

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXIV.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }
in Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 23.

Written for the Banner of Light.
DO THEY LIVE?

BY N. M. STRONG.

Do they live? the friends of bygone days
Who walked earth's paths with me?
Who have culled sweet flowers in youthful plays,
And joined in childhood's glees?
Toll me, ye bright-winged seraphs of the spheres,
Do they still live and love, the friends of youthful years?

Do they live, those dear, departed souls
That passed death's river o'er;
Whose boats went down 'mid the hidden shoals
That gird earth's stormy shore?
Oh tell me, ye bright, so pure and fair,
So full of thought and truth, vanished in viewless air?

Do they live? Oh tell me ere my heart
Beats its last pulse on earth;
Ere hope's sparkling joys and dreams depart
In a night of endless death;
And life sinks down beneath the midnight gloom,
Whose sombre shadows close around the silent tomb.

They live! for I hear a whisper low—
The deathless angel's tone;
Be still, my soul, if thou yet wouldst know
The light of worlds unknown;
That land where light and love in sweetness blend,
Where we shall meet and clasp, for aye, each cherished friend!
Fredericktown, Ohio.

The Lecture Room.

"The True Revelation."

A LECTURE BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON,
In Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Dec. 20th, 1868.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

"The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe for change;
Thou hast it come! I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instincts of mankind."

Nor think that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less!
Let us speak plain; there is more force in names
Than most men dream of, and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name!"

Professor William Denton addressed a large audience at Music Hall, on the above subject. We give below a synopsis of his remarks, which were prefaced by his reading of "The Times, the Manners and the Men," by James Russell Lowell.

With eternity before us, eternity behind us, infinity around us, and these thinking souls within us, how important, how glorious a position was ours. Had the Soul of the Universe ever whispered to the ears of a few life-giving words to be distributed to the many? Did this book (the Bible) contain the revelation of the Divine thus vouchsafed to many? These were questions which we should consider. Let us look at them in the light of reason, as became thinking men and women, and heed the answer we should obtain from the innermost depths of our Nature. It was not enough to say that our fathers received these teachings—that the generations gone had received them. No! We were to take care of ourselves; all had the right to interrogate Nature for themselves, and to listen to her reply.

It was very common for those who wrote upon the subject to assert that a revelation from the Divine was necessary for man. Paley said, in effect, that a revelation from God to man was essentially conducive to man's happiness. God must therefore have made such a revelation, and therefore he (Paley) said that the Christian revelation was a revelation from the Divine; for compared with all other systems it was like the full moon to the twinkling stars. These ideas were founded upon the principle that what was necessary for man's happiness would be given him. Well, he (the lecturer) was ready to accept this. Its truth was seen throughout every department of Nature's laws. Was man hungry? Behold the bread of the world moving in every breeze! Was it necessary that he should have drink? The very clouds distilled for him the beverage of heaven—limpid springs leaped from the mountains and descended with tinkling feet into the valleys, saying to all, "Lo, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." How well Nature had provided for these necessities in man. Was it necessary that he should breathe? There was the vast ocean of air which spread around the globe, permeating all things, and our highest art could not make a machine which would wholly exclude it. Was it necessary for man to have light and heat? Behold the sun in the sky. Now if a revelation to man was as necessary as food, drink or air, it would be as easily obtained, and be as free and plentiful as the air and water. When we took that ground we proclaimed the Christian revelation to be a sham and delusion. For if we assumed these facts to be true concerning the material body which should depart in a day; if all these provisions were made for it, should the soul, which was to live forever, have so slight a provision for its welfare that not one man in a hundred to-day possessed a knowledge of it? And when a man took the ground that a revelation from God was necessary, he also took the ground at once that the Bible was not a divine revelation. How many people possessed this wondrous revelation till Jesus came to earth? From the stone men of France to the original shepherds of Judea, how many millions of men came and went, with no word of counsel or caution from God! Human beings existed, as we now know, for at least a hundred thousand years, and yet no revelation came to them. And when the revelation did come, to whom did it come? To the Jews, a semi-barbarous people, living in a country smaller than the State of Ohio. It came to them as a blessing, but to the rest of mankind as a curse. By its divine command, the heathen were slain, and their lands seized as an heritage forever. And when Christ came proclaiming: "Go ye into

all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," how many people obtained this revelation then? Not one in a thousand! The British and Foreign Bible Society had printed fifty million copies of the Bible and parts of the Bible; all other sources put together had not in all probability exceeded the number, making a total of one hundred million Bibles for one thousand millions of inhabitants on this planet, provided all these Bibles were yet in existence, which of course was not the case, as a very large proportion of them were likely to be destroyed, and probably not more than a tenth part of them remained. And these Bibles were printed in two hundred different languages, instead of fifteen hundred which were in existence in the world. If a penny loaf were given to an hundred starving men, what kind of a meal could they make? And in about the same proportion this Bible, the only revelation, the bread of life, was given to the great world. When he (the lecturer) looked fully at the matter, he was often led to consider it a piece of imposition and impudence to attempt to palm off this book on thinking men and women as the direct word from God to man.

Were we then left without any revelation, when we took away the Bible? Not at all! There was a revelation which came to every human being on this planet. It came to the Hottentot in his corral; to the black boy as he worked in the cotton fields of the South; to the yellow boy, as he spun silk in China; to the wild savage of Fuego as he hunted for muscels on the seabeach, and the equally wild savage of New Holland as with his club he prowled amid primeval woods seeking the game with which he must satisfy his hunger. That revelation which came when man came upon this planet, and which should remain as long as man remained—that revelation spoke to all, free as the air, all-embracing as the sunshine. But some one might say, "Where is this revelation? I never saw it—I never read it." No! because it was not a book! If it was a book it would depend for its existence on perishable materials, and fallible mortals to construct it. Men could not copy even without making mistakes. In an edition of the Bible, printed at Oxford, the commandment forbidding adultery was rendered of none effect by the omission of the word *not*; being printed, "Thou shalt commit adultery." In another edition published in Cambridge, the passage reading, "There is one God, even the Father," was rendered, "There is one God, even the Father," thus changing a Unitarian passage into a decidedly Trinitarian one. The oftener the Scriptures were copied, the more mistakes were made, and no one would be able to tell, by-and-by, which was the original and which the blunder. A fly speck placed in the right position might change the vowel marks of the ancient Hebrew, and alter the whole face of affairs, making a great difference in the word of God.

If it was not a book, what then was this true revelation? Nature within man, and Nature without man. This grand volume contained the sum of wisdom and goodness; everything men have learned they have learned from that glorious page. That was the mine where men might dig deeper and deeper, and still exhaust not its priceless treasure. Where was the man who had not learned from Nature? It was the truths of Nature which happened to be put in the Bible which had embalmed it and kept it from decay. It was Nature which taught the primitive savage to make the first club the world ever saw, with which to do battle with the enemies surrounding him; it was this same Nature which taught man to shape out with his rude stone axe the wooden spade with which to turn over the soil and plant the germs of a future harvest. It was Nature which taught the inhabitants of the Nile valley tens of thousands of years before the first chapter of Genesis was written, and should teach them when the last relics of the Pentateuch were forgotten.

But some one might say, "You forget those wonderful prophecies which prove it to have come directly from God." No. He (the lecturer) did not forget or neglect the prophecies. He proposed in the present discourse to take time to consider them, as regarded their claims to being "miraculous" prophecies, foretelling events which no one could possibly guess. In order to prove a prophecy to be miraculous, five points were to be shown: 1st. It must be proven that the prophecy was uttered before the events which it professed to describe took place. If any one should rise in our day, and prophesy the late bloody war which should be between the North and South, we should say: "My friend, you are slightly behind the age—all these things have gone by." But suppose some one should write an account of it now, and date his book back one hundred years, and that work should be handed down to posterity for another hundred years, there would be danger that in the end the spurious prophecy would gain credence.

2d. It must be proven that the prophecy was of such a character that it could not be guessed, or appear likely to happen. As regarded the war he (the lecturer) had just referred to, he had himself, though not claiming to be either "a prophet or the son of a prophet," foretold its coming, both on the public rostrum and upon the printed page. Nor was he alone; for many of the great minds of our time beheld afar off the gigantic march of the destroyer. This was not the result of any special gift of prophecy, but only the outworking of that knowledge which could tell, from the past and the present, what the future should be.

3d. The prophecy should be fulfilled in every particular. It would be very easy to prophesy what would occur an hundred years hence, and perhaps fifty or sixty verses might be arranged in a plausible manner. And if out of all the number two or three happened to be fulfilled, if the others which were not could be hushed up, and crowded out of sight, the author might pass for a prophet.

4th. The prophecy must not fulfill itself. If

some one were to prophesy an event, and in order to prove the truth of it some friend should go and perform the deed or bring on the event, there was no prophecy in the case. Thus, in the New Testament were to be found many instances where certain things were performed in order "that the prophecy might be fulfilled which was spoken," &c. And in these cases the prophecy fulfilled itself.

5th. The prophecy must be so clearly stated, that its meaning could be understood by all. If we looked at the Bible prophecies in this light, we should not find one in a hundred which could be understood. Why were they not made plain to the perception of man? Why did they not say, for instance, "In such a year, month and day, in the United States, (a nation yet unborn, and in America, a country yet undiscovered), a bloody war shall arise between the North and South"? No such direct language was to be found in any of these oracles. The vision of Daniel, concerning the beast with ten horns, representing either kings or kingdoms, had been discussed and written about till Bishop Newton had given seven different lists of kingdoms to each of which it was applicable; and it was quite possible that there was yet an eighth list which the Bishop had not discovered. Now a prophecy which was capable of having seven different significations attached to it was no prophecy at all. The same could be said of that remarkable passage in Isaiah, reading:

"In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria, the head, and the hair of the feet: and it shall also consume the beard."

And it shall come to pass in that day, that a man shall nourish a young cow and two sheep; and it shall come to pass, that they shall eat butter: for butter and honey shall every one eat that is left in the land."

Now it was strange to think that the Lord shaved, and worse than that, with a borrowed razor; but where did the razor come from? We were very indefinitely told that it was hired by "them beyond the river" from some person or persons of whom we have no account. As for the passage referring to shaving the "hair of the feet," its significance must ever remain an impenetrable mystery. As regarded the nourishing by a man of a young cow and two sheep, and his living on the butter obtained from the milk they gave, the account was as unsatisfactory as the food, "butter and honey," which was to be the diet of the people who were left in the land; and if they had lived on butter and honey only, they would soon have been but a very few left.

Upon such wild statements and uncertain data the Christian world based its hopes, and set its bounds, and strove to keep on a long face as it read from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelations, declaring every word—fifty stories and all—to be the irrevocable word of God. It was time for us to look at the Bible, and to accept it for what it was worth—nothing more. Why should we receive as divine light, from the Bible, that which we should treat with contempt or derision if we met it anywhere else? Take, for instance, the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, to which the Christian world triumphantly turns when questioned regarding the fulfillment of the prophecies, where reference is made to the fate of the Israelites, if they disobeyed the commands of God. Of the fulfillment of this passage Bishop Newton expressed himself astonished beyond measure; and Keith, after very carefully quoting each part of the sixty-third and sixty-fourth verses as suited him, proceeded to state that they had been scattered among every people of the earth; there was not a country on the face of the globe where the Jew was not known—mountains and rivers, the boundaries of other nations, had not kept him in, or restrained his wanderings. Bishop Newton further said that the Jews had been scattered broadcast; where was there a people who had been so spread abroad as they? "What a standing miracle is this before the observation of the world!" But Keith and Newton did not read the rest! He (the lecturer) would read it, and the learned commentators would sink away, not daring to deny their duplicity:

"And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the east end of the earth unto the other: and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone."

Ah! that was the reason; the concluding portion would spoil their prophecy concerning the Jews. If the record had said, instead of "wood and stone," the Jews should worship gods of gold and silver and paper, the fulfillment of the prophecy might have been admitted by us all without one dissenting voice! Not these lights in the Christian world knew that the prophecy had never been fulfilled, save as regarded a small fragment. No people under heaven clung to-day to the faith of their fathers with more tenacity than the Jewish nation. Why, it took twenty-seven thousand dollars to convert a Jew, and when he was converted he was not worth a penny more than before. Thus the prophecy failed, for the Jews did not worship gods of wood and stone. Let us follow it further:

"The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting, and with mildew; and they shall pursue thee unto thou perishest."

The Lord will smite thee with the botch of Egypt, and with the emerald, and with the scab, and with the itch, whereof thou canst not be healed."

But the Jews were not pursued till they perished, for we had them with us to-day. Were they any more afflicted with consumption than others? When a Jew had the itch was it any different from that which others had, and was it really incurable in his case? Did our physicians find these things true in their practice? Not not at all! But let us pursue the record still further:

"The stranger that is within thee shall get up above thee very high; and thou shalt come down very low. He shall lend to thee, and thou shalt not lend to him: he shall be the head and thou shalt be the tail."

Who ever heard of anybody lending to a Jew? The lending, whether of money or otherwise, was in our day at least confined to the Israelite. Who died not long since, in Europe, worth four hun-

dred million dollars? Rothschild, a Jew; the head of that great banking house to which the kings and emperors of the old world went to get money when they wished to go to war. So it was very evident that this money-lending prophecy had failed; and so on through all these records; there was not a prophecy in the Bible, which, considered in the light of science and religion, could be held to be a true prophecy; and he (the lecturer) was ready to meet any minister on the platform at Music Hall who chose to debate the question with him: Look at the prophecy concerning Babylon: "Therefore the wild beasts of the desert, with the wild beasts of the island, shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein: and it shall be no more inhabited forever; neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation. And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling place for dragons, an astonishment, and a hissing, without an inhabitant."

Now there were many ministers of the Christian religion, who had, either by journeying Eastward themselves, or by reading, become perfectly aware that in the very centre of ancient Babylon was situated the town of Hillah, having ten thousand inhabitants; but for purposes which would be readily perceived, they kept quiet on the subject, as it would ruin their prophecy.

If we looked at the evidence presented by Christianity in the light of reason, we should be utterly astonished at its insufficiency. But where this revelation failed the revelation of Nature was most wondrously upheld and maintained. He did not claim for Nature anything miraculous, but he did claim that by our knowledge of her laws we could foretell their operations for centuries beforehand. As in the case of Halley's comet, which in 1682 he predicted would return sometime either in 1758 or 1759. Halley went to his grave and left his prediction to be verified, and about the end of 1758, while all the astronomers were sweeping the heavens with their glasses in vain, it was discovered by a peasant in the open field, by the aid of an eight foot telescope. Here was a prediction made seventy-six years in advance, and verified. The same comet had returned in 1835, and passed its nearest point to the sun within two days of the time predicted, although it had traveled in its course three thousand millions of miles, and all the refutations and attractions of surrounding planets had to be calculated. The astronomer was able to prophesy the eclipses years beforehand, and at the time specified the shadow would appear. Even our household almanacs told us of these wondrous phenomena of Nature. How unlike the prophecies of the Bible was the language of Nature, and of those who expounded to us her laws. In the Bible things were foretold us to occur in "A time, times and a division of a time"! What would be said of an astronomer who should predict a movement of the heavenly bodies to occur in "a clock, clocks and half a clock"? Would people consider him possessed of his reason—would they not rather take him to be insane? But when these statements appeared in the Bible, why, the Christian world called on us all to receive them without question.

But some one might say, "If the prophecies won't stand, look at the wonderful miracles recorded in the sacred book." To such he would say, "Where are these miracles? are they taking place to-day?" "Oh, no! they occurred ages ago, and have ceased to appear in our time; but they are all written down in the book." But did the fact of a book being filled with strange stories prove it to be a divine revelation? If such were the fact, the lecturer was ready to find revelations in our day as thick as blackberries. Did Moses strike the rock of Horeb, that water might flow for the thirsting Israelite? Where was that water now? We needed the evidence more than even did the Jew. The Bible did not tell us how many times Moses smote the rock before he found water, but if the river pouring from a boulder had flowed on to this day, the confirmation of the story would be plain. We could smite the rock with our boring machines, and bring up water from the depths of the earth. In Algeria and in the Desert of Sahara, where the artesian wells had been sunk, the Arabs were building their villages, and blessing the discoveries of science, which were causing the "desert to blossom as the rose"! We strike the rock and bring oil up from the depths—a thing Moses never dreamed of—and send it all over the world to give light and heat to man. Why! if the old prophecy-mongers had only known what was to take place in our times, they would have thrown down their pens in despair! They would never have been able to get up a story half large enough! Did Jesus change water into wine? Our science could change old rags into sugar by the aid of a little sulphuric acid. Were the walls of Jericho blown down in eight days by blasts from ram's horns? Why! we with a little gunpowder would upset them in at least a much briefer period. Did David go into the lion's den and come out unharmed? Van Amburgh had done it a thousand times; and any man might do it, no matter how hungry or ferocious the beasts, if he would take with him a bottle of chloroform, and open it just before entering the presence of the animals. The wonderful balloon in which we sailed in the air of to-day, was more remarkable than the fiery chariot of Elijah! Little did the men of the past dream of what Nature would assist us to accomplish in the age in which we lived! By her divine revelation we had been brought out from under the dominion of the false into the dominion of the true.

But it might be urged that men had laid down their lives to prove the Bible to be a divine revelation, and it might be inquired where was the instance that one man had ever died to prove the truth of Nature's revelation? Why! she did not require anybody to lay down their life to prove her laws. Why should any man die to prove that the sun shone, or summer followed spring? The thing was absolutely unnecessary! If a long list of martyrs were required to prove the divinity of a book, the Koran of Mahomet could show as many as the Christian Bible. If self-denying

efforts to spread a belief, in a *causa* could prove its divinity, the crescent was not far behind the cross. Into every country, and amid the most savage wildernesses, the followers of the Prophet had forced their way—nowhere being inferior in their zeal to the missionaries of Christianity.

But some one might say, "The Bible contains the truest ideas and conceptions of God." Dr. Dix said of it, in effect, that it was a revelation from God because it gave us the most just, rational, sublime and consistent views of the Divine character. But how did Dr. Dix know about the Divine character? He must have had some other knowledge besides that given in the Bible, in order to compare one with the other and thus judge of the merits of each. And if the doctor had such information, he got it from the divine revelation of Nature; he had gone to the lecturer's Bible in order to gain facts by which to test the Christian record.

It was perfectly astonishing to him (the lecturer) that any man should proclaim the views of God in the Bible to be consistent. For instance, John said: "No man hath seen God at any time." And Paul declared of him that he was the "King of kings and Lord of lords; whom no man hath seen nor can see." But in Exodus we read that upon Mount Sinai, Moses and some of the elders saw the God of Israel—saw his feet and what was under his feet. And of course they died! Oh! no! They ate and drank, and came down from the mountain as hearty as ever.

Again, it was declared by the Bible that God was ever present. David said:

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there! If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

But by reference to Genesis, we should find that the God of the Bible (or, at least, the God of that part of it), was not omnipresent, and did not know all things, for we find God using the following language:

"Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not I will know."

So, in the form of three men, he appeared among the cities of the plain, and, finding the stories true, he rained upon them the fire-shower of ruin. Thus God was too far off, according to Genesis; he could not see what was transpiring on earth; certain persons came to him and said: "They are frightfully wicked in Sodom and Gomorrah," and the Lord said: "Well, I must go down and see; perhaps these fellows are lying; one hears so many reports." So he went, and, in consequence of his subsequent discovery, destroyed all the people but Lot and his family, who, if the record of their after acts be true, deserved destruction just as much as any who perished in Sodom and Gomorrah.

Let us not allow the spalls of early education—the glamour of the Bible—to stand between us and the light of reason, as we study its pages; let us receive this revelation upon its own merits—for just exactly what it was worth, and no more. We had had enough harping on the good in the Bible; it was time that some one pointed out its defects, and cut the speckled part out of the apple. We came in contact, every day, with the true revelation of God in the universe; let us not neglect it. The over-arching, all-permeating Spirit of the Universe was his (the lecturer's) God! The power which gave the seasons, the tides, the suns and stars of the mighty firmament—that was God. His voice was heard equally in the thunder, as it crashed through the trembling heavens, and the cheerful chirp of the cricket as he sang his evening hymn. His handiwork was no less displayed in the rainbow's triumphal arch than in the humblest dewdrop that glittered in the morning sun. God was in everything; never changing, never seen, save in his glorious works. The revelation of his mighty power was made to man, as the great laws of the universe went plowing on their destined way, turning not to right or left. How vain was the cry, the prayer, the attempt to change those laws! The man who, by prayer, could change God's laws, would be God of the gods themselves! The universe was as it was ordained, and we must take it as we found it.

Ah, but some might say, "How are we going to cease to do evil and learn to do well, as we are commanded, without the Bible?" To such he would say, "How are you going to do so with the Bible?" Who taught the Greeks and Romans to prohibit, by statutes, adultery, murder and all the crimes which modern jurists condemned? The very same things which were crimes to-day were crimes then. Did they obtain this knowledge from the Bible? Most assuredly not so! Among even the most barbaric nations of old these same laws existed; they might not have written them because they did not know how to write, but Nature had commanded them, in tones louder than the thunders of Sinai, "Thou shalt not do it!"

Lastly, he (the lecturer) might be told that we should reverence the Bible, because it taught man of immortality. Ah, but the Bible taught man also that he was not immortal, as had been proven in a previous discourse! It had two stories on the subject. But the grand revelation of Nature told but one tale. Nature taught us that we should live again. He (the lecturer) had demonstrated to his full satisfaction that his friends did live, and remember him, too, and knowing this, he was assured that he should live also.

Nature infinitely transcended, in her divine revelation, the speculations of the Jew, the Hebrew, the Greek. Let us come to her, as to a loving mother, and listen to her gentle words of admonition and guidance; then we should be crowned with blessings, both in this life and in that which was to come!

Common shellac, dissolved in alcohol, makes the strongest cement for wood; it will unite the fractured legs of your chair and tables as firmly as if they had never been broken.

For the Banner of Light.

LINES.

FROM LITTLE LARA MAY FREE, WRITTEN THROUGH MISS M. M. FRIEND, BOSTON, FEB. 20, 1869.

When the mangled-corded Saviour,
In his purity and truth,
Dwelt with men, before the angels
Came to give him heavenly birth,
As he held them on his knee,
Said he then with matchless sweetness,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Still he loves them, still he folds them
Closely to his gentle breast,
Where, secure from sin and sorrow,
And from earthly pain, they rest,
Mourn not that he called your darling
Home to heaven with him to dwell,
For his ways are ways of wisdom,
And he doth all things well.

There will be a sweet reunion
When the day of life is o'er;
You will meet your angel Laura,
On that bright immortal shore,
Where no more shall sin and sorrow,
Pain and care and darkness come;
She will ready stand to greet you,
In her glorious spirit-home.

The Spirit-World.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SCENES, INCIDENTS, CONDITIONS, &c., OF REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

ARTICLE IV.

The Prison House of the Depraved! The Hell of the Spirit-World! What is it? Are there chains and darkness, flaming fires, and tormenting devils? Does the sun never shine through the dark atmosphere of the place of torment prepared for the wicked by the justice of the loving Father? I conned these questions over and over in my mind, both before and after I became a spirit, free to search for the abodes of the condemned, before I was fully instructed as to the ultimate destiny of all mankind, and the ways of God toward erring men. I reflected, often, upon this text of Scripture: "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust." I reflected that in earth-life the flowers bloom, the dewdrops glitter, the birds warble, and the brooks murmur for the wicked the same as for the good; and I could see wisdom as well as benevolence in this, as I reflected that good gifts awaken the finer sentiments of the spirit, whereas curses provoke all that is evil in man's nature to more active exercise.

I scanned the glowing, lovely landscapes of the spirit-land, and my spirit uttered songs of gratitude and praise to the Divine Giver of such good gifts; and I knew in my inmost spirit that I should find no spot in this lovely sphere where living spirits dwelt, where there was not beauty—such divine harmony as might awaken such sentiments as I experienced. There is no re-venge in God's nature, thought I, and his justice prompts to the use of the best, the most merciful means to insure man's redemption from depravity. I was allowed to settle the question as to the existence of a real, local hell, in my own mind to my own satisfaction, before my teachers instructed me upon the subject. I gathered from their instructions many hints that were very useful to me in coming to the conclusion that the hell which individuals found was in their own natures rather than in the sphere as a place different from other places.

It needed not the wisdom of the philosopher to decide the question whether it was appropriate for all classes to intermingle; and the absence of gross minds or depraved spirits from the circle in which I found myself, did not surprise me. I knew there was poison in the sphere of a degraded individual, and that the natural repulsion that the good feel toward the depraved is a just provision of Nature for their protection from the influence of the depraved. Virtue is a panopoly, truly; because it is so distinct from vice that it finds no affinity with it. No affinity, did I say? Who so virtuous but that there is in his nature some weak point, where some sharp arrow from the quiver of vice may not enter? Who so pure that some atoms of the magnetism of a depraved individual may not find their affinized atoms in his own, and work like a slow poison to gradually infect his nature?

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, with too familiar face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Familiarity with vice begets vice, inevitably, as one cannot always have his armor on, or be on his guard against vicious influences.

The time at length arrived when I was prepared to visit the first circle, in quest of knowledge in respect to the condition of the lowest class of mankind that enter the spirit-world.

I visited a temple in this circle at first; the place of resort of all grades of individuals of the circle. It was a gorgeous pile. Its glittering domes and towers sparkled in the lovely light of the spiritual atmosphere, and created such emotions in the mind as always result from the sight of the most brilliantly beautiful objects that can be presented to the vision. The first view of such a temple would naturally excite strong emotions in the mind of any individual, however low in the scale of being. In my own mind, the first thought awakened by this sight was: it is sought to arouse the dormant feelings of the people who congregate here, by first presenting to them this dazzling vision of beauty. I entered the temple, and gazed upon the glittering roof, where diamonds and precious stones of every name commingled their rich rays to dazzle the sight, and I was assured that the mind that could withstand the effect of the outside and inside view of this temple without being deeply exalted, was indeed seared, or by nature incapable of feeling. My observations proved to me that very few entered the temple who were not, in a degree, overcome by the scene presented within. It was a vast structure, composed of numerous courts and apartments for the various uses it was to serve.

Nothing of beauty and harmony was lacking in this temple, devoted to the instruction of the lowest class of humanity of the section where it was situated. It was for the use of a community composed entirely of individuals of the first circle. The teachers who congregated there to instruct this community were of neighboring communities of the second and third circles.

With what emotions did I gaze upon the crowd of people in that temple! They were all dark hued; their magnetism being deeply tinted with the dark colors—sure evidence of depravity. Some were careless, stupid, beastly. Others were thoughtful, but had the tiger in their natures, and raged inwardly, like tigers caged. No outward restraint was put upon them, but they felt the power of invisible teachers, who threw their psychological power over them to restrain them within proper bounds while in the public

assembly. Who in earth-life has hardly yet dreamed of the use of this great power in Nature? More potent than bolts and bars, it is the power which restrains unreciprocated, guides unseen, to the more peaceful paths of righteousness, the slaves of vice.

I visited the homes of wretches steeped in crime, and acquainted myself with the experiences of such through themselves and teachers. I marked that their homes were, invariably, surrounded with attractive scenery, and adorned in a style that could not fail to be attractive to any that could appreciate beauty and harmony of arrangement. I knew that higher circles had the oversight of this, and devised the surroundings of these people, that they might have all the aids which could possibly be afforded them to promote their advancement. Notwithstanding this beauty, all the developments of benevolence exhibited in these homes, I found that within them vice was reaping its just reward, and being overcome by the means of imposed tortures of mind inflicted upon individuals by the psychological power of their helpers, as well as by the means of reading the past over and over again as memory spread before the mind the open book of life, and would not that it be closed.

"I have suffered the tortures of the damned," said one to me whose powers of mind made it possible for his teachers to hasten his development by means of imposed suffering. "In imagination, I have traversed arid deserts, gloomy forests and dismal swamps; I have climbed rugged mountains for a gleam of sunshine which might, perchance, greet me from the summit and help to thaw the ice that was freezing my spirit. I have encountered deadly miasms while traversing dismal swamps, which would rise up like demons before me, and encompass me like the deadly vapors of the Upas, threatening to destroy me at once. If death could have come to my release at such moments—yes, everlasting death, I should have rejoiced. Such experiences are like dreams or visions, and I dread their recurrence as I would dread the knout. I am sometimes in doubt as to what purpose is to be served by these experiences; but there are seasons when I am sure they are working for my good." This man had been "steeped in iniquity" from the period of early manhood till death in middle age. His parents were not of a class that bequeathed noble natures to their children, although they stood well in society. This man had intellect sufficient to have placed him high in the third circle, at his entrance into spirit-life, had it not been that this intellect was beclouded with depravity—an inherited depravity, and which could only be eradicated by suffering; either intensely for a shorter season, or more moderately for a longer one. The ghosts of his former crimes haunted him as memory recalled them, and as they were painted upon his imagination in vivid colors by the ever-present power, which was, by turns, his tormentor and comforter.

I visited the home of a harlot, recently added to the community from earth-life. She was in the home of a relative who had been of her own grade, but was emerging from her lowest condition, having become capable of appreciating her surroundings in some degree. Had I been ignorant of the fact that spirits do not die, I should have believed that the pitiable object I saw in this home was dying. She was reclining upon a couch, with attendants busily engaged about her, impelling into her system magnetic fluids, in the endeavor to restore consciousness; to awaken the dormant energies of her whole nature. She was as one in a deathly stupor. Her vocation in earth-life had so vitiated her nature that the substance composing her spiritual body was so rare that the body could not perform its natural functions with sufficient power or energy to permit the mind to act through it so that consciousness could result. She had been in this condition for several weeks, and months must pass before full consciousness would be restored. Hers was the condition of all of her class on being born into the spiritual state. Thought I, it is a terrible compensation for the degradation imposed upon the whole nature by such a life.

I visited a male debauchee, and learned that the penalty of lewdness is visited alike upon male and female. Unerring justice, as exhibited by Nature, points the shaft alike to the seducer and his victim when the crime of perverting the natural functions of the human system is punished; but there is a deadly shaft—a poisoned arrow, that stings the vital nature of him who has betrayed trusting innocence, and lured to the sure path of folly his helpless victim. This shaft is for him alone. Enough that she suffers equally with him for the sin against the body, as hers was the lesser crime, considering all circumstances.

The mental degradation of this class is outgrown by suffering, like that of every other class. Regeneration comes by repentance, and individual effort stimulated by repentance. The sufferings inflicted upon the low, are just according as their natures can bear, and are only for aiding them into the path of repentance and regeneration. Vengeance prompts not one single experience of the sort I have named, through which such pass, but pure benevolence. It is not the prerogative of those of the second sphere who are the appointed agents to assist this class into the path of progress, to appoint the punishments of men; but Nature has so arranged that *crime punishes itself*; or in other words, that the remorse of conscience that can be aroused in the mind of the criminal, is the means of eradicating from his nature the seeds of depravity, whose fruit was crime, and whose nature it is to continue to germinate and bring forth such fruit until they are eradicated. Benevolent teachers weep over the sufferings of their wards; yet stern necessity is laid upon them to help them, and they will not flinch. The surgeon may weep as he contemplates the sufferings he inflicts as his blade cuts into the vital flesh of some victim of disease or accident; yet he stays not his operations because he inflicts pain; he only hastens them to the extent his patient can bear, that the latter may be the sooner relieved. As the surgeon's knife is not the real cause of the suffering endured, but the disease or accident, so it is the nature of the depraved which causes their sufferings, be they ever so severe.

TEARS.

Would some kind angel give me tears—
It seems a little thing.
The child's first need—I would not ask
The gems that crown a king.

The glad peace-bringers after storm
Are drops the sun smiles through;
The healer of the parching rose
Is but a bead of dew.

Yet what am I, an atom sole
In heaven's creative plan,
That I should ask the tenderest gift
God ever gave to man.—*Eleanora L. Harvey.*

Charles Dickens says that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, or to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

Spiritual Phenomena.

HEALING MEDIUMS.—EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN MERCHANT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Being at work in my garden a few summers ago, one of my servants came to inform me that two gentlemen wished to speak with me. I turned and saw them standing near the house. One of these strangers was a healthy-looking man of middle age and middle stature, whom I shall designate Mr. Middlemass; the other was a tall and more elderly person, whom I will, therefore, style Mr. Long. Mr. Middlemass produced letters from two eminent Spiritualists of the United States, well known in England, recommending these strangers as reliable individuals of the same faith. As Mr. Middlemass addressed me on the objects of their voyage to Europe, his companion, Long, stood tall, silent and motionless as an American Indian. Indeed, he had much of the physiognomical character of an Indian, and I imagined he must be somewhat of the red man's condescending type. He did not say a word, but he followed me into the house, and he came to me simply to say that it was of a spiritual character. Mr. Long stated, when he at length opened his lips, that he was directed by the spirits to go to a city, one of the chief ones of the States, where would be pointed out the person who was spiritually appointed to accompany him to Europe, and, indeed, to find the necessary means; that he had done so, and that Mr. Middlemass had been pointed out to him, at a spiritual circle of entire strangers, as the person destined to be the companion of his voyage. On this Mr. Middlemass took up the narrative, and, in explanation of his part in the mission, gave me the following statement:

"I am one of a family with a strong tendency to consumption. My mother died of consumption, and nine of my brothers and sisters died of consumption also. I was myself attacked by it, and no efforts of the medical men could arrest its progress. My physician assured me that my lungs were so much wasted by it that I could not live more than a couple of months. I set about, therefore, to arrange my affairs so that my business could be carried on for my wife and daughter, or rather for my daughter, for my wife was confined to her bed, in the last stage of water on the chest, and it was a question whether I myself or she would depart first. In a state of mind such as this, these circumstances were calculated to produce, aided by my own feelings of the depression of disease, I was sitting one day on my own doorstep, in a condition very low and melancholy. The near prospect of expiring life, and of my child, an only daughter, about to be left an orphan in the world in very tender years, made me exceedingly unhappy. My looks no doubt expressed my gloomy condition to the passers-by, and I was not long before I had attracted considerable notice, but of whom I knew nothing further, but a newspaper into my hand, in going by, saying, 'Neighbor, you seem low; read that, it may cheer you up a little.' I took the paper mechanically, for I had little interest in any affairs of the day. In running my eye over the advertisements on the first page, it was caught by one from a spiritual medium professing to cure diseases by inspiration from the invisible world. What could that mean? I said to myself, 'Can people now-a-days believe in such bare-faced trickery?' I threw the paper down in disgust.

But, somehow, I found the profession of this woman, for such she was, hanging about my mind, and though I continually drove the thought from me, as most weak and ridiculous, it still remained, and came again and again most vividly before me. I found myself saying internally, 'Well now, suppose I were to try this woman; she could do me no harm, if she did me no good. I have but two months to live, and what matters it? I have a good mind to go and see, from sheer curiosity, what sort of a creature this is who pretends to hold communication with spiritual beings.'

I went. The modern pythonesse was not an old or at all a witch-like person. She was a neat, bright-looking, modest (and I might say, sensible) young woman, of good education, and of pleasing address. I told her that I had read one of her advertisements, and wished to hear what she would say to me. She requested me to place a chair by the side of the one on which she sat; and, being seated, she took my hand and sat in silence. Presently she appeared to be in a profound sleep, and in that state, began speaking. She said, 'That which you desire to know, I will tell you; but I cannot do me no harm, if she did me no good. I have but two months to live, and what matters it? I have a good mind to go and see, from sheer curiosity, what sort of a creature this is who pretends to hold communication with spiritual beings.'

I went. The modern pythonesse was not an old or at all a witch-like person. She was a neat, bright-looking, modest (and I might say, sensible) young woman, of good education, and of pleasing address. I told her that I had read one of her advertisements, and wished to hear what she would say to me. She requested me to place a chair by the side of the one on which she sat; and, being seated, she took my hand and sat in silence. Presently she appeared to be in a profound sleep, and in that state, began speaking. She said, 'That which you desire to know, I will tell you; but I cannot do me no harm, if she did me no good. I have but two months to live, and what matters it? I have a good mind to go and see, from sheer curiosity, what sort of a creature this is who pretends to hold communication with spiritual beings.'

I went. The modern pythonesse was not an old or at all a witch-like person. She was a neat, bright-looking, modest (and I might say, sensible) young woman, of good education, and of pleasing address. I told her that I had read one of her advertisements, and wished to hear what she would say to me. She requested me to place a chair by the side of the one on which she sat; and, being seated, she took my hand and sat in silence. Presently she appeared to be in a profound sleep, and in that state, began speaking. She said, 'That which you desire to know, I will tell you; but I cannot do me no harm, if she did me no good. I have but two months to live, and what matters it? I have a good mind to go and see, from sheer curiosity, what sort of a creature this is who pretends to hold communication with spiritual beings.'

I went. The modern pythonesse was not an old or at all a witch-like person. She was a neat, bright-looking, modest (and I might say, sensible) young woman, of good education, and of pleasing address. I told her that I had read one of her advertisements, and wished to hear what she would say to me. She requested me to place a chair by the side of the one on which she sat; and, being seated, she took my hand and sat in silence. Presently she appeared to be in a profound sleep, and in that state, began speaking. She said, 'That which you desire to know, I will tell you; but I cannot do me no harm, if she did me no good. I have but two months to live, and what matters it? I have a good mind to go and see, from sheer curiosity, what sort of a creature this is who pretends to hold communication with spiritual beings.'

I went. The modern pythonesse was not an old or at all a witch-like person. She was a neat, bright-looking, modest (and I might say, sensible) young woman, of good education, and of pleasing address. I told her that I had read one of her advertisements, and wished to hear what she would say to me. She requested me to place a chair by the side of the one on which she sat; and, being seated, she took my hand and sat in silence. Presently she appeared to be in a profound sleep, and in that state, began speaking. She said, 'That which you desire to know, I will tell you; but I cannot do me no harm, if she did me no good. I have but two months to live, and what matters it? I have a good mind to go and see, from sheer curiosity, what sort of a creature this is who pretends to hold communication with spiritual beings.'

gave me a new and most extraordinary prescription. This put the climax to my astonishment. No one, I felt sure, could know me here, and yet there was my case exactly stated, and again assuredly by Dr. Rush. This was an extraordinary state of mind, the circumstances were so, utterly contrary to all my modes of belief for my whole life long, and yet the results were as amazing in their success as in their accompaniments. I had the new prescription carefully made up, though some of the ingredients were most singular, and not attainable without much difficulty and personal influence. Its effects were still more beneficial than those of the former one. I was enabled to regain my usual health.

During the period of this satisfactory progress, another very startling thing occurred to me. In my business I employ a considerable number of work-people, and amongst them some young women. One day, as I was giving some directions to a young woman about her work, she suddenly stepped back, and said in great surprise, 'What are you doing to me?' 'Nothing,' I replied; 'I was not aware that I touched you.' 'Yes, you must have done so,' she said, 'sat down suddenly in a chair, and as suddenly dropped fast asleep.' It was now my turn to be surprised; but as she seemed comfortably asleep, I thought she was over-fatigued from some cause, and said, 'Let her sleep her sleep out—do not disturb her.'

I went on with my inspection of the work going forward in my factory, and from time to time I inquired how the young woman was. The answer was still the same—sound asleep. Two hours passed over, and I then became alarmed, and went to her, and examined her. Great was my horror and alarm—she appeared not simply asleep, but dead! She was cold and rigid—no breath, no pulse could be discovered. I shook her again and again—called her name; no answer, no motion. 'She is dead!' I exclaimed; 'dead to a certainty! What a catastrophe! What is to be done?' The work-people all came thronging about; it was a scene of the greatest terror. At this moment I recollected that in the second paper handed to me at the spiritual circle, Dr. Rush was made to say, 'If ever you have need of me, call for me and I will come.' At once I burst out, 'Oh, Dr. Rush, if ever you can be of service to me, now is the time!' Scarcely were the words uttered, when the young woman sprang from her chair, looked wildly round, rubbed her eyes, and said, 'What is all this? Where have I been?' 'You have been in a trance,' I said. 'No,' she replied, 'I was in a state of great excitement. I have been in heaven! I have seen my husband and my child!—she was a young widow. At the same moment she fell on her knees in the midst of the astonished people, and began praying—most earnestly—most eloquently. The whole scene was one of the most extraordinary that I had ever witnessed.

In the meantime my health was rapidly improving; I felt internally sound and full of a new life. I was not getting worse, as the water on the chest, and a fatal inflammation appeared approaching; but one day, as I was sitting sorrowfully in my house, a druggist of the neighborhood, whom I knew by sight, but with whom I had never had any intercourse, announced himself, came in, sat down by me, and said, 'What I have come hither about I have no idea whatever; but I felt strongly impressed to come, whereupon he dropped asleep, and began speaking to me as from Dr. Rush. He said, 'I have been in heaven! I have seen my husband and my child!—she was a young widow. At the same moment she fell on her knees in the midst of the astonished people, and began praying—most earnestly—most eloquently. The whole scene was one of the most extraordinary that I had ever witnessed.'

In the week, however, he and the young woman, alternately, day by day attended, and on every occasion the effect was the same, to the great relief of the patient, and, in that time, my wife was perfectly cured, and I have been since now living as sound and healthy as I am. The appearance of the narrator was, indeed, that of a person in robust health and middle life. But he went on: 'After this, I took much interest in the Spiritualists, and frequently attended their circles. At one of these, I heard a medium call out to a stranger sitting in a distant corner, saying, 'Come here, you stranger, with the mission to Europe.' I was not at all surprised, as I had heard that he was a perfect stranger in that city, and was surprised to find himself thus addressed; that he was, indeed, a Spiritualist, and had a particular mission to Europe, and had been told that he should come to this city, and the means and the man who was to accompany him would be pointed out.

'True,' said the medium. 'And there is the person,' pointing to me, 'who is to accompany you.' My surprise at this communication may be imagined. I had never had an intention of visiting Europe; my business demanded my constant attention; my means were sufficient to give me an easy position; I was not ambitious of wealth, but I was very anxious to see such an unusual circumstance, and no such intimation had been made to me from a spiritual source. This command, however, being distinctly laid upon me, I said, 'Well, if I am to do this, I must take him home with me and learn the nature of his views and expectations.' I accordingly did so. Having heard these, they appeared to me important and feasible, being of a mechanical rather than a spiritual nature, and the practical evidence which Mr. Long could give me appearing satisfactory, I said, 'Well, if the spirits intend me to go they must find the means, for I do not possess them, and shall not ruin myself on their account. They must also show me how my business can be satisfactorily superintended in my absence.' I was immediately assured by the spirits that all this would be done. To which I replied, 'Let it be done, and I will go—without that I won't.'

From that moment, however, I perceived a strange alteration in my temperament. I had never been in the least of a speculative turn; I followed my business with a quiet and unambitious uniformity; made a fair income, and desired no more. But now I found myself full of speculative ideas. Things on which I had never bestowed a thought became extremely interesting to me. I wondered that I had not tried my luck in this and that; in shares in public companies and projected works; in the new oil mania, and the like. I made a venture—it succeeded to a marvel. I tried again, and again, and it was the same. Everything engaged in proved profitable; I did not make a single blunder. In about two months I found that I had cleared fifteen thousand dollars. The spirits asked whether I had enough. I said, 'I could not go on so extensive a journey and speculation under twice the sum, as besides covering my own risks, I desired to find an institution for the benefit of poor children. The spirits said, Give away all you have thus got, and see whether at the end of three months from the time of our commands to you, you have not enough then.'

I did not do that, but I found myself at the end of three months in possession of thirty thousand dollars, and of a person to manage my own affairs—and here I am.

Such was Mr. Middlemass's story. Having launched Mr. Long on the career of his undertaking, and accompanied him to several countries on the Continent, he has long since returned home, and is again pursuing his own business as before, still intending to found his proposed institution for children. As to the success of the plans of Mr. Long, the prosecution of which has led him into very extraordinary circumstances, and into the presence of very exalted personages, the time has not yet arrived for further details concerning them. So far, however, as Mr. Middlemass is concerned, taking his assurances as those of a respectable merchant, his narrative is a very extraordinary one—and especially those parts of it

regarding the cures of himself and his wife, are of a nature, though so marvelous, yet too positive to be denied, except by denying his probity and sincerity, for which his sober habits and successful course as a man of business furnish no plea. As they are here submitted to the perpetuating power of the press.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Manifestations in Philadelphia.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I am surprised that so few reports come to you from Philadelphia, where Spiritualism is in such a healthy condition; my object, therefore, in writing to you is to acquaint you, and the people generally, of the good tests we sometimes receive from the immortals through our various mediums.

I had the pleasure recently of attending a circle held at No. 736 Arch street, where a young man aged about twenty, called Eddy Kean, was the medium. I am not personally acquainted with this young man, but must say that the tests given through him were of the first order. Upon this occasion an audience of about one hundred were present. The hall where the circle was held being a small one, many had to stand; the medium was therefore unable to see more than one-third of the people present, making the tests for the skeptics all the better. Generally the spirits present themselves, give their names, and are described by the medium, before they take possession of his organism and converse with their friends.

The evening I was present about twenty tests were given. I will briefly relate a few. The medium, being entranced, with his eyes closed, said, 'I see a man who seems troubled; he says he committed suicide; and gives me his name as Thomas E—'. He wants to speak to his wife Sarah.' The lady was found in the audience at the rear of the hall, and was soon convinced of the presence of her husband's spirit.

The influence changed, and the medium said, 'There is a spirit here who says he was Rear-Admiral C—, (giving the name of his vessel, which I have forgotten,) and he wants to speak to his nephew Charles, who is present.' A conversation then took place, and interesting messages were sent to members of the family, all of whom were mentioned by name.

Again the medium said, 'I see the spirit of a man who was a minister. Oh! he was scalped by the Indians! He gives his name as I—, and wants to speak to his son Thomas.' After some effort, Thomas was found, when a most affecting conversation took place, the spirit counseling his dear son to abandon the bad associations he had formed, and not to spend the next money that was coming to him as he did the last. This was a good test, and the audience were much affected; and I hope the young man will be benefited by this heavenly counsel.

Then the medium sang some very beautiful lines relating to a sick and dying soldier. The spirit controlling gave his name as Frank P—, and taking the medium to a lady addressed her thus: 'Mother, those were the last lines I sent to you in a letter from Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, before I passed away.' The test was recognized.

The medium, pointing to the rear of the room, said: 'I see a young lady, holding up a letter (in spirit), upon which is written the word "Tennessee"; she says her name is Easy M—, and she wants to speak to her sister Susie,' who proved to be in the room, and who had just come, as the spirit said, from Canada. Easy passed away in Tennessee while the family were in Canada. I assure you, dear Banner, the test was complete.

The medium said, 'There is in the room a stranger to these manifestations. He is a sea captain. I must go and see him.' The medium then approached a gentleman, and the spirit controlling said, 'I am J—, one of your old chums. Captain, I want you to leave the "Portugal"; she is in a dangerous condition. Do you remember what occurred in South America? This will teach you that our eyes are open.' The test was recognized, and called good.

These few, dear Banner, must suffice. The only regret I have is that I had to quote from memory, which with me is poor at best.

In conclusion I would say that with more such mediums as Wilson, of whom I read in your paper, and Eddy Kean, Old Theology would soon be revolutionized. I learn with regret, however, that Mr. Kean contemplates leaving the sphere of Spiritualism for the stage.

Yours truly, SAMUEL BALL.

Philadelphia, Jan. 24th, 1869.

THE GOSPEL NOT RETAINED IN BOSTON.—At one of our fashionable churches, where pews are eagerly snapped up at about a thousand dollars each, a young man and his newly married wife recently attended public worship for two or three Sabbaths, and were so well pleased with the preacher that they resolved to attend regularly. Accordingly, they passed out one Sunday, the gentleman, calling the sexton aside, says patronizingly: 'See here, I think, on the whole, I'll come here to church. Now I want to hire two seats—good seats, mind you—on the lower floor, and now let me see all that you have to let.' To let did I understand you? inquired the sexton. 'Yes, I do,' mind paying me five dollars extra for two choice, broad-alde seats,' replied the applicant. 'Young man,' said the somewhat practical sexton, 'we have no seats to let; we do not do a retail business at this house.'—*Boston Herald, Jan. 23.*

Of course not. The gorgeously splendid and enormously expensive "houses of God," erected for the salvation of dear, precious souls, could never make enough to pay all bills and keep the concern in good running order, only by immense large sales with quick returns and huge profits, and that only with first-class customers. The old-fashioned method of saving souls, by letting a seat or two, has "played out." Nothing less than a lot of six, or a whole pew, can be thought of. For such establishments to transact a retail business, by peddling Jesus in small quantities, would be decidedly derogatory to the elevated dignity of genteel Gospel-mongers. The idea of any individual saving his soul, by hiring a single seat, is as preposterously absurd as if he attempted to hire a railroad express train for himself alone, on the same terms as a passage by the regular trip.

In order to avoid mistakes like the above, it would be well for the excessively genteel Gospel warehouses to hang up cards, in imitation of other dry goods dealers, such as "At wholesale only," or "No goods at retail." If the locality and class of purchasers required it, a minor department might be added in the vestry, with a sign, "Retail goods down stairs." The varieties of Gospel commodities could be designated thus: "A recent importation of fresh grace of God, direct, at manufacturer's prices, by the case or single piece." "Several cases of sinner's hopes, in lots to suit purchasers." "New stock of Divine Love, all sizes." "Closing out sale of shop-worn, heavenly riches, marked down to the lowest notch." "No goods exchanged," or any other commercial phrase applicable to the case.

[This plan would be much less troublesome and cheaper than the usual verbal method.] W.

The more perfect the medium the better will be or she subserve the uses of communication.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE

AND CONSERVATORY OF METAPHYSICAL, MENTAL

AND SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

17 GREAT JONES STREET,

(Near Broadway.)

NEW YORK CITY.

PROF. C. H. WOODHULL, M. D.,

Medical Director.

MRS. DR. WOODHULL,

AND

MISS TENNESSEE.

(Formerly known as the Wonderful Child.)

Professors of Magnetic, Mental and Spiritual Science.

This Institute is conducted upon the combined principles of

MEDICINE AND MAGNETISM,

FOR THE CURE OF

CANCER,

CONSUMPTION,

RHEUMATISM,

DYSPEPSIA,

ASTHMA

AND

PARALYSIS,

AND ALL OTHER CHRONIC DISEASES,

AND FOR

SPECIAL CONSULTATIONS

Upon all subjects of general interest,

POLITICAL, FINANCIAL, COMMERCIAL
AND INTERNATIONAL.

THE

Spiritual, Mental and Magnetic Sciences

To become the basis of the

ART OF HEALING.

Even now, in the INFANCY OF THIS ART, there are hundreds of thousands of the most enlightened people—those of the greatest observation and experience—who will employ no other than a Magnetic Physician; from the east, west, north, south—from Oregon, California, Cuba and Canada, these people are daily applying at our Institute for the relief they have in vain sought at the hands of the Medical Profession, knowing that the principles upon which it is founded are the only ones from which they can expect it.

Mesmerism, Psychology, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Magnetism, are all demonstrated facts; those with the Spirit Healing Power, constitute the foundation of a practice that, combined with the use of Medicine, to change the chemical conditions of diseased parts of the system, will take the place of all other systems of curing disease.

Fifteen years' practice, upon the principles announced above, during which more than ten thousand cases have been successfully treated, has demonstrated the truth of the following conclusions:

1. DISEASE can be cured by the combined use of Medicine and Magnetism, when either relied upon alone would fail.
2. No DISEASE can be treated with the positive certainty of a cure being effected, unless the magnetic system is properly controlled by magnetic treatment at the same time that the physical system is undergoing medical treatment.
3. All diseases that have not already destroyed vital organs necessary to continue life, can be cured by a judicious medical treatment, using vegetable remedies and a scientific application of the Magnetic healing power.

All cases treated at the Institute, or elsewhere, are examined, received for treatment, and

CURES GUARANTEED

Upon the basis formed by the above conclusions.

CANCER AND CONSUMPTION

Are the great specialties; while

PARALYSIS, RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA,

ASTHMA, HEART DISEASE, ST. VITUS

DANCE, FITS, NEURALGIA, ALL

DISEASES OF THE HEAD, EYES,

EARS, THROAT, LUNGS, LIVER,

KIDNEYS, SPLEEN, BOWELS, LIMBS,

ALL SCROFULOUS AND OTHER SORES,

Are treated with reliable and certain results.

A WORD TO FEMALES.

The physical health and beauty of the coming generation depend upon you. Have you any of that terrible list of complaints peculiar to your sex? And do you know how soon they will undermine the entire physical system and totally unfit you for a wife and mother?

The important bearing this class of diseases has upon the welfare of the human family, has induced the most earnest and searching inquiry as to the best means of cure. A system has been adopted at the Institute, radical and effectual, to which the most sensitive cannot object, as this department has been placed under the charge of competent educated persons of your own sex.

BRIEF SKETCHES from the Autobiography of the **Clairvoyant Sisters, Victoria** (Mrs. Dr. Woodhull) and **Tennessee Claflin**, formerly known as the Wonderful Child, showing some of the incidents that have attended the development and practice of that remarkable **SPIRIT SIGHT AND HEALING POWER**, that have so often convinced the inquiring and confounded the skeptical.

VICTORIA CLAPLIN was born in September, 1840, and TENNESSEE CLAPLIN in October, 1846. At the age of a few months, it began to be observed that they were subject to sudden and singular "sleeps," which evidently were independent of and in addition to their natural rest; these continued, with more or less frequency, until they began to talk, when it was observed that they were conversing with some unseen persons. At about the age of five they commenced relating what they had seen and heard during these singular trances—would say "they had been to see their sisters, who lived in such a beautiful place among the flowers, and who were so good and kind to them that they wanted to go and see them very often." They would often wander to unfrequented spots, and there remain alone for hours, "to learn from their sisters," as they said. At night, when all else were asleep, they would often get up and go to the windows "to see the beautiful people who were out of nights." They would go anywhere at any hour, fear being unknown to them.

DEVELOPMENT OF CLAIRVOYANCE OR SPIRIT SIGHT.

At about the age of seven, an important advancement was made in their development; from the unconscious trance in which they had "seen and heard," they came into full, independent Clairvoyance, or that condition in which spirit-sight and hearing are obtained, when in the conscious, normal state. In this condition, when their minds are called to any particular subject or matter, all the circumstances connected therewith instantaneously come within the sphere of their sight and comprehension, and are related to the inquirer.

A LIFE SAVED.

While Mrs. Dr. Woodhull was making a trip from New York to New Orleans, a gentleman, Hon. B. F. A., fell in company with her. At Cairo, Ill., he was going to proceed on his journey by the Steamboat Platte Valley. She said to him: "Do not go on that boat, for there will be a serious accident occur to her." He did not go on her, and the boat was lost the first night out of Cairo; many lives were lost also. Some months after, Mr. A. called on her and acknowledged that her spirit-sight had undoubtedly saved his life at that time. This gentleman's name will be furnished on application.

ANOTHER.

On September 7th, 1868, the Propeller Hippocampus was lost on Lake Michigan; my business partners, Cooledge, Bailey and Maple, were on her. Supposing them lost, I called on Miss Tennessee to consult about arranging our business. When I told her the boat and all on board were lost, she said: "No, all are not lost; quite a number are saved and will be here in two days; two of your men are among them." She described them so that I recognized Cooledge and Bailey. The 11th the saved arrived, Cooledge and Bailey among them. No news of the boat had come previously.

JAMES KIRBY.

Sworn to before me this 24th of September, 1868, DAN'L POMEROY, Notary Public, City and County of New York; Office 553 Broadway.

Beside the above special selections, hundreds of general public facts have been predicted by them, such as the loss of Ships, Ocean and Lake Steamers and Boats, by Shipwreck or Fire, the result of Elections and Battles, the death of Prominent Men and Women, and especially the assassination of Lincoln, which was predicted at the time of his passing through Pittsburgh, on his way to Washington, first. As his carriage passed the window of the hotel where Miss Tennessee was stopping, she fell over and said: "Lincoln is going to be shot in the head; he will never leave the Presidential Chair alive." The same prediction was repeated several times afterwards, and six weeks before it did actually occur; it was constantly before her, and was told to many persons who can be personally referred to.

A complete history of all the prophecies that have been made by them—and their complete fulfillment is conscientiously asserted—forms one of the most remarkable records in existence.

No person comes before them for consultation without receiving one or more wonderful tests of spirit-sight and power, or information of great importance.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE HEALING POWER.

Gradually this greatest of all gifts began to develop in the Wonderful Children, as they were

then known; they would accurately and minutely describe all the symptoms of disease in every person, giving the cause and the probable result, and propose to cure the same, either by magnetism, by prescribing remedies, or by the use of both combined. Their success was most singularly successful from the very beginning. Thus commenced the most remarkable career of success that has ever fallen to the history of any two persons. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor patient too far gone to be restored.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 9th, 1868.

I take great pleasure by informing the public that while residing in Chicago, Ill., in 1856, during a spell of sickness, I was poisoned through the mistake of a druggist in putting up a prescription. I immediately sent for three physicians—the best in Chicago—but they all gave me up and said I must die. It so happened that Miss Tennessee, then a mere child of nine years, was in the house. She got on the bed and began to operate with her hands upon my stomach and bowels. I was in the most terrible agony, and expected to die every moment. I gradually got easy, and finally fell into a sweet sleep. I awoke in six hours, and, to my surprise, I was free from all pain; in one week from that time I was able to be up. I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Tennessee saved my life.

MRS. GEORGE LORD,
No. 78 Congress street.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 3d, 1868.

Eight years ago I was taken with bleeding from the kidneys, which has continued at intervals ever since. All the best Physicians did me no good, and finally gave me up as an incurable case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. My friends had all lost hope, and I had also given up, as I had become so weak I could scarcely walk a block. A friend advised me to go to the Magnetic Healing Institute, 17 Great Jones street, and see what could be done for me there. I went, and after being examined was told I could be cured only by the strictest Magnetic treatment. The first operation affected me strangely, sending piercing pains through my back and kidneys; but I began to improve at once, and now, after one month's treatment, I have returned to my employment, and can walk several miles without fatigue. I can be seen at 172 Adams street, Brooklyn, or at 23 South street, New York.

T. P. RICHARDSON.

A Wonderful Case.

JANESVILLE, WIS., June 10th, 1867.

Three years ago I was taken with Lung Fever, then Pleurisy set in, and six weeks from that time a tumor formed on my left lung, which had to be lanced twice, and in two different places. It commenced discharging at times, as much as a pint a day, and continued until within the last four weeks. My strength was gone; the discharge was so great and smelled so bad that no one could stay in the room with me; my feet swelled, my appetite failed; was troubled with a hacking cough, with fever and chills, and the least exercise took my breath away. My friends had given up all hopes of my recovery. I had tried the best Physician in the East, who failed to give me any relief. I had almost given up hopes myself, until I read a card of the Magnetic Healing Institute in the *Janesville Gazette*, which induced me to try its treatment. I was promised a cure in six months. I commenced rapid improvement at once, and in three months the sore had healed up, and I was able to attend to my regular business, feeling as well and sound as I ever did. I live in Janesville, and am employed on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad.

JNO. H. NICHOLS.

[From *Janesville Gazette*.]

Letter from a Patient of Mrs. Woodhull, who declares that his life was saved by her timely treatment.

BOSTON, January 10th, 1869.

MRS. DR. WOODHULL, 17 Great Jones street, New York:

Dear Madam—I feel impelled by a sense of justice, mingled with the deepest gratitude of soul, to write you this letter. In it I wish to state, as distinctly as I can, my belief in your amazing and, I may well say, miraculous powers or gift you are endowed with, viz: to drive out disease and death from the bodies and souls of poor and suffering humanity.

But, through your agency and the blessing of God, I am able to utter more than my simple belief in your wondrous ability to extirpate the terrible malady which preys upon this human constitution, carrying men and women down to the chambers of gloom and despair; often to the suicide's grave—the abyss of woe—but I am here to make known not so much my faith as my absolute knowledge of your singular skill and ability in changing the entire current and forces of mind and body, as exemplified in my own person. And do not, dear Madam, look upon this simple act of justice, in any light, as a stroke of flattery, for I hold that flattery is base coin and a cheat, while at the same time fair praise is sterling gold.

About a month since, being in New York, I was induced to visit your Institute; not that I believed any of you could do me any good, for I had long ago given up my case as a hopeless one. I knew it could not be long before the tomb must be my resting place, for able practitioners had declared me incurable—the disease hereditary, and, as I have little doubt, derived from both my parents; and it has been a source of extraordinary affliction for nearly forty years.

Although there are in your Healing Institute several sisters of you, possessing very extraordinary power, yet it seemed ordained that I should fall into your hands for treatment. In a single word, then, I am cured, and all in one short month. Let me now say, with proper solemnity, you are my saviour! You have saved my life.

It is impossible for me to tell how this thing has been done, unless by the sublime purity of your life and the ruling passion of your soul, which is to do your fellow creatures good and save them from ruin. Philosophers of a certain grade may sneer at this phenomenon and method of treating disease, but it will be accepted very soon, and found to be in the most beautiful harmony with refined forces of matter, with which gross and sensual natures are totally unacquainted.

You are at liberty to make this letter public, and as I shall be in your city more than half the time for some months to come, if any feel sufficient interest in my case, I will meet them at your house for personal conversation, and tell them a thousand times more than I can here write.

Yours truly,

BARTLETT.

Cancer Cured.

I hereby testify that I have been suffering from a cancer in the forehead, right above the eye, for the last seven or eight years. At first it was not very painful, but afterward became so excruciating that I consulted a number of Physicians, among whom were the first authorities of this metropolis. All the advice they gave me and all the medicine I swallowed proved without avail. The last three or four months these pains became almost intolerable, when I heard of the Magnetic Healing Institute, 17 Great Jones street. Like a drowning man I grasped this Straw of Hope, as I considered it, thinking that, all the best Physicians having given me up as hopeless, at last I would not merit the reproach of having neglected anything, if really I should not derive any benefit from this last experiment.

And thankful I am to my Maker for this happy inspiration. Five or six days of treatment produced a remarkable change, and seven weeks sufficed for an entire cure. Since the first of December last I have not felt the least inconvenience, and to-day is the 15th of January, an interval of six weeks. The motive which prompts me to make this statement is to benefit, by this information, other fellow sufferers, and to do justice to the establishment which has produced this marvelous cure.

JAMES E. DOW,
116 West 45th street, New York City.
New York, January 15, 1869.

Triumph of Magnetic Treatment.

PLEASANT PLAIN, WARREN CO., O.,
May 16th, 1867.

Last November I placed myself under the treatment of the Magnetic Healing Institute. I had tried all the different Medical practices, and only grew worse. At that time I was greatly reduced in flesh and had no strength—was suffering terribly from Spinal Complaint, Kidney Disease, and in other ways as women only suffer. I had been a Dyspeptic for years, and then could eat nothing but the very lightest food, and that even caused me the greatest distress; in short, I was considered beyond all hope. I had not been under treatment a week before I could eat a respectable meal, without distress following it; and since then my difficulties have disappeared one by one, until I now can walk ten miles without fatigue, and really feel better than ever before. My friends all say I look better than for five years.

MISS JENNIE GREGORY.

Paralysis Cured in One Week.

PLEASANT PLAIN, OHIO, June 25th, 1867.

On the first day of April last, I was taken to the Magnetic Healing Institute, from my home in Ohio, on a pallet, having been unable to walk for the past three years. In one week from the time of my arrival, I was able to walk down stairs; the next day I walked two miles, and the next day much further. I am now fully recovered from all my difficulties and infirmities, being as well as ever.

MISS ELLA INGLE.

To the Public.

NEENAH, WINNEBAGO CO., WIS.,
June 20th, 1867.

Some twelve years ago I was attacked by a severe pain in my stomach, which gradually assumed all the symptoms of confirmed Dyspepsia; my whole system became very weak and debilitated. I employed the best doctors, but received no benefit; I knew I could not live long unless I got immediate relief. Having heard of some remarkable cures made at the Magnetic Healing Institute, New York, I concluded to let them try my case. I arrived there in an exhausted condition. One of the Clairvoyant Sisters examined my case, and told me when and how it originated, and that it could be cured. I began to feel better after the first operation, and in one week was well enough to return home, taking medicine to complete my recovery.

EBENEZER R. PATTERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th of July, 1867.

C. C. TOWNSEND,
Justice of the Peace.

Neenah, Winnebago Co., Wis.

Catarrh Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 7th, 1868.

I hereby certify that my wife has been afflicted by Catarrh for the last seven years, gradually growing worse and worse. She has treated with the best physicians in New York; all last year with Dr. Fitch, but got no help. About a month ago I persuaded her to take treatment at the Magnetic Healing Institute, 17 Great Jones street. She began to improve from the first, and is now cured. I live at No. 23 Third street, South Brooklyn, where the above facts will cheerfully be given to any inquirer.

JAMES CALER.

Extract from the *New York Sunday Dispatch*, Jan. 10th, 1869.

They say there is a great revolution rapidly going on in the minds of the people, upon many points of political and social economy, all tending to the one point of Justice and Equal Rights to all, irrespective of nationality, color or sex. Passing from general to specific things, they say

Grant is the last President that will ever be elected in this country by the votes of the people, as heretofore; that clairvoyance, spirit-mediumship, and all their collateral, will be laid under a ban of proscription, fine and imprisonment; that patent medicines will be interdicted; that it will finally culminate in a religious war, with conservatism of all kinds arrayed against liberalism; that it will not be confined to this country alone, but will spread to all countries where progressive ideas are seeking root; that liberalism will eventually overcome all opposition, and will then be inaugurated a complete system of government founded on justice and equality, in all respects, which system will be furnished by the great and good of all past times and nations now in spirit-life, whose acknowledged leader is Demosthenes, who already has a complete code of laws framed for the world; these will be given in such a way as to leave no doubt as to their origin.

Extract from the *Boston Daily Traveller*.

Healing diseases is not their only vocation, nor, indeed, is it the chief thing, though it is an important specialty. And in this they are singular in soliciting such cases only that have baffled the skill of the entire medical fraternity. Grappling, from choice, with such helpless cases, they show numerous instances when terrible disease and suffering has fled at their magic touch.

But I must hasten to tell you of the more astonishing qualities these people claim to possess, and which must needs make a severe draft upon the credulity of the public. They lay claim to the knowledge of future events! Startle if you must; say 't is invading the province which belongs to God only, if you will; yet they stand ready to prove they possess the gift of prescience. And their argument is that they are no more censurable for exercising such gift than any other persons of any other time. These reformers want to see a government of complete justice, and their faith to this end is absolutely surprising. In the words of a noble reformer, we can say, strong be the heart, abiding the purpose, brave, modest and gentle the spirit of those who toll in their task of the centuries! Free from petulance, from capriciousness, from polemic disposition, from schismatic irritability; without controversy and without compromise; sincere as gravitation and sunshine, simple as truth, tolerant as charity, let them work from the whole past and for the whole future, and in a spirit which, transcending all limits of time, makes this fleeting present, in the heart of it, eternal!

Extract from the *New York Sunday News*, Jan. 24th, 1869.

THE COMING WOMAN.—There are quite a number of noted women attending the National Female Suffrage Convention, who have not heretofore appeared as advocates of the cause. This indicates its growing importance, and shows the intentions are to obtain for it such strength as not only to demand but command the attention of legislation. Its advocates are sanguine of ultimate success. Among those referred to above, we notice Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, who has for many years prophesied the coming of great and fundamental reforms in the Constitution and Government of this country, and who now believes these changes are near at hand, and the result to be attained, a system based upon equal rights to all, irrespective of nationality, color, sex, and administered in sternest justice, securing freedom of body, mind and soul to every living being. Mrs. W. possesses a commanding intellect, refinement, and remarkable executive ability, and will undoubtedly play a conspicuous part in such changes, should they come. That she is creating an impression, is apparent from the fact that several leading papers contain articles regarding her. If those our attention has been called to indicate her peculiar talents, she will certainly form a prominent character in coming years. She is also deeply interested in several great public enterprises, such as the removal of the dangerous obstructions to navigation known as Hell Gate, elevated railways, the pneumatic dispatch, and a new system for piers and warehouses adapted to the "tides." She intends remaining here during the present session of Congress. In the interest of these enterprises. Possessing the acknowledged talent for it, she may appropriately be called "The Coming Woman."

The above from the *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., is not only a well-deserved tribute to the talent and capacity of Mrs. Woodhull, but also a certain prophecy of her future career.

Mrs. Woodhull and her sister, Miss Tennessee Claflin, are professors of Spiritual Science at the Magnetic Healing Institute, No. 17 Great Jones street, this city.

Extract from the *New York Daily World*, Jan. 28th, 1869.

To cure the ills that afflict society by a new process, woman can do what man cannot, and when she shall employ her psychometric power, and in a scientific direction, as she is destined to before long, some of our learned great men may tremble for their laurels. While man is toiling up the rugged steep by slow and painful steps, with laboring breath and sweating brow, woman instantly flies to the summit, and wonders that man should be so "obtuse" and so slow.

In closing, let me say that I hail as the harbinger of a brighter day for the race this movement for more freedom for woman. It has been estimated that women are much more susceptible of psychometric impression than men, probably in the proportion of five to one; and this is the reason why they are quicker-witted, and arrive at correct conclusions easier, and sooner, and frequently are unable to give the reason for their conclusions; or only a "woman's reason," as it has been styled, "Because it is."

We shall believe in women by-and-by, when, by their keen impressionable natures, we shall have a system of telegraphy outdoing the electric flash, or the fabled post-boy of the gods with wings at his shoes and cap; when Psychometry will be used for the discovery and prevention of crime; for in its presence—and it is omnipresent—the faintest whisper may be audible as the crashing thunder, and no cunning may hide villainy from its eye, and it will no longer be true that "dead men tell no tales." May God and good men hasten the day, never before possible, when bad government, disease and crime shall be banished, and appropriate laurels crown "The Coming Women."

The very best city references given to all who desire them. Consultation hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Invalids who cannot visit the Institute in person, can apply by letter, which will receive prompt attention. Medicine sent by Express to all parts of the World. All letters should be addressed,

Magnetic Healing Institute,

17 Great Jones Street, New York City