have a peculiar appropriateness to the view here taken of the mode in which theological ideas have been developed among mankind. The word 'Spiritualism,' though it may be, and sometimes is, used in a general sense, has this obvious defect, to wit: that it has become the designation of a particular modern sect, who, indeed, hold extreme spiritualistic views, but cannot be taken as typical representatives of these views in the world at large. The sense of Spiritualism in its wider acceptance, the general doctrine of spiritual beings, is here given to Animism."

"The minimum definition of religion is, the belief in spiritual beings."

"The belief in spiritual beings appears among all races with whom we have attained to thoroughly intimate acquaintance."

"Animism is the ground-work of the Philosophy of Religion, from that of savages up to that of civilized men."

"Animism divides into two great dogmas—first, concerning souls of individual creatures, capable of continued existence after the death of the body; second, concerning other spirits upward to the rank of powerful deities. Spiritual beings are held to affect or control the events of the material world, and man's life here and hereafter, and it being considered that they hold intercourse with men, and receive pleasure or displeasure from human actions, the belief in their existence leads naturally, and it might be said almost inevitably, sooner or later to active reverence and propitiation."

"Thus Animism, in its full development, includes the belief in controlling deities and subordinate spirits; in souls, and in a future state; these doctrines practically resulting in some kind of active worship."

"The nobler tendency of advancing culture, and above all of scientific culture, is to honor the dead without groveling before them, to profit by the past without sacrificing it to the present."

"In working to gain an insight into the general laws of intellectual movement, there is practical gain in being able to study them rather among antiquarian relics of no intense modern interest, than among those seething problems of the day on which action has to be taken and ferment and sharp strife."—P. 143.

Mr. Taylor, though not directly advocating anything which we are now accustomed to use in our modification of the tree of the world's Spiritualism, has yet made a deep tracing of its roots downwards, and adduced strong evidence of their existence in the very nature of man, because he attests to the appearance of their upshootings wherever man exists, however low his condition. By a process as rigidly scientific, and with an intellect as keen and as cultured as the ablest material philosophers possess, he traces Spiritualism, or his Animism, down deep enough to suggest that spirit may be the animater of Huxley's protoplasm. He has shown us that "though the theoretic niche," for a tribe of men so low as to be without belief in spirits, "is ready and convenient, the actual statue to fill it is not forthcoming," and that while "nothing in the nature of things seems to forbid the possibility of such existence, as a matter of fact the tribes are not found."

This writer has established the probability that materialism—or in other words a belief that all man's thoughts, wills, affections, emotions, hopes, fears, desires and aspirations—that his whole living and thinking self—are only evolutions from an organization of the matter which forms his body, and therefore will perish when the body dies—has established the probability that such materialism, though now fast gaining acceptance in the philosophical world, is yet in opposition to the very nature of things, and therefore must in time be proved to be fallacious.

This point, viz., that no tribe of men has been found that, when well studied, had not attained to a belief in the continued existence of their friends after the death of their bodies, Mr. Taylor has made very manifest; and this is a point of great importance. This primitive belief among all the unsophisticated everywhere, and in all ages, is Nature's distinct declaration that the soul does not die with the body, and therefore is an

impairment of the worst feature of materialism. Probably we all care less whether we are the offspring of the organization of unconscious matter alone, than whether we are to soon become, and forever remain, unconscious matter. Not whence we came, but whither we are going, is the great question. The broad teaching of Nature through man, in his lowest known conditions—that the spirit survives the body—makes for the Spiritualist one-half of his demonstration, and calls upon the materialist to allow that either some property of matter is not subject to death, when the body dies, or admit that spirit interblends with organized matter in a living form, and becomes detached from it when that form ceases to live. He must show us that some conscious property of matter exists and survives the body whose organization evolved it, or admit that something not mere matter enters into the composition of man certainly, and probably of all other animated beings.

When this author came to a consideration of the Religion of Primitive Culture, his first question was essentially this: Are there spirits? do such exist? And he found the nations in the lowest stages of culture all answering: Yes. This answer is one powerful argument against materialism; and is equally an evidence in favor of the naturalness of the basis of the religions of the world. He is befriending Jews, Christians, heathen idolaters, and all worshippers, and gives to Spiritualists, as such, no special help; he does not specially elucidate the question now up for discussion between Modern-Spiritualism and its opponents, viz., Do spirits return and communicate? but directs his argument to the fundamental question as to the very existence of any spirits anywhere, which materialism is prone to deny.

It is only rarely that one meets with a work in which hundreds and hundreds of pages of little facts are detailed with such spirit, smoothness and perspicuity as to enchain the attention; but here attractive life is infused into dry bones—in the bare facts of human history. The execution of this ethnologist's purpose bespeaks a master workman. The Huxleys of this age have drawn forth an antagonist as well trained to scientific warfare as themselves, and from whose entrenchments they will find it difficult to remove him.

—ALEX. PUTNAM.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean of Sept. 17th.)

### A SHOW OF HANDS.

NOT THE ORDINARY HAND PISTS OR LILLY WHITE MEMBERS, BUT HANDS FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD.

A select party of twelve or fifteen ladies and gentlemen assembled at the residence of Mr. E. B. Slocum, No. 200 Fulton street, last evening, to witness a spirit manifestation through the mediumship of Mrs. M. M. Hardy, the noted Spiritualist of Boston. These manifestations, the company were informed in advance, differed materially from the many forms in practice, being an exhibition of materialized spirit hands, if the expression is allowed, without other aid than a table and a box to secure the requisite harmony and enable the hands to be plainly discernible.

An ordinary extension table was opened in the centre to the width of five or six inches, the sides were draped to the floor with a cloth, and an ordinary box, about the size of a candle box, without the cover and with one end knocked out, draped inside with some black material, was placed over the aperture of the table, and with lights turned down, a sepulchral scene was formed and developments awaited. The first manifestation was in the form of raps, which was construed to mean a demand from the spirits for a season of darkness, and the lights were extinguished. Then came a short season of waiting, then the spirits demanded light, and a lamp was accordingly lighted and shaded in such a manner as to leave the table in partial darkness. Then came a hand from the opening in the table—small and white as a lady's—and questioning began. "Is it for me?" asked a member of the circle, and the hand was asked in dissent. "Is it for me?" asked others in succession, until the right person propounded the query, when the hand shook rapidly a number of times in succession. The lady who was thus recognized named over a number of departed relatives, until, uttering the name of "Julian," the hand again shook vigorously. Then she placed her hand in the opening and plainly felt the touch of the soft and warm fingers within. After this other hands appeared, some small, some large, some like a woman's and others like strong men's, and all were recognized by different members of the party, who would then place their hands in the aperture and feel the velvety touch, some only once, some two or three times.

This part of the séance over, the box and cloth were removed, and a slate and some fragments of a pencil procured, and a circle formed around the table, with Mrs. Hardy in the centre on one side. The person opposite her passed the slate underneath the table and Mrs. Hardy took hold of it from her side. Soon two or three little raps with the slate pencil were heard; the slate was removed, and a name known to one of the circle was found written upon it. The next time came the message, "Our blessing." Then another person took the seat opposite Mrs. Hardy and another spirit communicated its name and gave a short message. Then others took the place and held the slate, and in no instance was there a failure to write something, the fragment of pencil always remaining in the "exact spot where

placed and the writing being on the side of the slate, which was held close up to the table top.

After this several persons, but one or two identified with Spiritualism, grasped Mrs. Hardy's right hand underneath the table, while her left was in plain view above, and felt their hands touched a number of times by other soft, warm hands, which they could not account for without believing in the presence of spirits. This concluded the séance, the first part of which, Mrs. Hardy said, was not as satisfactory as she has been used to since she began this form of manifestation some three months ago. In Boston, with her own circle, which is more harmonious on account of frequent association, the hands have been less timid in appearing, have had the power to grasp the extended members of their mortal friends, and have shown their materialism by wearing rings and cuffs which have been placed on the edge of the opening.

This manifestation is certainly a very curious one, and the plainness of the table and surroundings would seem to render an illusion of this nature impossible. Unbelievers were freely allowed to examine the articles used, both before and after the séance, but were totally unable to discover anything that would lead to the faintest suspicion of trickery, and Mrs. Hardy and her husband both pretend to be unable to give any theory or philosophy concerning these materialized spirit hands further than the belief that a number of spirits combine to produce one for one of their number, and then "for another. We are free to confess that we have not any theory to offer."

### DR. PETER WEST IN BOSTON.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—As this gentleman is a stranger in the East, I desire to call the attention of your readers to his remarkable powers. He, like many other of our media, was called from his employment as a manual laborer to be an instrument of the higher intelligences. He did not have, as to education, the advantages of even a common-school course; yet much that is given through his lips bears the impress of culture and intellect. This modesty equals his value as a medium, in that he claims nothing for himself save his peculiar constitutional fitness for spirit control; all the rest he credits to his invisible guides, who have repeatedly led him in mysterious ways, for purposes best known to themselves, but have always exhibited the most perfect ability to protect and assist him in his labors, in whatsoever field they might call him to act.

The mental and physical phenomena which occur in his presence are wonderful to believers and skeptics alike. The slate is written on without visible contact of the medium, with but a fragment of pencil, much too small to be used by any mortal operator; and the messages so transcribed are logical and sensible, and often convey intelligence of value to the person sitting.

Questions asked mentally, and others written upon thick paper, and folded so that his material eye cannot decipher the writing, are answered with remarkable correctness through this medium. Within a year he has had a new unfoldment, which is of a musical nature. This consists of the beating of a drum in his circles—both sticks being plainly used, and the music produced without visible material contact—said drum being placed beneath the table, and the apartment being well lighted at the time. To produce this manifestation in his séances, the combined presence of himself and Mrs. Fannie T. Young has been found necessary. "The execution of difficult accompaniments proves the invisible musician to be well versed in his art. This occurrence taking place in the light, and under circumstances which preclude the possibility of deception by the mediums were they so disposed, is calculated to appeal successfully to the belief of all skeptics attending who still continue to cherish faith in their own individual senses."

Dr. West does not claim infallibility, either for himself or his guides, but courts inquiry from all who care to investigate the great subject of spirit communion, and is willing to be judged entirely by his own merits—or those of the unseen workers around him. He will remain in this section for a season, and all who desire to patronize a worthy and deserving, as well as wonderfully developed medium, should visit him at his present residence, 40 Russell street, Charlestown, Mass.

Yours for truth,  
Boston, Sept. 20, 1873. A. S. HAYWARD.

While an old hen and chickens were scratching vigorously on a pier at Richmond, Va., the other day, a rat stealthily approached from the wharf, and, seizing one of the brood by the leg, attempted to drag it to his retreat. Instantly the old hen pounced upon the back of the invader, trampling him ferociously, while another hen joined her, and with two successive strokes of the beak, expeditiously plied, succeeded in cutting the rat's throat as cleanly as if it had been done with a knife. A number of persons saw the contest and applauded the result.

There are some men who are so outrageously cultivated that they are miserable the moment that they are away from all which is exquisite. It is a pity that such men were born into a rough world like this, where God forgot to finish up works, and to make free trunks smooth, and to slope the mountains down gently to the plains. That is true cultivation which gives us sympathy with every form of human life, and enables us to work most successfully for its advancement. Refinement that carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement.—*Dever.*

Galignani says that Pere Hyacinthe has abandoned the clerical garb.

## Literary Department.

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## THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

### INTRODUCTION.

Ten years ago, a carefully taken census developed the fact that among civilized nations there is an average of one insane person to every five hundred inhabitants. This seems a large proportion, but the saddest part of the story is, that the disease is on the increase. Now here is a great, stubborn fact for the statesman and philanthropist.

These poor wails, to use the words of one who has examined this subject well, are "the waste thrown up by the silent but strong current of progress, the weak crushed out by the strong. In the mortal struggle for development, they are examples of decaying reason thrown off by vigorous mental growth."

Thirty years ago the sad condition of the insane attracted the attention of benevolent men and women, and efforts were made to place them under good medical treatment and care. It was found that the insane, in a majority of cases, were abused by their relations—that family affection was not powerful enough to induce the patience and vigilant supervision requisite for the comfort and safety of the sufferer. The matter was brought before our legislatures, and sympathy aroused.

Buildings were erected, doctors provided, and patients gathered from jails, work-houses and homes; the experiment worked well, and hundreds of cold, naked, filthy, miserable beings, were made comfortable—warmed, fed and clothed, and on the road to right-mindedness. A feeling of State pride was aroused. The State had proved a better mother to the unfortunate than the guardians by right of kindred blood. "Let us do better still," then it said; and they went to work, without a knowledge of psychological laws, and legislated for large and elegant institutions to which they could puff with pride and say: "See what Jones we, the strong, provide for the weak."

There was little opposition, for the short-sighted economist said: "It is cheaper to yarn and feed one thousand persons in one large, commodious building, than to scatter them in various parts of the State in eight separate houses."

The architects planned, the builders wrought, and landscape gardeners ornamented, till our insane asylums were stone palaces, to which our law-givers pointed with pride. Alas! we made the same mistake that we have made with our criminals. Forgetting that the object of imprisonment should be to reform, and the design of the asylum to heal, we have simply made machines of human beings, taken away individually, reduced everything animate to a number, and we, the strong, who have not been too strongly tempted to sin, or who have inherited constitutional vigor, or on whom trouble and sorrow have not laid too heavy a hand—go by, feeling secure in our freedom because stone walls and armed sentinels guard one class of unfortunate, and iron-bars, straight jackets, and innumerable locks keep guard over the weakness and misery of another class.

In all this we forget, the one principle which should never be lost sight of, by those who legislate—that it is dangerous to give great power to one man—that there is safety in checks and counter checks. No wonder that abuses have arisen, and we feel sure that the smallest fact only has been made known that many poor bewildered minds have suffered cruelly and abuse in lonely cells, where there were none to accuse and judge the oppressor. We blame the system more than the superintendents of these asylums. The forms of insanity are as various almost as the individuals in an asylum, and each one needs special care. No physician can manage eight hundred cases himself; he must rely on his subordinates, and by them is the mischief wrought. These assistants are difficult to obtain and need constant supervision. In the woman's department they are often young women, who exercise an authority over women old enough to be their mothers and grandmothers, that is often tyrannical and keenly felt by the objects of it. There still lingers in the community the old notion that insane people are possessed by the devil, and many good men and women too feel like Cotton Mather, when he advocated hanging witches, "let us hang them and get the devil out of them."

If we could fully understand that insanity is disease—a disease of the body, and, in two-thirds of the cases, curable disease—we should give the sufferers different treatment. This separating of mind and body, this everlasting cant about "diseased souls," has wrought much mischief. Let the blood be healthy, the circulation right, the nerves strong, and the soul will take care of itself, as far as insanity is concerned. The true devil is the disordered body—the unstrung harp which gives out discordant sounds, and needs a skillful hand to re-tune.

Insanity is physical disorder, brought on by disobedience to natural laws. Children inherit

the diseases incurred by the vices of the parents. In the animal and vegetable worlds, there is a tendency to retrograde. There must be a struggle upward, a strife to enter into that glorious kingdom of the earth, earthy, but grand nevertheless, when the race of man shall enjoy perfect physical health—when disease shall be as rare as leprosy in this age. Now the whole creation grows together, because man, by indolence, vice and gluttony, has retrograded. To the brutes—yes, I slander the brutes—for a lower type of humanity.

We must strive now to bring it back, and for this purpose is philanthropy at work; but if possible, let it be philanthropy with acute ears, and eyes wide open, and Argus-eyed, too. Hear one who knows that which he affirms: "The land has been covered with overgrown and over-provided asylums, to which almost the whole humane population has been assigned. A most wise humanity dictated the founding of these asylums, but prejudices as strong as those which they encountered bar the way to further reforms; and as long as the insane are believed to be possessed with devils; instead of being regarded as only sick men, just so long will the benevolent find the path to improvement full of difficulty. To be a lunatic, in public estimation, is to be cut off socially from humanity. The feeling is one which cannot be justified, and the system which it inspires cannot be just. That system is the system of indelicate sequestration—of locking up a person in an asylum, simply because he is mad. The true principle to guide our practice should be this: that no one—sane or insane, should be entirely deprived of his liberty, unless for his own protection or the protection of society. Therefore, instead of acting on the general principle of confining the insane in asylums, and making particular exceptions, we ought to act upon the general principle of depriving no one of his liberty, and of then making the numerous exceptions which will undoubtedly be necessary in the cases of insane persons, as in the cases of criminals." Our medical men were foremost and zealous in the work of gathering this unfortunate class from the hands of their former tormentors; we wish that, instead of exorcising the abuses of the asylum system, they would expose and reform them."

I had written the foregoing, and it had lain for months in my desk, when I was invited to visit a friend. She was ill, but under the care of an experienced and faithful nurse. In the kitchen was a good-looking, stout American girl. She was broad-chested, large-handed, with a strength of arm which few women possess.

My friend's nurse was taken ill suddenly, and obliged to leave. I was surprised at the indifference and want of sympathy manifested by this girl when the nurse was gone. There seemed to be no more feeling for human suffering than if she had been a machine that was wound up to do its daily work. I looked at her in astonishment; that any one could be so regardless of the pain and needs of a suffering woman seemed horrible.

The husband and myself supplied in a measure the lack of the nurse, while the strong young woman with her heavy tread, made worse by thick creaking boots, went about her work noisily, or dressed herself in fine clothes and walked out for amusement. A prostrating sick headache threw me one day upon my bed, where I lay cold and helpless, and would have lain till the next morning, had not other aid than this human machine come to me. "Who and what is she?" I said to my friend. "She can wash and iron and cook; has she no power of sympathy?"

"She ought to know something about sickness," was the reply, "for she was an attendant for a long time in an insane asylum in Massachusetts, and they would like her again."

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, "that heavy tread and that cold face, so impassive to the sight of suffering! It would drive me mad to look at her, and no doubt when mad she could overcome me with her physical strength."

Our story was written after a visit of some weeks to an insane asylum, where we spent some hours every day with the inmates. It is one of the best, as well as the largest in our country, and few are managed as well.

But I could see where differences must rise, and understand clearly the difficulty of classifying the patients and ministering to their individual wants. I understand the suffering and cruelty which an ignorant, impatient attendant may inflict upon patients, unknown to the superintendent. I see that it requires gentleness, firmness, health and wisdom to take care of the inmates, and that these qualities are rare in young women who take the place for the day. Sisters of Charity might do it; I wish we had more of them, or that schools for nurses might be formed, from which we could draw those who understand the



laws of physical life, and take pleasure in their work.

A. E. P.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### A Mysterious Disappearance.

It was on the morning of October 1st, that a number of persons were gathered in New York City, and all eyes were turned to a young man, who was standing in the center of the group. He was a tall, slender, and well-proportioned man, with a fair complexion, and a pair of dark, expressive eyes. He was dressed in a simple, but elegant, suit of dark cloth, and a white shirt with a high collar. He was looking directly at the group, and his expression was one of calmness and confidence.

"Show us above, and carried a small traveling bag in her hand. She did not visit Mrs. Samson, and all efforts to learn of her whereabouts have been fruitless. Her friends are not aware that she had given money in her possession on that day, but she is known in that city as a lady of large fortune. Any information from her will be gratefully received by her brother, Captain Ruby, No. 17, Fourth-street, or at the Bank of Commerce."

The next morning the following article appeared:

It is with great regret that we learn of the disappearance of Miss Romney Ruby, a lady well known in the fashionable circles of our city. There is not the remotest suspicion of insanity, and as far as an eloquent, which accounts for so many escapes. Miss Ruby is under no control save her own will. She is an independent fortune in her own right, and is a lady educated and refined. On great fear is that she has met with foul play, from some assassin tempted by valuable jewelry or the hope of finding money on her person. A few days since she called at the Bank of Commerce, and received a dividend of two thousand dollars. She was last seen by Mr. Hall, from Nodd & Hall, at the Staten Island Ferry Landing. Mr. Hall is under the impression that she took a carriage when she left the bank, and one of the coachmen, states that he took a lady passenger at that time to the "Green House," but he is sure that she was dressed in mourning, and wore a black cape veil. When Miss Ruby left her brother's house that morning she was dressed in a silver gray Irish point suit, trimmed with velvet of a dark shade of the same color, plain linen collar and cuffs, a set of earrings including brooch, earrings, watch guard and bracelet. Her white Leghorn hat was trimmed with velvet of the same shade as the trimming of her dress, and her gloves were of similar tint. There is a piece of wood between the Ferry Landing and Mr. Samson's cottage. Miss Ruby was not in the habit of walking to the house of her friend, but the beauty of the day might have tempted her to do so. Mr. Hall, whose recollection of her dress is very imperfect, states that he is sure she wore no mourning veil, otherwise than that he cannot state definitely. As they passed each other a casual remark was made upon the beauty of the day.

These notices excited a great deal of interest. The papers throughout the country copied them, and there was much speculation upon the subject. Weeks and months passed, and nothing was heard of the missing lady, till the public settled down into the belief that she had been murdered for the money which was supposed to be about her person.

Her brother caused the woods to be thoroughly searched, and a point in the vicinity drained. He left no means untried, and spared no money in the search for his lost sister. Two detectives were kept constantly at work for many days, and a large reward was offered for the recovery of the lady, but all these efforts proved unavailing, and the story of the mysterious disappearance of Miss Ruby became an old tale, giving place as usual, to some new tragedy of the great metropolis, whose citizens seldom breakfast without some poignant cause of that kind in the morning.

At the time of this event, I was on board ship, on my way to distant lands in search of health. One who has sailed many days on the water knows how pleasant it is to be greeted by the sight of a distant sail, and to hear our officer in stentorian voice ring out, "Ship ahoy!" and as they answer back, how our ears are strained to hear the "Ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?" which comes to us. Such was my experience one day: and I remember well the pleasant excitement on board as we all gathered on deck to see the meeting of the vessels. It proved to be a swift-sailing packet, which had overtaken us, and the captain kindly sent on board a large package of New York papers. A number fell to me, and I eagerly devoured the contents. Among other things, I found this announcement of Miss Ruby's disappearance. Romney Ruby, sister of Capt. Ruby, U. S. A. Yes; it was the same. I knew her well, for she had been a pupil of mine for two years; and as I read, I recalled vividly to mind my very first interview with her. My school duties were over for the day, the young ladies were in their rooms, and the quiet of the evening study-hour reigned over the house. I was seated in my pleasant little parlor, enjoying a brief rest from the cares of the day, when the sound of a carriage coming up the avenue was heard, and a moment afterwards, two young ladies, new-comers, were admitted by Moses, the porter. The voice is an index of character. Shakespeare is often quoted as giving his approval of a soft, low voice in woman; but there are low soft voices in men and women (but especially in the former) which indicate subtlety and treachery. I do not believe Judas was a loud talker; and Catherine de Medici might have been a sweet-tongued woman.

"His voice and ways are too sweet, ma'am, to keep well; I mistrust him," said my Irish serving-woman of our milkman, who was afterwards detected in chalking and watering his milk. A trained, cultivated voice has music in it, on what ever key it may be tuned; a rough voice may be a kindly one, though it gathered the roughness of a boatswain's from danger and storm. Our porter, Moses, has a voice full of melody, the voice of his race, an inheritance from the rich tropical clime of his ancestors.

"It pleases to me these 'ore trunks are mighty heavy; can ye help me tote 'em up stairs?" she said to the Irish hackman. Very different was the surly voice which replied, "Ye can't expect it of me to have my horses to do your work."

Then came low, sweet tones which seemed to me indicative of a gentle soul:

"Now, Romy, dear, we are safe in Glendale at last. I am so glad, are not you?"

I waited to hear more for the tones were sweet as chime-bells on Christmas morn; but, instead, came a voice, rich, full, but with a positive ele-

ment in it, like a fire-bell. Somehow, it jarred upon my ear, though it was many removes from harshness:

"No, Leslie, I am not glad. I de-pise all schools, colleges and seminaries of learning—to use one of Parson Bates's stereotyped prayer-phrases. I came here on your father's request; but I feel oppressed already, as if I were bidding adieu to fresh air and freedom."

I was not surprised a few minutes afterwards to find the owner of the gentle voice a fair Saxon with blue eyes and brown hair, with a modest, appealing look in those violet eyes, that indicated a character easily molded to good or evil by a stronger will than her own. She would not doubt cling closely to one whom she loved, but needed the support of a firmer character, and the companionship of a stronger intellect. She was, too, much like Milton's model for a wife—"Gild thy law, then nuptial," and had she been "Miss Milton," would have struggled less, forgiven more and perhaps have died sooner than the spirited Mary Powell. "May some guardian angel watch over you," I inwardly prayed, as I looked into her soft eyes.

Her companion was tall, dark-haired, straight as an arrow, with a form which bade fair when fully developed to be commanding, and a pair of dark eyes that could flash fire when passion stirred her soul or might in a melting mood hold a strong man captive.

"That girl," I said to myself, "will go through fire or flood to accomplish her purpose, and I am sure, owns a temper that will brook little restraint." Her manner was impetuous and laughing, but she was respectful to me, and evidently well bred and familiar with polished society. A presentiment of an unhappy future for her took possession of my mind as I talked with her, and a feeling of helplessness when I thought of her as my pupil. Teach her mathematics, history, philosophy, I might, what little I knew, for there was intellectual power to accomplish more than the ordinary tasks of school-girls; but guide her, curb her will when in opposition to my own, ask her to turn the path of the tempest, or still the volcano when its fiery heart is pouring out its wrath. Surely no two persons of more opposite temperaments were ever thrown together than these two girls. They wished to occupy the same room, and gave their number sixteen, one of the upper rooms, large and commodious. After promising to examine them in the morning and appoint their studies, I bade them goodnight, and the matron went with them to their room. When they left me, I took from my desk the following letter and read it carefully:

"My DEAR MRS. MITCHELL, I send to you my niece, Romney Ruby, and my daughter, Leslie Romney. Romney is an orphan, the daughter of my sister, and has no near kindred in this country but her brother, a cadet at West Point, and myself. I have been away from home most of the time since she came to live in my family, and can tell you little of her disposition or requirements. But my impression is that she is endowed with intellect of more than ordinary ability, and moreover inherits a fine musical talent. Leslie loves her, which speaks well for her disposition, for a more gentle or affectionate child never gladdened a father's heart. The mantle of my sainted mother seems to have fallen upon her, though she lacks the firmness and self-reliance which characterized the dear old lady, and which cling to her and fill the intimacies of age. I hope Leslie may gain these by mingling more with strangers, and learning to submit to the discipline of school."

I am sorry to be separated from the girls, but I am ordered by the Department to our western frontier, where there will be no suitable school for them, and I feel that I ought not to deprive them, at their age, of the benefits of a thorough education. I trust them wholly to your care, our former friendship giving me confidence in your ability to prepare them for the duties of life, and instill into their minds the principles of our holy religion, without which neither our life here or hereafter can fulfill the design of our Creator. Leslie will be guided by you in all things. She knows of my mother's friendship for you, and her little warm heart loves you already. Romney, my wife says, inherits the spirit and personal bearing of her father. You may have heard of him, Colonel Ruby, who died in Mexico during our war with that country. He was a gallant soldier and a gentleman, but high-spirited and impulsive, in this respect bearing a strong resemblance to his mother, who was an Italian by birth. He left a large fortune, and Romney, aware of this, is even now too lavish of money. She may need some restraint in this matter. She is two years older than Leslie, and many years her senior in experience and knowledge of the world. I wish them to remain with you two years; at the end of which time I hope to be in Glendale. Yours respectfully,

ROMNEY HAMILTON.

School girls are pretty good judges of character, and are severe critics. All new comers pass through a fiery ordeal, for their companions have the penetration of age without its charity, without judgment, and are unsparing as Nemesis to the guilty.

It was not many weeks before the occupants of No. 16 were known throughout the school as "Tempest and Sunshine." Romney's power to acquire knowledge was great, and her memory retentive; common school-girl tasks were no tasks to her, and occupied but little of her time. The leisure which she thus gained she devoted to music and painting. She was wonderfully apt in the latter. It is true she inherited a taste for music, and could improvise it, making wonderful combinations at times with her long, supple fingers, and could catch any tune from once hearing it played. But she detested the dull, patient routine through which the scholar must pass to become thorough in practice and acquire a scientific acquaintance with music. The music teacher was a German, a thorough, patient drill-master, who believed in no other way than keeping his pupils practicing week after week, and even months, upon long, difficult exercises.

Leslie submitted to his method, and was faithful to her hours of daily practice, and even then made slow progress, for her genius did not lie that way, but patience and drill supplied its place. As for Romney! Mr. Timmel was delighted to find one pupil who, as he said, was born to music. The rich voice of her Italian grandmother had fallen to her, and the genius for music which is the birthright of that sunny land.

For awhile teacher and pupil got on finely together. But Romney wearied of what she called German slowness, and revolted at the drill, which seemed to her only like a treadmill, and there began to be occasional storms in the music-room, which I was called in to quell.

"Indeed, madam, I take much pains with Miss Romney, but she rebel, she is not in—in disposition, mais mit very fine talent for music—remarkable talent. She is splendid when she tries. But, madam, she rebel. I teach, my scholars must obey."

During this speech, Romney sat with clouded brow and a look of determined opposition in the lines of her face.

"Miss Romney," I said, "while you remain with us, you must comply with the requirements of your teachers. Until you have practiced the number of hours required by Mr. Timmel for this German exercise, you need enter none of the other classes."

She rose, her black eyes flashed fire, and taking the heavy music-book which contained her exercises, she flung it upon the floor with a noise that resounded through the house, and then walked out of the room with head erect, and much laughter as she went.

The stolid old German gazed at her in astonishment. "Ah, madam," said he, "she is a proud girl. American pupils are not docile, not docile."

She did not come to her classes for a week, nor did she practice her music. At the end of that time, her brother came to see her. He resembled the Hamiltons in his features, and had inherited their warm gentle nature. Romney loved him, and through his influence, probably, she continued her music lessons, and gave Mr. Timmel no further trouble. He was delighted with her progress in music, and called her his best pupil. Her proficiency in painting was far greater than in music. Leslie, who was not remarkable for talent, was proud of her cousin. In her heart there was no envy, but an unkind word or a slight reproach grieved her sadly.

At one time, Romney came to me and asked permission to go to New York by herself and remain two weeks to make purchases. Now, this was so entirely contrary to all precedent and rule, that I told her she could not go until vacation, at which time her brother would be out of school, and could accompany her. I saw the cloud upon her face, but she restrained herself in my presence, and returned to her room. Not many minutes after, I heard strange sounds, and soon the matron's knock at my door.

"I think, madam," said this good woman, "that Miss Ruby isn't herself at times. She wants to be queen, and rule the whole of us. She is handsome as a queen and generous as you, but when she can't have her own way, she raves like a mad woman. Will you please go and see her now?"

I found her walking back and forth in her room, her long hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, looking like a tigress that had just been captured. There was a good deal of the tragedy queen about her, but there was no affectation in her manner. It was genuine passion, a storm born of an uncontrolled temper. She stamped upon the floor, and declared that if it cost her her life, she would have her own way. Leslie was weeping and entreating her to be quiet. "Leave the room, Leslie Hamilton," said she; "leave me alone; you are so tame and submissive I can't bear the sight of you, a little soft kitten, that crows for nothing else than to be petted and loved. You can no more understand me or mate with me than the kitten with the lion. You are content to be meowed up here and controlled by others. I scorn the control; I will not remain. Leave the room, I say, or I shall put you out."

I laid my hand gently upon her shoulder, and said, "Romney, those only who have learned to obey are fit to rule. Be calm; control your passion, and then you can listen to reason."

She flung my hand from her, and her eyes flashed as she said, "I am pent up here like a caged animal, and I will not submit to it. I have always had my own way, and I intend to have it through life."

I took Leslie with me, and left her to the solitude of her own room. Some hours afterwards, when the matron went to her room at the usual hour of lighting, she found the young lady sitting at her easel, with the picture of Beatrice Cenci before her. She had been painting, and, as evening came on, had laid aside her brush, and was contemplating the picture with a calmness like the sky when the tempest has swept all clouds away.

"Look at that beautiful face, Mrs. Munroe," she said. "Do you think that woman could plan a murder, and carry out her design?"

"Ah, Miss Romney, I can see no murder in that face; but beauty and goodness do not always go together. I wish they did."

She looked at the housekeeper an instant, as if she would read her thoughts, and said, "I could revenge an insult to my honor, and not tremble when I held the dagger."

Then she turned to the picture. "How beautiful she was! And I, too, am an Italian. I feel that I do not belong to this land. When I am through school, I shall go and live in the home of my ancestors."

When this conversation was reported to me, I mused awhile, and resolved that, as far as lay in my power, I would choose for Miss Romney such studies as suited her taste, and endeavor to make her feel the restraint of school as little as possible. I put her in a class for the study of Roman history, gave her plenty of books to read in connection with it, gave her more time for painting, and tried to keep her so busy that she would have little time to think of herself. The plan worked well; she had health and a vigorous constitution, and could do more work than any other scholar. I ordered a horse for her, and allowed her to ride daily. But no amount of care or foresight on my part could ward off the occasional return of these fits of anger. They came, sometimes, like the storms of the tropics, out of a clear sky, and when no cloud gave warning of their approach. Any one who saw her in these outbursts of her fiery nature would hardly recognize the same person in the classroom when she was interested in the lesson. She recited with grace and fluency. The text-book was simply a text-book to her, used only as a guide to other books from which she would glean a fuller knowledge of the subject. The girls admired and feared her, but she had no intimate among them. Leslie was the darling and pet of the house, and we lived in constant fear of a storm from Romney; but Leslie was like sunshine in our household.

As I read the account in the New York paper of the sudden disappearance of the elder of the two cousins, the image of her came before me as she looked in those hours of anger. Some thwarting of her will, some disgust with life at home had driven her away. I did not believe that she had been murdered for her money.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### The East and the West.

At the end of the two years named in Colonel Hamilton's letter to me he came to the summary to take the girls to their home in the city. He brought with him his wife, a very lovely woman, looking young enough to be Leslie's sister.

On the same day Romney's brother, Frederic Ruby from West Point, and his friend Captain Leigh, joined the party. The latter was a man of fine presence and much culture. It was a very happy circle. I never saw Romney so brilliant, delighting her uncle with her flashes of wit, and charming all with her wonderful musical powers.

Leslie was like a violet beside the rose, seeming to shun observation, and enjoying the success of her cousin, and yet there was no awkward bashfulness in her manner; when sought she conversed well, and her delicate beauty was as charming in its way as the queenly bearing of Romney.

They left me with many kind invitations to visit them in their home. I intended to do so, but failing health sent me out of the country within a year after the girls left school. I heard from them occasionally, and learned that Romney had devoted herself to painting, developing a marked talent in that direction.

I received one letter after I left the country, containing cards of invitation to Leslie's wedding. She was to marry Captain Leigh! This was a surprise, for we had supposed that the brilliant cousin had won this hand one soldier, for there had been such a strong mutual admiration. My own feeling was that it was best for all parties that he had chosen Leslie; Romney could hardly make a happy wife with her strong will and great ambition. This was all the information I had received from the Hamiltons, till the New York paper was handed to me on board the steamer.

There had come to me, by inheritance, a little house in a small seaport town of Massachusetts, and thither I went to rest after my voyage. It was a quaint old place, and I loved it; moreover there dwelt a loyal old friend who had lived as a domestic with my mother for many years, and though somewhat sour and crabbed in manner, it was only a habit, which she had assumed when she "joined the church," in the mistaken idea that solemnity was essential to her stern creed. Down deep below this rough shell beat a warm, true heart, and I knew I was welcomed back when she said, as I alighted from the stage-coach:

"You don't say you have got back alive, and the day before I expected you! If you had only waited till to-morrow I would have had a good dinner for you."

"Never mind the dinner, Betsey, if my room is ready. I feel as if I could sleep for a week if I could only find more than myself in my own bed."

"Your bed? Lawful sakes! You don't think I would leave the airing of that till this time! The room has been cleaned, the carpet shook, and the bed airing in the sun for a week. I made it up this morning with the old homespun linen and put a little fire in the fire-place, because, you know, the old house is sort of chilly these spring days."

What a luxury was that bed, and what sweet content was in my heart, as, after my long wandering in foreign lands, and amid people who spoke not my mother-tongue, I fell asleep in that homely little chamber, the very room where my mother slept when a girl, and from which she ascended to her home in heaven. I lay for a few minutes looking round at the dear, familiar walls, and queer old pictures that had adorned them for three-quarters of a century, and wondering at myself for expecting to find greater happiness in an old German town than here. Betsey had arranged my letters on the long, narrow mantle, in the order of their coming, but I could not to open them and thus disturb the quiescent state of my heart. I lay like one floating down some beautiful river, a serene sky above, and soft airs around me. Thus I fell asleep, and did not waken till the morning sun sent his cheerful beams through the small panes of the east window, lighting up the face of my mother on the opposite wall, which seemed to smile upon me. Betsey had been up some hours, and her breakfast was one of those cheery, old-fashioned meals which are peculiar to Yankee housekeepers. There was delicious coffee with cream, and stewed chicken with toast, and dainty little light biscuits, and baked apples—apples which by some secret known only to herself, Betsey had kept for me for many months, because they grew on the tree always called Esther's tree.

"I don't know as you can eat our homely vittles after all your French and German cooking," she said, "but I thought maybe you could eat an apple from the old tree."

"Betsey," I said, "I have not felt such an appetite since I left home as the sight of your nice table gives me."

A long-banished smile came back to her withered face, a little pale and sickly, like the last rose of summer; but it pleased me, and did her good. No doubt she atoned for it by extra solemnity the next hour.

After breakfast I read my letters; one was an invitation from the Board of Trustees to return to my old school. I would answer and thank them, but I was too old to resume that life. My little competence would permit me to live a more quiet life, and to find some other way to fill up life with. The second letter was from a married lady, a former pupil, now residing in New York City. Among other things, she says: "Not long since, I saw our mutual friend, Mary Ames, a connection of the Hamiltons. She told me that the family had removed from the city. Mrs. Hamilton and her little daughter, Minnie, are dead. The Colonel and Leslie, having been the wonder of the town for many days, has led most of her friends to believe her dead; though her brother will not admit this idea for an instant, and holds her property ready for her, not allowing it to be administered upon."

I could learn nothing of Leslie, save that she had a long, serious illness, and had gone away for her health, probably to Europe. You may have met her there. I was at an evening reception in the city soon after her marriage, and met Colonel Leigh and wife. I never saw a more lovely woman. Her face was radiant with a sweet content, for her husband was at home on a furlough of some months; and if ever a woman worshipped a human being, that woman was Leslie Leigh. He is worthy of her love; but so much prosperity and happiness are unbecomingly to our soil, and I trembled for the beautiful woman who had put all her treasures in one vase. As for Romney Ruby, I should not be surprised to hear of her disguised as a man, fighting for the republic of Italy, or to see her name among the first of American artists. I saw one of her

pictures in a private collection here, that seemed to me marvelous in execution. It was Faust and Margaret—no weak copy from a master, but her own original conception of the characters. Faust was grandly beautiful, but with the despair of a lost soul upon his features. It made me shudder to look upon it. How a woman could express so much sin, suffering and beauty in one human face, filled me with wonder.

"The face of Margaret was like that of Leslie Leigh as she might look if she, too, had risked her life upon the east of onic and lost all. It was a strange picture, but so is the painter. I believe she is living, and that her strange disappearance is one of the phases of her Italian temperament."

The next letter was from Dr. Minot, a friend of many years' standing, a sort of adopted brother, and ran as follows:

"My DEAR ESTHER—I hear from friends that you are on the way home from Europe, and I write, hoping this will reach your old home almost as soon as yourself. You have been over much of what I may call my old camping ground, and you are interested in those studies which led me to visit the Old World repeatedly, and spend some years of study there."

"Poor, diseased human minds! the wandering stars, the comets with their eccentric orbits have as much interest for you as for myself. Come and see us, and show me, if you can, any better way to guide those poor souls out of their darkness. I have now eight hundred of them under my care, and, notwithstanding all our boasted civilization and our wonderful progress in the arts and sciences, we are still working in the dark on this subject. I sometimes wish we might go back to savage life for one century, and start afresh. Who was it said, 'If I were king of a savage tribe I would erect a gallows at the entrance to my kingdom, and hang any civilized man who wished to enter, and any savage who attempted to go out?'"

"Our religion and our views, our churches and our prisons, our schools and our workshops, our family life and our political organization seem to be all tending to form diseased brains, till our hospitals are full, and there is lack of room to receive the sufferers. It has become a great problem to me how to treat these unfortunate beings; a far more difficult problem than it was twenty-five years ago, when I came here. Then I knew it all, and was going to show the world what marvels I could work. Now I see a thousand obstacles where none met my eye before. Our Legislatures are about as learned on the subject as was Maria Antoinette in Political Economy, when she said, 'If there is no bread for the people, then do pray give them some cake.'"

"Come and spend a few weeks with me, and see if, with your woman's quicker brain and warmer sympathies, you can aid me."

This letter interested me, and though many kind friends extended the hospitality of their homes to me, I determined to accept this one. After making a short visit to my brother and his family, I found myself on the road to Doctor Minot's institution, or, rather, to a State institution of which he was superintendent. I left home in the spring; our pear trees were not in bud, but a few crocuses were peeping their heads through the last light snow.

I had rambled once into the woods and garlanded my old-fashioned parlor with the climbing arbutus and early violets, but as I journeyed West Nature seemed richer and more profuse in her gifts. The pears and cherries were almost out of bloom, and the apple trees were bright and fragrant with their tiny rose blossoms. Broad meadows stretched before my feet, but I must look backward for the mountains. Great prairies waved with tall grasses, made beautiful light and shade as the soft breeze stirred them, but they seemed only pictures of the grand old sea whose waves loved my humble cottage home far in the rear.

I seemed to be in a later world, made after that in which I had always dwelt, and on a grander scale, save that the great organ was left out of the programme, the deep bass of which had been my lullaby from birth, and which I missed very much now.

In the following chapter I will give the reader a description of my new home, and of myself.

[Continued in our next.]

#### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I love to think at morning's prime of those that went before, As sweet I see the skyglow—the pearl and sapphire floor! I love to think of spirits dear, that found a morning clear, When gloom of night oppress, and shadows deep of death were near!

I love to think how sweet their song, like earth in morning light, When they awoke from darkness death, and glory met their sight!

Oh, sweet and strange! surely were to be so blest in death, And find the end of life was but the dawning of life's breath!

Oh, tell me, men that plod in trade, and have no higher aim, Did ye such thought as this upon your souls in beauty flame?

And did the world a vision give, in morning's pleasant prime, Of that sweet life with grandeur great, and depths of love sublime?

The morning brings all this to me, in fresh and fair array, And so I love to think of those we deem so far away!

I love to think at golden noon of those we see no more; When life is tried with care their soothing presence I implore!

I love to think they are not changed and care no more for me, I love to think they still retain whatever the past did see!

I love to think their wealth is mine, their more abundant love, And that they long for me in manifold sweet of light above!

I love to think they watch and wait for my sweet coming there, When I their life eternally with all of life shall share!

I love to think they circle round on bird-like wings of thought, And oft their downy loves my heart as some sweet shade have sought.

Oh, be they near or far, their thought is dear as life to me, And in the glowing sun their airy forms of light I see! Yes, let the day burn bright and duties press in care around, I love to think of spirits gone, and walk on holy ground!

I love to think at twilight's hour of those in regions blest— I love to think of all their own untroubled peace and rest! I love to think the sun may set, and twinkling stars may fade!

But not one ray of mortal life is ever lost in shade! I love to think the present night will bring its gloom and care, And after toil and rest of earth our Heaven will be more fair!

I love to think that somehow good pervades the realm of law, And that pure love abounds where we are struck with awe! I love to know the other world, behind this world of ours, Is rich with joy unspeakable and everlasting flowers.

And thus we call the dead and gone as full of angel life, Preserving fresh an angel youth through brave immortal—stiff!

Their memory comes like life to me, at morn, and noon, and night, Among their ranks myself I see, and life is lost in light: Albany, N. Y., 1873.



## Free Thought.

## WHY DON'T THE SPIRITS TELL WHERE THE NATHAN MURDERER IS?

The St. Louis Democrat, a few days ago, contained the following tilt at Spiritualism, which tilt contains falsehood and an insult to thousands of the best citizens in the land, to whom Spiritualism is as sacred a religion as is Protestantism or Catholicism to the Protestant or Catholic: The editor probably imagining, however, that fewer dollars and cents come to his establishment from the pockets of Spiritualists than from the pockets of Orthodox people, and that therefore he can "let drive" at them when and as he pleases. But certain it is that if all the Spiritualists and other liberal religious people were to withdraw their patronage from his paper, he would soon be seen very impatiently adjusting his spectacles for a keener look, in trying to ascertain why it was that the Democrat hallo!ed:

"There are still those who insist upon it that Spiritualism is neither dead nor declining. And yet it declines to tell us anything about the Nathan mystery or the Goodrich murder. It declines to do anything that is common-sensical or that might reasonably be expected of it. In the name of the prophet, figs!" It still yells vociferously about the market-places; but it has no figs to offer—nothing but the driest and most useless of husks. Most of the people of any power who supported it are dead or have abandoned the delusion, and its advocates at present are nobody or worse. If it could call upon the spirit of old Mr. Nathan, and induce him to declare the name of his murderer and tell where the proof is to be found, it might redeem its character, and would surely be believed in to that extent."

To this thrust at the most beautiful and reasonable religion extant—the only doctrine that requires no faith merely, no blind belief, but absolutely demonstrates the immortality of the soul—Dr. Daniel White, of this city, made the following pertinent reply:

"To the Editor of the Democrat:

In your Thursday's issue you complain because the spirits of the so-called dead do not reveal the Nathan mystery or the Goodrich murder, etc. We will answer by asking a similar question: If it is true that there is a God who is all-seeing and all-wise, why does he not reveal these mysteries to you? Do you expect more from the servant than his Master? Do you expect a spirit to do what God himself disdains to do? You might as well doubt the existence of God because he does not respond to your interrogatories or cater to your ignorance or prejudices. A great many Spiritualists and anti-Spiritualists have tried in vain to have spirits do a work that legitimately belonged to themselves individually to perform, and their attempts, as heretofore, will always prove abortive. If you believe the Bible, you must be aware that spirits did return and commune with mortals anciently. If so, why not at the present day? "Has God or his laws changed?" Is he not the same yesterday, to-day and forever? Your remark that, if the spirits would only do something "common-sensical" to redeem themselves, forcibly reminds us of the trials of an ancient medium, which may be found in the fourth chapter of Matthew, second to ninth verse, which we respectfully commend to you and other skeptics for perusal and application when propounding such questions.

Instead of "Spiritualism dying out" it is increasing with greater rapidity than heretofore, and through a different channel. There is scarcely an intelligent and devout member in any of our churches at the present day but who is more or less conversant with spirit communion, but policy restrains them from making these convictions public. There is another class who have become tired of "eastern pearls before swine," and remain comparatively inactive. It is true that there are men and women who have espoused the cause of Spiritualism only to disprove it; but this is not true in regard to every sect or denomination. We challenge a comparison with any and all others. If you really think its present advocates are "Nobodies or worse," open your columns for the free discussion of the subject, and let the public see how easily they can be used up.

After twenty-four hours' legislation and head-scratching the logician of the Democrat struck a happy(?) thought, and came out with the following glaring non-sequitur:

"We are still of the opinion that Spiritualism is not a success, even as an 'ism,' whatever abstract opinions may be held concerning the capabilities of spirits. If it be true, as our correspondent of yesterday assures us, that the devil was an ancient medium, we presume he is still such, and are not anxious to inquire into the matter any further."

"Not anxious?" Certainly not, for "if it be true," the writer of so much untruth should, for longevity and health's sake, shy, with palpitating heart and agitated knees, from that fumiferous and ash-covered fiend as promptly as the guillotine shies from the scare-crow. But, unlike an all-wise, "finished, and forced-in" editor, even the crow, persists in bolder and bolder investigations of the terrifying underworld, until he finds that it is neither ghost, man, nor devil; and so an editor, by brave and persistent investigation, might possibly find an object to be more or less than his dyspeptic "fancy painted it."

From time immemorial it has been asserted that Christ was and is the "mediator between God and man," and a mediator is nothing more nor less than a medium or agent. Christ, being the incorruptible medium of a Holy Power, the gift of "all the kingdoms of the world" could not induce him to act as the agent or medium of Satan. "Thou shalt not bow down to any other god," and the fact, which is patent to every ordinary observer, that prominent as well as humble but intelligent and well-informed citizens in every city and hamlet in this great and free Republic, numbered in all by thousands, are either quiet or boldly avowed Spiritualists, answers very forcibly the question as to who the "nobodies" are. A comparison of the public and private advocates of Spiritualism with the editor of the Democrat would not hurt the "nobodies," so-called, very much. But then there is hope that some men, now known as editors, who do not own the world, although they may have great an opinion of themselves and their possessions, mental, moral and secular, as to think so, will yet see the truth and dare to defend it. If there are some things more disgusting than others in this world, the assumed superiority and autocracy of many modern editors of secular journals are among those most offensive things.

The Spiritual mediums that are constantly being developed all over the country, the increased demand for spiritual books and papers—hundreds of them being sold in this city alone every week—do not indicate that Spiritualism is "dead or declining," and the fact, which is patent to every ordinary observer, that prominent as well as humble but intelligent and well-informed citizens in every city and hamlet in this great and free Republic, numbered in all by thousands, are either quiet or boldly avowed Spiritualists, answers very forcibly the question as to who the "nobodies" are. A comparison of the public and private advocates of Spiritualism with the editor of the Democrat would not hurt the "nobodies," so-called, very much. But then there is hope that some men, now known as editors, who do not own the world, although they may have great an opinion of themselves and their possessions, mental, moral and secular, as to think so, will yet see the truth and dare to defend it. If there are some things more disgusting than others in this world, the assumed superiority and autocracy of many modern editors of secular journals are among those most offensive things.

The "nobodies" are aware of the fact, even if the *Sancti* are not, that spirit communications would not be taken as evidence in court, nor would information thus received be generally acted upon by officers, while the medium would

be subjected to the greatest anxiety, annoyance or trouble, and possibly much expense, if the spirits were disposed to seek to discover criminals and bring them to justice, while assassination, or imprisonment on the charge of libel or slander, would frequently be their reward, and the only reward.

While our spirit friends may sometimes give us, as private individuals, a limited amount of worldly information, and occasionally direct us, they more frequently tell us that they cannot perform our duties for us, and urge us to "work out our own salvation" from ignorance, sin and misery; and wisely enough, too, for this mundane sphere is only a primary school whose A, B, C's, and a, b, c's must be learned principally through our own exertions.

The consistency and logic of opposers or abusers of Spiritualists and Spiritualism are shown, as by a caustic humorist, when they call upon spirits to do what the "omnipotent God" and "mighty angels" of orthodoxy, so-called, never do, although the appeal or supplication be never so heartfelt and eloquent, as well as never so eminently just.

HENRY HITCHCOCK.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 12th, 1873.

## COMPARISONS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Half a century distances the childhood of life so much that it seems like a well-remembered dream, or recalled from some story read from a writer's pen. Sometimes in the still hours of night we climb over the stone walls, walk among the pines, now in the meadows, or thresh the grain on the old homestead of the Granite State, where in early manhood we were taught democracy in politics and freedom in religion; but the earlier days of sorrow and suffering are not even recalled in dreams. But sometimes, as at the great camp meeting of Silver Lake, we refer by comparison to our childhood and birth, and bless the dear mother that brought us here through such suffering as no married woman ever passes through; and then some caterer for popular prejudice catches up the item, and with sharpened wit and a ready pen gets an item for the rounds of the press that is rolled under the tongue of social corruption as a sweet morsel of gossip. As we are not a candidate for popularity, we care very little what the press says of us, nor do we say anything especially for their notice. Whenever it seems good, we bless the dear mother that bore us in sorrow into life; and since she could not have been married to the man whose name we bear, and whose family character is markedly in us, and since, had she been the wife of another, our chance for being here as we are would have been destroyed, therefore we do bless her, and rejoice in the circumstances which others might be ashamed of; and we are not.

A few days since we found a beautiful little fatherless waif in one of the finest homes of the great "Salt Lick" city of the Empire State. Nicely clothed, fed, petted and cared for, as if the child of wealth and respectability, as she really is while in the care of that childless family, full of the sweet affection of a mother's yearning heart, we hope she is not cursed by the wild passion or burning lust of a reckless father, as too many such children are. Waifs are not always the brightest and best children, as some people suppose, for it is frequently the case that paternal dissipation and reckless passion overcome the yearning heart and earnest love of a mother, if she has them, as is also too often the case in marriage. Stipulations will yet be studied as a science, and taught in the advanced schools where youth are educated for matrimony, as they should be and will be. Let no one suppose, in our utterances of tongue or pen, that we advocate turning society loose to run like wild beasts, or worse, recklessly in dissipation and lust to riot unrestrained. We believe as strictly in marriage as any of its advocates, but believe, as it is now fixed by law and religion, it brings more misery than blessing, and more than chattel slavery did before it was abolished in our country. We would *legally* and in every respect make the sexes equal, and then put marriage in the general law of civil contracts, separating it entirely, as we have partially, from religion and the church, and hold to a strict accountability parties in the contract, securing, as in partnerships, personal liberty and self-control for each.

Under such regulations, the sexual intimacy would have to be voluntary and mutual, and require the constant appliances of courtship to hold parties in constancy and devotion to each other, and we know of no legal restraint that can do it as the early love in courtship does, even without the sexual intimacy of marriage. As our law and society now is, married men run riot in passionate looseness and indulgence, while the wives are, at least supposed to be, consecrated by the marital bonds to exclusive sexual life, and shut up to the maternal and domestic duties of married devotion.

For twenty years we have been a target for the shot of every gossiping pretender to moral virtue, who was indulging his lust and passion under the present system, and who found it "good enough" for him even if it killed his thousands of sensitive females to satiate his lust; attacked as an advocate of free lust and reckless licentiousness, because we have demanded a better system and purer life and equal justice to man and woman. In St. Louis, we demanded the registry of the men who visited and patronized the registered female prostitutes, and if we had belonged there, would have boldly set the example and reported them. We are glad the law in that city is declared unconstitutional, partly on account of its sexual partiality, for in this it was abominable. Of course we have been ever misrepresented on the social question, but prefer that to the company of those who misrepresent us, for that would too often bring us into self-condemnation and contempt, as well as the registry we require of them.

JOHN G. JACKSON, Esq., is one of the business men of this country, and at present chief engineer of one of our railroads, and a firm and consistent Spiritualist.

MISSOURI.

ANNABAL, J. B. Chesley writes: "Being in Louisiana, this State, a short time ago, in company with a friend, we visited the residence of that amiable and estimable individual, Mr. Deane, who lives in the suburbs of that handsome little city—surrounded with all the necessities of life. We were cordially received and invited to spend the evening. After partaking of a refreshing repast we were invited into the parlor, where we found a neatly arranged cabinet, which had been previously prepared for us by Mr. Deane's wife. We sat down and commenced, and though the manifestations were not of a startling order, yet they were enough to fill the soul with joy. And a more delightful evening it has never been my lot to enjoy. To be at the house of such a warm-hearted Spiritualist, (and one that has left the ranks of the Methodist church, though still claimed by them) with such a spontaneous flow of spirituality, is well calculated to awaken the keenest feeling of gratitude, and fill the soul with unbounded joy. She spoke of her much respected and venerable husband, as possessing a congeniality of feeling and sympathy with her. After a spiritual feast in communing with our friends on the other side of life, which lasted until ten o'clock, we returned to our hotel, and took our departure for home the next day, feeling greatly benefited by the trip."

MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN, Sept. 2nd, 1873.—Please give a place in the Banner to the following, concerning Spiritualism in Lynn. A class of Spiritualists in this place, wishing to be understood in the community as advocates and supporters of strict morals, such as true Spiritualism teaches, and desiring to take such a position as will enable each one to maintain his or her own self-respect, thus commanding the respect of others, have formed an Association, distinct from one before existing here. The

name adopted is, "The Rational Spiritualist Association of Lynn." The officers consist of a president, a clerk, three trustees, a treasurer and corresponding secretary; which officers constitute a board of managers. The following are the names of persons elected as officers: President, Isaac Frazier; Clerk, H. H. Lake; Trustees, Lord Harris, H. C. Smith, Isaac Winchester; Treasurer, J. O. Marshall; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. G. Lake. In connection with the Constitution, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the object of this organization is the advancement and promulgation of Spiritualism in its purity; and that certain teachers are advocating in the name of Spiritualism theories which are contrary to its principles; therefore,

Resolved, That we will not engage any person as speaker upon a platform who endorses either the theory or practice of what is known in community as "free love."

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