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The Rostrum.

SPIRITUAL SPHERES.

NUMBER TWO.

THE SPHERE OF BENEFICENCE.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond before the Spiritual Lecture Association of Chicago, III.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The theme of this evening's discourse, as has been announced, is "Spiritual Spheres. Number Two. The Sphere of Beneficence." Those who were present during the opening lecture will remember that we treated of the first or primal sphere of existence, "The Sphere of Self." To-night we pass beyond this sphere. But for the benefit of those who were not present, and for the constant remembrance of those who are now present, we will state that we employ the word sphere with reference to its application to the quality or growth of the spirit.

A sphere is the orbit of a planet, a complete circle; or the circumference of anything. As applied to the spirit of man the sphere is the radius of man's influence either here or hereafter; and kindred spirits occupy the same spheres by reason of the similarity of their atmospheres. The spherical shape, or spheroid, constitutes not only the shape of the atom, the drop of water, the globe, the starry firmament, but also all spiritual shapes. The shape defined by the sphere of selfishness is, however, not spherical, but jagged and pointed, full of dark corners and sharp angles, the result of the selfishness of which we treated in the initial discourse. Consequently, the first sphere of human existence, as we explained, and the first sphere of spiritual or religious existence, are not in themselves harmonious, do not describe a circle, are not spheroid or oblong in shape, and present the unloveliest aspect to the eye of the spirit of any condition which the human being, embodied or disembodied, can occupy.

It may have possibly occurred to you to wonder how the world appeared after one of those tumultuous epochs when jagged rocks and sharp points pierced up through the lava beds of earthquake and fire and flame formations, leaving a bare, barren and desolate waste. Or you may have visited the western coast of Scotland, or some of those singular appearances in your own country where nature seems to have been left void and bare of vegetation, as out upon the sandy plains between this and the Rocky Mountains, or beyond, between that point and the Sierras, and there have seen nature in her unloveliest aspect. Such a barren waste, such jagged points, such unloveliness is presented to the eye or vision of the soul while gazing upon the sphere of those either in mortal frame or in spirit-life that occupy the sphere of selfishness.

This was the meaning of last Sunday evening's discourse. To-night we enter upon the second birth; that birth which comes to the spirit, either here or hereafter, which is not always attended by death, and which only comes when the soul has passed the first sphere of its existence. We refer to the second sphere, that of Beneficence.

You are aware that the first stage of human love is selfish; the second stage of human love is benevolent. The first god which man had was a god of anger to inspire fear and terror, a selfish and a jealous god. The second god was the divine compassion of Jesus. Under whatever name these deities have appeared to man, they present the two types of human existence, human worship, human progress. The first man or child is arrogant, selfish, impious, drawing all things to himself and for his own pleasure. The second man, sometimes coming in childhood, sometimes, alas! not coming even with gray hairs, is the unselfish, loving, Christ-man that sacrifices the individual to the welfare of others. You all know at what time of life the first man or woman measurably ceases and the second takes the place. You all know if it ceases gradually, and the second becomes merged into it. You all know how you outgrow the special individual wishes and desires, the pride, the envy, the folly, the love of individual pleasure, and that each of these becomes superseded by a loftier ambition and purpose. It is possible that you may know if you have not outgrown any of these, but it rarely occurs that any one does know unless he or she has passed some stage of the growth that gives place to the second spirit, the spirit of beneficence.

In the spiritual world when a soul passes out from earthly life, if not wholly immured in selfishness, if no longer wholly wrapped around with the clod of the worm and the clay, if not wholly intent upon the individual desire or the individual salvation, if there has been any one blossom of charity, any one ray of kindness, any one love, that made the individual forget himself, he then knows somewhat of the condition or sphere of benevolent souls, even though he has but one gracious point; for no soul scarcely ever lived upon the earth that had not some one dependent for love, or to whom the heart did not at some time turn in beneficence, kindness and unselfishness. Unhappy indeed and desolate as a desert were that life that is devoid of a single impulse of unselfishness. Bare and barren are the rocks that rise from the lonely sea without foliage or flowers, must be the soul within whose recesses no kindly impulse ever smiled, or into whose life there came no ray of loving kindness. We will not think that there ever have been such souls; but the paucity of kindly deeds and the poverty of human charity would almost make an angel turn away from the sight, but that in some lonely crevice or darkened corner there still might be found a solitary flower of unselfishness blooming in the most barren natures.

The sphere of beneficence in its first stages is a sphere of spiritual healing. Into this the blind in spirit, the maimed

and deformed of soul enter; those who have fought the battle of life and have seemed to be vanquished; those who have faltered by the wayside because too weak morally to proceed; those who have in their innermost natures been conscious of these defects and suffered, but have been unable also to overcome them.

Ministers in this sphere of healing are those who understand all the subtle moral and spiritual influences that are brought to bear upon mankind. There is scarcely any one in the average life on earth who is not capable of administering in some degree to some other suffering soul. If it be child or parent, friend or brother, still that ministration, though not unselfish, may be commendable; and if it be a stranger soul thrust upon you from the streets or highways of life to whom you can and do offer a word of comfort, or the uplifting of a hand, that is because you are entering the sphere of beneficence and have outgrown the sphere of self, that only sees that which ministers to your own comfort and pleasure, forgetful of others that may be brought in contact with you.

If you will in your mental vision conceive the first sphere, of which we treated last Sunday evening, as being an atmosphere surrounding the earth, more or less dense, with sharp, jagged points and wastes, masses of spirits pursuing their selfish pleasures attracted to similar souls upon earth, you will have the first sphere of spirit-life. It does not cover the whole earth like a sphere, surrounding it; it is not an atmosphere which envelopes the entire circumference of the earth; but it exists in spots—here a dark mass, over there nothing of it whatever. Wherever human life is most perverse, corrupt and selfish, there this sphere of selfishness is most perceived—a presence and appearance from the spiritual world as palpable as the spots upon the sun, or as any film before the vision that excludes the light. These shapes of an approaching sphere in the sphere of selfishness are found to consist of individual souls that have no luminous atmosphere, but only the sharp barren points of darkness to which we have referred. These in turn meet other points of darkness that are upon the earth, and all are souls that are merged in their own atmospheres; and these were the places of torment; these were the pictures of Hades, these the infernal regions that poet and seer have described, being transported in vision above earth and looking down upon the hell that is in the sphere of selfishness around the earth or other planets.

Into that sphere the hard and hardened and selfish nature passes from earthly life; but, as we say, if there be one luminous point, that one luminous point projects itself upward from the darkened atmosphere, and links, by subtle law of sympathy, that soul with the next sphere of beneficence. The next state is perhaps just as near the earth in the places where the sphere of selfishness is not so dense, and in those portions where it is so dense the sphere of beneficence rises above it like a cloud over the mountain, or like the sky above the cloud, shaping itself to the darkened mass below, but always superior to it. From this darkened mass, if there be a solitary link that binds souls to this next sphere, that link evidently becomes the means of lifting them to it; but no soul can pass from that darkened mass or state, unless there be an impulse, a wish, a desire, or a thought to benefit some other soul. No prayer for individual salvation, no worship of Christ or God upon bended knee for their own soul's sake, will suffice. The prayer must be for another. The offering must be of self-forgetfulness. There must be something of love, something of kindness in the nature that shall form even the slightest link with which they are connected to the sphere above. The bruised souls, however, are received into the sphere of beneficence in its first gradations of healing at once. We mean those souls that, conscious of their imperfections, are unable to rise above them. We mean those morally and spiritually blind, who fight the battle of life, and still do not vanquish the foes that are within them. We mean those even that sometimes go from penitentiary, from the gallows, from criminal execution, whose lives have still at some time been penetrated by a profound abnegation, or neglect and forgetfulness of self. We mean those that, failing in one direction, still have somewhat in another of spiritual strength; who may perhaps have told a falsehood, and yet whose conscience is always aware of it; who may have committed a thousand sins in life, yet all the time have been aware that something in them was above the deed that they have performed and the lives that they have lived. We mean the struggling and unfortunate souls that go down in the conflict of life, and not the godly and self-righteous that never fall before the eyes of man but are selfish in the sight of heaven.

These souls that go down in shame sometimes before the vision of man have still a redeeming trait and some point of unselfishness, some wish to rise; and the souls that minister in the sphere of healing—the first stage of the sphere of beneficence—receive them as you would receive soldiers from the battle-field, as you would receive a man upon the street who has fallen from his horse, or who, wrecked upon the sea, is deprived for the time being of raiment and shelter. So upon life's sea, souls passing out into eternity shipwrecked morally and spiritually, but having something to cling to in the divine thought that aspires to something higher—they are received, and here the process of spiritual healing begins. They are not received as into judgment; they are not taken before court and jury that perhaps have sent them there; they are not treated as criminals, for the very reason that the punishment of criminals in certain stages of criminal disease aggravates instead of cures. You do not treat a patient in fever, if you are wise, by augmenting the disease. You do not stab a man that is already mortally wounded. You do not, when a person is in delirium, add intensity to that state, and expect to cure him. The criminal has his crime upon him. He goes out with it stamped upon his outward life. If the first thing he saw were judge and jury confronting him in the world of souls, he would be driven back to that darker sphere that we have referred to. He is received first, and there is no sign or token given of his malady. The spirit having charge understands this. The soul appointed to receive the spirit is silent, and makes no sign. It receives him as though there was nothing in his nature to repel. He is placed in a position of ease and rest mentally. He is not confronted with his victim at first; he is not strong enough. He is not upbraided with his sin; he is not able to bear it without being rebellious. He is received, and when the kindness that is shown him shall have thawed away all the corroding lines of crime and care, and by its very persistence shall have shown the spirit that there is no judgment save that which comes from within, then the soul that is sick becomes its own more positive accuser. Even then that must be checked, or the violence of the repentance and the severity of self-judgment drives the spirit to despair.

The wisdom of ministering to souls that are thus afflicted outweighs all care that you bestow on physical maladies in earthly life. These spirits must be led to repentance; must not be stung to madness or despair; but by the falling of the waters of love, by the sunlight that is not too suddenly turned upon them, made to feel that there is still hope. The crim-

inal entering spirit-life may behold, after a time, an angel mother bending above—not at first; the shock would be too sudden. For how can a soul accused of men, and sent into spiritual existence because of a malady of the moral nature, meet face to face the most loved object on earth? Not at first. But after some stranger friend has ministered unto and soothed the spirit—guided the way—then the voice and mind and spirit most healing, that will bring back the childhood memories, that will uplift the spirit gradually to repentance and hope, is summoned to appear beside the soul that enters that sphere of healing. Then gradually the spirit, that grows stronger, grows stronger also for self-accusation; and when the condemnation and research assume a point that only the soul itself can bear, every other spirit withdraws, leaving that soul alone with its own meditations. Then from mother, child, sister, friend, or wise and benevolent counsellor, comes the first voice of encouragement, when the spirit has purged itself of the crime, drowned its grief and crime in tears of remorse, washed away the stain of human blood or folly. Then there comes the gradual soothing of pain. It is not simply by ministering to this soul, but it comes in another form. The sin-sick soul that is repentant is shown another soul greater in suffering than itself—is introduced without being aware of it into the presence of some spirit in greater agony. The impulse to speak to that soul, to minister in some way to the suffering, to point out that he or she also has suffered, is the first impulse upon which the spirit rises one degree into healthfulness and strength. Then the first mentioned spirit becomes a ministrant also in the sphere of beneficence. Have you ever seen a soldier on a battle-field, himself wounded, bearing off a comrade that was more nearly mortally wounded than he, because dear to him, or because engaged in the same conflict, or better still, bearing off a fallen foe? Have you ever seen in the conflict of life, when the great burden of grief and sorrow was upon one man, or more frequently (you will pardon us) one woman—have you ever seen that woman, rising up out of her own affliction and grief, to minister to some one in greater sorrow, and how the anguish has faded from her face because she could minister to another in greater suffering? Such is the sphere of healing in the sphere of beneficence. Such is the soul work that goes on vanquishing its own trouble by assisting others to rise.

No morbid corners, in which the criminal sits day after day, to pine and ponder over his darkened fate. No solitary dungeon-cells in which the soul is condemned to sit in punishment for a single offence, without opportunity to aid another. No healing of moral wounds by allowing the sores to fester and become corrupted with gangrene. No piercing of the wound that is well-nigh fatal, by any other lance than that of kindness and justice tempered by mercy. Has it not entered your hearts, when at some chosen and appointed hour of happiness in life, when perhaps the supreme moment of your joy of existence has risen—that selfish joy that comes from selfish love or fruition of love—there has risen up in the family or in the social circle some great crying agony, to cast aside your own joy to minister to another's woe? Then is when you enter the sphere of beneficence. Every soul, fortunately, that we are aware of in average life, experiences this. It is only the monster, the exception—and that proves the rule—that enters the sphere of total selfishness and darkness for the time being. We do not wonder, parenthetically speaking, however, that in that first darkened sphere the shapes assume the shapes of monster wild beasts and dragons of terror, for you do know that these things that are called passions in the human heart, when they run riot become as beasts of prey, tearing away the very life of the spirit. But, as we say, that is the exception, fortunately. There are so many that pass from earthly life who are not corrupted with wickedness, that nevertheless have somewhat of it in their natures. Their first lesson in the sphere of beneficence is to minister to some other soul, and thereby rise from their otherwise darkened state.

Oh, the great moral healing that is to go on in the world! And who are these that cure the souls that are sick, and the hearts that are faint, and the eyes that are blind, and the spiritual bodies that will not perform their work aright? The church-going bell chimes every Sabbath day, and the worshippers in gay attire, or with pleasant worldly faces, pass to their appointed worship; and the man of God, or the teacher, speaks words that please the mind, and allure the heart, and uplift the intellectual sentiments of the assembly, and all places of moral worship become pleasant places of intellectual and aesthetic enjoyment during the hours allotted to praise. But who goes beneath, finds out the sin-sick soul, cares for and ministers to yonder darkened one in the corner, or to the very soul that has a smiling outward face, but is in full of sorrow and pain? Who does this, in all the great circles of self-appointed and man-appointed spiritual leaders? We say that the man of God must be a healer as well as a teacher. Christ, who healed the bodies of men, and who taught their souls, also healed their spirits. The master whose example they are enjoined to follow, visited the sick soul as well and more frequently than the bruised and wounded body.

Let us have spiritual healing. Teaching is well, but healing comes first. The sick man cannot be taught how to remain well until he is first restored from his malady. You do not reprimand him for the cholera or fever until he recovers from it. Let us have those who will heal the morally infirm before they upbraid them; who will bind up the malady and strive to cure it before they teach the prevention of it. The prevention may be taught to those who are still comparatively well, but for those who are sick let us have the merciful healing of kindly physicians, skilled in all the subtle lore of the human spirit and its manifold maladies. Let us have those who are clairvoyant of mind; let us have those who are penetrating of spirit; let us have those who are discerners of souls; let us have those who are gifted with inspiration and prophecy; let us have those who understand beforehand what is needed. The widow in her weeds, the maid clad in her mourning, the soul hedged around with despair, the quick and sympathetic physician readily understands. To the eye of the spiritual physician nothing shall be hidden or concealed. He should understand by the look of the eye and by the countenance what morbid disease is lurking there. He should know if disappointment, envy, pride, malice, falsehood, are stamped upon that visage and gnawing away at that heart. Oh, he should be wise; and the spirits that have charge in the great circle of beneficence that, as you must be aware, receives nearly all souls at first that pass from earthly life—the spirits that have charge in this great circle are those who possess these qualifications—who through sorrow have become sympathetic, who through crime, perhaps, know what criminals suffer, and who have risen free and disenthralled above their crime and above its suffering, who, by study of human thoughts and human weakness, are prepared to administer to all those subtle maladies that afflict the mind, and who understand that no soul comes from earthly life (unless it be an angel or messiah sent as a messenger) that does not in some degree require the administration of spiritual healing.

These circles of beneficence, stretching far and far away, are composed of spheroid forms of different companies of souls, reaching from the sphere of immediate spiritual healing that is nearest to the earth unto the one that touches the very threshold of the divine countenance and the very heart of the divine beneficence. Such minds as have tried to heal the wounds of nations; such minds as have visited prisons, and endeavored to ameliorate the condition of prisoners on earth; such minds as have visited sin-sick souls, and endeavored to soothe them; and more than these, such minds as ever, in their daily walk of life, have, by utter self-abnegation, by consciousness only of the love of others and for others, given out their lives like oil inexhaustible for the lamps of others to burn—such as these are the ministrants in the sphere of beneficence. You perhaps know of some mother, risen from your own household, some one who was the guiding spirit of those who knew her, whose life was one long line of devotion and unselfish expression to those around her. She has gone out from the fireside, from the accustomed place—she has not forgotten it; but added to that conscious labor and love that still links her sphere with yours as to a golden chain, there is the larger sphere of action in this wonderful beneficent place. She now

rises to her appointed tasks; she now fulfills the work of her hand in a larger degree. She now hunts out the unfortunate souls that were not within her reach when upon earth, and that she longed to succor and save. Florence Nightingale, leaving her lovely home in England to administer to souls in tile Crime; Elizabeth Fry, striving to ameliorate the condition of prisoners; Howard, the philanthropist, teaching such wondrous works of love; Wilberforce, uplifting the voice of a nation and a world to a consciousness of the sin of human slavery, and an endeavor to abolish it—all these minds have risen to their appointed circles in the sphere of beneficence, and by well-appointed messengers, by those who sympathize, through ministering spirits that gather around them drawn by special attraction to their work, still send hither and thither their messengers to reach the children of care and shame and toll that are beneath and around them—beneath them upon the earth and in the lower strata of their own state, and around them, gathered as if to receive blessing and benediction.

We know of spirits—and we will use one instance, that of one who passed from earthly life somewhat the victim of his own desires and appetites, which were engendered by a physical constitution, but within whom there was a spirit of mirth and gladness and drollery under the complications of sorrow and sickness and the madness of intoxication. This one passed from earth when somewhat of the cloud had risen from his mind, and straightway his soul was received by ministering spirits into the circle of healing. The consciousness of his own shortcomings at first overpowered him. He would faint from the eyes of all who were kind to him. After a while this passed away, and he saw other souls that were in agony beneath him and around him, and his first impulse was to say some word of drollery and mirth, some expression that would lure them from their sorrow. Gradually he succeeded. He now forms one of a company of souls whose lives are devoted to the luring of spirits from their sorrows. But their lurement does not remain long a selfish one. They, too, when sufficiently recovered, minister to others, and he who has been thus wounded upon life's battle-field, becomes the most efficient and sympathetic in the corps of laborers that are leading and guiding that the spirit can have to aid it.

There are different degrees of this spiritual healing; different states and stages into which spirits enter, and different portions presided over by different central souls. True physicians who have left the earth—and we mean by true physicians those who were not simply technical, professional, worldly machines, but who loved their profession for the good of mankind, and who followed it oftentimes at their own great self-denial and sacrifice; such physicians as Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia—occupy a portion of this sphere of healing in the benevolent circles of spiritual life. They have well-appointed and well-chosen ministers. Dr. Rush has under his administrations souls especially afflicted with certain forms of mental malady, brought on or engendered by physical appetites and depressed circumstances in earthly life. These souls he successfully administers to, and as carefully and conscientiously raises to a condition of helpful self-respect, as he oftentimes did the bodies and minds of those who were upon earth. All true physicians who have given to the world a system of medicine for the benefit of humanity occupy a portion of the sphere of healing; and these in their turn have gathered around them souls that minister to the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of mankind. These are those that strive to find expression in outward life, to heal the bodies and the spirits of men by other channels than the arbitrary methods of *materia medica*. These are those souls that send perhaps under the generous and genuine Indian guide, or under the form of some simple spirit-messenger, the true word and balm of healing. These are those souls that sit in council far above the councils of earth—the colleges and institutions of learning here—and ferret out the maladies of men with reference to their spiritual and moral bearings; and if there shall come a time when the world shall be free from disease and suffering, it will be brought to bear more through the spiritual than through any system of *materia medica* the world shall know. If there shall come a time when aside from proper sanitary measures the human race shall be freed from bodily suffering, it will be by the careful, judicious, spiritual expression given from the sphere of healing through chosen and well-developed instruments; so that the spirit and the body shall alike be sustained, fed, sheltered and clothed with the fine raiment of spiritual harmony and bodily expression of perfect health.

This may seem to be far away; but you know, if you are familiar with the treatment of disease by mesmerism even, that there is more in the influence of the mind than of the body. If you are a physician, you know that your personal atmosphere affects far more than any prescription, however skillfully prepared. It is the doctor, and not the remedy; it is the healer, and not what is given, that the spirit wants. It is the one trust that you have something to turn to, to give strength, and courage, and hope to the soul. Ay, it is not a treatise upon moral law; it is not the full decalogue of crime and its remedy that the suffering spirit wants to read; but to feel in the darkness and weakness one strong hand that knows and understands how to guide, and teach, and lead, and shelter. This is the physician; this the teacher; this the friend and helper of mankind, whether he come in the form of Christ the Saviour, or whether he come in the voice of ministering spirit, guardian angel, kindly mother that intervenes between you and the sublime beneficence—the Christ love.

You do not despise the intervening helps that come between you and the divine light. Neither should you despise the helping hands that come in to bless you at almost every hour of the day if you will but receive them—some thought of sympathy, some genuine expression of good-will, some kindness that would make your life less bare and barren. If you would only receive it. Why, sometimes there are souls so sick that they do not even know that the healer stands at the door. Shall there not

Spiritual Phenomena.

MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. BLISS, MRS. THAYER, AND MRS. ROBINSON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On the 21 inst. I attended a materializing séance at Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss's, 1027 Ogden street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Bliss was quite unwell, and it had been decided to postpone the séance until another evening. She however finally consented to occupy a seat outside the cabinet, whilst her husband sat within—which was a transposing of the usual mode of procedure. There were some fifteen or more visitors present. During the period Mr. Bliss was in the cabinet, several apparitions appeared, either at the aperture and just within or outside the opening in the curtain, some of which were recognized by persons present.

Soon after the circle was formed the name of "Kate" was several times pronounced by spirit voices, after which a female appeared in full form and indicated a wish to be recognized by me. The apparition made several unsuccessful efforts to come near where I sat, whilst the power was too weak to permit me to go to it. In height, size and general appearance, however, the form presented resembled a lady friend and relative of mine named Catherine Hunter, who passed away in early womanhood many years ago. On that name being suggested, the spirit responded to it affirmatively with marked earnestness, and I have but little doubt I was right in supposing it to be the person indicated, (who was always called Kate,) although I was not permitted to approach near enough to examine her features.

to stir, and so continued through most of the evening. But not so with a white pigeon that was found on the floor in one corner of the room. It was full of life and activity, and did not suffer itself to be caught without some trouble.

I sat on the left of the medium, and could not but note the extreme agitation of her whole person and the rustling of her dress that occurred just before the manifestations took place, although I know that she never moved from her seat.

This part of the phenomena was in exact accordance with what I witnessed some seventeen years ago in my own home, on an occasion when a Demerara copper token attached to a string of catgut fell upon a table in my presence and that of a medium then in process of development for healing of diseases. Osceola, the Seminole Indian chief, who was then—as I hope he continues to be—a good friend of mine, alleged that he had just taken this medal from the chief's neck who succeeded him in command of the tribe, and brought it to me all the way from Florida. I remember that in my ignorance I was led to suspect the genuineness of Osceola's story, more on account of the singular agitation of the medium just at the critical moment than from any other cause. A day or two after I showed the medal to an army officer who had been long engaged in the Seminole war. After examining and testing the medal and string closely, he remarked that the latter certainly retained the scent that so unmistakably accompanies the person of the Indian, wherever it might have come from.

After the séance a medium present was entranced by a spirit, who claimed to have brought the pigeon to the circle. I asked him in what way he got it through the walls or windows of the room. In answer he stated that he did not exactly know how it was done, but that it seemed as if the pigeon entered the room as a part of himself. In answer to further queries as to how he obtained the pigeon, he confessed to a standard for morals that would not be readily endorsed by the proprietors of dove cotes, pigeon-houses, or rabbit Warrens.

Whilst last in Philadelphia I was sorry to hear from Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, of No. 2123 Brandywine street, that she contemplated moving from the city the coming spring. I have known Mrs. R. for some ten years, and never visit Philadelphia without witnessing her beautiful mediumistic powers. Although I think she does not claim to be strictly a test medium, I doubt whether there has ever been one in the United States—the late John C. Grinnell, of Newport, R. I., and Charles H. Foster, No. 9 West 29th street, New York, always excepted—who has given more convincing tests of spirit presence than Mrs. Robinson has done, and her proselytes to the beautiful philosophy I doubt not might be numbered in thousands. I well remember the first evening I ever attended one of her public circles. During the day I had casually stated to a friend of mine, in presence of his two sons, that I intended to go that evening to a circle to be held (I think somewhere in Market street) by a spiritual medium, and proposed that they should meet me there. The subject was new to them, and I had scarce a thought of their accepting my invitation. I arrived rather late, and was surprised to see my three friends all occupying seats in the circle, which was quite large. The manifestations soon commenced, and the spirits seemed to devote their attention particularly to them, giving most unmistakable tests (as I was myself qualified to judge,) in rapid succession. At the conclusion, the father, an elderly gentleman, made an appointment with Mrs. R. to come to his house at o'clock on a subsequent evening. Being jealous of the honesty of the medium, he however gave only the street and number of the house, reserving his name. He invited me to attend the circle on the evening named, which I did. The hour of meeting arrived and had passed, but Mrs. Robinson did not appear. After waiting some time one of the sons went to the street, and saw a lady passing from door to door. On going to her he found it was Mrs. R., who remembered the street, but had forgotten the number of the house, which she had been in vain endeavoring to find by inquiry. She was politely and cordially welcomed by the family, and at once placed at ease by the genial attentions bestowed upon her—which, as all mediums know, is a necessary precedent for good spirit-manifestations. And good indeed those that followed proved to be, and more than good! Test after test of the most convincing kind followed each other. The gentleman's deceased wife personated herself as in her last moments, and not only repeated her dying words exactly, but the last peculiar motions of her hands. The husband wept as a child, and from that day, as I have often heard Mrs. Robinson say, the family, and especially the daughter, have proved themselves to be the best and most loved and cherished friends she has ever found among strangers. On the other hand, this family has since then passed through many trials and reverses, which I have heard the converted daughter say she never could have survived but for the strength she had acquired through their beautiful communication with spirit-friends.

The eighth and last was Elizabeth, the spirit-wife of Dr. Pence, who shook hands and chatted with him. She wore a dark dress and large white scarf around the back of her neck and hanging down in front. The latter was the gift of Dr. Pence a year ago, and she always wears it, but they can never find it at the close of the circle.

THE WITCH OF WENHAM.

(The Atlantic Monthly (H. O. Houghton & Co., publishers, Boston), in its issue for February gives to its readers a lengthy poem by John Greenleaf Whittier, bearing the foregoing title. We have transferred a portion of this stirring production to our columns, and refer those who like to peruse it entire to the number of the Magazine specified above. Mr. Whittier depicts in the opening stanzas of the poem the sunny slopes of Crane River, on which the warm winds of May are calling out the verdant grass; the early birds making Royalist vocal with their melody; and the young man in his "Sunday coat," bent on a "fishing excursion" to Wenham Lake—an excuse which, however, fails to satisfy his mother, who tells him he asks a maid-n in the bank of that lake, blue-eyed charmer, to whom "the wickedest witch in Salem jail" is a saint. He defends his sweetheart, and tells of the kindness of the young girl to her old, blind mother, and the high estimation in which she is generally held; after which he proceeds on his errand of love. Filled with anger, the mother hastens to the parson, and denounces the maiden to him as a witch; he assures her that even now Marshal Horlick (who e daughter is a dear friend of the accused girl) is in pursuit of the damsel, and will speedily bring her to Salem jail. The narrative then continues as quoted below.—Ed. of L.)

* * * * * Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake
Upon the young girl's shore,
Her tender mouth, her dreaming eyes,
Her yellow hair blownout.

By happy youth and love attuned
To natural harmonies,
The singing birds, the whispering wind,
She sat beneath the trees.

Sat shaping for her bridal dress
Her mother's wedding gown,
When lo! the marshal, writ in hand,
From Altord hill rode down.

His face was hard with cruel fear,
He grasped the maid-n's hands:
"Come with me unto Salem town,
For so the law commands!"

"Oh, let me to my mother say
Farewell before I go!"
He closer tied her little hands
Unto his saddle bow.

"Unhand me," cried she piteously,
"For thy sweet daughter's sake,"
"I'll keep my daughter safe," he said,
"From the witch of Wenham Lake."

"Oh, leave me, for my mother's sake,
She needs my eyes to see."
Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall peck
From off the gallows-tree!"

He bore her to a farm-house old,
And up its stairway long,
And closed on her the garret-door,
With iron bolted strong.

The day died out, the night came down;
Her evening prayers she said,
While, through the dark, strange faces seemed
To mock her as she prayed.

The present horror deepened all
The fears her childhood knew;
The awe wherein the air was filled
With every breath she drew.

And could it be, she trembling asked,
Some secret thought or sin
Had shut good angels from her heart
And let the bad ones in?

Had she, in some forgotten dream,
Let go her hold on heaven,
And sold herself unwittingly
To spirits unforgiven?

Oh, weird and still the dark hours passed;
No human sound she heard,
But up and down the chimney stack
The swallows moaned and stirred.

And o'er her, with a dread surmise
Of evil sight and sound,
The blind bats on their leathern wings
Went wheeling round and round.

Low hanging in the midnight sky
Looked in a half faced moon.
Was it a dream, or did she hear
Her lover's whistled tune?

She forced the oaken scuttle back;
A whisper reached her ear:
"Slide down the roof to me," it said,
"So softly none may hear."

She slid along the sloping roof
Till from its eaves she hung,
And felt the loosened shingles yield
To which her fingers clung.

Below her lover stretched his hands
And touched her feet so small;
"Drop down to me, dear heart," he said,
"My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillion soft,
Her arms about him twined;
And, noiseless as velvet-shod,
They left the house behind.

But when they reached the open way
Full free the rein he cast;
Oh, never through the mire midnight
Rode man and maid more fast.

Along the wild wood paths they sped,
The bridgeless streams they swam;
At set of moon they passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawam.

At high noon on the Merrimac
The ancient ferryman
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,
So fair freight to scan.

All day he urged his weary horse,
And in the red sundown
Drew rein before a friendly door
In distant Berwick town.

A fellow-feeling for the wronged
The Quaker people felt;
And sat beside their kindly hearths
The hunted maiden dwelt.

Until from off its breast the land
The haunting horror threw,
And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,
To shame and pity grew.

And when once more by Beaver Dam
The meadow-lark out-sang,
And once again on all the hills
The early violets sprang,

And all the windy pasture slopes
Lay green within the arms
Of creeks that bore the salted sea
To pleasant inland farms,

The smith fled off the chains he forged,
The jail-bolts backward fell;
And youth and hoary age came forth
Like souls escaped from hell.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Sulphur for Scarlet Fever.

Dr. Henry Pigeon writes to the London Lancet as follows: The marvelous success which has attended my treatment of scarlet fever by sulphur induces me to let my medical brethren know of my plan, so that they may be able to apply the same remedy without delay. All the cases in which I used it were very well marked, and the epidermis on the arms in each case came away like the skin of a snake. The following was the exact treatment followed in each case: Thoroughly anoint the patient twice daily with sulphur ointment; give five to ten grains of sulphur in a little jam three times a day. Sufficient sulphur was burned, twice daily (on coals on a shovel), to fill the room with the fumes, and of course was thoroughly inhaled by the patient. Under this mode of treatment each case improved immediately, and none were over eight days in making a complete recovery, and I firmly believe in each it was prevented from spreading by the treatment adopted. One case was in a large school. Having had a large experience in scarlet fever last year and this, I feel some confidence in my own judgment, and I am of opinion that the very mildest cases I ever saw do not do half so well as bad cases do by the sulphur treatment, and, so far as I can judge, sulphur is as near a specific for scarlet fever as possible.

The Westminster Review and A. J. Davis.

The following remarks on the philosophy of Andrew Jackson Davis* appeared several years ago, in the Westminster Review (London), but we do not remember ever to have seen them quoted in this country. Coming from so high and independent a critical authority as the Westminster, they have a peculiar interest. The writer is evidently no superficial crammer. He must have read and weighed well the writings of Mr. Davis before he could have given so clear and succinct an account of their theosophic and philosophical character and value. The notice is in striking and honorable contrast with the flippancy and superficial style in which the subject of these writings is sometimes treated by critics, whose only argument is a sneer, and whose anti-adversaries are merely a manifestation of their own consummate ignorance of the subject they undertake to treat:

"The origin of this work is as remarkable as its contents, and its contents as remarkable as its origin. It will perhaps be in the recollection of some of our readers, that a work by the same author was published a few years ago, under the title of 'Principles of Nature,' which was represented as containing lectures, or utterances, which he gave forth from time to time, while in the clairvoyant state, before a number of intelligent and trustworthy individuals. As might have been expected in such extraordinary claims, some believed and others believed not. Upon any hypothesis, however, the work was a phenomenon, meriting the attention of inquiring and scientific minds. Since that time, his psychological peculiarities have become even more remarkable. His 'Principles' were said to be the result of simple clairvoyance—he being thrown into that condition entirely by the mechanical operations of his mesmerizer, and only while in it manifesting any superiority of spiritual power. No continuity of consciousness and memory linked together his normal and abnormal states, which ran on in parallel lines, alternating their activities, without any interchange of recognition or assistance. Now, however, this obstacle to his harmonious development has been surmounted; this suspension of memory he no longer experiences, having dynamically moved up into a higher state, which permanently unites both spheres of intellectual existence.

In this case, therefore, as alleged, stands thus: In addition to the use of his external senses, his interior senses have become so developed as to afford as complete and as spontaneous an egress into the interior world of spirit, as, through the ordinary medium, he enjoys into the exterior world of matter. While, therefore, he can perceive the phenomena in each, and the relations which subsist between them, this double perception is blended together in the focus of a common consciousness, and becomes the harmonious property of a single personality, in which reason is admitted to be paramount. He remains, consequently, liable to error, in regard to his own impressions, as well as those communicated by the spirit-messengers, with whom he professes to hold converse; inasmuch as he (as well as they), with better means of knowledge, is still subject to the same methods of acquiring it, and to the same tests of its truthfulness and logical coherence, as his less fortunate neighbors. In short, his condition is that of *inspiration*—not in the sense of receiving a communication directly from the Almighty—but in the sense of being instructed by higher intelligences than himself, all with varied opportunities and powers of observation and reflection—or in the wholly subjective sense of having and using an interior organ for *inspiring* truth (rather than having truth *inspired*) from that encircling ocean of love and wisdom which flows from the central fountain of intelligence—just as in our physical system we are furnished with an organ for inspiring the atmosphere around us.

Banner Correspondence.

Wholesome Advice.

Dr. Donald Kennedy, of Boston Highlands, who is now at Cannes (France), writes as follows to a friend in this city:

"I read in your papers that Spiritualism is passing through a severe ordeal; but it will come out triumphantly. The poor silly creatures who, for the sake of a few dollars, have been induced to vilify its glorious truths, will soon sink out of sight, and be remembered only as we remember criminals, by the enormity of their crimes. We loathe and detest a minister who uses the gospel as a cloak to cover his avarice or lust, and denounce him as a hypocrite; how much more so ought we to mark the wretch who uses his spiritual gifts for the purpose of falsifying that which he knows to be true. I allude to mediums of both sexes, who are catering to the tastes of those who oppose Spiritualism as a delusion and a snare. They may receive the applause of the ignorant, and a few dollars for their infamy, but the end is not yet. A dreadful future is in store for them. To use the language of Jesus, 'It were better for them that a millstone were hanged about their necks and they were cast into the depths of the sea!' Where are now Messrs. Grimes, Carboneil, Von Vleck, Fay, and a host of other expositors (?) of Spiritualism? Where the recent impostors will soon be—in oblivion. All religious systems denounce hypocrisy. Even Mahomet conveys them to the lowest place in hell. Both you and I, who know Spiritualism for ourselves, independent of mediums, also know that the retribution which attends violated law cannot be evaded. I tremble, therefore, at the fate of these dishonest wretches. No doubt the ready countenance given these impostors by honest Spiritualists, has stimulated their cupidity. As a body, Spiritualists, honest themselves, have been slow to suspect others, and hence the advantage taken of them. I hope the recent exposures will make Spiritualists more careful in giving their countenance to men and women to-day who may tomorrow turn against them. But have we not as a body been too self-satisfied, and like some of the fashionable churches, sunk into inanity? I think if we were more active in spreading the truth, we would be less liable to be deceived. Spiritualism is a great truth, a blessing revealed by God to give his children courage to meet the ever-changing events of life with fortitude; to soothe the sorrowing and bereaved, and to raise the mind to the contemplation of scenes 'where the rainbow never fades, where stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings who are here passing before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!' Burn up the chaff; purify the camp of the Lord."

Wisconsin.

GENEVA LAKE.—W. L. West writes, Feb. 5th, as follows: "Thinking that the book, 'The Ordeal of Life,' has not been sufficiently appreciated by the reading public, I wish to offer my testimony in its favor. Viewing it from my standpoint, I think there has never been a book of its size published that affords more instruction and interest to the student of mental philosophy than 'The Ordeal of Life.' The descriptions of the mental characteristics of some of the Bible writers give a good key to its history. The spirits presenting themselves to have a psycho-phenomenal reading of their character given, either confirm, deny, correct or explain the stories related about them in the Bible."

Coming down to our own times, there are more than sixty living characters described, taken from all ranks in life, which give the leading characteristics of the most noted men and women of our day. Taking the fifteen hundred men and women described, we get a great variety of characters, of every shade of belief and experience, including popes, kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, theologians, and every variety of distinguished or eminent persons, who have passed from earth during the last forty centuries."

Ohio.

KINGSVILLE, Feb. 26th, 1877.—Since my last note to the Banner we have not been idle here. When Bro. Bishop A. Beals went forth to other fields of labor, following in his path was a splendid medium by the name of Miss Jennie B. Hagan, from Royalton, Vermont. She is speaking at least three times per week in this locality, and gives universal satisfaction. She is sixteen years old, and is stopping here among the friends (of whom she has a great many in this town). She has spoken two evenings at our town hall, to crowded houses, although an Orthodox revival was in progress at the time. A lively interest is being awakened among the few Spiritualists, and an organization has been formed, to be known as "The Organization of Kingsville Spiritualists for truth and progress."

STUART L. ROGERS, Sec'y.

CLEVELAND.—Bishop A. Beals writes March 2d: "I have been speaking for the Spiritualist Society in this city for the past two Sundays, and have been reengaged for the month of March. The society is in a flourishing condition; the Lyceum is augmenting in numbers and broadening in interest through the able leadership of Bro. Thomas Lees. The meetings have been well attended, and there has been a gradual increase in my audiences. The hall is a credit to the cause of Spiritualism in this city. The friends owe much to the indefatigable interest and untiring efforts of their President, D. S. Critchley, for the present promising condition of affairs. I have formed the acquaintance of some of the medial workers here, and am pleased to report that Cleveland has as good test mediums as I have met with in any of the Eastern cities."

Charles C. Watkins is giving slate-writings, and the manifestations that I have witnessed in his presence equal any I ever saw in that of Dr. Slade. He is developed for the independent slate-writing phase, and is able to satisfy the most skeptical of the verity of the phenomena given through his instrumentality. The Spiritualists are active, and holding private and public circles here, and I am credibly informed that some of the wealthiest families on Euclid Avenue are holding private meetings with our mediums. The great truths of spirit-communion are steadily making their way to reception by thinking minds everywhere, and belting the globe with the magnetic light of sympathy from the better world. I shall be pleased to receive calls to speak, and can be addressed 81 Rockwell street."

Michigan.

SOUTH SAGINAW.—G. N. W. Swayer, M. D., writes, Feb. 26th: "Drs. Frank T. Ripley and Davenport have given us a very able course of lectures on Spiritualism in South and East Saginaw. Bro. Ripley a good trance and test medium, and furnished many tests or identifications of the presence of loved ones who have passed to spirit-life. Of Dr. Ira Davenport, it is only necessary to say he is a host within himself. Our hall was well filled with the best element of our city, and the efforts of these workers have resulted in grand success."

California.

LOS ANGELES.—Jennie Ley's writes us, in the course of a private letter: "At this time, when more than ever do mediums need all the protection which money and love can bring, I see that even William Howitt protests against the receipt of money by them in return for their services, and very many hardly less influential coincide with him. Upon mediums is to fall the great burden of the coming battle for truth, freedom and progression, and I feel that some answer should be made in their defense. You are their best friend, and a blessing commensurate

with your incomparable fidelity will surely crown your life. May divine peace be yours."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—Philip Davies forwards us a copy of the report of "A Year's Work in the North Street Union Mission," 102 Commercial street, this city, from which we make the following extracts: "We have given 7,026 meals to poor persons on the premises; also given to poor applicants cash for lodging, food, fuel, &c., \$3,905, as well as 446 garments, 150 hats, 1,290 lbs. meal, 1,284 lbs. flour, 300 lbs. coffee, 65 lbs. tea, 98 lbs. rice, 100 lbs. sugar, 300 loaves bread, fish, vegetables, &c."

Our meetings are largely attended by laboring men. We find a great difference this year in the applicants for charity; they are more local than heretofore, as many that formerly applied belonged to the manufacturing districts outside, who now are partially employed. Those who apply at present are mostly those who belong to the city, and whose families are and have been in great suffering. To these we have ministered as far as we have had ability. We are in pressing need of garments for adults and children. The great difficulties in business have affected our collections very seriously, but we have done the best we could with the means at our command, and prospects look better for the future. We still believe that the money given for charitable purposes should be spent upon the poor, and not laid out in buildings and costly appliances. We commence a new year in our work still relying upon the kind co-operation of the public as in the past. The highest form of worship, we believe, is *labor*, and the loftiest praise, work."

Maine.

BINGHAM.—J. D. Hill writes, Feb. 20th: "Mr. S. L. Taylor has recently spent a few days in this vicinity, and as a test medium has, under favorable conditions, given good satisfaction. He was with me a day and a night, and during the evening gave tests satisfactory to us all. I also attended two other circles when Mr. Taylor was present, and witnessed tests which were good. He has been visiting various towns on the Kennebec and Penobscot in a missionary character this winter. His phase of mediumship is an exceptional one, and to me was a novelty such as had not previously come under my observation."

NORWAY.—Mrs. R. Lombard writes: "I send you, by post office money order, \$3.15 to renew my subscription another year. The dear old Banner! I like it better and better the more I read it, and I know that I would give up all extraneous and many of the necessities of life, rather than part with that which brings so much spiritual food to my heart and home. The Message Department interests me very much; and I would gladly send something in aid of the Free Circle Meetings, but cannot at present."

Work in Minnesota.

Thomas Cook, State Missionary, speaks in New London, March 6th, 7th and 8th; Howard Lake, Wright Co., March 9th; Delano the 10th; Buffalo the 12th; Monticello the 13th and 14th; St. Cloud the 15th; Sauk Centre 16th; and will speak at Osakis, Douglas Co., the 17th and 18th. For arrangements for other lectures in the vicinity of the branch line of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, the friends will please address him at Osakis, Douglas Co., care of W. Adley.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BRIGH AND BETTER DAY.

BY HENRY HITCHCOCK.

The time will come—approaches now—When Truth, with fair and radiant brow, Will usher in the grander day—Fulfilment of prophetic lay; Ay, coming swift the better time, When human life will be sublime.

Then will the prayer of "Peace, good will Among all men," each soul fulfill By life of truth and life of love Scarce lower than the blest above; And widows' tears and orphans' cries Distress no more, nor pain the eyes.

Yes, in that time—the perfect day—Mere gold, as now, will not hold sway; Souls weighed against the cash in bank, And prized alone for stocks and rank; Nor yet for dress, in latest style, Will men receive the blandest smile.

No almshouse then, no homeless poor, No black and creaking prison-door, Or pens for convicts then will be, But only temples, grand and free, Where man and woman, youth and age, May study Learning's shining page.

No idle acres, broad and green, On prairies vast, in valleys seen, Will be possessed by one alone, Or cold monopolies their own; While bread is scarce, but hands abound, And ache to till the fertile ground.

"Equality throughout the world" Will be the motto then unfurled, For man, progressed and better grown, Will bow to truth upon her throne, And yet so wise, without decree, "A law unto himself will be."

Then Love, not Might, will Truth sustain, And Peace o'er strife cast net and chain; Instead of guile twixt man and man, Prevailing now since time began; The perfect life then understood, Mankind will be one brotherhood.

One God, alone, of Love, whose rule All men will learn, la but a school, And just above, o'er-arching this, Will know a world of spirit-bliss, Where after death, or spirit-birth, Dwell all the souls of ruder earth.

Then will the lion, monarch wild, Caress the lamb, led by a child, And every heart-partaker be In universal jubilee; Ay, Truth and Peace and Love will sway And rule the bright and better day.

With high communion, pure and sweet, Between this sphere and that complete, The sages, long of spirit-birth, May teach the humble child of earth; Sure footing then will Truth maintain, And blessings fall like April rain.

Then sing with joy the hopeful song! Sing, sing aloud—the strain prolong! "Once more to horse!" brave hearts and true; Once more let all the fight renew; See yonder! star of coming day! In shades of night Wrong hies away!

Haste! haste! brave soul! to thy part With willing hand and earnest heart, To bring the day of perfect peace, When every wrong and strife will cease, And Truth, not Might, in love will reign, And Righteousness the world regain.

Portuguese merchant, while attending to his business in the interior of Africa, seems to have discovered the source of the Congo River. Moral: If you want to be lucky mind your own business.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

(We have seen the following beautiful lines credited to Bulwer. Whoever the author may be, he has poetized truths that stand unshaken through all ages.)

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the summer showers To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers;

The granite rocks disorganize To feed the hungry moths they bear, The fairest leaves drink daily life From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away. They only wait through wintry hours The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread, He bears our best loved things away, And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate— He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers, Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bower.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones Made glad this scene of sin and strife, Sings now in everlasting song Amid the trees of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright Or heart too pure for taint of vice, He bears it to that world of Light To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them—the same, Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear Immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless Universe Is life—there are no dead!

Longfellow.

"God sent his singers upon earth—With wings of earnest and of mirth, That they might teach the world of man And bring them back to heaven again."

Such a singer, the foremost of all the poets of his country, to-day reaches the seventieth anniversary of his birth, and his admiring readers, who include in their ranks all who speak the English tongue, will not forget the fact. His own lines describe the character of his writing:

"A poet, too, was there whose verse Wastender, musical and true."

For the singer of "The Village Blacksmith" and "Endymion," the writer of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," "The Golden Legend" and "Christus," no one will hesitate to pray:

"Honor and blessings on his head, Who living, gave not what he had, Who died, longer for the world, Accepts but does not clutch the crown."

Always have his words been elevating, comforting and inspiring, so that, to quote from his last published verse, dying will

"Leave a memory like the breath Of sunbeams full of sunshine and of showers, A gliter and gladness in the atmosphere."

Various observances have been suggested for the day, but how better could it be done than by simply reading the works of one of whom, more truly, perhaps, than of any other, it can be said his

"Songs have power to quiet The restless pulses of care, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer."

The true poet is the benefactor and friend of the whole race. Of such an one long may it be before

"Song sinks into silence, The story is told, The windows are darkened, The heart is gone."

—Boston Herald, Feb. 27th.

"Death" is but "Transition."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A highly esteemed friend, Frederick S. Cox, for many years resident of our village, and who departed this life on the 5th Inst., was one of the few in whom a "thirst for knowledge" and true wisdom became an almost overwhelming passion. It made him a skeptic, in that best original sense, "one who looks around and considers;" a speculator, as an ardent lover of pure science, was the "facts and philosophy of Spiritualism," of the "Inductives," or English school of Inquirers, and himself an Englishman; his clear endorsement of a new spiritual science is another proof of his breadth of vision and depth of intellect and scientific knowledge. For many months prior to his transition, he was an exhaustive reader of the and progressive works generally. He felt a deep interest in the "Shadé trial," and I have often seen him check frequently the progress of the gross intolerance of his countrymen.

I record his name as a friend of progressive thought not only, but a friend of mankind, and a man whose "domestic virtues" endeavor to inculcate memory to his family and acquaintances, and to the public in whom he interested.

Yours for the "transition" of life,

B. J. B. Hopkirk, Mass., March 9th, 1877.

Passed to Spirit-life:

From Rockville, Conn., Feb. 23d, Mr. Daniel S. Sloan, aged 73 years.

He has been a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism for twenty-five years, and the dear old Banner of Light has been a welcome guest at his fireside.

Although there were some efforts put forth to draw him away from his faith, he remained steadfastly loyal to it, and continued to the last, and requested that his funeral service be conducted under the spiritualist order.

His wishes were complied with, and the services were conducted by the writer, at the residence of the deceased.

Brotherhood and love were the peculiar marks of his character, and he was always an honorable and upright man.

He has left a family of ten children to mourn his departure, but happily some of them know that he still lives, and in this knowledge and comfort even in their sadness, may often return to their inheritance, to cheer them with messages of love to cheer us on our way.

L. Roswell.

From Baltimore, on the 22d of March, Charles P. Gilman, formerly of Haverhill, Mass.

He always spoke of his belief in spirit-communion, which will better enable him to return to earth to bless those who cared for him so kindly during his last days, and gathered around his lifeless form to pay the last tribute of respect to one they highly esteemed.

Mrs. E. W. Walcott.

From Collins Depot, Mass., Feb. 17th, Miriam Collins, wife of Warren Collins, aged 67 years.

It was at her request that F. J. Greenleaf spoke words of consolation at her funeral to a large circle of relatives and friends.

(Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required. A line of average type averages ten words.)

Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of this Society will be held at Lincoln Hall, Broad and Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, March 31st, 1877, and on Sunday, April 1st, at 10 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. This will be the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and will be celebrated by the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, in conjunction with us. The members of this Society and friends of the cause from all parts of the State and from other places are invited to meet, to consider the present condition and progress of Spiritualism, especially with regard to the subject of more complete and efficient organization throughout the land. The general object of organization will be considered, and it is hoped that something can be done to advance the cause of Spiritualism, and to bring its advocates into closer and more intimate relations with each other which rightfully belongs to the millions of Spiritualists in this and other lands, may be the salvation of Spiritualism. In this and other lands, may be so directed as not only to protect Spiritualists in their civil, political and religious rights, but to exercise an influence for the rest of the world.

To Book-Purchasers.

We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, Mass.

Having recently purchased the stock in trade at ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE, New York City, we are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world.

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. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

COLBY & RICH.

Advertisers. In printing from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the personal shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

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Spiritualists are the depositaries of a great truth, surrounded, no doubt, in many directions, with error and falsehood, but a truth for the establishment of which they appeal to experimental facts, capable of repeated verification. "A fact," says Carlyle, "is a divine revelation, and he who acts contrary to it sins against God." All truths contain one another; when true, right. It is to truth, through facts, truth free from all controverted dogmas, that Spiritualists aspire. — *Isaac B. Rich.*

Indian Peace.

The recent letter of Bishop Whipple, in the New York Tribune, on the subject of pacification for the Indian tribes, is practically a review of our whole treatment of them from the beginning. The Bishop first recites the steps of wrong and outrage that led straight to the recent Indian war, and in speaking of the Sioux he says that "The tribe had the solemn pledge of the nation by the treaty of 1868, that they should be protected in the territory set apart for them; and that he knows no instance in history where a great nation has so violated its solemn oath." He alleges with all possible emphasis, that the redmen had been guilty of nothing whatever that merited the severity with which they were punished by the Government, nor does he think they had committed any wrong at all. The substance of the complaint on our side was this:

Inspector Watkins, in November, 1875, reported to the Indian Office that Sitting Bull and followers in the Powder River country were stealing and plundering from the Montana settlers. The depredators were said to be but few in number, and they could easily be punished. But it was urged on the ground of justice and policy that none but guilty Indians should be punished, and the innocent ones should be protected. This sound advice was unfortunately not followed. The provisions at the agencies fell lamentably short during that very season, and, with the consent of the agents, the Indians went forth to hunt on their unceded territory, as allowed by the treaty. Commissioner Smith issued an order on the 6th of December, that if they were not back again at the agencies by the 1st of February, 1876, they would be treated as hostile; prior to his death, however, he admitted that the order was a cruel and fatally mistaken one, for the climate was too severe to permit the Indians to obey it. This order reached the Cheyenne Agency, and Agent Bingham wrote back, "It has surprised me and my Indians that the Government thinks that war is possible; I have never seen these Indians more friendly disposed."

There were no signs of displeasure or impatience shown by the Indians in the Powder River country, and as for war they never once dreamed of it. All that they replied to the order was— "We cannot come now; we are hunting; we will return early in the Spring." That reply was enough, and it was the sole and entire pretext for war. Troops were concentrated early in February, and in March the war began. An Indian village was attacked on the 17th of March. At this point the good Bishop pauses in his recital to give vent to his reflections. "We cry out," he says, "with indignation when savages follow the rule of savage warfare and attack one of our villages and murder women and children, is the act any more humane when civilization attacks Indian settlements and kills Indian women and babes? Is the crashing shell or the merciless Minie ball less cruel when it tears the flesh of the Indian's wife and child than when the tomahawk and rifle kills the white mother and babe?" And he says that the Indians in that very village were on their way back to the Agencies, in obedience to the order of the Commissioner!

That single rash and cruel act naturally inflamed all the Indians in the Powder River country to hostility. The Custer massacre was simply an act of swift and terrible retaliation. Close upon that rose the cry for Indian extermination. And the result of that mad cry has been a costly campaign or two, with the killing of a few scores of Indians, women and children being included. This is our style of civilized warfare, according to Bishop Whipple: "Although we do not torture the wounded and dying, we employ the merciless savage to do it for us. The Pawnees and the Crows, the savage enemies of the Sioux, are incorporated into our army. They are paid and fed and clothed by us, and we are responsible for their deeds. Recently a telegram announced that a number of Sioux chiefs came to our camp with a flag of truce to sue for peace. All were brutally murdered by our Crow scouts." He says that the officers of the army "felt a righteous indignation at this act, and feel ashamed and humbled when they are sent to carry on war which they know is the result of violated treaties." The subsequent story is as follows: "In July there was a rumor that the ponies of the friendly Indians would be taken from them. The agent at Cheyenne appealed to

the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to know if the rumor was true. The Commissioner went to the President. The President told him to write and assure the Indians of protection. The pledge that they should be protected in their property was made in the most solemn manner by the agent, for he had the highest of all authority, the President of the United States. This pledge was repeated by officers of the army."

And although this pledge was repeated just as emphatically by the Commissioners, in complete violation of it two thousand ponies were taken from the friendly Indians at Cheyenne and Standing Rock Agencies, that were driven east after the grass had been burned on the prairies and there were several inches of snow on the ground; and of this number but five hundred reached St. Paul alive. It was a wholesale confiscation and cruelty. The Bishop expresses his firm belief that the distress in business all over the country, and the devastations committed on the Western farms by the grasshoppers and other insect pests, are only judgments of heaven visited on the nation for the wrongs it tolerates in the treatment of the Indian. Now he proposes to call a truce. "He thinks it possible to establish a lasting peace with the Indians. The country in the southwest is one not surpassed in fertility or beauty by any that the sun shines upon. It has already been devoted to the use and enjoyment of the Indians by the government. We have one-half of it at our absolute disposal. We can place there any Indian tribes we like."

A portion of the Sioux are willing to migrate thither. If allowed to go, they will become pioneers for the rest, so that in time the entire body of Sioux will be drawn there as fast as they are reconciled to the theory of living by the cultivation of the soil. On the Missouri they can support themselves only as herdsmen, and in order to set them up in that calling large stocks of cattle would have to be purchased for them. And there would be lawless whites and marauding Indians to give them infinite trouble, and finally break up the system. The expected Black Hills emigration will induce large numbers of whites to go into the business of herding also, and thus there would be trouble from that source besides. By all means ought every Indian who is willing to try living by agriculture to be encouraged, that the influences of civilization may be brought as soon as possible into operation. The way to an Indian peace is plainly an open and an easy one.

Hudson Tuttle's Arcana of Spiritualism

An English edition of this work, the American plates of which were destroyed by the great fire in Boston, in 1872, before the volume had been largely circulated, has been republished by James Burns, London. It is an excellent work—plthy, condensed, and careful in its scientific inductions—just what we might expect from HUDDSON TUTTLE. No more attractive volume for the scientific inquirer into Spiritualism has yet appeared. Sold, wholesale and retail, by Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis.

The discredited Harvard College student—discarded solely because he was a born medium—is in town, and may be consulted at the Quincy House. At this time, when the medical junta of Massachusetts is at the State House petitioning for the enactment of a law against mediums practicing medicine, those interested should call upon Dr. Willis and get posted, or healed, if they are sick, as this gentleman is one of the very best medical clairvoyants in the State.

Baboo Peary-Chand Mittra.

A masterly and exhaustive review and discussion of the matter contained in the choice pamphlet on "The Psychology of the Aryas," (recently published at Calcutta by the above-mentioned eminent Indian merchant and man of letters,) has been prepared for our columns by Alfred E. Giles, Esq., and will appear at the earliest possible moment.

Local Societies.

D. C. Ashmun, of St. Charles, Mich., in writing to the Religio-Philosophical Journal upon the subject of organizing local societies, truly says: "The time has come when it behoves all Spiritualists to make an earnest effort to have a permanent society in their respective cities, cities or neighborhoods."

The Slade Defence Fund.

In another column will be found the report of the English Committee concerning the disposition (up to its date) of the moneys received by that body from all sources in defence of Dr. Slade, during the recent legal conflict.

Many favors from correspondents, and various items of interest (among them the letter from J. W. Fletcher promised last week) have been forced to a postponement as to their appearance by the amount of space which we have this week accorded to the report of the hearings before the Senate Committee, on the proposed medical infamy in Massachusetts. The friends will bear with us under the circumstances.

On Sunday next the lectures at Codman Hall, Boston, will be delivered as follows: Henry Appleton, of Rhode Island, at 10 A. M., on "The Ethics of Mutual Selfishness;" E. H. Heywood, at 2:30 P. M., on "The Specie Basis Fraud;" Bishop Ferrette, of Cambridge, at 7:30 P. M., on "Free-Love, Marriage and Contingence."

R. Linton, Esq., the English Spiritualist, who has been in this country for several months past, was called home recently in consequence of a death in his family. By letter from Croydon, he informs us that it is his intention to return to the United States in a few weeks.

We regret to be obliged to inform the public that in consequence of the sickness of Mrs. Rudd, no Séances will be held at the Banner of Light Public Circle-Room next week. Due notice will be given when the free meetings will be resumed.

Mrs. Clara Dearborn writes pleasantly of her experiences in London; and Dr. Mack, in recent letter, assures us that the lady has made since her arrival there a host of friends. She spoke at Doughty Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 25th, with excellent results.

Mrs. M. M. Hardy, whose recent séances in Washington, D. C., were very successful, has returned to Boston, and may be found as usual at Concord Square. Public circles are held there every Sunday evening.

The 29th Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Will be celebrated in Boston, at Paine Memorial Hall, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, March 30th, 31st, and April 1st, under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of which useful organization J. B. Hatch is Conductor. Lyceums, wherever located, are cordially invited to unite with the Boston school in the celebration. The following is the arranged programme of exercises:

On Friday evening, March 30th, there will be held an Inauguration Ball, dancing from 8 until 2. Music will be furnished by Savage's Band, C. D. Smith, prompter. Caterer Tufts will provide the supper.

On Saturday, March 31st, the hall will be open the entire day for the reception of strangers who may visit Boston on that occasion. The evening will be devoted to an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the Lyceum. This entertainment will be well worthy of public patronage.

Instrumental music for Saturday and Sunday will be furnished by the Lyceum orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Alonzo Bond.

On Sunday morning, April 1st, the Lyceum will hold its session in Paine Hall. In the afternoon the rostrum will be occupied by Prof. R. G. Eccles, who will preach the anniversary sermon.

A concert and conference, at 7:30 o'clock, will conclude the exercises. On this evening many of the most able speakers will be present and take part.

The Spiritualists of Springfield, Mass., will remember the event by a meeting to be held March 31st, at Sovereigns' Hall, speeches by Cephas B. Lynn, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, and others in the afternoon, entertainment in the evening. Particulars next week.

The Spiritualists of Battle Creek, Mich., will hold a Medium's Convention on March 31st and April 1st.

Prof. Miles's Lectures.

Prof. Miles has just closed a very successful course of lectures at the residence of Mrs. Floyd, No. 8 Pembroke street, Boston, before intelligent and appreciative audiences. He will give another course of three lectures on successive Friday evenings, at the elegant parlors of Mrs. Chase, No. 37 East Brookline street, Boston, commencing on the 16th inst. Subjects: "Psychic Force," "Inspiration and Intuition," and "Witchcraft." These interesting and advanced discourses are illustrated by beautiful life-size paintings representing the psychic, or soul forces, as they circulate in and through the physical and spiritual bodies, and are the first of a series of paintings giving the *Anatomy of Magnetism*, of inestimable value to all who may desire to treat disease by manipulations. Theodore Parker once said, while controlling Mrs. J. H. Conant, at the Banner free circles, in reference to these paintings: "They are the beginning of a grand science the world has but little idea of at the present time." Students in spiritual science will do well to attend these lectures given by Prof. Miles.

Mr. C. H. Foster, the excellent test medium, will return to Massachusetts in the early part of April, and hold séances at the Winthrop House in Boston, for two months, when this community will have a capital opportunity of witnessing the manifestations in this gentleman's presence, and can then judge for themselves whether the impostors Baldwin and Bishop can do anything even remotely approximating to the wonderful results produced.

Over two-thirds of the applications received by the new Postmaster-General for Southern post-offices come from clergymen. Mr. Key says he does not understand it to be the policy of the Administration to unite Church and State. That is the policy of the bigots. Keep a sharp lookout, Mr. Key. There are altogether too many Conjurors connected with the Post-office Department.

A highly-esteemed correspondent writes: "I sympathize with you deeply, Mr. Editor, in the difficulties and perplexities which full to your lot in conducting a public journal devoted to the advocacy and defence of Spiritualism. May the angels give you wisdom and strength to enable you to bear the 'Banner' of truth aloft and unsullied through the contest now raging."

If, as we hope, Mrs. Boothby is a genuine and honest medium, why is it that she should object to the presence at her séances of a certain gentleman, because he was reported to be one of those present at the exposure of the trickster, Mrs. Bennett? We hope that some satisfactory explanation of the report will be given.

The proceedings of the special séance held in our circle-room, on Sunday afternoon, March 4th, will be found on the sixth page. We call special attention to the message of Mr. Parker, who counsels Spiritualists to unite their forces and work together harmoniously for the benefit of all.

Dr. J. Mack, the American healer, of whom the London Spiritualist papers have spoken in the highest terms of praise, will leave England for the United States on or about the latter part of the present month, and intends making Boston his headquarters.

Quite a number of the spirit messages given through the agency of Mrs. Danskin, of Baltimore, reports of which were same time since published in this paper, have been verified. The verifications will appear in our next issue.

W. S. Bell and Horace Seaver will speak in Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Boston, next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, on the following subject, "Moody religion demoralizing to society."

The article entitled "An Evening with Mrs. Stewart, of Terre Haute," in this issue, was written by a reliable gentleman of this city, well known in business circles.

A New York correspondent writes: "If I had the time to look after the people referred to, I think I could verify three-fourths of the messages printed in the Banner."

"A Boston Minister" will reply in our next issue to Mr. Moody's Banner critic, "W. S. D.", whose communication appeared in these columns March 3d.

Mrs. Clara Dearborn writes pleasantly of her experiences in London; and Dr. Mack, in recent letter, assures us that the lady has made since her arrival there a host of friends. She spoke at Doughty Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 25th, with excellent results.

Mrs. M. M. Hardy, whose recent séances in Washington, D. C., were very successful, has returned to Boston, and may be found as usual at Concord Square. Public circles are held there every Sunday evening.

A NEW WORK

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

The "Stellar Key"—Second Part.

I have the happiness to inform you, Mr. Editor, that recently my best hours daily have been given to observations and investigations of things spiritual; and now I can say that the *Second Part*, which was long ago promised, of the "Stellar Key," is in process of being born; and it will be furnished to you for publication in the BANNER OF LIGHT in Chapters, and with illustrative diagrams, under the general title of "VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME." And I hope all this will bring you one thousand subscribers.

Orange, N. J.

The above note, replete with the genial spirit of the Harmonial Seer, fully explains itself to the reader. It was in 1867 that the First Part of The Stellar Key to the Summer-Land was published. Now, after the interval of ten years, its second part is to be given to the world. We are indeed pleased to make the announcement that such a plan has suggested itself to Bro. Davis; and, still more so, to be able to state that his labors in this regard have been crowned with a success of which our patrons themselves will have opportunity of judging ere long, as we shall commence the publication of the Series in the opening number of the forty-first volume—the BANNER OF LIGHT for MARCH 31st.

It is a significant fact that the date of the commencement of our new volume—marking the close of twenty years of earnest effort on our part for the advancement of the cause, and the commencement of another period—should fall on the anniversary day of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. We trust that the literary attractions which we shall endeavor to present in the forthcoming volume will meet with the approbation of our patrons, and we feel sure that the articles of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, illustrated as they will be with engravings in full unison with the penetrative thought of this wonderful mind, will draw to our columns the attention of many who have not as yet been in the habit of perusing our pages.

While we do what we can to improve and beautify the Banner of Light, we trust that those whose names are already on our mail books will take the hint from the closing line of the card of Bro. Davis, and endeavor to obtain for us a number of new subscribers which shall even transcend his kindly expressed wish in this regard.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Robert Cooper is announced to lecture, Sunday evening, at John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chauncy and Essex streets, on "Intemperance in England." Admission free.

Capt. II. H. Brown has just finished a successful course of six lectures each at Schoolcraft and at Plainwell, Mich., and will give a second course in each in April. He spoke in Milford (third engagement) March 11th. He will lecture in Detroit, also his third engagement, March 18th and 25th, and in Plainwell, April 1st. During the weeks between these dates he expects to visit Clyde, Holly, Fowlerville, and a few other points. He spoke before the Sovereigns of Industry in Battle Creek on the 7th inst. Will make engagements for dates after April 10th. Address care of Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Battle Creek, Mich.

Mr. Henry C. Lull, inspirational lecturer, will speak in St. John, N. B., Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 18th, 19th and 20th, also at Lowell, Mass., March 25th, and at the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, Paine Hall, Boston, Sunday evening, April 1st. His Sunday séances will be discontinued until further notice.

W. F. Jamieson gave in all thirteen lectures in Ellsworth (Wis.), arousing a warm interest in liberal themes. He was addressing audiences which were on the increase in River Falls (Wis.), March 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, the friends being compelled to move into a larger hall after the second night. He is announced to deliver a course in Prescott, same State, March 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th; a course in Glenwood, Iowa, March 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, and following Sunday. Societies in Iowa and Nebraska should address him at Glenwood, Iowa, care S. Wick.

(From the Spiritualist, London, Eng., for Feb. 16

could under the act receive certificates from these scotulary censors?

Dr. Batchelder at once mounted the rhetorical steed, and released the feline from the bag most unmistakably, as with sombre shades of the head, and close-knitings of the brows, he replied that if they could "pass a SEVERE examination as to the anatomy of the human frame," etc., etc., all who know the love which Allopathy has for clairvoyance, healing, and the kindred remedial agents of our time, will understand how "severe" perhaps they might be able to obtain such certificate.

His heart continued for a space to bleed, for society, and after warning the Committee that this bill dealt with some of the most solemn interests of the people, and with many important matters largely conjectural, he sat down, overwhelmed by a sense of the magnitude of his position.

Mr. Loring Moody, at once rose and questioned Dr. B., as to whether these healers, etc., obtaining as they did their remarkable powers by virtue of their natural fitness therefor, and having, in most cases, but limited knowledge of the theory of medicine, would not be practically *shut out* by the "SEVERE" examination proposed; and that sage disciple of diplomatised Paracelsus unhesitatingly replied: "Yes," thus showing clearly the animus of his school toward all those angel-developed workers for humanity whose wonderful cures have, in this afternoon of the nineteenth century, rivaled the startling exhibitions of spirit-healing (yeepit miracles) which bound such a crown of glory around the brow of the first.

Aldred E. Giles, Esq., interrogated Dr. Batchelder with regard to the eligibility (in his opinion) of those who, ignorant in themselves, were yet able to give by a practical test evidence as to the value of their services—as for instance the "Sweet" family of "natural bone-setters," well known in Rhode Island and in New Bedford. Dr. B. essayed to cast doubt upon some of the Sweets, both as to moral and medical standing, and after admitting (in reply to second query from Mr. Giles) that he himself, the sage of Danvers, knew nothing about the Bavarian Priestssitz and his water-cure system, again sat down—this time filled to blushing with a sense of his own ignorance.

The chairman, finding that the two rural physicians were the only ones present who desired to defend the bill, noticed those who had objections to it to set forth their views.

SPEECH OF A. E. GILES, ESQ.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee of Massachusetts, to save the people from certified medical doctors! Within a few years certain of the diplomatised doctors have made efforts in many of the United States, for special and exclusive legislation in favor of themselves and of their Medical Schools and Societies. In some of the States, their schemes have succeeded, but in others, the shrewd common sense of the legislators saw through and defeated them. They have come to Boston. Their plan has been presented in the Senate, and may be seen in Senate Bill No. 46, entitled "An Act to regulate the Practice of Medicine and Surgery in the State of Massachusetts." It is substantially the same in name, though more odious in its details, with the Act passed May 11th, 1874, in the State of New York, as may be seen on page 3 in Mr. Hazard's pamphlet, which has been distributed in the House and the Senate. Mr. Thomas R. Hazard of Rhode Island has been long and somewhat widely known as an earnest and intelligent defender of human rights against tyrannies and monopolies. Though now more than 80 years of age, he has recently written his scathing exposure of the doctors' plot, and to it your candid consideration is solicited. Though it is entitled "Civil and Religious Persecution in the State of New York," yet its facts and arguments are equally pertinent in Massachusetts.

Among other petitions presented at this session to your honorable body, is one from the Mayor of Boston for authority to regulate the practice of Pharmacy and Medicine in the city of Boston. It appears then, that special legislation is asked for, 1st, To regulate the practice of Surgery; 2d, To regulate the practice of Medicine; 3d, To regulate the practice of Pharmacy. So much of the Mayor's petition as relates to regulating the practice of medicine will doubtless be considered by you in connection with the Act which the diplomatised doctors ask for. Of

surgery and pharmacy, positive and exact knowledge to a certain extent is acquirable; and to that extent both one and the other may be recognized as sciences. Not so of medicine; the practice of it is tentative, empirical, and its effects are conjectural. Its history is one of an endless series of experiments. They are not formulated into certain knowledge. The system of medicine has therefore little or no claim to be recognized or legislated on as a science. If a science be settled, then if necessary its application may be regulated; but if settled, it does not need legislation. Mathematics and astronomy need no legislative regulations. The proposed Act associates under the name of Medicine, the unstable and ever-shifting conjectures of doctors with the honored names of Surgery and Pharmacy. It thereby surreptitiously appropriates to itself something of the respect which properly belongs to these sciences. The following considerations apply against "regulating"—i.e., prohibiting—medical practice, irrespective of the parties who may ask for it.

Many people believe that as poets are born, and are not made, so superior bone-setters, mechanics, physicians and preachers are born with an inclination or a natural bias or capacity for the business or profession in which afterwards they excel. In Mr. Hazard's pamphlet, anecdotes are given, on pp. 9 and 10, of Job Sweet, who, though never educated at a Medical School, was famous for his success as a bone-setter in cases where the diplomatised surgeons utterly failed. The legislation the school-bred doctors ask for, would subject all undiplomatised bone-setters, and such ones there are in Massachusetts, to fine or imprisonment. These natural bone-setters, not knowing the Latin names of the human anatomy, would probably be refused diplomas if they asked for them, and like some erratic genuses would decline to receive them from less skillful surgeons than themselves.

The school-bred doctors also ask from you the exclusive charge of all midwifery cases. Is this a power that you possess and can grant? Even if you possess the power, please consider to whom belongs the office of comforting, assisting, and supporting woman, in her time of travail, more properly than to a woman, even if undiplomatised, or to a mother who has had like experience, and who has undergone similar throes and pangs. It is nature, or the natural forces of the mother, that (if not interfered with by doctors) successfully delivers the living child. Not improbably many mother in childbirth, with her unborn offspring, has died through the blunderings of Massachusetts diplomatised doctors. Doubtless there are many mothers and elderly women in Massachusetts, without diplomas or licenses from medical schools, who have had larger experience and better success in midwifery cases than has been the lot of the majority of graduates of medical schools. Look at Section 8 of the proposed Act. Under its present provisions it would be a misdemeanor punishable in not less than fifty dollars for an uncertified mother to administer medicine to three or more of her children, or to attend as a midwife to her only daughter during three several confinements. Three repetitions of a prohibited act render the transgressor in law liable as a notorious or common offender. The dealer who makes three sales of liquor is a common seller. Three thefts by the same person render him liable as a common and notorious thief. So three doses of medicine, or three cases of midwifery, administered or attended to by an unlicensed person, would be a misdemeanor under this act, and finable.

The diplomatised doctors claim that they have no selfish or private ends in view, but are acting for humanity in their present efforts to obtain exclusive class legislation favorable to themselves and prohibitive of all practice by outsiders. The college dunces does not appreciate a genius. The regulars do n't like the irregulars. They call them bad names. They stigmatize them as quacks. "Give a dog an ill name and he'll soon be paths to health, and are safe guides for sick per-

soned," is a proverb. Many of the diplomatised doctors sturdily and persistently talk, and act as if the "dog" in the proverb was a doctor destined to a diploma or possessing one from another medical school than their own. "What is a quack?" asked a pupil of his medical professor. "A physician who has not graduated at our college," was the jocose yet not untrue reply. Many of the common people and not a few of the favored classes of society, after an experience painful to the patient, either in person or purse, bearing in mind the proverb "Of two evils choose the least," prefer the natural, the undiplomatised, the irregular practitioner, even though he be scorned by parchmented doctors as a quack.

Formerly the regular priests, clergymen and ministers claimed and held exclusive care of the souls of the people, as certain diplomatised doctors now desire to do of their bodies. There are, at the present time, about as many (perhaps more) incorporated divinity schools in Massachusetts as there are medical schools. The regular Doctors of Divinity and licensed preachers have as much right to an exclusive oversight of the souls of the people of this Commonwealth, as the regular Doctors of Medicine and certificated practitioners of physic have to a control over their bodies; and would it not be just as impulsive and unjust in your Honorable Body to grant it in one case as it would in the other? If the Medical Doctors are successful in their present application, may not the Divinity Doctors be emboldened at some future session of the Legislature to make an effort in their own favor, of course disclaiming all personal benefit, and professing to have in view only the welfare of the souls of the people? They could adopt the present Senate document No. 46 as the precedent of the Act they might ask for. The following would be its substance:

SECT. 1. Every chartered divinity school shall annually elect a board of censors to examine and license ministers, preachers, exhortors, evangelists and members of praying bands.

SECT. 2. Every preacher, minister, pastor, lay exhorter, evangelist and member of a praying band shall be entitled to a certificate of qualification to conduct the affairs of the church, and to be a teacher in the school, with the certificate that he is given, qualified to preach, minister, exhort or pray, &c., as he may specify in the said certificate.

SECT. 3. If of the persons mentioned in the preceding sections, any person shall be provided to record it he shall be liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars, and if he shall preach, minister, &c., or officiate at a funeral, without having previously recorded his certificate, he shall be liable to the penalties in section eight.

SECT. 4. The Board of Divinity School shall at their discretion notify all preachers, ministers, lay exhorters and members of praying bands, of the requirements of this act.

SECT. 5. Any person not a resident of this State shall be cause to be removed, before he shall be permitted to preach, minister or exhort, &c., within this State.

SECT. 7. Every board of censors shall issue certificates to all ministers, preachers, &c., who shall furnish evidence by diploma from some medical school, certificate of examination by some authorized board, which shall after examination satisfy said censors, &c. Any certificate issued by my board of censors as herein provided shall be valid throughout the State after being duly registered, &c. The fee for issuing said certificate shall be one dollar.

SECT. 8. It is hereby declared a misdemeanor for any person to preach, minister, exhort, evangelize and pray, &c., in this State unless authorized by a certificate of qualification issued by the Board of Divinity School for the first offence he shall not less than fifty dollars nor more than two hundred dollars, &c., and for any subsequent offence not less than one hundred dollars nor more than four hundred dollars, &c.

SECT. 9. Whoever writes, &c., or by printed words, &c., utters any word or sententia that they are legal physicians, ministers, &c., without having first obtained a certificate, shall be liable to same penalties as are provided in section eight, &c.

SECT. 10. This act shall not be construed to apply to physicians and surgeons, &c.

SECT. 11. All acts repugnant to the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

SECT. 13. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Such legislation as the preceding is what the diplomatised medical doctors ask from your Honorable Body in their favor. Will you give it to them? Rather than do it, tell them by your action that in Massachusetts there are no privileged classes nor professions. Here is a government, by the people, of the people, for the people. Let the diplomatised doctors be as other professionals are, the servants, and not the despots and masters of the people, as they would be if their proposed Act should pass your body. The people have the right to choose their own physicians. Please don't deprive them of it, nor abridge that right. Let your watchword be,

FREE PHYSICIANS AND PATIENTS' RIGHTS.

Malpractices and accidents and mistakes occur with the regular as surely as with the irregular physicians. Both classes, in that respect, are amenable to the law. Irregular physicians may as properly ask for the exclusion of the regular doctors from practice, by special legislation in their own favor, as may regular doctors ask for it in their favor against the former. Why are not more suits brought against doctors for their often alleged malpractices? The answer is, 1st, The grave covers their mistakes. 2d, Only in the worst cases, and oftener not in those, will physicians of the same school testify against each other. 3d, The surviving patients, or the legal representatives of the lost ones, having escaped the conjectures of the doctors, fear to risk themselves in the meshes of the lawyers.

It is attributed to Dr. O. W. Holmes that he once said it would be better for mankind that all drugs be thrown into the sea, but it would be hard on the fishes. Surely whoever said it spoke wiser than he knew.

We have little time for further comments, and conclude with a few citations from the writings of the best and most candid physicians, men of age and experience as to the real value of medical practice:

The physician and confidential friend of King George IV. was Sir Wm. Knighton. In one of his letters, printed in his Memoirs, p. 29, he writes: "Medicine seems to be one of those ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity. This is lamentably true, although anatomy has been better illustrated, the *materia medica* enlarged, and chemistry better understood."

Dr. John Mason Good, author of "The Book of Nature," and an eminent English physician in the early part of the present century, wrote: "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicine on the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except, indeed, that they have already destroyed many of the animals taxed for their impurities, the poison bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all the inconceivable abominations thus obtained thrust down the throats of human beings, suffering from some fault of organization, nourishment or vital stimulation."

Many of the common people will not love diplomatised drug doctors even though they be further certified by the proposed board of censors.

Features and words of loved ones, who once were their acquaintances, friends, and members of their families, linger in their minds. They also remember that after such ones had partaken of the doctors' drugs and potions, they vanished:

for they had passed onward to the silent land. They may not be able to explain the reasons of their dislike, but with emphasis they say:

I don't love them, Doctor Felt;

The reason why I cannot tell;

But this alone I know full well;

I don't love them, Doctor Felt;

Extract of a Letter from Rev. Richard Edes, of Bolton, Mass.

"For years I was a sufferer from boils, so that my life became wearisome through their frequent and persistent recurrence. A carbuncle, which ultimately occupied a space of three or four square inches, formed in the small of my back. During its progress large pieces of decomposed flesh were every day or two cut away; and the prostration and general disturbance of the system were great. Before I had recovered from this attack two smaller carbuncles broke out higher up, and I was again threatened with a recurrence of the suffering to which I had so long been subjected. It was at this time that I commenced taking the PERUVIAN SYRUP. I continued taking it until I had used five bottles; since then I have had nothing of the kind. I attribute this improved state of my system entirely to the PERUVIAN SYRUP; and I feel that I cannot express my obligations to it in terms too strong. For years I was one of the greatest sufferers. Other medicines gave me partial and temporary relief; but this remarkable remedy, with kind of intuitive sense, went directly to the root of the evil, and did its work with a thoroughness worthy of its established character."

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March 17.

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March 17.

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Jan. 12.—15

[Continued on eighth page.]

paths to health, and are safe guides for sick per-

sons who desire to travel thither, why do so many of their patients, persons of robust frame, if they had not been drugged, would probably have lived their three score years and ten, and not unlikely four score years, why, I ask, do so many of them die while in their care? Did the post mortem examinations of the bodies of Charles Sumner and of Professor Agassiz reveal the existence of diseases sufficiently dangerous to cause their deaths? Were not all their vital organs in a normal or nearly normal state? And why do so many young diplomatised physicians die before middle or old age? I can recall the names features of many such of my classmates or friends of my earlier days whose suns went down before, or while it was noon with them.

Again, if only the regular diplomatised doctors

know the road to health, why is it that multitudes

of sick persons, when attended by undiplomatised

physicians, natural doctors or quacks, are re-

stored to health? I myself am an instance.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNY S. RUDD, are reported verbatim, and published each week in this department.

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil; consequently those who pass from the earth-sphere in an undevout state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expresses much of truth as they perceive it.

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings

Are held at *Navy Yard, navy Pier*, (second story,) corner of Franklin street, every **TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY AT EIGHT P.M.**. The Hall will open at 7 o'clock, and a free entrance will be given to all, excepting the persons who have the right to enter through the entrance near representing the *Subscription* at the same, except because of absolute necessity. *The public are cordially invited.*

Questions answered at these Squares are often presented by individuals among the audience. These, too, to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

LEWIS R. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNY S. RUDD.

Special Service—Sunday, March 4th.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother God, thou who lovest the sparrow, thou who lovest the flower, thou who lovest all mankind, we would come into thy presence to day, we would clasp thy hand and ask thee for thy loving power as we come to earth to convey to the children of men thy truths and the spiritual law of life. Oh, may we bring some bright gem of truth that it may be like a star shining out in the firmament of the life everlasting. May we touch some heart, may we bring forth some principle of light and truth, may we guide humanity up to a better plane of existence.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will attend to any question you may have to offer, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—When the spirit passes from one body to another, do these bodies differ so much in appearance that you would not recognize the individual by spiritual sight?

Ans.—We always know each other by spiritual sight; when we pass from one body to another. As regards the material sight, ye who have known us only through the material might not recognize us in the spiritual, but were your clairvoyant powers to be developed, were your spiritual sight to be opened, there would be an instantaneous recognition.

Q.—What are the special uses of suffering?

A.—Suffering seems to perfect the spiritual and develop it. The only use that we can see in suffering is that it may perfect and bring out a higher degree of spiritual unfoldment than otherwise could be attained.

T. Starr King.

Friends, I come here to day because this is the only place where my voice can be heard. Many of my friends are gathered together to day to do honor to my name, and I thank them for every love-token. I thank them for every kind thought that has gone forth for me. Yet, while they are thus assembled, they give me no power to speak to them through the lips of any medium. What am I to do? Simply to turn to this outlet, which is ever true to the spiritual world, a grand and mighty centre of spiritual development. As we stand in spirit-life, and look forth over the world, we know that there will be no failure here, whenever we wish to speak to the children of earth. To day it becomes me to say I thank you for this outlet. Though my heart is full, and I long to give utterance to the thoughts that well up in my soul, I cannot utter them except through the lips of another, or impress them upon the brain of some human being. I am thankful for this privilege—that I can again, through the lips of mortals, as I have in the past, say to the world that I know this philosophy is true. I know that the grand truths of Spiritualism are something to live by, something to die by, something to work for. It matters not how many crosses may come, how many weary days of work you may have, remember that in the grand hereafter, in the spiritual world, there is a crown of glory awaiting you for every cross you may bear—for every thorn that seems to pierce your brow there is a bright flower blooming in the spiritual garden above. Oh! we wish you could only see as we see to day kneeling in your circle-room, hundreds of spirits thanking God that one place is open to them where they may speak whatever they will. A song of praise is going up higher than any other song of praise ever went up. You are silent—no song of praise goes forth from you to day, while in yonder churches the music rolls upward, and in louder tones the organ peals out upon the air. Yet there is a spiritual organ here that sends forth its notes stronger, higher, far higher than any material organ that has ever been heard, and there is a chorus of voices far stronger than the evangelists can muster, that rises in praise of truth—that we can return to earth again. I stand before you to day, feeling that I am but an humble individual, working for the great cause of progression. All who ever knew me will remember that wherever my voice could be heard for progress or in defense of truth, I never failed to speak. Beloved ones who are honoring me to day, I still live. I thank you for every loving token. I thank you for every kind thought. I would thank you still more would you but permit me to speak to you from the midst of my own people. Nevertheless, I thank God for this open avenue, that affords me the means by which I can speak to the children of earth.

I may not have spoken so that you will comprehend me, for I know well I cannot express as I was wont in my own tabernacle of flesh; but I have done the best I could with the instrument which has been furnished me this afternoon. I thank you more than I can express for the privilege I enjoy to day. T. Starr King.

Harriet Gordon Greene.

I certainly feel modest in making my appearance here this afternoon, for I am a very humble individual; and yet, as I know your post-office is open to all, I feel that I would like to put my letter in. My name is Harriet Gordon Greene. I passed out from Nashua, N.H. For many weeks before my death I was anxious, more than anxious—I feared the great hereafter. In fact, there had been so much said and so many pictures portrayed of the great hereafter, I feared to pass on. I did not know what was before me, but at last the grand principles of Universalism were unfolded to me; the never-failing love of God was shown to me. At once my heart was easy. I began to lay hold of the spiritual, and it seemed to me easy to go. I cared so little for life. I remember well the dear one who spoke to me of the blessed Saviour, of the great hereafter, and the heaven above, where all were sure of the Father's love, and it seemed to me so beautiful! It was like a great unfolding, like a garden of beautiful flowers, and, as I looked, each little bud and each leaf seemed to unfold and grow, and become so bright, and I rejoiced! I took that dear doctrine to my heart and passed away feeling strong and happy, and I came into this life, not only to find Universalism true, but that your spiritual faith was true also; that

I was not dead at all; that I had only changed the old worn-out garment for a new one.

I have had some opportunities of returning, yet to day, I know not why, I feel as if I would like to come and speak to the world and say that so great was the change to me, so beautiful, so pleasant, so grand, that I would like to teach them the way of life. If you only live consistent, true lives, it is nothing to die. Just unbutton your coat and throw it off, and you are there in a spiritual garment. I know the time is coming when it will be more than this, that when our old bodies are laid away and we take on a spiritual garment, we shall just step in, and there will be no vacant chairs, there will be no lonely presides, but we shall be with you still and forever.

I was buried in Sandown, from my brother-in-law's house. There has been no fear, no trouble, no care. I was buried in 1839—in July, I think it was; it was very warm.

John Larabee.

Well, sir, this appears to be a Sunday meeting, is it not? Are we expected to preach or to pray, what are we expected to do? [You can say what you please.] Well, sir, I should feel at home in a prayer-meeting. I have presided there many times, yet no prayer-meeting like yours I know nothing of it. Why, sir, I wonder to myself that any of you can breathe, this room is so crowded, so closely packed, as I might say, tier upon tier, with spirits of human beings. Why, the spirit-world seems crowding here, and if my importunity, I would like to ask it is always so? [It is a fair specimen.] Then I wish, in God's name, you had more outlets for the spirit-world. I certainly feel that I am favored this afternoon, in being able to control the subject before me. I was formerly a native of Wells, Me. I would say, belong to Bath. I didn't believe in your religion by any means, for I was a member of the Baptist church, in good and regular standing. I believed in baptism, but I've come here to-day to be baptized with the living light of truth. You may think it very strange, sir, but I do feel that I have never been baptized thoroughly, until at this very moment, when the heavenly ones, those whose garments I hardly dare to touch, lay their hands upon my head and pronounce a blessing upon me. Is not this a greater baptism than any that water can give, and yet the baptism of water is not such a ridiculous idea, after all. Friends, water means truth, and wherever a drop of it is laid upon you, it is meant to signify a drop of truth placed upon your brow. Did the children of men truly understand it, there would be a different feeling with regard to the baptism of water. The water which is laid upon you, or which you pass through, is not really cleansing, yet it is symbolic of the truth that has entered in and taken possession of your soul. Few of us realize this, but from our spiritual standpoint we feel it, we understand it and know it is so. I come here to day and am baptized with a new water of life, with a spiritual essence which I never expected to feel before. I thank the great All Father for this, and I trust that I may reach some one who knew me in earth-life, that they may recognize me, and know and understand that I still live.

My name is John Larabee. I was formerly a ship builder. I John died in Farmington, Me., some five years ago. I was about sixty-eight years old.

James Flannigan.

Shure, sir, an' if it's baptizing ye're after, I want to be baptized myself; but, sir, I don't see the font at all, at all. Have ye'nt a drop of wather to do it with, sir? [No; you will get a spiritual baptism.] Oh, dear! dear! t is that all I've com'd fur? [You'll find that will be sufficient.] An' are ye'nt go'ng to baptize me in good and regular order? Have ye' no robes to put on? Ye are a funny prast, indead, sir. [Such forms and ceremonies are not needed here.] But shure, I heerd the ghetleman that come forstorn me say he was about being baptized, an' this he was going a bit further, he said: so I just pushed myself in. O! I want to be baptized, sir, an' not a drop of wather to do it with, neither; not a wafer, neither, sir? Augh! an' ye're a big set of ignoramus; ye don't know nothin' at all! at all! at all! bitt!

Shure, sir, tell me—the old ghetleman here tells me, if I'd come in I'd feel so mooch better when I wint out; but I said I'd get a general baptism. Shure, sir, I thought it was a beautiful font ye' d have, an' everything nice, an' a nice robe; an' ye' say ye'll not give me a drop of wather?

Well, sir, I've had a hard time since I've been here. It was n't the wather that killed me, by any means, but it was the crathur himself without the wather at all! Do ye understand me, sir? [Yes.] An' sir, am I doing wrong? Ye're laughing at me, but I can't help it. I am to tell my story, am I not? Shure, sir, an' that was the end of me, an' all the devils in hell was after me, sir, and whin I got out all the devils in hell was after me thin, and I've had a hard time.

They prayed for me, an' it done me not a ha'porth of good, sir. I've been to the prayers there, forninst them, and I'd go away an' feel just as bad as before, an' it's purgatory all round me; an' whin I heard that you'd baptize me, I coome here, an' I thought I was going out feelin' so good, an' not a ha'porth o' wather will ye give me, sir.

My name is James Flannigan. I went out from your city about one year ago. Now, sir, I'm going, an' I hope I'll feel bother. If I do n't, I'll torment ye!

Converse Smith.

I wish you would say that Converse Smith, of Waltham, called here to day, and placed his name upon your record. He's very glad to know that this thing is true, though probably he would not have received it while here; but he receives it now and knows the spiritual light is flowing around him. He enjoys it, and he enjoys the presence of his friends. My daughter Mary, who came so soon after me, whose hand I have clasped, whose loving care I have had, is with me. I lay aside all of the past—I cannot help it—it, I lay it all one side. I embrace the Spiritual Philosophy and say, God speed Spiritualism!

James B. Mann.

Say, if you please, that James B. Mann, who died suddenly, of heart disease, in Salem, Mass., some five or six years ago, has returned to your circle-room, and if there are any of his friends that would like to hear from him, he will be glad to communicate with them. By my sudden demise there were several things which are not understood. I would be glad to give the friends some instruction, if they will listen to me.

John Ewan.

I am John Ewan. I was accidentally killed by a fall from a bridge in Waterbury, Vt., some years ago. I cannot tell exactly when. I will see that this is handed to one of my friends who asked that I would come, and said if I would report here at the Banner of Light office they would believe it was me. Now I am here. I have reported. I trust they will give me a chance to report nearer home. If they don't they will hear from me further.

Mary A. Noyce.

I would like to send a note to some friends of mine here on the earth-plane. I have n't been gone a long time—not much more than a year or two. My name is Mary A. Noyce. I would like to say to the beloved ones whom I have left on earth, that I have brought some bright and beautiful flowers to strew in their pathway. Remember that I shall ever be Frank's; ever shall I love and respect him. I will strew all the bright flowers it is possible round their pathway. I will give them all the beautiful thoughts I can. As I stand to day in the midst of this circle, and look round and see the different individual spirits here, I can but smile; for, although I know you mean it well, there is such a strange gathering—from the lowest to some of the very highest, from the old sages of the past to the lowest undeveloped spirit, peeping, as it were, into your circle-

room. As I look about I wonder if you realize your mission—if you know the work you are doing. If so, clasp more firmly the hands of the angel world—of those great, divine influences that draw near unto you. Oh, let me bring some little thought, some flowers of truth, to my beloved ones! I will guide them onward and upward. I passed out from Hyde Park.

Dr. John S. Little.

Mr. Chairman, I do n't know that I am a speaker for Sunday, but I certainly have the good of all at heart, as I return here to earth to day. I passed out from the earth form, as I may say, from a difficulty of the lungs. It was a difficulty from which I had more of less pain for days, in fact, for weeks and months, more than I had ever told anybody. I kept it to myself as much as possible, and when it became intolerable, I resorted, as everybody else does, to some medicine that might alleviate it. I suppose that the chloroform which I inhaled perhaps hastened my going out, and yet I know I could have stayed but a little while. I understand perfectly what my friends think about it, but I know more perfectly what the condition of the human system was than they can tell me. I know the condition of the lungs, the condition of the liver and of the heart, and I know that though I might have stayed a little while longer, yet it would have only been to have suffered still more. I feel to rejoice that I am away from all sufferings. I have got rid of them, and to-day I am a happy spirit. I recognize in this spiritual return a great and mighty truth. I feel the utility of it more than I can tell you. I feel the strength—the use of it. I feel that it is to become a grand and mighty power which shall sway all things. No matter what may be tried upon you, no matter if they try to close your mouths—as I assure you they will try to do—no matter if they try to stop the work of your physicians—as they are endeavoring to do—we tell you it is time to be up and doing, to work for this great and mighty influence, and it will at last permeate every soul in the land, and will make all the world spiritual. Why, dear souls, did you fully realize that your loved friends were standing beside you, and that you were holding their hands, and that they were talking to you, you would lead truer and better lives. They may say—they who are members of the Church—that they believe in Christ and him crucified, that they believe in heaven and hell; but if they did believe in all this, would they lead the lives they do? They believe in it for somebody else, not themselves!

Do you Spiritualists believe in spirit-return for yourselves, or do you believe in it for somebody else? I earnestly hope you believe and realize it for yourselves. I want my friends to know I have returned here to the Banner of Light. I am ready to work, I am ready to do all I can for all that may ask me. I only pray for greater power, for greater strength, and more instruments to work with. I give my name, Dr. John S. Little. I passed away from Goffstown Centre, N. H.

Theodore Parker.

Friends—I do not feel that I can speak to day through this instrument as I would like to do, and yet my heart is full, and I long to commune with the people of Boston. From my spiritual standpoint I long to open their eyes, that they may see clearly. I long to say to the world that I still live, that I am still at work for God and Liberty.

While on the earthly plane, and since my entrance to spirit-life, from this and other platforms I have ever worked for Truth and for Humanity. I know no other religion; I recognize no other creed. I have no fear of God to day; I had no fear of God when I stood in the form, for I knew that God was Love—that all Nature spoke of Him, and that He was recognized by mankind not only in the city of Boston or the State of Massachusetts or the United States, but in all countries wherever intelligence reigned. I knew that the Indians on the Plains had as good an idea of God as I had. They recognized Him in the beautiful flowers that bloomed at their very feet—they heard His voice in the thunder-tones above—they saw the flash of His eye as the lightnings gleamed athwart the sky—and, feeling His power they recognized and worshiped Him as the ruler of the universe. They saw no evil in God. They knew that God was good, and that all life had a goodness in it. So do I recognize, to day, that there is goodness in all; that what seems evil, is only undeveloped good; that in the order of Divine Providence the darkness is as necessary as the light, as well in the mental life as in the physical; that if the people of earth had no clouds, they would not appreciate the beautiful sunshine.

I have had only one religion to teach to the children of earth, and that was that they should be true to themselves; that they should live lives of usefulness, lives of goodness. I ever taught man to be true to himself, and then I knew he would be true to God. I would have each man deal with his neighbor as he would have his neighbor deal with him; I would have him follow in the footsteps of Confucius, and later yet, in the footsteps of the humble Nazarene, who said, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." I could not feel that I should be narrowed down to any small creed, or bound by any words of man, for God seemed so great and so mighty, so wondrous to me, that I desired, as far as I was able, to bring to the children of men the realization of His great goodness.

And to day, as I stand in spirit-life, at one of the most critical hours that America has seen for years, I say to you, Oh, people of my beloved country! Remember, and be true to yourselves! I am to the God within you! Remember and do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.

I care not what the world may say of me, or some individual standing on a Boston rostrum may abuse my name; it matters not. I only care that my name may be kept fresh in the hearts of the children of earth; that they study carefully my teachings, in order that they may fully comprehend the spirituality which I tried to inculcate, and which I would enforce to day. I care not for the questions which theologians may ask. They are too trifling for me to answer. I thought to do so some few weeks ago through the instrument I now control, but as several of my earthly friends have vindicated me in the public press, I shall take no further notice of the unfriendly spirit manifested by Rev. Mr. Cook, only to request my amanuensis to append to this my message from the life immortal the concluding paragraph of Rev. C. A. Bartol's remarks, as shown me in a late number of the Christian Register:

"Mr. Cook makes no more wanton observation than that Parker admires but does not adore God. Were there any who would do so? I think Mr. Parker would be the first to send a message to Mr. Cook. I think Mr. Cook would hear from him.

Meantime we only hope Mr. Cook himself adores an sincerely, so grossly doffances."

I simply would say, I am ever true to myself, and true to God, whom I always reverently adored, and I will ever preach what seems to me the truth, whether I find it in the heavens above, or in some hell beneath—it matters not where, so it be truth. I care not though this diamond lie within the deepest depths of the filth of ignorance! if I can bring it up, and let it shine out in its beautiful brightness to the children of earth, I shall most assuredly do so. I care not where I find an instrument such as I now control—whether he or she can speak eloquently, as I was said to speak, or whether they speak the most commonplace phrases—I shall use them, and my voice shall still be heard in Boston / yes, and not only in Boston, but in all parts of the civilized world! Wherever I can find an instrument to speak through, there will I be found.

I say to you, children, to day, there is a power that is wielding its arms to suppress liberal thought—to bind you down. SEE TO IT THAT YOU WORK THIS VERY HOUR TO THROW OFF THE ARM THAT IS RAISED TO CRUSH YOU, AND MAY, BEFORE YOU EXERCISE GREAT VIGILANCE.

And, in conclusion, let me say again: All the creed I know is to be true to myself, true to God, and true to my fellow-man. I believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

—PARKER.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

During the

and two together you make four. The body was placed in its earthly tenement, and the words were spoken, "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes." The spirit made its escape—fled unto realms of which I oftentimes had heard others speak and preach. It was very glibly spoken by the good man, the preacher—"The Lord, our Saviour, our good Master, chastises—the one whom he loves best." Now I would rather he had not loved me so well, and had allowed me to number more years upon the planet earth, for its beauties had much charm for me, its pleasures delighted me, its varieties were pleasing in my sight. Now I seem to be nonentity, dissatisfied, restless, and uneven in temper. Well, all the attributes belonging to the woman still cling to the spirit, and my power of observation dictates to me that I must culture and educate and round off some of the sharp points, to become more fitted for companionship with the dead.

To be taken suddenly out of existence is a matter of moment. The mind runs back and recalls the scenes which it left in its healthy condition, gathering up the data which makes the contrast between the one that was and the one that is. I am not gifted like others, for I cannot talk so glibly.

It is allotted, they tell me, unto men, to live on earth, perform their duty, do their work, carry out their projects, then to die, taking with them their burdens into the other country. Peculiar chapter in the history of man! One day walking, striding, full of pride, pomp, and arrogance; the next day shows his littleness—lying prostrate on the bed with disease, the mind shattered, the body feeble, unfit for locomotion. Then the stranger death walks in, looks upon you, takes your measure, and crowns you for his kingdom. Just think of it! this is done in the twinkling of an eye! Would that I had understood all the possibilities of my nature; then I would not have been where I am; however, with the help of others, I will soon scatter the darkness, and, opening the door, break the fetters, and let the slave go free. When this is done I will return to earth again and make myself known. Now I am a novice in a strange land, knocking, seeking, finding some things, and some things I cannot find. I feel that I have performed my duty as far as my ability will allow. To you and others I give thanks, for I feel the better for the coming.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT:

Elder Samuel W. Davis; Henry Halfford; Carrie Sumner; John Morris; Ruth Thompson; John Devereux; "The Drummer Boy"; George D. Christie; Walter S. Bliss; Cornelius Murphy; Elizabeth Sherman; Elizabeth Casey; George S. Sorren; Rosa Winthill; Old Mother Underwood.

Owing to its extreme length, the remainder of our list of announcements of "messages to be published" is omitted. The communications will appear in regular order.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.

SARAH A. DANSKIN,
Physician of the "New School,"
Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Office, No. 70½ Saratoga Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANSKIN has been the pupil of and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many of her predictions have been verified, and she now has been permanently cured through her instrumentality.

She is clairaudient and clairvoyant. Reads the interior condition of the patient, whether present or at a distance, and Dr. Rush treats the case with a scientific skill which has been greatly enhanced by his fifty years experience in the practice of medicine.

A application by letter, enclosing Consultation Fee, \$2.00 and two stamps, will receive prompt attention.

The American Lung-Healer,
Prepared and Magnetized by Mrs. DANSKIN.

An unfeeling remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION has been cured by this.

Price \$2.00 per bottle. Three bottles for \$5.00, Address WASH. A. DANSKIN, Baltimore, Md.

Feb. 10.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis

May be Addressed till further notice.

Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Dr. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his power in this life are unrivaled, can treat as no other scientific man can, with known medical knowledge.

Dr. WILLIS claims especially skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system, Cancer, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

He has been called to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others had failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp. Send for Circulars and References.

Sept. 30.

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

Mrs. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that she will visit her in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition, marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription thereto; what to eat; how to sleep; how to bathe, etc., teaching people to be their own doctors on the powerful and yet simple plans of Nature.

Price 50 cents, postage 10 cents.

Dr. WILLIS claims especially skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system, Cancer, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

He has been called to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others had failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp.

Send for Circulars and References.

Sept. 30.

J. H. RHODES, M. D.,
Clairaudient and Clairvoyant, Medical and Electro-Magnetic Healer.

READS the interior condition of his patients with perfect certainty, and gives the exact name and address, sex, married or unmarried, and \$2.00, request a spirit doctor to examine the person named and report the condition necessary for receiving knowledge and power from physicians in spirit-life. He has for the past ten years been a Practicing Physician in the city of Philadelphia, and is acknowledged and enrolled as such by the Board of Health.

Spirit Physicians Examine the Patient,

Dr. R. will, on receiving full and exact name and address, sex, married or unmarried, and \$2.00, request a spirit doctor to examine the person named and report the condition necessary for receiving knowledge and power from physicians in spirit-life. He has for the past ten years been a Practicing Physician in the city of Philadelphia, and is acknowledged and enrolled as such by the Board of Health.

Medicine sufficient to last one week will be sent by mail, and two spirit magnetic treatments be given, and whatever else the spirit doctor may direct. In all cases of treatment patients at a distance successfully, letters from the patient or a near friend should be received before sending a week's supply of the magnetic current which flows from the healer to the patient.

Medicated and Magnetized Paper,

Magnetized for each special case, in one of the most potent remedies, and often the best mode of giving magnetic treatment, as it involves no feeling of delicacy to a sensitive person. He has had the best of success in curing disease of the Lungs, Heart, Liver, Kidney and Stomach, &c., or any diseased part where it can be applied. Price, six sheets \$1.00, with full directions.

Liver and Blood-Purifying Pills,

Composed of the best known Anti-Bilious and Blood-Purifying properties in the vegetable kingdom, and made by hand under the magnetic control, thus giving them the spirit-vitalizing power which is the only force that can now disease and revive and build up the exhausted system. Price, \$1.00 per box, 50 pills.

The special study of diseases of women and children, and has received many testimonials.

Address.

J. H. RHODES, M. D.,

181 Spring-Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Feb. 17.—^{4th}

SPIRITUALIST HOME,

86 DOVER ST., near Washington st., Boston, Rooms to let by the day, week or month. Mrs. WESTON.

March 10.—^{4th}

W. L. JACK, M. D., Diagnoses Disease by

lock of hair. Price \$1.00, 60 Merrimac street, Ha-

verhill, Mass.

4th—March 10.

Mediums in Boston.

NOTICE THE CHANGE OF PLACE.

DR. H. B. STORER'S

New Office, 29 Indiana Place, Boston.

MRS. JULIA M. CARPENTER,
Medical Clairvoyant.

WE TREAT ALL forms of Chronic Disease with remarkable success, by direct applications to the nerve centers of the spine, and by our

NEW ORGANIC REMEDIES.

Restorative, Detergent and Nutritive.

Clairvoyant examinations, by full name and look of hair, written, &c.; when present, \$1. Medicines, full directions for treatment, sent to all parts of the country as heretofore.

Dec. 21.

I. P. GREENLEAF,

Medical Clairvoyant and Homeopathic Physician.

OFFICE at 83 Montgomery Place, Room 4, Boston, Mass. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Prescriptions given and Medicine sent when desired. Patients visit their homes. Parties joined in marriage, Funerals attended on notice.

Dec. 10.

Dr. Main's Health Institute,

AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE desiring a Medical Diagnosis of Disease, will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. All Medical examinations at any distance, Terms \$2.00. Also Magnetic Paper \$1.00, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Suite 1.

March 17.

Mrs. S. E. Crossman, M. D.

CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN; also Trauma Medium, Specialty: Curling Cancer, Tumors and Muscular Complaints. Examines at any distance. Terms \$2.00. Also Magnetic Paper \$1.00, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Suite 1.

March 17.

Mrs. Maggie Folsom

WILL still continue giving Medical Examinations and Diagnostic Tests at 41 Dover street, although not, as formerly, in partnership with or under supervision of Dr. H. Storer.

Dec. 16.

Susie Willis Fletcher

TRANSC MEDIUM, 7 Montgomery Place, Boston. Office hours 9 to 5.

March 3.

Mrs. JENNETH J. CLARK,

CLAIRVOYANT AND ELECTRICIAN, Medium and Electrician. Address Hours from 10 to 12 at 8 E. Springfield st., Boston. March 3.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER,

THE world-renowned Spiritual Medium, has returned from Europe. 46 Beach street, Boston, Mass. Hours 11 to 7.

4w—Feb. 21.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER,

MEDIUM—Post, Medical and Business—133 Castle st.,

M. near 390 Tremont st. Hours 9 to 9. Sundays 2 to 9.

March 3.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER,

THE world-renowned Spiritual Medium, has returned

from Europe. 46 Beach street, Boston, Mass. Hours 11 to 7.

4w—Feb. 21.

MRS. C. E. EWELL,

Business and Medical Clairvoyant. Room 9, 2 Washington street, (corner, Indiana place.) Hours from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Great success.

26w—Oct. 7.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER,

MEDIUM—Post, Medical and Business—133 Castle st.,

M. near 390 Tremont st. Hours 9 to 9. Sundays 2 to 9.

March 3.

MRS. N. J. MORSE,

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 7 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Dec. 30.

MRS. J. C. EWELL,

Inspirational and Electrician.

TRANSC MEDIUM, 2 Hotel Norwood, cor. of Oak and Washington st., Boston, (entrance on Ash st.) Hours 10 to 5.

Dec. 30.

MRS. N. J. MORSE,

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 7 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Dec. 30.

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE,

Test and Business Clairvoyant. Six questions by mail \$0.50 cents and stamp. Whole \$1.00. 75 Devon street, Boston.

March 17.

MRS. C. H. WILDES,

No. 8 Eaton street, Boston. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays. Hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 4.

4w—March 10.

MRS. A. H. HARDY,

TRANSC MEDIUM, 4 Concord Square, Boston. Office hours from 9 to 10 and 2 to 3.

13w—Dec. 23.

FANNIE REMICK,

Spiritual and Physical Healing, 302 Tremont st., Boston, March 3—3w.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM,

No. 40 Dwight st., Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. Dec. 22.

AUGUSTIA DWYNES,

Clairvoyant, Transe and Prophetic Medium, 31 Oak st., Torms 1.

Nov. 18.—1w

MRS. BOSWORTH,

Psychometrical reader for business, etc. 24 Harrison avenue, one flight.

March 17.—4w

ELIZABETH DAWKINS,

Magnetic and Electro-therapeutic

[Continued from fifth page.]

reaching, seeking more light rather than a circumscription of what was already attained.

He (G.) did not appear as the representative of any body of persons, but in behalf of his own rights. If he were sick, he could not think of employing a regular physician to attend him, and he did not desire that any law should be passed which would oblige him to do so. If this bill should pass, it would show that the sun of intelligence in Massachusetts had gone behind a cloud.]

REMARKS BY HENRY N. STONE.

Mr. Stone next addressed the Committee, advancing as his primary position that the standard of medical excellence and crudity was by no means a fixed one; and that two American physicians who were sometime sent to Paris as representative members in a Medical Convention, found themselves, on arriving there, below par as to qualifications. He cited as one point where the scientific attainments of "well-regulated" physicians in Europe were claimed to be superior to those of America, that in the Old World practitioners had introduced the microscope largely into their processes for diagnosing disease, (the magnifying glass revealing to the operator conditions in the flesh of the patient which were peculiar to certain ailments,) while in America the custom of making use of this instrument was practically unknown. As the scale of medical excellence was therefore a sliding one, who was to decide the important question as to where its gradations ceased, and the claimed nihilism of "quackery" commenced?

Henry Wilson, late Vice President of the United States, had been, to the speaker's knowledge, cured of a dangerous disorder by one of the so-called "irregular" physicians, while at the time of his disease he was under the charge of a regular M. D. It was not forcing an inference in the case to declare that perhaps he might have recovered, at the time of his last illness in Washington, had he been placed under the same treatment he received while in Massachusetts.

The proposed bill can counter to the main spirit of the Massachusetts State government itself, the object of which was set forth in the preamble to its constitution to be to defend and perpetuate the body politic, and protect the people in their natural rights. The speaker claimed that one of the most important rights possessed by the citizens of Massachusetts was that of employing any person they chose to heal them when sick. Our governmental machine was set in motion by the people for the people, and not for the profit of any special class of men. In European systems, where in the law and its power were held to originate with the king, the tendency to monopoly was inevitable, and efforts were made to work for the interests of special orders of society—the statutes defining who should preach, who should practice law, "who should be a physician, who should work at a certain trade," etc. The more the law interfered with the workings of the great industries and professions of a country, the worse it was for society in general—which assertion found its strongest endorsement from the fact that in the middle ages, when the hand of repression, in the form of unjust class enactments, rested heavily on every branch of national activity throughout Europe, a rayless night in consequence overbrooded the minds of the people.

The proposed law was contrary to the sentiment of this century, but fully in fellowship with that of those sombre days. The freedom of thought in religious and other matters which had been allowed in the United States, had produced a degree of advancement in this country during the last century, which surpassed that achieved by any nation known to history during the first hundred years of its existence. This freedom of thought he hoped would be protected, and not be infringed upon, by legal enactments in the interests of any class of individuals or organizations.

He opposed all monopolies, desiring that in the medical field, as in all others, the various practitioners should be judged by their fruits, and if this principle were carried out he had no fear for the record which would be produced by the liberal or "irregular" physicians, as some were pleased to call them. He objected to the bill in that it proposed to elevate to the chief seats in the synagogue of the healing art the men who were the hook-bound disciples of a system which lacked in a most pitiful degree even the elements of uniformity; perhaps the very division of the doctors—noticed by the public generally—in their opinions as to the importance, or its opposite, of the same remedies, was the cause of the dilapidated condition now so strongly characterizing the house of Allopathy.

Dr. William Thompson, of Boston, followed. He challenged the regular "book doctors" to meet him for a trial of practical skill, having no fears for his system by the comparison. Books might furnish food for thought, but there must be a mind to think, else the mere retention of storied lore by the peruser was but an automatic action for the sustaining of a dead weight on the part of the memory. Diseases (of which there were some six hundred which produced death in men, and six hundred and fifty in women) were the result of broken natural laws in some part of the being; and the true mode of escaping from any of these functional disorders was to draw near to Nature again. He criticised the action of the drug doctors, who dealt their deadly compounds right and left without fear, knowing that they had the medical societies behind them, and gave it as his opinion that the decease of Hon. Charles Sumner and that of Henry Wilson lay at their door. The quacks, the Regulars so much despised knew enough to let poisons alone; they held it to be axiomatic that whatever would make a well man sick could never, if administered when he was sick, tend to make him well again.

The Allopathic system came down to us from heathen days, and from those distorted imaginings which even in the early years of Christianity figured the earth as a plane over whose disk the sun and planets joined in their many marches. But the book of Nature, of which those unhampered by the fossilized provisions of the Medical Societies claimed to be students, was fresh and fair, and its lessons were in strictest accord with truth and human needs.

At this point the Chairman announced that he should be obliged to adjourn the hearing to 10 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, March 13th.

HEARING CONTINUED.

The second consideration of the feasibility, or non-practicability, of the proposed bill took place at Room 14, State Capitol, as per adjournment, Senators Russell and Kellogg in attendance. Allen Putnam, Esq., of Boston Highlands, was announced as having the floor as a remonstrant. He arose and gave expression to the following sentiments, his honest earnestness of delivery lending additional power to his logic:

ADDRESS OF MR. PUTNAM.

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Committee—Having myself through five sessions undergone the fatigues and annoyances attendant upon a seat in the Legislature, experience tells me that I should not waste a moment of your time unnecessarily. Therefore I open abruptly, frankly stating that I am a Spiritualist; and because I am such, I have during more than twenty years been a frequent observer, and an interested and rather careful student of and limitedly a participant in a prevalent kind of medical practice, which is greatly misunderstood by both the large portion of the community and by the mass of members of our incorporated medical associations—misunderstood as to its fundamental principles, its chief remedial agencies, and its actual applicability. I well know, gentlemen, that this is no purpose to keep in mind the fact, that this is no occasion to comment upon Spiritualism, any further than as it bears upon medical practice. I however do conceive this to be not only a fitting but an important occasion for placing before you well-established and yet but very limitedly known facts, which bear directly and forcefully upon the curing of diseases, whatever may be the avenues and circumstances through which such facts have come to one's knowledge.

My main purpose this morning is to present for your consideration facts and comments which, as I view them, seem fitted to prepare your minds

for admitting the possibility—(I hope they will go so far as to prepare them for admitting the probability)—that the marvelous cures described in the Bible may have been effected by finite spiritual beings through their wise and legitimate applications of some universal forces unrecognized in human science to the systems of suffering mortals through the impressive, mediumistic, physical organisms of prophets, apostles and disciples; if possible of that can be admitted, then you can admit the possibility that the same processes, since they were intrinsically natural, may be repeated legitimately and naturally, whenever fitting conditions exist. If cures are being effected among us to-day by wise and benevolent spiritual intelligences, they applying universal forces through mediumistic men and women, the occurrence itself of cures thus wrought is proof that fitting conditions for them exist now, and here in this Commonwealth. Also it establishes the possibility (and I am persuaded of its certainty) that vast numbers of departed philanthropic medical practitioners, scientists, philosophers, &c., are now unitedly and eagerly acting the parts of wise, good and successful physicians among their embodied survivors here. Just as fast, and as far as we bid them a cordial and cordially welcome, and as they can find and be permitted to control in peace the physical organisms of persons, the peculiar chemical elements and combinations of whose brains fit them for facile manipulation and control by such disembodied practitioners. Those peculiar properties which render a mortal form usable by a departed spirit are mainly physical, and are, in most cases, innate and susceptible of transmission—quite as much so as musical faculties are.

Such practitioners possess in themselves important respects immense advantages over any embodied ones; for their faculties enable them to see each particle of a human system to its very centre—they can sense its condition accurately; can see the seat, and ascertain the nature and cause of any disease; they can see, or rather I would say can sense, the properties and potency of any plant, mineral or drug of any kind, and their supernumerary wisdom fits them for wiser prescription than any embodied physician's more restricted senses enable him to furnish.

I purpose, gentlemen, to present here some such facts as seem fitted to show the possibility that spiritual practitioners may be operating in our midst. If I succeed in showing that possibility, I know that your philanthropy and reverence will hold you back from favoring the bestowment of power upon any mortals to trouble, disturb or restrict the action of any persons solely for the reason of their being the instruments of such benevolent helpers, and who, in most cases, are no more responsible for what is done through them than are musical instruments for the quality of sounds which they are made to put forth.

Pardon me if I speak briefly of what drew my attention to such matters. It is now twenty-four years and more since, without my seeking it or deeming it possible, the dearest one to me among all the departed, gave me, through a young miss, such evidence of her presence as satisfied me that idyllic spirit rappings had wrapped up within them something that was worthy of study, of careful, devout study. I reasoned thus with myself: If broad Nature enfolds forces which permit the departed to come into communion with their survivors here, and if such can and do speak to us from their veiled abodes, these facts are momentous, are pregnant with great results, either for good or for evil. If the whole are delusions or frauds, that ought to be known, and proclaimed. If genuine, even in part, that, too, should be known, and they then should be embraced or held in abeyance, according to their merits. But who are in position to safely proclaim their genuineness, if that shall be proved? No clergyman can do it without danger of disturbing his pastoral relations; no physician without offending many of his friends and patrons; few lawyers will be likely to find the subject attractive. Professors of science are the most fitting men for the work; but spirit-rapping has been born outside of the laboratory in an obscure cottage, is widely aside from their lines of research. The result of reflection was that I must be my own investigator. I have seen and had sittings, I think, with something over two hundred different mediums; I have received much information through them pertaining to almost every variety of interesting topics, and the sayings and facts thus presented have been the main topic for my study and reflection for more than full score of years. The facts and results thence learned, so far as they bear upon medical practice, I think must be in order here.

Nearly twenty years ago one of my brothers, a farmer residing in Danvers at the eastern foot of the hill on which the Commonwealth is building the Danvers Hospital, gradually became very feeble, and, though under the care of his family physician, and seeking to recover strength, through weeks and months he continued to decline, no one being able to define or locate his disease, or even to guess its nature with any confidence. I visited him in September, when his appearance indicated that he was very sick, although able to walk about slowly. I asked his permission to bring to him a lad through whom some expanded and philosophical mind had several times discoursed to me very interestingly concerning my own physical system and upon other topics. My brother was seemingly rather averse to consent to my proposition. His whole education, like that of most people's, his religious creed, and his position as deacon of an Orthodox church, all combined, I suppose, to make my request unwelcome, and yet, for my gratification, probably, his consent was given. Two or three days subsequently I took the lad with me from Boston to Danvers, and soon after he was entranced annulation was made that my brother's malady was in his intestines; that at two points, one near the duodenum, or first of the small intestines, the other much lower down, there had formed a hard bony ring around the intestines, which obstructed the passage of the contents, and which were growing, and would soon close the passage entirely if not removed. There was given a recipe for a medicine. The lad was an employé in botanical apothecary store on Hanover street, and I instructed him to prepare the medicine himself, which he did. Brother at once commenced taking it; I heard soon that his health was improving. At Thanksgiving evening I visited him again, when he, a very reticent, devout and cautious man, deliberately, and in tones of deep reverence, said, "Brother Allen, I must say that soon after I began to take the medicine you sent, I began to get better, and now am well." From that day to this he has been in very fair health. And, gentlemen, I trust and pray that no man will ever advocate the enactment of any law which shall make doings like those through the lad William E. Rice, by which, according to all external appearances, the life of my brother was saved, legal misdemeanors punished by heavy and ignominious fines.

The subject before you, I believe, may embrace apothecaries. I have just said that I asked the lad, Rice, to prepare the medicine himself. I wished it to be done by him, and none other; and this because I had already learned in my own home that a bottle of medicine prepared by a mediumistic lady in Somerville to be used by a member of my own family operated very favorably in diminishing bloat or dropsey during the time of its consumption, and that, subsequently, the same medicine, as to visible and palpable ingredients, but prepared by the dropscopically-inclined lady herself, produced no perceptible effects; that lady is my wife—she was the first to perceive this instructive fact, that the same medicine, apparently when prepared by the medium helped her, and did not help her when she prepared it herself. She was induced by this to question the lady in Somerville as to all the ingredients and their proportions and the processes of preparation. She made sure that she comprehended the recipe and complied with all instructions. In the course of a fortnight, or about that period of time, she used up a bottle of the medium's preparation, and during the next fortnight a bottle of her own preparation, thus alternating through several months, always finding the medium's preparation helpful and her own inert.

This result indicated a possibility that proper ties fitting for the healing of diseases might

through or from mediumistic organisms, be infused into a compound of material substances; and it started the inquiry with me whether broad nature may not enfold laws or forces which, naturally, under fitting conditions, permitted disease-banishing, vitalized, medicated emanations from Paul's body to so take lodgment in handkerchiefs and aprons that "disease departed, and evil spirits went out of" all afflicted ones to whom these woven, but medicated, articles were taken. That question has been before me for many years, and I am satisfied that absorbed emanations from those who manipulate medicines are very often the most active properties in what we take home from the shops of apothecaries. Vitalized magnetisms going forth from some organisms are prevailingly very deleterious, and from others very healthful. Observed facts might be told you to great extent in confirmation of this opinion, but I have not time to hear them. The point I have made here bears very forcefully upon the fitness and competency of apothecaries, and especially upon the qualifications of a fit judge as to who is fit to receive an apothecary's license. By all means have him a clairvoyant and a sensitive. Facts of this kind bear upon the manipulators of our bread, our butter, and upon all cooks. But I must not enlarge. Yet I yearn to say, in case one receives a recipe from a disembodied physician, it will be wise to let the organism through which the prescription comes manipulate the ingredients, for when in those hands the prescriber can infuse into them the special healing virtues suited to the particular case.

A bright, interesting, fatherless Danvers girl, whom I have known well from her infancy, when about twelve or fourteen years old, rather mysteriously lost power to control her right lower limb. She became so crippled that she was obliged to use a crutch. During some three or four years she was under treatment by the late Dr. Cox, and other good physicians in and around Salem, and was seen and examined by most of the eminent physicians of that vicinity; none of their prescriptions or applications rendered her any abiding benefit. At last, when she, like one of old, "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better but rather grew worse," having heard of some whose processes of cure were more like those of Jesus than were such as she had been receiving, expressed a desire to consult a medium. Hearing of that, I invited her to come up and stop with me at my home in Roxbury. When she came I found her right limb about four inches shorter than the other, and very much smaller. That fine seemed not to have grown any, during the early years of her teens, while the other had made such growth as is usual at that period of life. I was well acquainted with the Dr. Cox by whom the case had been treated, and wrote to him about it. In his letter of response he called it a bad case of hysteria, or *paralysis of the will*, and expressed the opinion that it could never be alleviated by any medical treatment whatsoever; though, should the house over her head take fire, or some other similar starting call for the use of that limb come upon her, she might recover its use. She came to me about Christmas time. I soon took her to a medium, had her examined and prescribed for. After that she was manipulated and treated in my own house, and partly by myself, according to the directions through mediumistic lips. At about the middle of February, following, or in about seven weeks, she threw aside her crutch, and has never used it since. For nearly or quite the whole of the last ten years she has been one of the most fleet and extensive walkers in our city, going amid heat and cold, through summer and winter, through sunshine and storm, from house to house among the poor, the sick, the bereaved, being the prudent, efficient, gladdening dispenser of the gifts of benevolent affluence to suffering poverty, the gifts bequeathed to her by her friends.

Heaven forbid that any law shall ever give a board of censors power to dobar me from using again, and in all minute particulars, the very processes by which it was my privilege to aid in bringing that crippled girl to independence of her crutch, and into such control of her limbs that she can be and is among our city's most efficient, practical outworkers of philanthropy. You are asked to enact a law, which, had it then existed, would have heavily fined the lady through whom came instruction and aid that were essential to that good result. Do not do it. Leave me free to employ such help again, and often. Do not deprive me of means by which to repeat successfully, upon any other crippled one who may need it, the same process, in all its particulars, by which that one was made whole.

As a body I hold the members of the medical associations of our State in high esteem. Neither here nor elsewhere will I utter a word in disparagement of them. It is not disparagement of them to say distinctly that so long as they are embodied men it may be impossible that they shall equal supernumeraries in ability and skill as diagnosticians and healers of disease. The latter, emanating from the flesh, look face to face at and through each and every particle of a human organism. Our visible physicians, if not clairvoyant, from necessity must see but dimly, and must very often work empirically—while the more penetrating perceptions of the disembodied may qualify them to base prescriptions and treatment upon positive knowledge gained from beyond the possible reach of mortals.

The power of supernumeraries to determine, to modify and to supplement the remedial potency of any agent to be administered, far outruns that of men. The late Prof. Mapes of New York, an eminent agricultural chemist, I met some thirty years ago, either while I was or soon after I ceased to be editor of *The New England Farmer*. Agriculture was the topic of our discourse. Then told me that the top of Bunker Hill monument was rich in chemical ingredients that enter largely into the cabbage, and that if pulverized, the monument, chemically, should make a good soil for a cabbage garden; though practically it would not. Yet, said he, the same chemical properties, identically the same so far as man's practical chemistry can determine, if extracted from bones, are great fertilizers. His reasons for this were that such ingredients, by their affiliations with vegetable and animal life in their passage from the primitive rocks into bones, took on and became indissolubly connected with new properties.

Such modifications of the virtues of primitive substances, our chemists, apothecaries and physicians can get no knowledge of.

Not far from one year ago the press gave us the report of a lecture purporting to be by the spirit of this same Prof. Mapes through Mrs. Tappan, and in that I read substantially the same statement as I have ascribed to him above, coupled with information that in his present state as a spirit, he is able to ascertain at a glance the extent of all such modifications, and that he and his associates can avail themselves of such knowledge when operating or advising through mortal organisms. Sources through which aids of that nature and potency can come to ailing mortals ought not to be closed up by any legal enactments.

I have hinted that spirits have power to modify the properties of matter. Perhaps I had better say power to infuse into it some properties which are not normal there. On one occasion when a delicate internal *surgical* operation was being performed by spirits in my presence, a medium took up a tumbler containing a little water, held his fingers pointing downward into it for a minute, and then put it to the lips of the patient; having drank a little, she pushed the tumbler aside, saying, epicac, epicac—and very soon vomited. A few minutes later, and when she was swooning, he took a little fresh water in the same tumbler, held his fingers over it, then poured it into her mouth, and soon she revived and said, "that was good wine." Not a word was said to her or to any one else about medicating the water, but I saw his actions and heard her words both times.

I will speak of that woman's case more fully: She was a widow, forty years old or more, and in actual poverty. A large fungus or polypus developed within her uterus, till it expanded her womb to a dimension larger than is often seen; she

herself was and is a facile medium, and spirits gave information that, if conditions could be made right, they could disperse the connections of that monstrous excrescence. Two other mediums and three or four Spiritualists were requested to come to her residence early on a specified winter's evening. We went there accordingly, and gathered around her where she was sitting, bolstered up in bed; soon we were as signed our several positions around her, by some intelligence speaking through another medium. My place was at her left side, close to the head-board, and my business to hold her up or let her lean upon me as might be desirable during the operation; the office I was to perform permitted, and my desire to learn all that I possibly could about so unique and important a case, induced me to examine her carefully, using both eyes and hands. I had previously, on several occasions, manipulated her to some extent, and at this time did so more fully than ever before, and found that greatest prominence of the fungus was high up, and on the left side. We were soon told that the fungus was attached at four different points. The unseen surgeons being about to commence, we were told that we must severally do promptly and carefully whatever we should be told to, through a lady medium who was present. Through her was given a description of the several spirit surgeons present, and of the instruments they had in hand to operate with. Then a strong man, who was the medium, as we all understood, upon whose properties the operators would mainly rely for aid on the mundane side, was directed to stand at the foot of the bed, and put his hands forward, over the foot board, as far as he could toward the woman, with fingers open. He did so, and soon the ends of his fingers began to curl slowly inward, and continued to do so till the ends of them came close to the surface of the front part of the palms of his hands. As he stood thus, every muscle seemed to indicate that he was being drawn forward by a force almost sufficient to pull him up over the foot board. He continued in this position and under this strain for perhaps a minute, when the patient gave a sudden start: instantly she swooned. Our speaking medium soon said one attachment had been cut. The wind water referred to above was then given her, and she soon revived. Shortly after the revival we restored her to the bolstered position out of which she had fallen, and then both sight and touch told me at once that the most prominent portion of the excrescence had fallen downward several inches. After a little delay a second attachment was severed, and the chief protuberance dropped still lower. The operators decided that her strength was not such as would justify them in doing more at that time. They requested us all to come there again on a specified evening of the next week. We went, and the work was finished. The fungus, deprived of its vital attachments, soon became macerated, and passed out of the system by degrees. In a few weeks the woman recovered her wonted shape and health, and has been in very comfortable condition ever since. That case was well known and studied by an extensive practitioner of this city, who I think can legitimately attach M. D. to his signature, but regard for his interest makes me withhold his name.

In another ease quite as wonderful as the foregoing a large uterine tumor of a different character was removed, and I was a witness of and assistant in the process throughout. A bad case of tetanus, or lockjaw, was cured by invisibles, in connection with which, on several successive days, I was used as an assistant. I have a sister-in-law and a nephew living and well, who to all external appearances owe their continuance in this life to aid which it was my privilege to bring to them through mediumistic healers, after their regular physicians had abandoned expectation that the latter could be saved. Scarcely a month has passed during the last twenty years in which there has not come to my knowledge, and partially under my observation, some new ease in which supernumerary healing aid has come in more speedily, opportunity or aptly than mortals could have rendered it, and in many of the cases where ordinary mortal power alone could not have furnished it. Fair detail of the particulars of the many cases would require me to speak from now till night—if not to the end of the week.

And what shall I say of myself? About 1853 or 4, when I was in a rather low state of health, I got knowledge of the lad W. E. Rice, above mentioned, and through him came in connection with some bright and expanded intelligence, who read my whole past with wonderful accuracy, described the existing condition of each of the larger organs in my system, and stated what would benefit them. I asked if the scrofula there could be eradicated. The response was, "Since you inherited it, it cannot be eradicated; but it can be greatly checked in development and action, if you will adhere to our instructions, though you may have some discomforts during the process." I consented to try—went to taking the prescribed medicine, and though I was not necessarily either better or worse for it, I called on Rice after the lapse of eight or ten days, and when he asked how I was, I said, I am much the same as when I last saw you, excepting that some boils are beginning to irritate me. "How! how! how! Did n't we tell you you might have some discomforts during the process?" I did not then tell him with a vengeance; for in the course of three years I had more than three hundred of them, and at one time had a girdle of a dozen fat ones at once, right around my loins. But the relief they brought has been well worth its cost. During the last fifteen years I have been in better health than at any period before subsequent to boyhood, and now in my seventy-fifth year am in very comfortable condition. I will put this question: Is it probable that any embodied physician in the city possessed power or pre-
vision that was competent to prescribe so well for remote and abiding good results? Inborn scrofula had made such inroads upon my vitality