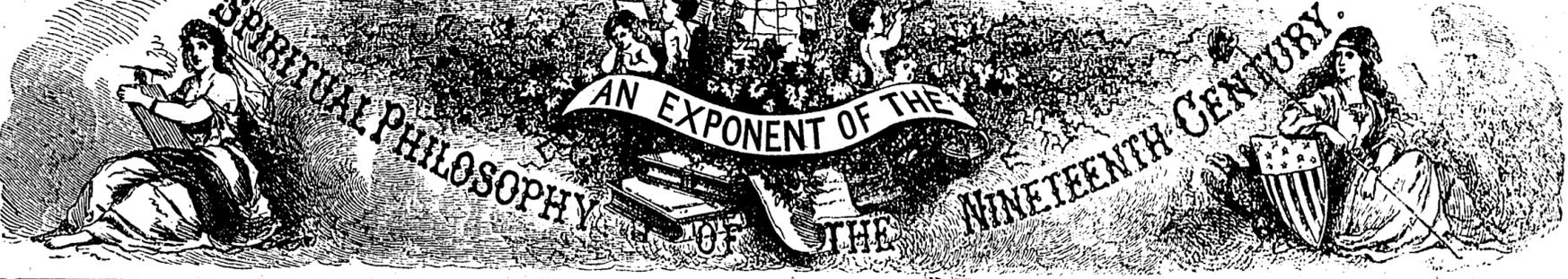


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Original Essay.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS. NUMBER TEN.

Written specially for the Banner of Light,
BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

Prophecy; or, The Power of Provision.

There is no subject so universally exemplified, none so problematical, as that of prevision. Whilst the history of all nations, peoples and individuals bears witness to the truth of prophecy, the want of some definite knowledge by which its facts could be explained, and the conclusions of inevitable fatalism to which it leads, create an invariable prejudice against belief in its truth.

Granted that man's acceptance or rejection of divine truth makes no difference in the scheme, still we are all aiming to attain to a clear understanding of the laws which bind and fetter us, and however antagonistic these may be to our preconceived notions of what is or is not the providential plan, the part of wisdom is to discover that plan, and having abandoned theories which do not harmonize with the facts of creation, reverently set ourselves to adjust our lives and practices to the order of being as it is, rather than as we deem it ought to be.

If we were to begin disputing the facts of prophecy or the power of prevision, we should have to contend with the records of all history, sacred and profane, commencing with the Bible, attacking every classical authority, denying the witness of every European historian, and discarding an immense mass of fresh, living testimony afforded us by the daily enacting phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. So vast are our records on this subject, that in a necessarily brief paper of this description, our chief difficulty is to select the era of time or spot of earth from which to draw examples.

As the order of these phenomena has been chiefly directed toward the writings now so rare amongst us, we will observe the same course in treating of this subject, and notwithstanding the fact that ancient Chaldaea, Judea, Egypt, India, Greece, Rome and Europe, during the mediæval ages, furnish us opportunities for penning volumes on the facts and philosophy of prevision, we presume we shall present a more acceptable phase of the subject if we limit our illustrations to our own time and place, rather than dive into those terrible dark ages and magical lands, of which so many of our readers seem to entertain such a holy horror. Popular arguments against the acceptance of prophetic truth, do not attack the verity or reliability of prophetic utterances.

Prophecy is too abundant to be disputed, too often reliable to be evaded; but the difficulty lies just where some excellent, though highly prejudiced persons with whom the author was recently conversing, placed the subject, representing their mental problems in the following terms: "If I believe that one event in the universe can be foreseen, then must I believe that the whole scheme is immutable. If I believe that, why then murders and all manner of crimes are as inevitable as all manner of good, and to accept of that proposition would destroy all moral responsibility, and that, you know, no one can accede to." Whilst deeming the best answer to render to all such logicians is the author's favorite aphorism and life-long watchword of action—"The truth against the world," we acknowledge that we have the right, as we feel it to be our duty and privilege, to render up some reason for our belief, and independent of the stubborn array of facts which the history of the race records in favor of the certainty of prevision, we believe the revelations of Modern Spiritualism afford us items of philosophy which, candidly considered, will throw some light on the problems that so sorely perplex us. In the first place, we are to consider how the knowledge of the future can be obtained, and in what fashion it reaches us.

In the report of a series of sances held by Mrs. Hardinge in London before a body of scientific Spiritualists, the following question and answer on the subject of "prophecy" will be found:

As no change has occurred in the author's view of the subject since that report was issued, the most striking passages are herewith transcribed, preliminary to the statements to be found in this paper:

QUESTION 6.—How is it possible that things future, and not depending on any necessary sequence of cause and effect, such, for instance, as the upsetting of a boat, can be foreseen or predicted?
ANSWER.—Because there is no time or space with the spirit, but all things in the universe are one universal present. Could you behold with infinite eye the vast panorama of eternity, you

would see successions of periods, and a ceaseless round of events, whose procession form the links in the chain of eternal cause and effect. All that is, or ever was, or can be, on the canvas of eternity, is fully represented. Could you behold this eternal totality, you would see one infinite present—no past, no future! But being finite, as you take cognizance only of that which your mortal eye enables you to perceive. Something of the past that you have left, you remember; something of the future to which you are advancing, you realize. No more. But imagine that your vision is more than mortal; imagine that you can behold a larger space in the panorama than is granted to the finite eye. It is merely a larger amount of vision of that which is—a wider perception of the infinite scheme. And now extend your vision still further, till you arrive at that knowledge which enables you to behold the full panoramic view of all things. Such is the condition of many of the inhabitants of spirit-land in proportion to their degree of development.

As to the mode in which these perceptions reach you in the form of prophecy, spirits in sublimated spheres of existence, whose range of vision is so immense as to include almost boundless perceptions of the eternal scheme, as they approach others of a lower sphere communicate their intelligence in part to such as can receive it; and these again through successive gradations of descending realms impress their perceptions upon every order of being below them, until the last sphere of influence is earth, and the last recipient of the prophetic idea is some mediæval mortal who chances to be in rapport or communion with a spirit who possesses the knowledge in question.

The prophecy may not always be directly communicated. It may be sufficient that a guardian spirit entertains the thought, which as he comes into rapport with a mortal may be impressed by induction on that mortal's brain and affect it in the form of a vision or the sudden tendency to proclaim it in unmediated speech. "One thing is certain, prophecy is not a revelation. All the power of calculating cause and effect which you possess, would not enable any one of you to determine that you should ever quit this room alive; as the phrase of mortality runs, Which of you could determine that you will still remain in mortal form until the moment that you must pass from hence? To calculate this accurately, you must thoroughly understand the stability of this building, possess a correct knowledge of every source of danger that may assail you, and a perfect realization of your own sources of life, health, and the entire order of influence that surround you. But you have not this knowledge; you cannot determine even that the flower you plant in spring shall blossom in summer, unless you know the various causes that may affect its growth or decay. Prophecy is not the knowledge of cause and effect; it is the perception of that which is—it is the rapport which receptive beings on earth sustain to those who live in the spheres of knowledge, that enables mortals to prophecy."

Again it was asked:

"If prophecy is reliable, why are not all human beings endowed with prevision?"
ANS.—We have already shown you that whilst the power of prevision exists in the spirit-world, its exercise is dependent chiefly upon the exalted condition of the spirits who behold the scheme of creation unfolded. Its communication to mortals depends upon the mediævalistic faculties of the individual whom prophetic spirits control, and besides the necessary conditions of receptivity, so long as our perceptions of God's infinite wisdom are bounded by ignorance, and man cannot recognize how very good, wise and beneficent are all His lessons. The veil of mortality is wisely drawn across our human eyes to shield us from the view of coming events too mighty in their influence upon our minds for us to bear, at least until we shall have become more spiritualized and better acquainted with the wonderful wisdom in which the whole scheme of destiny is ordered. Still, as we become better fitted for the revelation, the veil which hides our view waxes more and more transparent, until we may hope the day is not far distant when mortals, like their spirit-guardians, shall be enabled to contemplate the sublime arena of the providential plan in such calm appreciation of its wisdom that they shall be prepared to say of the darkness as of the light, "He doeth all things well."

If it may be urged that this view of human destiny makes no provision for what certain philosophers are pleased to call "man's free agency," and involves the fixity of events which must happen if they can be prophesied of, the author can only reply that a fully demonstrated truth should be more acceptable than a favorite though erroneous theory. That the power of prophesying future events exists, the history of ages bears witness to, whilst the experiences of Modern Spiritualism reaffirm the testimony of the past by thousands of well-attested instances.

The examples cited in this paper must either be willfully discredited, or else they of themselves prove the existence of prophetic power, and unless we can show free agency to be the law of life, and the fixity of certain events the exception of that law rather than the rule, prophecy is sufficient in its unbroken and continuous career of evidence to prove the fact that all things are ordained from the beginning—that life is one vast and eternal present—and the past and future are only the succession of views which we obtain of the eternal scheme as we move through it; in short, that we are the only moving objects in the picture, and that as we pass on our pilgrimage from one stage in eternity to another, we designate the scenes we have left "the past," the point we have gained "the present," and the distant objects we are yet to reach "the future."

To a question propounded on the subject of free agency, and why some believed in and others rejected this proposition, the writer's spirit-friends gave responses too long to quote, but the following sentences may be cited as illustrations of the view the controlling spirits entertained on this vexed question:

"All material objects are the subjects of fixed law and immutable principles."
"Spirit is governed by a different class of laws to those which control matter, and in comparison with matter, spirit seems to be all freedom and boundless power, matter all hedged in by immutable limitations of law."
"Man as a dual being, composed both of matter and spirit, realizes the tendency of both elements. In his physical system and bodily pow-

ers he is wholly bound by immutable law; in his grander and more exalted spiritual nature he is all aspiration and illimitable power. Yet whilst the spirit is associated with the body as in mortal life, it is fettered by the physical hindrances of the body, limited as it were by the prison bars of matter, and feeling its yearning aspirations toward higher powers and more extended liberty than it at present enjoys, it feels itself to be both bound and free.

Man partaking on earth of the dual nature of matter and spirit, realizes instinctively the attributes of both—now bending beneath the immutable laws which govern physical existence, and now aspiring in the boundless liberty of spiritual being. Feeling the limitations of both states without being able to understand their separate functions, he conceives himself alternately bound and free. Reasoning from the strenuous demonstrations of his material surroundings, he believes in immutable law. When he suffers the testimony of his free spirit to sway his opinions, he feels his freedom even whilst he knows his bondage.

It is the strife between man's material and spiritual existence which perplexes the question of "free agency" and predestination.

Having entered as fully upon the metaphysical explanation of prophecy as the form of these brief writings will permit, we shall now proceed to cite some authentic illustrations of prophetic revelations:

Some twenty years since, Mr. Morse, toll-gatherer of the bridge which spans the Merrimack and connects "Rock's Village," Haverhill, with the ancient town of Newbury, Mass., announced to his friends that he had seen a vision of such strange and portentous character that it left him with an abiding impression of impending evil. His first communication was with his most intimate friends, who attempted to persuade him that his vision was nothing more than a troubled dream, induced by some slight physical derangement, and as such unworthy of further thought. But finding all their efforts unavailing, and that the impression, instead of gradually fading from his mind, actually grew stronger, the pastor of the Calvinistic Baptist Church, of which Mr. Morse was a zealous member, granted him permission to occupy the desk of the East Haverhill Calvinistic Church, and there relate the nature of the painful spiritual impression.

A very large audience was assembled on the occasion, and many then present can remember and bear witness to the solemn impression produced by the recital of Mr. Morse's vision, which he gave in simple, earnest language to a following effect: He said he was sitting at the door of his house, about the middle of autumn, one afternoon; the sun was shining brightly over the broad expanse of meadows, and on the dancing waters of the beautiful river flowing between, when suddenly the light became obscured, and thick darkness settled over the scene. For a brief interval the darkness was so great that he could discern nothing, not even the nearest objects; but it gradually gave place to a lurid, yellow glare, partaking of neither day nor night, and attended with a stillness that was awfully oppressive. As the toll-gatherer sat entranced by this wild scene, he heard, swelling out on the silence, the notes of a trumpet. The sound was familiar; it was the signal-horn of an approaching vessel, and he must rise and raise the draw for her passage. But vain were his efforts; he was spell-bound to his seat. Again and again the horn pealed louder and nearer, and now, looming above the bordering trees, appeared the belying topsails of the swift coming vessel; and, mingled with the frequent trumpet-blasts, came other sounds and familiar. There could be no mistaking the clank of those great chains of the hoisting mechanism of those reluctant hinges. Somebody was raising the draw!

"I turned," said Mr. M., "and looked toward the draw, which was slowly rising, and distinctly saw, turning the great key, the exact figure and likeness of myself! Horror-stricken, I watched the operation of my phantom self. When the draw was about half raised, the spectre suddenly ceased winding, the awful pallor of death spread over the features, and the figure fell heavily upon the bridge. In an instant the scene changed—the apparition, the vessel, the darkness, all disappeared together; the sun was shining brightly, and all looked the same as before the passage of the fearful panorama."

The following paragraph, which appeared in the Essex Gazette about six weeks later, gives the sequel of the vision:

"We regret to learn that Mr. Morse, toll-gatherer at Rock's Bridge, died almost instantly yesterday morning, while in the act of raising the draw for the passage of schooner 'Jase,' of Thomaston, Me. It is supposed that in fitting and ponderous key he ruptured a blood-vessel, which occasioned death. We understand that Mr. M. had a singular vision a few months since, in which every particular attending his death was faithfully represented."

Amongst two hundred and sixty-nine well-authenticated cases supplied to the author by Mr. Charles Partridge, of New York, for insertion in a forthcoming second volume of Modern American Spiritualism, we select the following, which occurred in the experience of one of the author's personal friends. We give the narrative in Mr. Partridge's own words. The narrative is dated 1860:

"One of two young ladies who had always lived together like sisters was some time since about to depart on a journey. As the hour of departure approached she became exceedingly sad, and commenced weeping bitterly, and when asked to explain the cause, she told the other young lady and her mother that she was impressed she was now about to leave and see them no more again in this world. They tried to persuade her that this was a mere hysterical fancy, but instead of succeeding, this same impression soon seized first the other young lady, and then the mother, and they all three wept heartily until the carriage came for the one about to depart. The absentee, after being gone some time, at length took sick and died without pre-

viously seeing the friends she had left, as above stated. Not long after this, however, the spirit of the departed one began to make her appearance to the young lady who had been her intimate companion. The spirit would come daily and sit by the other as she was engaged at her sewing, appearing as plainly as she had done while in the mortal body. Though no attempt was made to communicate with her, the presence of the spirit-form seemed to have a remarkable effect in developing the faculty of prescience in the other, inasmuch as she soon acquired the power of describing, days beforehand, particular events that would occur at a certain specified time. For instance, she would say, 'On such and such a day a person answering to such and such an appearance will come here, and that at precisely such an hour and minute by the clock.'

At first these predictions were disregarded, but when they continued to be verified day after day, and finally year after year, in numberless instances, the family were compelled to regard them as oracular, and now they never cease to obey the intonations they may receive through this source.

As recently as a week ago," adds Mr. Partridge, "circumstances apparently of an accidental character induced me to turn aside from my road quite suddenly to make a call at the residence of this lady's mother. I found a knife, fork and plate laid for me, and dinner actually waiting, the family prophesying having declared that at ten minutes past the dinner hour a friend of the family's, one corresponding in all respects to my appearance, would call, whom the family would be glad to invite to dinner."

Mr. Partridge also furnished the following incident, subsequently verified by the author:

Mr. Hector McDonald, of Canada, was recently on a visit to Boston. When he left home his family were enjoying good health, and he anticipated a pleasant journey. The second morning after his arrival in Boston, when leaving his bed to dress for breakfast, he saw reflected in a mirror the corpse of a woman lying in the bed from which he had just risen. Spellbound he gazed with intense feeling, and tried to recognize the features of the corpse, but in vain; he could not even move his eyelids, and felt for the moment deprived of action. He was at last startled by ringing of the bell for breakfast, and sprang to the bed to satisfy himself if what he had seen reflected in the mirror was real or an illusion. He found the bed as he had left it, and on looking again into the mirror, only saw the empty bed reflected. During the day he thought much upon the illusion, and determined the next morning to rub his eyes and feel perfectly sure that he was wide awake before he left his bed. But notwithstanding these precautions, the vision re-appeared, with this addition, that he thought he recognized in the corpse some resemblance to the features of his wife.

In the course of the second day he received a letter from his wife, in which she stated that she was quite well, and hoped he was enjoying himself among his friends. As he was devotedly attached to her, and always anxious for her safety, he supposed his morbid fears had conjured up the vision he had seen, and went about his business as cheerfully as usual. On the morning of the third day, after he had dressed, he found himself in thought in his own house leaning over the coffin of his wife. His friends were assembled, the minister was performing the funeral services, his children wept—he was in the house of death. He followed the corpse to the grave; he heard the earth rattle upon the coffin, he saw the grave filled, and green sods covered over it; yet by some strange power, he could see through the ground the entire form of his wife as she lay in her coffin.

"He looked in the faces of those around him, but no one seemed to notice him; he tried to weep, but the tears refused to flow; his heart felt as hard as a rock. Enraged at his own want of feeling, he determined to throw himself upon the grave, and lie there till his heart should break, when he was recalled to consciousness by a friend who entered the room to call him to breakfast. He started as if awake from a profound sleep, though he was standing before the mirror with a hair-brush in his hand.

After composing himself, he related to his friend what he had seen, and both concluded that a good breakfast only was wanting to dissipate his unpleasant impressions. A few days afterwards, however, he received the melancholy intelligence that his wife had died suddenly, and that she corresponded with the day he had been startled by the first vision in the mirror. When he returned home he described minutely all the details of the funeral he had seen in the vision, and they corresponded in every item with the facts.

This case was also reported in the Boston Traveller by a friend of Mr. McDonald's, who, it should be added, knows nothing of Modern Spiritualism or clairvoyance, as most of his life has been spent upon a farm and among forests. It may not be amiss to state that his father, who was a Scotch Highlander, had the gift of second sight."

Few individuals could afford more striking tests of prevision than the author of these papers, whose whole life has been a constant subject of prophetic power, both in her own person, and that of others connected with her. Amongst a vast number of well-authenticated cases in which the circumstances of the prophetic utterance were made known to many witnesses, some of whom are now living, and can testify to the truth of the narrative, the following example is selected as an incontrovertible proof of prophetic power.

About the summer of 1856 the author paid a short visit to an estimable couple residing on their own estate in Long Island, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. R. had married late in life, the lady having attained her fortieth year, and her companion being some seven or eight years her senior before their union took place.

Although Mrs. R. entertained the most exalted views of maternity, and anxiously desired to participate in its blessings, it seemed improbable that she should realize her wishes in this respect, hence it was with equal surprise and regret that Mrs. Hardinge heard on the occasion of her visit that this lady, "already well stricken in years," had just buried her first and, as she believed, her only bud of promise, and that the form of a sweet babe who had been lent to the mature mother but a single moment of brief blessed earthly existence lay beneath a little mound of wild thyme in the parterre garden which surrounded the dwelling.

upon the bitterness which death in this case had infused into her blighted heart, and even as they stood beside the little grave of the lamented babe, Mrs. Hardinge beheld the vision of a wondrously fair child of the age of two years and a half. It was a little girl with sunny hair, rosy cheeks, sweet violet eyes, and a remarkably fine and well developed form, such in fact as might have belonged to an older child, only the secret *know spiritually* that the age was no more than stated above. The fair vision seeming to approach Mrs. R., pulled her dress, and with the most winning tone and gesture looked up into her face and repeated several times "Mamma;" after which she disappeared, leaving the indelible impression on the mind of the seeress that a female child would be born to the mother of precisely such an appearance; that she would live to the age of two years and a half, and then, without decay or change in the vigor of her form or the beauty of her feature, suddenly and almost instantly pass away, disappearing like a quenched lamp—a sunbeam shut out by the irrevocable pall of untimely death.

All this the author communicated unreservedly to the lady, whose well-balanced mind received the prophecy without emotion or excitement.

In the course of the next few days the prediction was communicated to Mr. R. and several members of his family. Those who like himself believed in Spiritualism, attached some importance to its utterance, but Mrs. R., not realizing the full faith of her husband, treated the matter as a pleasant jest, the fulfillment of which was, if not actually impossible, at least one of the wildest improbabilities.

Shortly after this event the family removed to Massachusetts, and on a charming estate some ten miles from Boston (where they at present reside), Mrs. F., the author's only surviving parent, became an inmate of their household.

The prediction above narrated was not forgotten—in fact, it was repeated to so many friends and neighbors that it was known to a large circle of witnesses. Fourteen months after its announcement, as above detailed, Mrs. F. wrote to her daughter, then lecturing in the West:

"This day the child of your prophecy is born; it is a girl, and will be named Emma. I pray to heaven, for the sake of the glad mother, that the remaining part of the prediction may not be fulfilled."

As time wore on, and the little one grew into singular beauty and intelligence, she appeared more and more fully displayed the specialties of her visionary prototype. Notwithstanding the fact that the mother was a brunette of a marked type, the golden locks and violet eyes of the daughter proved obedience to the spiritual rather than the physiological law, and her whole form manifested the most accurate embodiment of the prophetic promise.

The author frequently saw and learned to love this radiant creature, but in answer to the queries of her attached father and many interested friends and relatives, who began to marvel at the accomplishment of such a vision, she invariably persisted in warning them to prepare for the change which *must remove* her at the period allotted to close her brief but beautiful existence on earth.

The mother never in the most remote way alluded to the prophecy, and seemed to avoid the subject with scrupulous care, and as the little one displayed a more than common vigor of constitution, and never once suffered from the infantile weaknesses that afflict other children, her sanguine friends began to hope the seeds of early corruption could not exist in so fair a bud.

To these pleasing anticipations the prophet of woe invariably but sadly answered: "At two years and a half old this star will disappear from the firmament of mortality forever."

For some two or three months before the fatal period, Mrs. Hardinge had been engaged in a lecturing tour in Western New York, accompanied by her mother, and the excitement consequent upon her occupations and surroundings had entirely banished the child and her destiny from memory until the period arrived for Mrs. F.'s return home, when her daughter proposed to accompany her for a few days' visit.

To make the necessary preparations the author wrote to Mrs. R., and whilst doing so she was suddenly startled by a vision of little Emma standing before her eyes in all her young and healthful beauty, but wearing a bandage round her head, which contrasted strangely with her smiling face and rosy cheeks.

This sight reminded the seeress that the fatal time was approaching and within a week or two of completion, but the picture of the sweet child, seemingly so full of health and vigor, inspired her with courage, and in expressing wishes for the health of the family she wrote: "As to little Emma, I know she is in full health and beauty; she is already an angel."

This letter was received by Mrs. R. at the hour when with deep anguish she was laying the form of her idol in that little casket that contained all that remained of the Child of Prophecy—now a mere handful of dust and ashes! The morning before, in the pride of rude health and life, the little girl had bounded into the garden to her usual sports. In an hour she was seized with a strong convulsive fit, and without any apparent cause, or the least discoverable symptom of disease or injury, expired in a quick, short spasm, and—that was all. The circumstances of this narrative are known to the whole family circle of Mr. and Mrs. R., besides many others who will readily attest its truth.

A careful consideration of all the circumstances is urged upon the reader, as their totality forms one of the strongest proofs of prophetic revelation, under the most improbable circumstances.

of fulfillment, to be found in the annals of the present generation.

Many of our readers will still recollect with feelings of unalloyed sympathy the loss of the steamer "Lady Elgin," a passenger boat plying between Milwaukee and Chicago.

The fatal steamer was lost on the 23d of September, 1858, with several hundred persons who had embarked for a pleasure trip undertaken by the proprietors of the boat.

What one-third of the population of Chicago and Milwaukee were plunged into anguish and despair by the terrible calamity which this calamity occasioned, numerous instances are on record proving how many of the doomed victims were spiritually warned of their approaching fate, whilst others were mysteriously impressed to avoid it.

A vast mass of well attested facts of this kind was published in the various local papers of the time, or circulated from one family to another. Strict inquiry and careful investigation of the testimony presented, enabled the late Mr. A. B. Whiting to cite several of these cases in a public discussion with the Rev. Jos. Jones, of Decatur, Michigan.

From the published report of this debate we extract the following instances of the prophetic monitions which refer to the loss of the "Lady Elgin" and her ill-fated passengers.

Our space will only allow us to mention a few out of the numerous examples brought forward by Mr. Whiting, but each case has been verified by the closest scrutiny:

"Mrs. Mary Ann Weiskopf lost her husband on the Elgin. On Saturday, at four o'clock in the morning, she was awake from her sleep by a dream. Mrs. Weiskopf says, 'I dreamed that my first husband came to me and presented me an ear of corn, one end of which was decayed, the balance wet and cold and stripped of its husks, creating in my soul a truly desolate feeling, and I wept. He then presented me three beautiful young ears, indicating to me that they would sustain me. Soon after I became fully aware of the fact of my husband's death. Early in the morning I went to my husband's father (Mr. John Lambert) and told him that Henry was dead, and that the boat was lost.'

"Mr. Lambert tells me," says Mr. Whiting, "that this was at six forty-five A. M., Saturday morning, and that he laughed at her for her trouble. At nine o'clock A. M., or three hours afterward, the telegraph brought the news of this sad affair. Mrs. Weiskopf's dream was true. The ear of corn, her husband, was gone; the three beautiful young ears represented her two sons and daughter, all living children by her first husband, on whom she can lean for support."

"The Misses Matthews, Catholics, living two doors from where I make my home, are dress-makers, who have sustained themselves for some time through their trade. These good sisters, or the two younger ones, determined that the older one should go on this excursion; and when they first proposed it to her she was much pleased with the idea, and preparations were made for the occasion. On the 5th of September, or the day before the excursion, the older sister manifested a disposition not to go. Why, she could not tell, and might as well tell her sisters that she believed if she went she should be drowned. They laughed at her, and told her she was foolish. On the morning of the 6th they fairly forced their sister to dress for the excursion; but after she was ready, she still had a mind not to go. Her sisters led her to a glass, and said, 'See how pretty you look! you must go!'

"Oh, my sisters," said the girl, 'if I go, I shall be drowned.' Her sisters told me that they had to force her to go, and she left weeping, and was swallowed up in this calamity.

"Mrs. William Wilson said: 'My husband was on the steamer and was lost. I went to bed on Friday night, having no fear of my husband's safety.' On Saturday morning, at the precise time of the accident, Mrs. W. awoke from a deep sleep, and went out to the room, and to her son's room, when she said, 'William, William, get up; the boat is lost, and your father is dead.' 'Oh, go away, mother,' said the boy, 'you're always troubled about nothing.' The mother then went to her daughter, and called her from her sleep, saying, 'Arise, my child, for the steamer is lost, and your father is drowned. Get up; come and talk with me.' And from that time till the news was confirmed, Mrs. Wilson constantly affirmed that the boat was lost; and the people said with one accord, 'she is mad!'

"Much interest was created at the telegraph office for over an hour before the dreadful tidings were received in Milwaukee, by a little boy employed to carry telegrams, who in a fit of unaccountable anguish kept on re-tellecting to all the officials, 'My mamma is drowned.' 'My mamma is drowned!'

"When interrogated how he knew this, and why he cried so bitterly, he replied, 'Yesterday, when she went away, she looked at us and cried. She then took my little sister and kissed her, and said, 'If I am drowned, you must go and live with such a woman, my dear.' And then she kissed my little brother and said, 'If I am drowned, you must be a good little boy, and live with such a man,' but she did not tell me, said the little weeper, 'where I would live.'

"It was full an hour after this piteous speech that the news of the calamity which had involved the mourning child's mother actually reached the office."

It has frequently been urged by way of depreciating the worth of prophecy (even when its facts were indisputable) that its revelations are of too petty and aimless a character to command respect or attention. The brief selection of facts which we have made from thousands of others, proves that the events predicted were far from unimportant or trivial, and though the perceptions of the future thus recorded seemed unavailing to avert the calamities foretold, their character partakes in the highest degree of interest both to the individual and the community.

Let us remind our readers of the immense mass of prophetic utterances that foreshadowed the great American war. Were those that were published and spoken under spiritual influence, to say nothing of various communications made through private sources, to be gathered together and published, they would form a complete folio volume. Some few of these have been narrated in our first volume of "Modern American Spiritualism," and since it may be well to close this essay with some narratives of more general interest than those already detailed, we shall subjoin the following account of a communication given to the late esteemed editor and spiritualistic writer, Stephen Albro, of Buffalo. Mr. Albro related the incident to the writer himself, and at her request subsequently published it in the Age of Progress, some four or five years at least earlier than the date of the American war.

Mr. Albro received the communication through the entranced lips of Judd Pardee, and his introduction to the incident is as follows:

"On Sunday evening last, at the close of the meeting at the hall, we accompanied Mr. Pardee and Mr. Conklin to the room occupied by the latter. Whilst sitting conversing, the right hand of Mr. P. was extended to us. We clasped it, and looking up into his face, perceived that he was entranced. The friendly visitor spoke to us most acceptably, and as an old acquaintance."

"At the close, the medium's hand grasped ours more powerfully; his form straightened, his countenance and voice underwent a change; and he spoke as follows:

"ANOTHER WOULD SPEAK TO YOU."

"I was known by the name of Andrew Jackson when a resident of your sphere; and I come to night, my venerable friend, to bear witness before the Eternal that this, thy beloved country, is to feel the fire and sword. Let it go forth through thy journal, to my people—because I love them. Tell them, though I would fain sweep in proclaiming it—that they are to pass through more than revolutionary agonies. I know this, I know anything."

"I would that this people knew where they stand, and that their rulers could feel the issue of a few years to come. They are, as it were, pitching pennies, whilst the nation's heart throbs convulsively under the heavy load that threatens to stop and still its motion."

"If you could, my friends, see mighty minds as I see them, engaged in the work of maturing events, then would you know to a certainty that the foundations of your States are to be shaken to their lowest depths. The false watcher on the tower may cry, 'All is well; but I say all is wrong—that is, in the government.' Your country's worthies who have gone before, with one united voice proclaim to your people the horrors of civil war. Nothing short of that can serve as a stepping-stone to a better and more righteous condition. Causes will rush out into events; and those who fought in the past to give you independence and a country, by divine wisdom unto them given, are engaged in the work which shall pass you through the fire, so that, purified, the nation may come out redeemed, dependent upon Heaven, not upon politicians—and sustained by the influences from the higher life."

Another equally significant, but still earlier prophecy of the great war, together with its results upon the destiny of the African race, was uttered by a Quaker preacher in 1839. The exact words of the prophecy were communicated by a respected member of the Society of Friends to the Boston Traveller, in 1859, in the following terms:

"Mr. Ennon—I send you a prophecy by Priscilla Cadwallader, delivered by her at the close of a lengthy sermon to a large audience near Lexington, Ohio, on the 23d of the eighth month, 1839. It was noted down by Robert Way, at the request of her friends. JOHN REYNOLDS."

"The signs of the times are ominous. The time is hastening on when, as the waters of the great deep in billowy surges roll together, and the conflicting elements contend in wide uproar, so shall the nations roll on against another. The various religious sects, in support of their different views, will clash together for victory, and great will be the devastation. And this awful commotion, commencing in foreign lands, will extend to our shores and pervade North America. Then will be seen the horse and horsemen rushing forth to battle, sword clashing against sword in deadly conflict. The sons of many parents who now live will be sent to the field of battle; the bodies of multitudes will be weltering in blood, exposed to the sun, and the birds of the air shall pick the flesh from their bones."

"This awful visitation will be permitted to overtake many whose parents have been professedly opposed to war. These will not then contend with a brother or a sister about the different views of religious faith, but all, in common, seek for safety, and no refuge will be found but in God. There will be a time of trembling and consternation throughout the width and breadth of the land. The voice of the oppressed hath ascended on high. The sons of Africa will burst their chains asunder and assert their freedom."

"The eyes of some of you who now hear my voice shall see these things. I may live to see them, or I may not."

Our space will only permit the insertion of one more extract, the authenticity and interest of which will fully appear in perusal. It is taken from an Illinois Journal of recent date:

"In Judge Pierpont's address to the jury at the Surratt trial, he related the following singular incident in these words: 'All governments are of God, and for some wise purpose the Great Ruler of all, by presentiments, portents, boodings, and by dreams, sends some shadowy warning of a coming down when a great disaster is to befall a nation. So was it in the days of Saul, when Ce-sar was killed, when Brutus died at Philippi; so was it when Christ was crucified; so was it when Harold fell at the battle of Hastings; so was it when the Czar was assassinated; so was it before the bloody death of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.'

"On the morning of April 14th, Mr. Lincoln called his Cabinet together. He had reason to be joyful, but he was anxious, and related a dream which he had the night before, a dream which he had, whenever any disaster had happened. The members of the Cabinet who heard that relation will never forget it. A disaster had befallen the government, and Mr. Lincoln's spirit returned to the God who gave it."

"He dreamed to be at sea in a vessel, that was swept along by an irresistible current toward a maelstrom, from which no power could save her. Faster and faster the whirling waters swept the fateful ship toward the vortex, until, looking down into the black abyss, amid the deafening roar of the waves, and with the sensation of sinking down, down, down, an unfathomable depth, the terrified dreamer awoke. The same terrible dream Mr. Lincoln had four times: first, before the first battle of Bull Run, again, before the second disastrous defeat at the same place, again, before the battle of Fredericksburg, and finally, as above mentioned, on the night of his own assassination. Mr. Lincoln had at last come to recognize the dream as a portent of some grave disaster."

The portents which shadowed forth the death of the great, good preserver of the American nation, Abraham Lincoln, were too numerous for recital; it only remains for us now, therefore, to notice some of the various methods in which prophecies are given. One of the most universal is through the agency of dreams, another by second sight, or visionary pictures, sometimes accurately depicting the forthcoming event, and sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Lincoln's dream just narrated, by an allegorical figure.

Premonitions and strong impressions, as well as declarations made in the magnetic sleep or trance state, are also modes by which prophetic revelations are very commonly expressed.

We have not touched upon the ancient practices of augury, divination, omens, astrology, etc., etc., it is not because we ignore or discredit them.

The humblest forms in nature may be used as telegraphic signs to convey intelligence by spirits to mortals, or the precession of events may link together in one unvarying chain of motion every sand-grain with every form of existence in the universe, and thus it may require spiritual perception to read and interpret the whole scheme from an observation of a single part.

One thing is certain: these glimpses of poor, blind humanity into the profundity of that tremendous scheme of destiny where an infinite and almighty hand is guiding the helm of creation, so far from exciting our rebellions and egotistical fancy to suggest some better way, should satisfy us that we are not drifting about on the ocean of blind chance, or moved by the caprice of some partial and prejudiced tutelary spirit."

The stars in their courses proclaim omniscience—and the fluttering of a leaf or the falling of a pebble are as much letters in the Divine alphabet of immutable law as the wreck of worlds or the fall of nations. If we are too shortsighted, ignorant and finite to comprehend the scheme or appreciate its sublime harmony, these prophetic foregleams should assure us of its stability, permanence and immutability. Learning on eternal wisdom, and fully confiding in the power that is infinite enough to conceive and execute the plan of creation from Alpha to Omega, we can afford to "trust him though he slay us," and now and ever repose in the assurance that "He doeth all things well."

Written for the Banner of Light. "THE AGE OF REASON."

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON. Let bigot priests say what they will, Thy name, oh Paine, is revered still; Thy fame like rising daylight spreads, And o'er our future glory sheds; Thy suffering soul for truth and right, Shall wake in us an equal night, For home and better days and things, For freedom and the doom of Kings; For these and Reason's noble way, Thy name is loved and felt to-day.

The age of Reason was thy hope, That man might have his proper scope; That priests might fall and man might be, Were thine all dear and sought by thee; That Bible book might lose false power, And superstition cease to lower; That Nature might in beauty shine, And be to us a power divine; That this might be what'er decay, Thy name is loved and felt to-day.

Let science spread, was thy demand, Let Justice reign throughout the land, Let tyrant errors to ashes burn, And Reason's light to all return; Let faith in foolish stories pass, And wither like the autumn grass; And let the light by Nature sent, Be through our life in beauty blent; And so for this in gladness gay, Thy name is loved and felt to-day.

We crown thy head with brightest flowers, We praise thy name with all our powers, We love thy life so brave and true, We feel thy spirit ours renew, We feel the age of Reason near, We see its path is straight and clear, We know thy voice shall lead the van, And bless and help thy fellow-man; And so for this for which we pray, Thy name is loved and felt to-day!

Free Thought. CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN NEW YORK. The Government Surrenders its Judiciary, Law Officers, Sheriffs and Turnkeys into the hands of the Doctors of Medicine, to Compel the People to Submit to their Malpractice and Extortion, under Pain of Fine and Imprisonment.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD. PART XI. Whether the M. D.s will succeed in getting their several monopolizing bills through the State Legislatures, where they are now pending, will probably depend upon the success they meet with in subsidizing the services of their L.L.D. brethren, who unquestionably possess supreme power both in the national and State governments, their professionally celebrated gift of the gab enabling them to prevent almost any member from expressing his honest opinion, either in Congress or the State Legislatures—however sound his judgment may be—who has not acquired the faculty of ready response to their impudent and parliamentary epithets and abusive remarks. These L.L.D.s are as plenty in the land as their brethren of the Apocalypse—the D. S. and M. D.—and as needy and greedy of mammon and spoil as either of the three.*

As legislators, these children of the Dragon mold and make our laws—as lawyers they interpret them, and as judges they administer them, and in all three capacities they are careful to keep a legal or technical door open that admits of boundless corruption and scoundrelism.

Nor is this the worst feature of the system that is fostered in our courts, for there is not a villainous defaulter or thief in the land that some of the most eminent of these professional liars do not stand ready to protect for a share of their plunder, under pretence of defending innocence.

Nay, totally against the true policy and intention of the law—which was in its purity never meant to afford comfort, inward strength and protection to criminals by furnishing them with legal father confessors and defenders of self-acknowledged guilt—these unworthy officers of our judicial tribunals do not hesitate to consort with and carry in their bosoms the damning secrets of self-convicted criminals, and basely use them for their defamed ends, and as judges they accomplish in crima after crima, with the worst of felons, minus the risk their principals have incurred in the commission, for a lion's share of plunder obtained by highway robbery and midnight murder.

The magnitude of the power for evil this unprincipled ruling oligarchy has acquired in our National Congress may be guessed at by the fact that out of one hundred and seventy new representatives last chosen by the people, (God save the mark!) one hundred and twenty-two are said to be lawyers. And as in our national so in our State Legislatures, the only clique or class of men who thrive best amidst discord, and public and private disaster, hold absolute control over all the great interests of the country, and shape and mold all measures for its guidance and control. "Verily yeshall know them by their fruit!"

Through the foul, insidious manipulations of lawyers, first, as legislators, then as attorneys and counsellors, and again as judges of the courts, in all three capacities aiming to multiply the business and increase by means of complicated and delays, the salaries, fees and stampings of the fraternity rather than administering to justice and the rights of the unfortunate clients whom they entrap like helpless flies in the intricate meshes of the deceitful legal spider-web they

have woven—from which their victims strive to escape in vain until the last dollar is fleeced by their greedy destroyers, in thousands of instances, from their pockets. "So atrocious have these abuses become that all know that it is utterly impossible for a man in moderate circumstances to obtain justice in the plainest possible case, in some of the States, against a millionaire. Under the management and superintendence of our lawyer law-makers, interpreters and judicial administrators, so complex and uncertain have they rendered our codes, that a railroad mortgage that should admit of foreclosure, in the event of a default on its terms, as speedily and as inexpensively as a private mortgage on a farm or house, cannot be accomplished for years, nor until half a dozen of the profession have fleeced from the unfortunate, ruined bondholder a little fortune in greenbacks for each."

As carrier birds of prey flock to the fallen sheep and feed on its vitals during its death-struggles, so do these carnarants pounce upon every defaulting railroad and other broken corporation or business concern and fatten as attorneys, commissioners and committees on the wreck of the estates still left in the hands of the already ruinously plundered creditors.

Taking the average of the whole decisions of Court that have been pronounced in civil suits during the last fifteen years, I feel entirely satisfied in my mind that less injustice on the broad scale would have been done, and less suffering caused, both mental and physical, to the parties in court and their relatives and friends, had every case been decided instantly by a Turkish *Walla* on one hearing of the contestants alone, without the intervention of a single lawyer. In fact, I feel sure that had every cause been thus summarily decided, the results would have been better than they have been for the population at large, and that in this way *speedy justice* would have proved on the whole better than *lawy justice*. But, thank God, I believe that another century will not pass before the great battle of *Armageddon* will either by moral or physical means rid the world of its oppressors, including the three "spirits of devils" that the prophet saw go forth to hasten its advent.

To return from this long digression, I will say that I know a Mr. P. T., who for some years had given up work, and was fast sinking into the grave through the wasting effects of an insidious malady that he could get no relief from the hands of the medical faculty. One day I met him an entirely changed man, his countenance bright and cheerful, and his cheeks rosy with health. On my remarking on his altered appearance he told me that he had effected the renovation of his constitution to the circumstance of having accidentally read an article written by me that was printed in the New York Tribune, (now some dozen years ago) in which I strongly recommended the use of Brandreth's pills as a remedy for almost every curable malady. This article (with the leave of eviling friends) I will here transcribe, as I think in case the diplomatic doctors succeed in driving clairvoyants, hydro-paths, Thomsonians, and other quack healers and physicians out of the State of New York, some of its citizens may, like Mr. P. T., derive profit from its perusal:

"HEALING FOR THE SICK. "Doctors" and undertakers' fees are so high that it is very inconvenient for persons of small means to be sick or die in these times. That most of the maladies that prevail in our climate may be prevented by proper care I have no doubt; and that most of the sicknesses that do occur may be cured at a trifling expense and loss of time, I am, after half a century's observation and experience, equally certain. I think men and women would now survive to the average age of seventy, instead of half that term of years, if they would live and practice in harmony with the laws of their being; which, like all Nature's works, are ever found to be as simple as they are grand when understood.

"Moses was inspired to utter a great truth when he declared that 'The life of the flesh is in the blood.' Action is life, and the blood is the organ by which it is communicated to every member of the body. It follows that if the organ be out of tune the music or harmony of life cannot be complete, however cunningly it may be piped upon. If there is discordancy in the instrument it is not the fault of the law—which is ever perfect in itself—but it is the fault of man's animal propensities that transgress the law.

"The blood that imparts life and nourishment to the system feeds upon the food we eat, the fluids we drink, and the air we breathe. To preserve its purity, we should eat to live rather than live to eat. Eat slowly, chew the food well, drink sparingly, even of water, and be temperate in all things, and one-half of the primary causes of disease will be removed. Hilarity and cheerful conversation whilst at the table greatly assist digestion. A hearty, prolonged, explosive laugh will weigh high split a pine knot on its passage to the stomach.

"Such, as far as is practicable, that you breathe unconcernedly, for every breath we draw comes in contact with the blood, and its parts to its own quality, whether it be the savor of life to life or of death to death. Look especially to your sleeping rooms, that they are daily (and if small, nightly) ventilated. Avoid beds, and particularly pillows, that are filled with blood-stained feathers. Keep the pores of the body open and clean by frequent bathing, for all of these are pipes that give tone to Life's organ. Above all things, look to it that there is no decaying vegetable matter of any kind near or under your sleeping apartments, for probably more sickness occurs from this cause than any one other. If at any time you begin to feel dull and heavy, and good for nothing; if you lose animation, and your flesh feels numb and sore; if your mouth grows clammy, and your tongue furs; if your eyes feel as if they had *ticks* in them, or your head, or side, or back begins to ache, or old sores and weak points of the system *grumble*; if you snuffle, or your voice grows husky, accompany with a hacking as if to clear the throat, lose no time in ascertaining and removing the local cause, if possible, before you are stricken down by disease.

"Proceed first to your cellar, especially if you sleep on the ground floor. Examine it well in every nook and corner. You may, in your researches through its dark labyrinth, perchance, stumble upon a dead cat, and perhaps some festering rats; but heed them not. Their aroma is not pleasant, but it is not deadly poisonous; but if you should fall in with a rotten turnip, or potato, or cabbage, or any other decomposing vegetable, eject it at once a stone's throw from your house, with every vestige of its remains even to the earth it has impregnated; for the miasma that arises from a peck of decomposing vegetables of any kind, if inhaled into the lungs, and consequently blood, especially during sleep, is sufficient, with the aid of the lancet or of a little morphia, to kill a regiment of hardy men, and the stronger and more robust they are the more certain will be their doom, because they know many years since, when the lancet was in vogue, scores of hardy young men and women perished under such circumstances, in a single country town of this State, whose lives might have been easily saved, I am entirely confident, under a different mode of treatment. I have now in my recollection a certain Doctor Sangrado, who then practiced in that town, of whom it might with truth be said, *Death followed after him*. He seldom entered a family at the season of the year when these morbid attacks were most rife, without sending one, two, three, or even five in one instance, to their graves. Weakly patients, whose strength of constitution was not competent to carry any considerable portion of morbid matter in their blood before it gave way, had some chance of life under the blood-letting treatment of that day; but those of strong constitutions stood but a little longer, when attacked, generally kept about until their blood became so thick and sluggish that it coursed with difficulty through the thousands of little ducts and vessels that carry life to the surface and extremities of the body, and were unconscious of their danger until the

"Dr. John Hunter maintained that the blood flows. It is, as Leibnitz says, 'the sum of all the organs that are being formed.' (says Dr. Samuel Dickson), and he who loses a pint of blood loses a pint of his life."

morbid matter—precipitated, perhaps, by the scratch of a briar or a pin, or a draft of cold air, or other trifling exposure—began to clot or congeal in the intricate recesses of the brain, the liver, the lungs, or some other weak or delicate point, accompanied, of course, with pain or distress. Dr. Sangrado was then called, who proceeded at once to draw a heavy portion of the best blood from the system in order to relieve the suffering; and having thus paralyzed the vital forces, they were next stimulated by a dose of mercury, and expected to perform double duty with their instrument (the blood) just crippled by the lancet.

"In other words, the horse that was striving with all his might to extricate a heavy load from the mire, was first knocked on the head to prevent his injuring the wagon by his efforts, and then a shoulder was placed to the wheel in the vain expectation that the additional stimulus would enable the dying steed to drag it through the mud. The loss of the best blood the system could afford neutralized the otherwise good effect of the mercury, gave momentary relief to the patient just so far as life had been obstructed, relaxed the efforts that Nature was making to expel the poisonous miasma from the blood, which, in its weakened flow, went on congealing or clotting with accelerated speed. The pain or distress soon returned, and again the lancet was resorted to alternately with doses of calomel, until the patient's whole body, deprived of its life-principle, became a mass of inert and putrid matter; and "Diavel of typhus fever" was generally the verdict of Death's coroner.

"The practice of blood-letting has been, finally, pretty much abandoned, and one less revolting but little fatal in its operation, has been substituted by many physicians in its place, viz., that of relieving effects at the expense of aggravating the cause by the use of opium. Instead of knocking the horse on the head under the circumstances before narrated, his efforts are paralyzed before the shoulder is put to the wheel, by dosing him with poison.

"To illustrate by another homely comparison: If a piece of cloth be run through water saturated with fusite, logwood, or other dye-wood, it will come out stained or colored. Rinse this in a brook, and the coloring matter will soon disappear; but drop a small lump of alum, vitriol, or other mordant, in the dye-vat before the cloth is passed through it, and all the water of the lakes will not suffice to wash it white again. So, when the blood, by mercurial exposure, has become saturated with unhealthy matter, sufficient to impair its healthy flow, and begins to clot or congeal, a little stimulus applied in the same direction that the law of our nature is already striving to impel the vital forces will enable them to dislodge the congestion and expel the morbid matter from the blood. But introduce an opium pill or the smallest portion of morphia into the blood, and all the mercury or other cleansing stimulants on earth will scarcely purge it clean.

"A bullock's hide once accidentally lodged on a shoal (weak point) in the river Tiber (the great artery of Rome). Against this, the impurities and drifts of the river gradually congealed, until it became a fast-anchored island. When first deposited, it is probable a housewife might, with a mere swash of her broom in the direction of the current, have so far stimulated its force as to have removed the hide (congestion), and prevented the formation of the island.

"Before applying such a remedial remedy, to be consistent with his practice, as applied to the cleansing of the channels of the blood, Dr. Sangrado would have first withdrawn from the Tiber sufficient water to have left the bullock's hide high and dry in the sand, and then set the woman to work with her broom; whilst Dr. Morphia should have advised that the swashing process be deferred until the waters of the river were congealed by frost, or thickened by some ingenious process to the like consistency imparked to the blood by opium or other narcotics.

"What I have said so far is mostly theory, which readers will, of course, estimate at its worth. What I am now about to say is fact, derived from more than thirty years' observation and experience, applied to multitudes of cases with, as far as I am advised, uniform success, including bilious colic, bilious fevers, and all that class of maladies that, under the ordinary medical treatment, end in momentary relief, in the bloods Typhus or Typhoid, Pleurisy, common colds and sore throat, Indigestion, and its first-born child Headache, Group (if applied in an early stage), Dysentery, Diphtheria, Fever Sores, and running sores generally (the fountain of which is over the blood), and, in fact, almost every acute ailment common to our climate, that commences with pain in the head, body or limbs, or at the commencement of which the patient remarks, in a languid tone, 'I don't feel well,' with the exception, perhaps, of Scarlet and Lung Fevers, which the remedy I shall describe greatly benefits, and lays the foundation for a certain cure, as far as my limited experience in these complaints extends, by applying additional simple treatment, viz., *packing* in the former, and certain vegetable cordials or decoctions in the latter complaint."

Formerly the manufacturers in the town of South Kingston, R. I., of which I was one, were so seriously incommoded by the annual prevalence of the complaint dubbed by the *Sangrados* as typhus, but popularly known as *fall fever*. Business was sometimes brought nearly to a standstill from the number of hands that were taken out of employ in consequence of long, and, in very many cases, fatal sickness. A young man or woman would leave the mill, complaining, perhaps, of a pain in the head, neck, shoulders, back or side, or difficulty in breathing, send for Dr. Sangrado, experience momentary relief from the free use of the lancet, and in consequence, be prostrated on a bed of languishing for weeks or months, and probably die.

"I became fully satisfied, in my own mind, that both the sicknesses and deaths were, in a great majority of cases, the result of improper treatment, rather than the normal character of the maladies, and greatly to the disgust of M. D.s, gave free and wide utterance to my convictions. I finally resolved to practice medicine myself, so far as I could obtain patients, from among those in my immediate neighborhood and employ, gratis; and from that day to this, a period of thirty years, not only have I cured hundreds of cases of almost every type of disease, I have never known a death to occur among those who have relied solely on the simple remedies I have furnished, nor have I known of a serious case among them all, of *Dysentery, Pleurisy, Typhus or Typhoid, Brain, Congestive, Bilious*, or any other fever, except Scarlet or Lung fevers, of which last, as before said, my experience has been slight, and confined to my own family, in which there have been five cases of Scarlet fever, one of which was treated by the two most renowned homeopathic physicians in New York, and died in great apparent agony on the seventh day. Two of the other cases were equally severe, but all recovered without the interference or aid of the Faculty.

"For some time I relied on the 'pills' only in light attacks, and gave from twelve to fifteen grains of calomel, with a good sweat in seven cases. Generally attended to the sweating process which I shall hereafter describe myself, and never, to my recollection, failed to obtain the desired result. The mercury stimulated the interior powers of the system, whereby the morbid matter is (as I suppose) forced from the blood into the bowels, and thus passes off; whilst the sweat, operating on the external pores of the body, in like manner as the stimulating mercury acts on the internal pores or ducts, the two forces sympathize and assist each other; and the congestion and other causes of disease (unless it has become chronic) are wholly expelled at one operation, leaving the system as free from poisonous or unhealthy matter as is that of a newborn babe.

"It is now nearly thirty years since I entirely abandoned the use of calomel, for which I substituted 'Brandreth's Pills,' which I have found after long and varied experience, produce all the good effects of mercury, without its bad, too harmful, and, however observed in obtaining them, as a large proportion of the pills.

"Twenty-three centuries ago Hippocrates, the father of medical science, announced the unity of morbid action. On this subject he has been followed by the great ALL DISEASES ARE ONE AND IDENTICAL.

old in New England are spurious, notwithstanding their close resemblance to the genuine and the outdo of the unprincipled men who vend them. To make sure of the genuine, I always obtain them from Dr. Benjamin Brandreth's own office, which is at the corner of Broadway and Canal street, New York, and whom I send to order, free of charge for express, for two dollars per dozen boxes. One or two boxes (or not over twenty-five cents) will suffice generally to keep a family of ordinary size in health for a year.

"Thus any man, by an expenditure of two dollars, may keep his own family, and those of some five or six of his neighbors in health for a year, and that with very little if any loss of time, and not a farthing's expense for medical aid. This, as a general rule, I pledge my word I know to be true by actual practice and observation—although I suppose it will not be so regarded by most readers. These pills are as efficacious in cases of hurts, bruises, cuts, sores, &c., as in other maladies. By immediately cleansing the blood they remove all danger of lock jaw, festering sores, or congestion of the blood, at the wounded or ailing points—and Nature speedily restores the injured parts. Not infrequently from the use of opium in some of its varied forms, or other unprincipled, the morbid matter in the blood seeks to escape through vents called fever sores. I have known instances of this kind wherein, after the patient has been with small-pox, swamp fever, and dysentery—the health of every one of whom (without an exception) was preserved simply by relying solely on 'Brandreth's Pills,' a quantity of which had been presented to the company, with directions for using them, by their fellow-townsmen, Dr. Benjamin Brandreth.

"I will close this long (and as doctors will doubtless say absurd and foolish) article with a simple recipe, which if adhered to in all its requirements I feel sure will heal at one operation a great majority of the ill-swe who are liable to in this country.

"I know that it has been used with entire effect in cases of yellow fever; and I now have in my possession a certificate, signed by every member of a company who were nine months in the army of the Potomac; at a time when thousands were dying of it, and with small-pox, swamp fever, and dysentery—the health of every one of whom (without an exception) was preserved simply by relying solely on 'Brandreth's Pills,' a quantity of which had been presented to the company, with directions for using them, by their fellow-townsmen, Dr. Benjamin Brandreth.

"In cases of slight hurts, cuts, bruises, punctures, &c., or slight indisposition, take from one to six BRANDRETH'S PILLS, according to age and constitution; say one pill for a child one year old, two for a child of three years old, and four or more for adults.

"When any malady has made such progress as to cause difficulty of breathing, oppression or severe pain in any part of the body, head or limbs, place the feet of the patient in water as hot as it can be by any possibility be borne, and throw a blanket over the knees to keep in the steam. Do not let them remain in the bath to exceed four minutes. Wipe the feet dry as quickly as possible, and rub them hard with a dry towel. Then get at once to bed, and take from one to six pills as above. (In cases of intense bilious colic, or pleurisy, give six, eight, or even more, until relief is obtained, but by no means attempt to alleviate the pain at the expense of the life, by blood-letting or narcotics.) After swallowing the pills, drink a glass of weak lemonade (or molasses and water, if lemonade is not to be had) made almost boiling, and so hot that it can only be taken in sips; then cover warm, and a sweat will shortly ensue. This treatment will set all the vital forces of life to work, both internal and external, and not only remove the effects but the cause of the distemper, as the most ignorant cannot fail to perceive, not only by the relief that will be experienced, but from the offensive character of the matter that passes from the bowels, a large portion of which proceeds from the blood, liver, or other vital intestines.

"Water gruel alone should be taken for eight-ten hours after taking the pills, after which, so far as my experience has extended, patients, as a general rule, will be restored to health, and in a situation to eat and exercise as usual, without danger of relapse, for the simple reason that the blood, the seat and organ of life, is freed from all impurities, and consequently there is nothing in the system to cause a relapse; nor can sickness again ensue until the blood becomes surcharged with extraneous and morbid matter.

"Some readers may possibly suppose that, in accordance with general usage, I may have some interest other than that of a desire for the good of others in recommending 'Brandreth's Pills' (which, by-the-by, are always enclosed in a certificate and directions folded around each separate box, with a government stamp on the envelope). For the benefit of such readers I will just say that I have never seen Dr. Brandreth in my life, nor have I ever received from him or any other person a farthing for anything done by me in relation to his pills; that I have always paid full price for every box I have had; that I have never received a penny for any disposition I have made of them, although I have probably administered and given away hundreds of boxes; that I esteem a judicious distribution of them, in a charitable point of view, as of more use than a hundred-fold of the same value bestowed in money; that in case of leaving my family for any considerable season, I should do it with an easier mind if satisfied they would on any and all occasions—of accident or disease—resort to the foregoing prescription for cure, than I should were they left in a position to command the best medical advice (apart therefrom) in the world; and this assurance has been derived from a long and varied experience, that has fully satisfied me that there is no necessity that one life should be lost in New England where there are now ten by which is called Typhus or Typhoid fever—which in fact, as a general rule, is but the ebbing away with a slow fever of the life from the blood in consequence of the impurities it is forced to consort with, first engendered by breathing foul air, glutinous and hasty feeding, and other causes and exposures, and subsequently aggravated by the malpractices of physicians—among the most prominent of which was the former practice of bleeding, and reaching to death, which practices were only abandoned by the Faculty in consequence of an outside popular pressure, since which morphines and other narcotics have been substituted for the lancet with almost equal fatal effect; and which will be doubtless persevered in so long as ignorant patients measure the doctor's skill by his ability to relieve effects at the expense of aggravating the disease, instead of working them off by removing their cause.

"Vaccines, R. I., May, 1866."

Men and women of expansive and liberal natures, who remember the dire experiences they passed through whilst striving to obtain light amidst the dark entanglements of the theological creeds of the churches, but who have at length escaped therefrom into the glorious light and liberty that attends on the communion with angels, have a high duty to perform toward their fellow-mortals who yet remain in darkness.

"They have no right to hide their light under a bushel! They have no right to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, but it is their bounden duty to go forth into all the world, and not only preach their gospel of love and good will to every creature, but to enlighten the intellectual and spiritual error, and without malice to the individual, manfully do battle in the cause of humanity and justice, even to the pulling down the strongholds of the doctors of every creed and profession, who seek to lord it over their brethren and deprive them of their rights, whether by special legal enactments or otherwise. And in closing these remarks, I will say that for one I am ready to contribute my mite toward aiding in perfecting a plan that will most effectually further these objects, and trust that some younger and more capable Spiritualists than myself will be found willing to engage actively in the cause, and urge the battle for truth, justice and the right vigorously onward to a successful conclusion.

DOROTHY Q.
A FAMILY PORTRAIT.
Grandmother's mother; her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air,
Smooth, square forehead, with uprolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Tapering fingers and florid wrist,
Hanging sleeves of stiff broad-cloth,
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene;
Hold up the canvas full in view,
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,
That was a Keaton's rafter-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was, none may tell,
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white;
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Norman came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

Oh daisies Dorothy! Dorothy Q!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring.
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister, and child and wife,
And joy and sorrow, and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered, No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name;
And under the folds that look so still
The bodies swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes;
Not the light gossamer stirr with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men!

Oh lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone—
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own—
A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive,
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will hold the staff of the Redeemer's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And glid with a rhyme your household name,
So you shall smile on us brave and bright,
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

—O. W. Holmes.

Banner Correspondence.

Nebraska.
MADISON.—A. C. Tyrel, Esq., writes: Spiritualism, which has been met on every hand with scorn by the church element here, is gaining ground much faster than the cause of Christianity as laid down at Westminster Abbey as an infallible guide to faith and practice. While the believers in our beautiful, ennobling philosophy do not seek to "cast their pearls before swine," they are not idle, but whenever an opportunity is presented let their light shine, impelled by angel bands, who seem determined to give tests that shall force conviction upon the minds of the skeptics for all-time dogmas.

A good test witnessed by two church members and two other persons besides the patient, was given a short time since in the cure of a sick person, the particulars of which I cut from a paper published in a neighboring town. The family of the sick person were bitter opposers to Spiritualism prior to the cure, but are now on the side of health. Here is the account, briefly stated:

"A remarkable cure of inflammation of the lungs, purporting to be effected by spirit power, was witnessed by your correspondent not long ago. Mr. J. D. Wood, well known in this vicinity, and being the subject of the disease, was getting better, but unfortunately, through carelessness of a watcher, took cold, which, as a natural consequence, caused a relapse, and by two church members, on Monday evening, the 21st, was very low with inflammation of the lungs accompanied with a raging fever. So intense was the pain, and so feverish the patient, that his mind wandered, and he suffered excruciating pain every time he coughed, raising blood each time. The doctor, who had not at first seen the case, being called in, was impressed to call on him with a view of relieving his sufferings, which was done in less than an hour's time, the fever entirely broken up, the inflammation abated, and the patient, after resting in bed for two weary days and nights, all being accomplished without giving, or the use of medicine, and by the use of a few quantities of blood; two or three treatments stopped it, and imparted sufficient strength to enable him to leave his bed and sit in a chair. I neglected nothing, but the fact is, that this was made to persevere freely, without placing him under any hot jugs around him, or resorting to burning, blistering, or any other means, but by the medical fraternity, but simply by a magnetic process of 'laying on of hands,' which, as before stated, effectually broke up the fever, checked the inflammation, and brought him to his right mind. 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To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Refractory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1876.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 10 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS pertaining to the Editor of the Banner of Light should be addressed to COLBY & RICH, 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

Whoever would give to man a master, and take no look at himself, authority, we most cordially accept of great men of the world. The generations of men come and go, and the alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own, to individuals. Prof. S. H. Britton.

Opposition to Materialization.

For nearly half a century the phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance were before the world without producing any great effect except in individual cases. Such men as Kerner, Eschenmayer, Deleuze, Bilot and Puysegur recognized the spiritual bearing of the phenomena, and proclaimed to the world that the facts led up in the direction of a full scientific proof of the immortality of the human soul.

The spirit-world, seeing mankind thus apathetic and obtuse, seem to have resolved, in the fullness of time, upon something more decisive in order to awaken the attention of the many. They began by tapping out signals of their presence and proofs of their intelligent action.

At last, as a crowning evidence of spirit action, the full materialized form, hitherto a rare occurrence, has been revealed to us and made common in a way to satisfy the senses and the common sense of every patient, clear-headed, persevering investigator. This phenomenon is but the legitimate sequel to the spirit hand, so common ever since the modern phenomena began.

But for some cause not easily discernible certain persons who claim to be Spiritualists are manifesting the most deadly opposition to these materialization phenomena. Such persons tell us we ought to give heed only to the higher phenomena, the mental and inspirational; the phenomena that have to do with mind rather than with matter.

Let us try to reconcile ourselves, then, to the facts of God's universe; let us avail ourselves of the light thrown on the nature of matter by these facts of materialization; let us not curl the lip in scorn, and go off in vain imaginings of how much better we, worms of the dust, could have managed things if we had been in God Almighty's place.

A Boston correspondent assures us that there is at the South End of this city a colored girl about fourteen years of age who has become developed as a medium for raps; different tones are drummed out with great precision in her presence by an unseen musician.

Luther Stone, of South Boston, one of the original founders of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, and an old and active Spiritualist, left the worn-out habiliment of flesh to put on the robes of immortal youth on Sunday, April 16th. He was 67 years of age at the time of his decease.

Spiritualism Again Exploded.

This time it has been done at the request of the Rev. George H. Hepworth, Dr. William A. Hammond, and Dr. Alexander B. Mott, all of New York. The distinguished "exploder" is Mr. W. Irving Bishop, of No. 40 West Seventh Street, New York, who, in his letter of reply, professes to place "before the public the modus operandi of producing what are called spiritual manifestations," and "to expose the huge fraud."

New York, March 30th, 1876.

DEAR SIR—It has given me great pleasure to witness the very satisfactory manner in which you show the fraudulent nature of the pretensions of the so-called spiritual mediums, especially those of Anna Eva Fay, who has received the endorsement of Mr. William Crookes and other fellows of the Royal Society.

Mr. Bishop, the great exploder, is the same youth who got his first taste of blood not long ago at Chittenden, where he discovered that all the marvels appearing in the presence of the Eddy Brothers and their sister, Mrs. Hutton, were got by means of a false chimney through which trooped the assistants representing the differently clad spirit-forms.

As we said long ago, for reasons not unknown to many Spiritualists, we have abstained from commending both this lady and her husband, Mr. H. Melville Fay, to the confidence of investigators. That they have mediumistic power is highly probable; for they have never, even when working against Spiritualism, been able to prove that they could produce some of the effects they do, without spirit-aid.

The noticeable thing in this little "tempest in a tea-pot" is the attempt of the Rev. Mr. Hepworth and his co-signers to implicate all "so-called spiritual mediums" in the "exposure" that may or may not have befallen Mrs. Fay.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

We stated in our last issue that these circles would be closed for the season in two weeks from date (April 15th). We should have said one week from date, as workmen will commence making repairs upon the building on the 24th inst., instead of a week later, as we had supposed they would.

The War in Mexico.

James M. Peebles, in forwarding us the second installment of his interesting letters of travel, sends also a private letter, from which we extract the following pen portrait of the distracted state of everything—public and private—in the unfortunate republic of Mexico.

John M. Tuller, Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, Pa., in the course of a late business letter says: "Our school is in good condition, and prospects are cheering for the future. I am sometimes, however, led to wonder at the apathy of Spiritualists concerning all steps toward educating the children in a knowledge of the fundamental principles of our philosophy."

The officers of the Salem, Mass., Lyceum are as follows: Conductor, Mr. Edward Hall; Guardians, Mrs. A. Waterhouse, Mr. Frank Pearl; Guards, Mr. N. K. Holland, Mr. George Kellum, Miss Emma Chapelle, Miss Anna L. Knight; Musical Director, Miss Amanda Bailey; Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Mead; Secretary, Mr. S. G. Hooper.

Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport, Mass., Spiritualist lecturer, has been called to part with the physical presence of her loved daughter, Imogene L., who passed on, April 15th, aged 16 years 18 days.

An article from the pen of Eugene Crowell, M. D., on silk and its powers to prevent ob- session, will appear in our issue for April 29th.

The New York Spirit-Mold Controversy: Explicit Denial Under Oath by Mr. and Mrs. Hardy; Dr. H. F. Gardner's Views; An Additional Word from Bronson Murray, et. als.

The excitement as to the reliability (or its opposite) of the paraffine mold phenomena to be witnessed in presence of Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, of Boston, which was inaugurated by the New York Committee of Seven not long since, seems to continue with unabated vigor, but we have not the slightest apprehension but that the truth will triumph.

The appended correspondence, etc., is given that our readers may be informed of the varied phases assumed by this celebrated controversy.

The following letter from Mrs. Hardy is full of the right spirit, and for her good wishes concerning herself personally, we return our thanks. We have ever tried to do that which seemed to us just concerning not only Mrs. H., but all the media who at various times and seasons have been called upon to meet bitter denunciations.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I cannot refrain from expressing my sincere thanks to you for the brave manner in which you have defended me in the attacks made upon me by my enemies, those who would not down the Banner and the phenomenal phase of mediumship, as I believe. Yet I have felt very sorry indeed that the Banner should have been called into the battle. I would rather bear any amount of slander, and be most severely punished, than to see the interests of the Banner sacrificed to defend me, for I believe, my record for the past ten years will bear careful examination, and those who look it over with unprejudiced minds will become fully satisfied of that fact, and those who know me know full well that Spiritualism is something too grand and beautiful to me to be used for any other purpose than to benefit man, and make humanity better.

I trust you may live many years to fill the position you have so nobly sustained through all the daily annoyances to which you are subjected. I feel confident with my own and the strength of my spirit band combined, you will never have occasion to regret the battle in my defence.

Cordially yours, MRS. MARY M. HARDY. Concord Square, Boston, April 14th.

AFIDAVIT OF MR. AND MRS. HARDY.

Whereas a statement has been recently published in the Banner of Light and other papers, impugning the honesty and integrity of Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, signed by Bronson Murray and others, of New York City, in the matter of obtaining molds of materialized hands as claimed by her; also a statement signed and sworn to by Margaret Z. Austin of said city, charging the said Mary M. Hardy with knowingly and willfully committing gross frauds while in that city, by preparing and having in her possession molds of hands, and passing the same off at public seances as the molds of hands obtained by spirit-materialization; and

We, the undersigned, on our oaths do say and declare that we took no molds or casts of hands with us on our late visit to New York City; that we had no molds or casts of hands in our possession while in that city; that we never on any occasion prepared or took the mold of our own hands, and never saw the mold of a hand taken, or claimed to have been taken, by any person living; that no mold of any hand was ever dropped by us in the street, or at any other place; and we also on our oath declare that each and every mold seen and found under the table at the six seances held by Mrs. Hardy in New York—or at any other place—were obtained outside and independent of any action, assistance, or manipulation of or by either of the undersigned.

JOHN HARDY, MARY M. HARDY. Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Suffolk, ss., April 15th, 1876.

There personally appeared the above named John Hardy and Mary M. Hardy, and made solemn oath that the above statements by them severally subscribed are true before me.

FRANCIS W. KITTREDGE, Justice of the Peace.

DR. H. F. GARDNER TO THE BOSTON HERALD.

The following letter from this gentleman appeared in the columns of the Sunday Herald for April 16th:

To the Editor of the Herald: During the twenty-six years that I have been prominently identified with Modern Spiritualism, my determination has been that whenever I had occasion to publicly make any statements in regard to any personal experiences, or of the phenomenal phases of mediumship which I have witnessed, to carefully guard my testimony from exaggeration, and to give only the exact truth as I perceived it. In carrying out this determination, I now find myself under the necessity of making an explanation to the public.

On Sunday evening, March 26th, a public seance was held in Paine-Memorial building, on which occasion a paraffine mold of a hand was produced in a locked box through the mediumship of Mrs. M. M. Hardy, under what I announced to be strictly test conditions. The result was considered at the time to be eminently satisfactory, and to fully sustain what my advertisement had claimed for it as a "crucial test." At the close of the seance I announced it to be, according to my honest conviction, a perfect demonstration—a conclusive test—and urged the selection of such direct and satisfactory methods of verification, having no personal interest to serve, and being only desirous to present to the public with the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," in relation to this great subject, I feel myself under the necessity of stating that subsequently an imperfection was discovered in the construction of the box, which invalidated the claim I then made, that the production of the mold of a hand in said box should be considered a positive demonstration, a "crucial test" that no human being in the earthly form could have assisted in the result.

Since that time the box has been thoroughly examined, and the defects remedied, and arrangements have been made for further sittings to demonstrate the production of paraffine molds under the "crucial test" conditions previously advertised. In the meantime we ask for a suspension of judgment upon this matter, until after further experiments. Let it be distinctly understood that the above mentioned facts in no degree reflect upon the wonderful mediumship of Mrs. Hardy, or upon her personal integrity. On the contrary, I wish here and now to bear my testimony that by means of various sittings that I have had with her for the production of paraffine molds, under what I consider test conditions, I am satisfied of the genuineness of her mediumship. I await with intense interest the result of further investigations to obtain satisfactory results, which shall demonstrate one of the greatest truths in the world's history.

Respectfully yours, H. F. GARDNER. CONCERNING MRS. HARDY'S SEANCES IN NEW YORK FROM MARCH 12TH TO 19TH INCLUSIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, in the Banner of the 8th, for the first time have met our facts. They hinge their explanation of twenty ounces paraffine, take two and one-half ounces out, and have twenty ounces left, upon their assertion that the water that weigh more if rolled up warm from the water becomes perfectly cold.

By Allen Putnam, Esq., is an excellently well written essay on a timely subject. We shall print it in the forthcoming issue of the Banner. That standard work, "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors," by Kersey Graves, has reached its fourth edition.

from Mr. Charles Partridge, which needs correction. He says that after the reading of the statement signed by Mr. Murray and others, in relation to Mrs. Hardy, at the Conference in the Harvard Rooms, "a motion was made by Mr. Farnsworth that the statement be endorsed by the Conference and sent to the Banner of Light for publication." There was no such motion made by me or any one else. I simply moved that it be sent for publication, and took especial pains to explain that the motion did not commit the Conference to the correctness or falsity of the statement.

The Conference on that afternoon was long, exciting, and exhausting, and consequently the evening meeting was small. It was then that I offered the resolution endorsing the character for truthfulness and credibility of the persons who signed the statement before mentioned. No one opposed this except Mr. Partridge, who is not a member of our Association, and was, therefore, wholly out of order in speaking to a question to be decided by members only.

In the subjoined, a witness of the manifestations occurring in presence of Mrs. Hardy while in Washington, gives his verification of her mediumship: LETTER FROM J. W. COOLEY. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The parties in New York who signed the paper in regard to Mrs. Hardy's seances in that city, appear to me to be filled with a very malignant and hypocritical animus in not denouncing a fraud at once if they were satisfied they had discovered one.

They were not told that we saw in Mrs. Hardy's late visit to this city, but fingers and whole hands, and more than that, one black and one white hand at the same time. There were nearly thirty people present at the seance I speak of, and three of us were asking mentally for the hand of a friend of ours who passed away about two years since. She had no thumb on her right hand. The last hand shown was a right hand with no thumb, and half a dozen people spoke out at once, "Why that hand has no thumb." It was the hand of our friend, and when asked who she came for, indicated myself and wife. She shook hands with us, also with one other gentleman. A handkerchief was held down the aperture, and was pulled upon to the weight of sixty pounds, at the same time the bell was ringing, and at least four people were having gentle taps on their feet, while their clothing was pulled, and mental questions were answered in that manner.

Taking it altogether, we thought it a pretty hard thing for two sets of toes to perform. I had a skeptical friend sitting very close to Mrs. Hardy who could see every motion she made, and he is convinced that the medium had nothing to do with the manifestations. We took the cover from off the little frame before the seance began and examined it thoroughly, and removed the frame to another part of the room from where we found it.

I was not present at a paraffine mold seance, so have nothing to say except that I believe these molds are formed by spirit-power. Mrs. H. made many friends here, and if she should visit us again she would meet with a generous welcome. J. W. COOLEY. Washington, D. C., April 10, 1876.

The Boston Herald.

This paper is the most interesting daily in Boston. It contains, in condensed form, the latest events of the day by telegraph from all parts of the world, besides giving its readers a capital epitome of local and suburban news.

The Sunday Herald is not one whit behind the Daily in interest. It is a large octavo, eight columns to the page. This sheet, too, is fully appreciated by the reading public, and has an extensive circulation. It contains full accounts of State and congressional proceedings, the latest news from New York City, New England specials in condensed form, sporting intelligence, military statistics, theatrical news, capital leading editorials on a great variety of subjects, attractive miscellany for the ladies, rail-way movements, and religious intelligence in brief, including nearly two columns each week on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, the spiritual department being under the exclusive control of Mr. Zenas T. Haines.

Mr. Home, the Medium.

We publish in another column a letter from Mr. D. D. Home, repelling the charge that he is under Catholic influences, and denying that he cherishes any opposition to genuine mediums. We hope the result will show that he has been misjudged. But we cannot too severely reprobate his calumnious remarks upon M. Leymarie, the intelligent and trusted editor of the Revue Spirite, and others. We have had a letter from this gentleman, denouncing in terms of proper indignation the very improbable story set afloat by Mr. Home, in which Leymarie was made to appear as a brutal, unprincipled father and a false Spiritualist.

We do not believe that a charge more utterly void of truth could have been concocted by impure spirits. We have also a letter from Miss Anna Blackwell, fully vindicating M. Leymarie. But he needs no vindication. The story bears on its face the marks of its falsity; and we put our foot on it, and pronounced it a base calumny, the moment we read it. We hope that Mr. Home will make a suitable reparation for his imprudent utterance.

Dr. Slade and the Russian Commissioner.

A gentleman resident in Boston, but who has recently been on a visit to New York City, informs us that while there he had the most satisfying and convincing seances with Dr. J. V. Mansfield and Dr. Henry Slade. The latter medium, so states our informant, was tested through a private sitting on Monday last by the Russian Commissioner, and was accepted at once as a representative and reliable medium to appear before the Committee of Investigation at St. Petersburg, toward which point he will soon commence his travels. The friends in New York will do well to bear the fact in mind, and avail themselves of the present opportunity—and perhaps last for some time to come—of witnessing the remarkable manifestations occurring at his sittings.

Permissions of Spiritualism in its Present Status.

By Allen Putnam, Esq., is an excellently well written essay on a timely subject. We shall print it in the forthcoming issue of the Banner. That standard work, "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors," by Kersey Graves, has reached its fourth edition.

"Civil and Religious Persecution in New York."

This highly interesting series of articles—in which for several weeks past Thomas R. Hazard, Esq., has held up to the public attention, in their true light, the absurd pretensions of the regular (?) medical profession, the members of which in our day seek to muzzle the mouth of free speech in curative matters, chain the hand of the magic healer, and compel the people of the United States by force of penal laws (as evidenced by their action in various Commonwealths) to abandon entirely all systems not in harmony with their cast-iron chemical formulas—is brought to a close in the present issue of the Banner of Light.

It gives us pleasure to announce that these articles will be at once issued from the press of Colby & Rich in very cheap pamphlet form, in which shape the matter will be much more available through compactness for reference to the people at large. The brochure deserves, on its appearance, to circulate by the thousand copies, that the liberal element all over the country may be aroused to a true knowledge of the present condition of affairs.

Meeting of the Boston Liberal League.

This organization held a session at Parker Fraternity Hall, Friday evening, April 14th. The following officers were elected: Francis Ellingwood Abbot, president; Horace Seaver and Mrs. J. W. Smith, vice-presidents; George A. Bacon, corresponding secretary; Miss Jane P. Titcomb, recording secretary; R. H. Ranney, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Sarah Otis and Mrs. Mary Buchan, members of the executive committee. George H. Foster, H. S. Williams and Dr. H. B. Storer were elected delegates to the Liberal League Convention to be held in Philadelphia the first week in July. The Rev. M. J. Savage made an exceedingly interesting address on State Secularization, and the school question, and other remarks were offered by speakers in attendance.

Is Free Speech Suppressed in Boston?

Several of our dailies speak with just indignation against the edict that has gone out from a small portion of this community against free speech in Boston. It seems that Mrs. Woodhull, who has given a series of lectures on the social question of late at the West and South, and in Brooklyn, N. Y., to immense audiences and to the general acceptance of her hearers, came to Boston on Monday last for the purpose of repeating her now famous lecture on "Woman's Freedom," but was unable to secure either of the two largest halls in this city for the purpose.

"The Proof Palpable."

Those who have any doubt on the subject of the materialization phenomena would do well to read Ephes Sargent's "Proof Palpable of Immortality," a second edition of which has just been published by Colby & Rich. In this edition all the testimony on which doubt had been thrown by Messrs. Owen and Child has been expunged, and new matter of superior interest has been added. At this time when there seems to be a concerted attempt to invalidate the materialization phenomena, this volume will be read with especial interest.

The Cambridge (Mass.) Press of April 8th, gives a leader of nearly a column in length, wherein, under the title of "Spiritualistic Consolations," it speaks much more candidly and kindly of Spiritualism and its revelations than was to be expected of a secular newspaper. "This comparatively new faith," it assures its readers in the course of the article, "has taken strong hold on thousands upon thousands of minds in the community, and by its consoling and assuring character, has brought infinite relief, or has created great happiness where before there was fear and trembling, or positive unbelief in the dogma of a life beyond the grave." The article contains reference (at least inferentially) to Henry Potter, Esq., recently deceased.

Lyman C. Draper, of Madison, Wis., "The Plutarch of the West," as he is styled in the New York Graphic, is about to bring out a volume—which will be a rich addition to the records of the early pioneers—entitled "Border Forays and Adventures." It is said of Dr. Draper, that "whatever may result, he will enrich the future with his possessions, and when he passes away he will leave behind him the merited fame of having done more than all other men put together toward restoring the lost history of the Great West."

Mr. J. C. Smith, of Washington, D. C., writes us in behalf of a number of ladies and gentlemen residing in that city, cautioning the public against Mrs. Emma Powell of Philadelphia, Pa., who claims to be a flower medium. Mr. Smith alleges as a reason that in two circles in succession held by Mrs. Powell in Washington, her deception was palpably discovered by himself and the parties attending.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, published at Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, its enterprising editor and proprietor, comes to us weekly freighted with good things, and shedding a glow of promise around it wherever it appears. It has now fairly entered on its twentieth volume, and we wish it long life and the success it so fully merits.

A correspondent writing from Bozeman, Galatin Valley, Montana Territory, speaks very highly of the articles furnished for our columns by John Wetherbee, Esq., and says that he [W.] has through them contributed much toward his [the writer's] enjoyment and edification for a number of years past.

Robert Dale Owen is now in Philadelphia preparing for a trip to Europe. His robust and vigorous appearance is a matter of great gratification to his friends, who claim that he is looking better than he has in twenty years.

The second number of the highly interesting series wherein J. M. Peebles, Esq., is detailing for our columns his present travels in the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs, will appear soon.

Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult our agent, Dr. J. H. Rhodes, No. 918 Spring Garden street.

The review of our foreign spiritualistic exchanges by G. L. Ditson, M. D., of Albany, which was to have appeared in this issue, is unavoidably postponed till the next.

J. M. Peebles's popular book of travels, entitled "Around the World," has entered upon its third edition.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Two hundred years ago—April 10, 1676—Providence was burned by the Indians. Though there was no insurance, the burnt district was a "rebuild" and returned.

has no notion of deserting Amosbury. He has relative living in Peabody, however, and has promised to pass a small portion of his time there.

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And now the base ball fever has broken up his sleeves, and with a despairing and mournful look at the last straight finger, goes in for the summer's fun—Vive l'Amour de Baseball.

Man's forte is force—centrifugal—And to destruction tends; But woman's love—centripetal—Which all life's forces binds.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT—MRS. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 Westminter street. Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00.

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LIST OF SUPPLICANTS. Parker, Theodore. Lowellhall, Gideon, Babst, Amoswell, Father.

Various stories have been going the rounds of the press as to where the poet Whittier was to make his home this season.

Children will be taken for the Summer and receive every care and attention. Terms moderate.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RHODES, 918 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MRS. DR. WALKER, CLAIRVOYANT FOR THE SICK AND ALL OTHERS IN ANY CASE WHATSOEVER.

Message Department.

The Spirit-World... The Banner of Light... The Spirit-World... The Banner of Light...

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Answer to Inquirers about Kate Morton and the Priest.

There have been many inquiries... I have been asked... I have been asked...

During the twenty years... I have been asked... I have been asked...

I have done, in my testimony... I have done, in my testimony...

All the good conditions... I have been asked... I have been asked...

Helen Taber, Albany, N. Y.

Helen Taber was my name... I was only four years old... I was only four years old...

Expression, mother and father... I was only four years old... I was only four years old...

The Lord love you, mother and father... I was only four years old... I was only four years old...

Mary Haley, of New York.

A conceivability of life after death... I know your law taught that man was wondrously made... I know your law taught that man was wondrously made...

I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Conceive of my surprise when darkness passed away... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Thus I have spoken to those I've left behind me... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

I go, for I have fulfilled my mission... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

H. W. B., Baltimore.

Scarcely has the torch gone out when the mandate comes... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

In this unknown world we are unrobed, and the taint that lies within is brought to the outer surface... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

This angers me, for I know that I am condemned by the gods... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

drink the bitter gall, the vinegar will be placed to my lips... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

What utility is there in giving a spirit work to do? I thought that when the dead bones rattled together... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Is this picture too strongly cast for a dead man to speak to the living? Where is Hell? where is Heaven? In days gone by, my position in society was envied... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

I have done, in my testimony from life unto death, what I thought was my due... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

The bright and beautiful child of mine, who went to his higher home in years gone by, hovers over me... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Did they not hunt me like a wild beast? Did they not drive me from my home? And did I not say to the throbbing, burning temple of thought... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Have I lost the equipoise of my individuality? [Chairman.—Your intellect seems unimpaired.] Then my identity is preserved... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Elizabeth Frye, Detroit.

The superintending spirit of the circle said when this spirit was brought: "Her name is Elizabeth, she is from Detroit, but she may not be sufficiently educated [in spirit] yet to speak correctly..." I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

The grave, oh friends and relations, is only the depository of that part that naturally belongs to earth and earthly things... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Oh how worthless appear the teachings of those who say that God is located in one spot, and does not spread throughout all the grand universes... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Dear friends, when you read this you will see that resurrection has been mine; that the trials of the body have been wanted to the four quarters of the globe... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

My mission is ended. I go to meet the loved ones who have passed on before me... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Wallace Graham, U. S. N.

Erie, Pennsylvania. Wallace Graham, Lieutenant in United States Navy... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

So I perceive there are miracles performed... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

My name was Mary Miles, of Fairfield, Conn. I was in the seventy-ninth year of my age... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

William White. It gives me pleasure to come among you to-day, and to look upon the upturned faces before me... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

These circles for spirit communication will be held regularly on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have any questions we are ready to hear them... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

ANS.—We can only state our conviction from our own standpoint... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

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the hungry, anxious faces of the people that had emigrated here from week to week... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Thomas D. Lane. Yes, I am glad to come back again... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Charles Allen Farrar. I don't know much about this thing... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

Dr. William Cooley. I was a physician while here... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

ANS.—We can only state our conviction from our own standpoint... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

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where they have such funny places in the cellar. "I want a bed I had—" I want nothing but some straw... I have not as yet seen Him... I have not as yet seen Him...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN. Mary Carter, Brunswick, N. J.; Mary Gettler, Catsville, Md.; Timothy Kirby, Chelmsford, Mass.; Mary Jones, Ripley, N. C.; Estlin Fitchner, Mary Miles, John Rie, Dumfries, Scotland; Corneil Van Ness, Roswell, N. Y.; Richard Moore, Salem, Conn.; Beecher, Little Brown, Wm. Brandt, Sarah Wheaton, Parlek Cannon, Ella Rogers, Hannah Miles, George Scott, Mrs. Wabner, East Orange, N. J.; Mary Ann Taylor, Wm. Kemp, Hattie Rowland, Philadelphia; Louis Leach, Philadelphia; Adela Lucia Adams, Brooklyn; Margaret Thompson, Philadelphia.

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