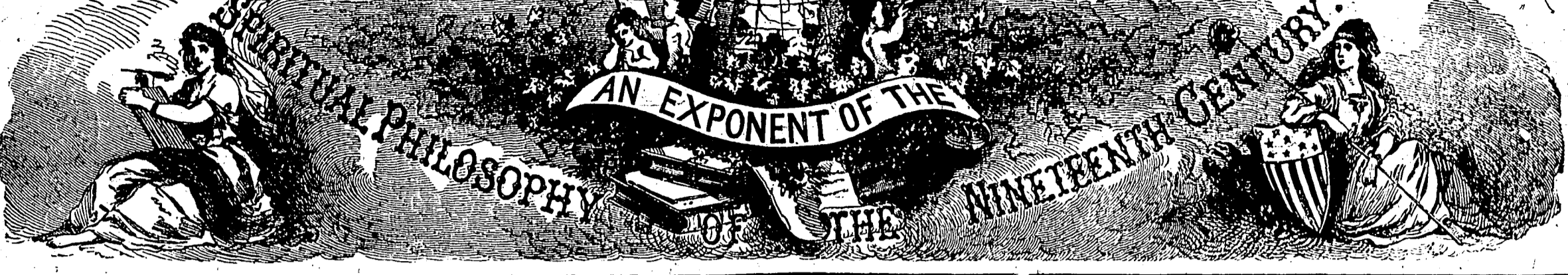


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXI.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
In Advance.

NO. 11.

## Original Essays.

### PSYCHOMETRY.

ITS ORIGIN AND SCOPE—WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING MEDICINE, PHRENOLOGY, SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE AND FUTURE PROGRESS.

It is nearly thirty years since I found it necessary to coin a new word to name the marvelous art or process, then just discovered, by which we are enabled to measure the mind or character of man, and to investigate by sympathetic, yet critical analysis, the interior nature of any one, present or absent, living or dead, whom we desire to know more truly or intimately than history or society can inform us.

For this investigation and measurement of mind I found no adequate term in use, and was therefore obliged to construct from the Greek the word *Psychometry* (soul measuring) as the proper term. The currency which this word has since obtained, entitles it to be recognized as an established portion of our language, representing an established science and art known to millions, and practiced by many as a professional employment.

The facts which I discovered in the winter of 1842-43, were so marvelous, that I made no publication on the subject until 1849, when I gave a full account in my "Journal of Man," published at Cincinnati. Meantime, however, I had taught the art of Psychometry in my lectures in Boston and other cities, and instructed a number of intelligent pupils in the art, whose beautiful and interesting descriptions of character interested many, and gradually extended a knowledge of Psychometry to thousands who had no knowledge of its origin or principles.

As this may be read by many to whom this subject is almost or entirely new, I must give a brief explanation. Psychometry, or soul-measuring, implies the use of mind to measure mind, as by a rod we may measure length, or by weights and levers determine the weights of heavy bodies. Mind affects mind, and emotion affects emotion, when brought into contact. Impressibility, which springs from a higher form of sensibility, enables us to feel or receive emotional and mental impressions.

The discovery which I perfected in 1842 was substantially this: That all substances, material or spiritual, have their dynamic sphere or range of action, and that the constitution of man is endowed with subtle faculties and organs than any previously known to physiologists or phrenologists, by which the dynamic sphere of any substance might be appreciated. The organs of these subtle senses I found at the base of the front lobe of the brain, and the anterior margin of the middle lobe near the fissure of Sylvius, appearing internally in the temples, on a horizontal line, behind the external angle of the brow; also at the lower interior surface of the front lobe, adjacent to the *falx*, which separates the hemispheres on the median line.

By the former organs we catch impressions of a physical and emotional nature, and by the latter, mental impressions which in their transcendent delicacy seem to know no limit to their subtlety and penetration.

The former organs, largely developed in the late Bishop Polk, made him so exquisitely sensitive that he never touched a piece of brass, even unconsciously, without perceiving its taste in his mouth. I found that persons with this endowment could easily recognize the taste of any substance passively held in the hand, or could obtain the entire mediocrity impression of any drug; and feel its constitutional influences, by simply holding it in the hand, even when enveloped in paper, and when they had no idea of the name or nature of the substance. To a large number of the readers of the Banner, this will prove to be a valuable method of using medicines. All impressive persons may medicate themselves without any danger of drug poisoning through the stomach, by quietly holding in their hands the medicine that they need, as long as its influence is desirable, and thus testing the influence of various articles until they select that which is most beneficial, with a skill which even medical science cannot equal. For more persistent effects, the medicinal package may be suspended in contact with the skin, over the roundish depression at the lower end of the (breast bone) sternum.

But the living being is as potent a source of impressions as inanimate matter. By contact with the organs of the head, those of high impressibility are able to feel the influence of each organ of the brain, and nothing could surpass the delicacy and promptness with which my pupil, Mr. Charles Inman, would feel and describe the action of every organ of the brain by its impressions upon himself. This method so far transcended the crude results of Oranology as to render the latter of little comparative value in the thorough investigation of character. Indeed, the best practical phrenologists are those who, instead of following Oranology strictly, are guided by impressions derived from contact and sympathy.

When I had established the proposition that impressive persons may feel and describe by impression that with which they come in contact, I carried it further by showing that the *AURA* of any cerebral organ may be transmitted through a short conductor and felt by the impressive, or might be imparted to substances held in contact with the head for a few minutes, and then recognized in that substance by impressive persons.

The inference was easily drawn, that any substance with which we come in contact may become charged with our *AURA*, and may convey to an impressive person a distinct idea of the impression we have made. My experiments with Mr. Inman to verify this idea were perfectly successful. Selecting four letters from persons of marked character, I placed them successively in his hands and requested him to sit passively and

describe the impressions which they produced in his mind. He gave me a full description of each as correctly as he could have given it from personal knowledge—not only portraying their characters, but comparing them together and describing their relations to each other.

The impressibility of Mr. I. was so exquisite and wonderful, that I merely placed the manuscript in his hand, as he had been trained to catch impressions in that manner. But in further investigation, I found that it was preferable, for promptness and clearness of impression, to bring the manuscript into contact with the forehead, that the impressions might reach the brain without passing through the arms. My pupils were directed to sit passively, holding a portion of manuscript lightly in contact with the forehead, just above the nose, and while watching their internal consciousness to describe whatever impressions or ideas arose in their minds. In this way, I found persons of good psychometric capacity in every class attending my lectures, and in experiments upon medicines I found forty-three medical students out of a class of one hundred and thirty, (some of whom have since been medical professors), capable of recognizing medicinal impressions. It appeared indeed that five or ten per cent. of the entire community possessed this psychometric capacity to a sufficient extent to make their experiments instructive and interesting.

Persons of superior endowments, in this respect, would catch impressions with considerable readiness, and would gradually describe a character as a painter finishes a portrait, by successive touches, so minutely, so delicately, and so appreciatively, that none but the most intimate friends could have rivalled this portraiture of the soul.

The Rev. Mr. Pierpont, who attended my anthropological lectures, in 1844, was deeply interested in this class of experiments, and regarded them as a species of mental photography of the highest import. In his famous poem on Progress, descriptive of the great developments of the century, he compared psychometry and photography, regarding the portraiture of the soul as a nobler art than the portraiture of the body; and, speaking of Daguerre as having taught "Phœbus, god of light," to paint portraits at a glance, he continued:

"But much, Daguerre, as hath thy genius done,  
In educating thus Latona's son,  
Daguerre hath transcended thee as far  
As the sun's face outlines the Polar star.  
Send you a note to China or the Pole,  
Where'er winds blow or waters roll,  
That note conveys the measure of your soul."

If this autographic Psychometry then gives us the key to all cotemporary character, and to the innumerable characters and thoughts attached to all extant manuscripts; it may be a calcium light to penetrate the darkest recesses of history, as well as a domestic lamp by which to see the faces of ourselves and friends.

It is all this, and far more! This soul-measuring process, of which the simplest application is to reveal the character of the writer of a manuscript, is capable of far more extended applications—capable of revealing the relations to man sustained by all organic and inorganic substances; capable of revealing the secrets of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom; capable of extending our knowledge out rapidly into a broad ocean of truth, on the shores of which we are now slowly crawling.

The truth of these broad assertions would have been made obvious to progressive minds long ere this, if I had presented to their ultimates the experiments that I have made, recorded the results and given them to the world. But the stolid reception given to as much of Psychometry as I thought proper to publish, destroyed, for the time, my desire to enlighten the great world without its consent and in opposition to its strongest prejudices.

Yet this field has not been entirely neglected; practitioners of Psychometry have made its power familiar to progressive minds; and I would express my thanks to Prof. Denton for his valuable labors in this field, as shown in his interesting volume on the "Soul of Things."

At some future time I shall make good the broad assertions just made as to the power of Psychometry; but at present I propose merely to make a practical suggestion as to its utility in a personal and social intercourse, the presentation of which was my first motive to this essay.

There are many who have not the capacity to be mediums for spiritual phenomena, who have, nevertheless, interesting and valuable psychometric capacities. If such a one could retire to a quiet situation and hold upon his forehead a piece of manuscript, (resting his elbow upon a table,) with an intelligent friend near by to question him and draw out his impressions, he would find a surprising coincidence between his impressions and the true character of the writer, or the mood in which he wrote. If his psychometric capacity is good, he will gradually enter more and more fully into the sphere of the writer, feel as he felt, and understand as he did his relations to society, and his entire physical condition. It will become apparent whether the writer is living or dead, whether his manuscript yields the strong physiological impression that belongs to animal life, or only the calm influence of spiritual consciousness. If the latter, there will soon be a rapport or sympathy established with his spiritual life. It will be apparent, perhaps, that he does not look upon the affairs of this life as he did whilst he was in it—that he has higher, kinder and truer views, and perhaps regrets something in his earth-life as not according with his present gentler and less passionate emotions. Thus may sympathy be established and spiritual intercourse be opened by many who at present would not believe themselves capable of ever reaching forth their hands to that spiritual sphere in which departed friends have found a home.

There are so many mistakes in our intercourse with the spirit-world, and so much difficulty in the positive identification of spirits, that I would

strongly urge the propriety of using the autograph of the friend with whom we wish to hold communication. Let a sheet of his manuscript be cut in pieces, and let each one in the circle hold a piece upon his forehead. All who are impressive will then be brought into sympathetic relation with him, and communications or impressions then received may be better relied upon, as coming from the proper source; at any rate it will speedily and surely establish the communication and insure the desired presence.

The present period is but the pale and shadowy dawn of a new era of intellectual progress. My discovery, in 1841, of the hitherto unknown organs in the brain, by which man holds communion with a higher world, and by which, in this life, he realizes that marvelous insight into nature and destiny which belongs to angelic beings, gave a solid philosophic and anatomical basis to the dreamy hopes of philanthropists for a nobler condition of humanity, toward which these faculties are to be our pioneers. Psychometry was but one of the many diamonds then gathered in the rich Ophir of Anthropology, which it then seemed to me unnecessary to display in the dim twilight of thirty years ago.

But the development of systematized spirit-intercourse, which occurred a few years later than my own discovery of the method of direct mental intercourse, has advanced mankind already more than a century in progress, and rendered it possible to teach the higher truths of anthropology to millions who have been awakened from the torpor of ages by the dawning light of to-day.

Ere long I shall resume the long neglected duty of completing the grand exposition of man's trine constitution—mind, brain, and body—in which we find the divine laws of his being—correlated with and analogous to the laws of the universe—laws which are the perfect guide of life, which point to the perfect reconstruction of society, and guide the individual to heaven here and hereafter.

JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN.  
Syracuse, N. Y., May 5, 1872.

## ON RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

The so-called Christian religion embraces only one-fifth part of the earth. Fetichism, the lowest order of worship—those idols are of sticks and stones—has its belief of an *Esprit* between the worshipper and an unseen power. Lamaism, of Asia, teaches the continual presence of unseen spirits, the *Lama* above all. Mahometanism, with its millions of sincere devotees, teaches that two angels attend each mortal from birth to death, influencing for good or evil. Brahminism, which embraces its thousands and millions more than Christianity, teaches that Vishnu and other gods care for the believers; that innumerable spirits hold daily communion with the faithful and direct their affairs. In every belief, intercourse with superior beings is acknowledged. Early Paganism worshipped gods who were once clothed in flesh, and had become divine, but were still capable of assisting in daily duties, and worked miracles. Zoroaster in the East proclaimed the existence of good and evil spirits, who attached themselves to their kind.

When Jesus came upon earth 1800 years ago, he found among the Jews the idea of a *Beelzebub* and the *Cherubim*. The Christian religion also commenced its progress with the teachings of a devil or Satan, who was capable of influencing mortals to their destruction; priests seized the idea and taught it to the people; religion made it a superstition, and persecution did not eradicate the belief during three centuries, and those who were supposed to have been afflicted by the evil one were in various forms, such as witches and magicians, put to death by thousands. In the sixteenth century, Innocent VIII., Pope of Rome, proclaimed his remarkable bull, the most damnable one ever produced, called "Hammer of Witches," which signified how it could be told where the influence was, and how the people were to be tried for witchcraft. Out of this bull the most violent persecutions arose, reaching all classes, the rich, as well as the poor; and, as the safety of the whole community was threatened, the priests began to preach against the Pope. During the seventeenth century people denied there was a personal devil, and all educated persons deemed it best to deny so dangerous a belief, finding no medium between a blind belief and fanaticism. The Christian religion has drifted on from one belief to another, until its founder could not recognize it.

The first chapter of Isaiah is as true to-day as it ever was; but its solemn denunciations did not save the nation to which it was addressed. The Romish Church was fitted admirably to the Romish Government. The Church of England is a pillar of the British Throne; the American Church rests upon the Thirty-nine Articles of Episcopacy, the Five Points of Calvin, the opinion of John Wesley. The plain language of the Quaker is used instead of plain truth; while still the inspiration of George Fox glows like a star in midst of religious darkness. The Christian religion teaches that Christ our Saviour is ready to bear all our sins, to suffer in our stead; but how different his teachings! he was no creed-maker, or fashioner of sacraments, held no close communions, withheld no spiritual comfort, but was indeed the risen Man! Every word he spoke glowed in the heart of his hearers; every deed drew back a bolt, every wave of his hand opened a door of wisdom. Healing came with every breath. Out in the fields, by the seaside, he taught his religion, and caused the lame to walk and the blind to see. Not from gilded pulpits or splendid churches, did his people learn the command to "Love one another." He emancipated from Sabbath customs, liberated from the Mosala Law, and encouraged fledgling souls to higher flights heavenward. His sermons were addressed to spirits in the prison house of flesh, in words that went straight to the heart, and pointed to a mansion above, to religion, pure and undeffiled.

## Biographical Sketches.

### MRS. MARY M. HARDY.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY JOHN W. DAY.

"When life's dark shores are left behind,  
And heaven's bright portals thou shalt find,  
The angels in their blissful state  
Shall open wide the golden gate;  
And friends, and light, and joy be given,  
And all-enduring love in heaven."  
—Athen W. Sprague.

### BIRTH AND EARLY ADVANTAGES.

Mary M. Smith was born at Raymond, N. H., in 1817. Her parents were named respectively Jacob and Maria C. Up to the age of six years, Mary and her parents resided at the place of her nativity; the family then removed to the neighboring town of Exeter, celebrated for its "Phillips Academy" for boys, and the Puritanical strictness of its public opinion in matters of religion. In common with many others of the chosen instruments of the spirit-world in the present phase of its manifestation to man, she had in early life only such opportunities for education as are to be found in the ordinary country free school, and owing to a certain unrest at confinement and quickness at study which pervaded her from infancy, those advantages for improvement were not sufficiently prized by her, as she freely admits in her maturer years. She would rapidly commit to memory the task assigned—seeming to obtain it without any volition of her own—and then the restraint of the schoolroom became irksome, and her feelings found vent in acts of petty insubordination, bringing in their train what was deemed both by preceptor and parents condign punishment. Her school days at Exeter ended at her thirteenth year, though she was a resident of the town till her sixteenth.

### PRIMARY MANIFESTATIONS.

As is the case with most of the remarkable media of our times, she early gave evidence of her powers, or became sensible of their existence. Between the age of seven and eleven she would frequently perceive a shadow or a dim presence near her, but could not discern the form. Several times she heard spirit voices (or what she now knows to be such, though at that time she did not understand concerning them,) speaking to her. On one occasion, particularly, when about the age of ten, she was playing after the free and unaffected manner of children in the country in a barn, wherein was situated a tall hay mow, and, as in a freak of daring she was about to leap from the top, she heard a voice near her say distinctly and peremptorily, "Do not jump," and was so startled—knowing that at the time no one, (at least no visible individual,) was in the barn save herself—she had no desire to make the experiment. At the age of eleven, a remarkable experience befell her, which produced a strong impression upon the plastic frame of childhood. At this time a deceased sister (who passed away from the scenes and trials of earth when Mary was between five and six years old,) appeared to her so palpably as to produce a great shock upon her nerves. The spirit spoke kindly to her, and in a very distinct voice, saying, "Be a good girl, Mary," but this only added force to her previous fear, and she fell into a state of unconsciousness. At the time of this, to her wonderful recollection, she was lying in bed, but had not yet fallen asleep, and the sister entered the room naturally, and took a seat at the bedside. The child hastened to relate her experiences to her parents, who were disposed to give no credence to the report; nevertheless, Mary could not be induced to occupy the room again. She soon began to be subject to abnormal conditions resembling ordinary slumber, (but which after knowledge has shown her to have been trances,) in which she would sustain intelligible conversation with those around her; but her parents, not understanding the phenomenon, regarded it but as talking in sleep. Articles of apparel (such as on one occasion a favorite dress of her mother's,) would also disappear, and after vigorous but fruitless search, would return as mysteriously as they went. This phase of her mediumship (though not then denominated as such,) was far from agreeable to the little one, for she was frequently and severely punished by her parents for failing to find articles which they charged her with mischievously hiding, when she was really ignorant of their whereabouts. Her youthful experience is another lesson to parents, teaching that though a child's nature may not be understood by them, the fact affords no warrant for severity of treatment or any of those harsh measures on their part, which so frequently throw a chill upon the sensitive budding mind.

### "THE WORK OF THE DEVIL."

At the age of sixteen she left her New Hampshire home, and took up her abode in the family of a Mrs. Blake, on Pine street, Boston. The members of the family wherein she found herself installed were much interested in the investigation of the subject of spirit-communion, and here she first learned what meaning to attach to the word "Spiritualism," which, though heard of by her, on previous occasions, had left but a vague impression on her mind. One evening Mary was summoned by the lady of the house to sit in the room where the sances were usually held, and it was immediately discovered that she possessed strong mediumistic powers, as the table would follow her, when requested to do so, with much apparent ease. When asked, the next day, to what she attributed the phenomena, she, in her ignorance of their identity with the same class of youthful experiences undergone by her, declared it as her opinion that they were "the work of the devil."

While stopping at Mrs. Blake's, an old lady there residing, named Hannah Quimby, called by the family "Aunt Hannah," was taken sick. Mary seemed, in a vision, to see her lying corpse-like and still before her, and told the family that the invalid would never recover, which was the case.

This incident afterwards had a powerful influence in turning her mind to the consideration of the question of spirit-return. Owing to a nervous prostration she felt to sitting at the table for manifestations, her first sance at Mrs. Blake's was the last she attended for several years.

At about eighteen years of age, while temporarily residing in Cambridge, Mass., she made the acquaintance of John Hardy, to whom she was sometime afterwards united in marriage. Mr. Hardy, whose faith in spirit-communion was firmly based upon actual and personal experience, recognized in her a good *mesmeric* subject, and soon she began to give to him evidences of mediumistic qualities of a high order. At first Mr. Hardy did not mention the vexed subject of Spiritualism to her, but continued psychometric and mesmeric experimentation, in her case, much after the manner practiced by Letty Sunderland, or Professors Caldwell and Stearns, desiring to satisfy his mind, if possible, as to the dividing point where the will of the human operator ceased and spirit-control supervened, in a passive subject.

### A SPIRIT MANIFESTS.

On one occasion, when these experiments were progressing, she suddenly became deeply entranced, and the power thus working upon her declared itself to have been the spirit of Hannah Quimby, or "Aunt Hannah." Who is "Aunt Hannah?" he asked, and she informed the questioner that he had passed from the physical form at the house of Mrs. Blake, on Pine street, Boston; also that she now lived in the spirit-world, and was much the same individual as when clothed upon with flesh. This was the first recognized manifestation of spirit-intelligence through her organism. Physical manifestations now began to appear, raps being heard, and articles of furniture, such as an organ, sofa, etc., moved, when she was present, without visible contact, by any power capable of producing the results; a china washbowl and pitcher would travel about the room, taking short journeys from the stand to a trunk near by, then to the chairs—though borne by no visible hand—and not a drop of water would be lost therefrom.

### CONFIRMATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

Her public mediumship began much after the same fashion as that which generally characterizes the taking on of the armor of the spirit-world. Slowly but surely she was brought into the field, and at last found herself fairly embarked as an instrument for spirit-communion. From the first, the tests of conscious individual identity given through her lips, and the information made known to the truth seeker, seemed to rivet the public attention, and the tide of success, in her case, has continued to flow uninterruptedly to the present date. Before the leisure of herself and husband grew so "beautifully less," by reason of crowding engagements, as to forbid it, it was their custom, when spirits unfamiliar to them came through her organism, to forward a copy of the message delivered to the parties named in it, and, in many cases, answers have been received (and are now on file, in the possession of Mrs. H.) from entire strangers, living in diametrically opposite parts of the continent, acknowledging—in some cases with gratitude, and in all with astonishment—that the information contained in the letter received by them was true, although they could not account for the fact that it should come from the lips of a lady so totally unknown to them. The messages were transcribed by Mr. Hardy to the best of his ability, (he not being a phonographic scribe,) and though now and then—as in the one quoted below—a mistake occurred in his report of some of the details, in the main the matter forwarded was declared by the friends to be entirely correct. This work was performed merely for the good of the cause of spirit-communion, and for the satisfaction of both the medium and her companion, that they were not deceived. She did not require compensation for any of her mediumistic services till she decided to enter the field as a public medium.

The following message, which is printed as entered in the book of record, in order to give the style of the sance-journal kept by Mr. Hardy, was delivered Wednesday evening, April 10th, 1871, at one of Mrs. H.'s circles, and was forwarded, in epistolary form, by her husband, to the gentleman most interested:

"Letitia Kirk to her husband James Kirk, of Painesville, Bucks Co., Penn. Passed away in 1838. I have communicated with my dear husband several times, but he desired me to go to some place at a distance—the Banner Circle if I could. But I concluded to come home, as the people were all strangers. One day, while sitting with a medium, he said, 'Call my wife to go to some place at a distance, and send me from there.' So I came home, as you are all strangers to my husband. Tell him I bidle (or Bertha) is with me. Speaks about sending by Fannie. Again speaks of Fannie (and Fred, I think,) as being with her grandchildren. Said she would try and communicate at home before her husband got my letter, and tell him she had sent to him from Boston, through Mrs. Hardy."

### REPLY.

"DEAR SIR—John Hardy: Yours of the 20th, 1871, came to hand, and we were much pleased with the message, for it was a truthful one in all excepting the date of the year that she passed on to spirit-life, which was May, 1818, in place of 1838. The spirit said, while I was writing, that mistake was of little consequence. Letitia Kirk, my spirit-wife, and two granddaughters have passed on. The first one was named after her grandmother, and when she began to continue to me, she went by the name of Bertha. The second one goes by her earth-name, Fannie, as you have received it from the spirit. Yours truly, JAMES KIRK.  
Painesville P. O., Bucks Co., Pa., April 24, 1871."

### OTHER CASES.

Among the numerous instances on file, the following messages and their verifications are given: "Sarah Atkins, to her father, S. C. Atkins, Carbonate, Ill."

I went away when the flowers were all in bloom, and the birds singing so beautifully. When I was gone, everything was so dark and gloomy for my dear father! I went to another place where there were so many people, and tried to send to my dear father, but there were too many before me. A good man they call Parker

brought me here, and told me he thought I might be able to send a message to my friends; so I am here.

Please write to my father, S. C. Atkins, Cambridge, Mass. Give my love to Jenny and mother—she is with him. I was fifteen years old, I have been gone seven or eight months—cannot tell precisely. Grandmother is with me. Tell dear father there are no shadows now. My dear father went almost everywhere to get flowers for my body when I passed away. They thought it would please me.

Send my love to all.

Very truly yours,  
S. C. ATKINS.

Mr. JOHN HARDY, Boston, Mass.: I received your favor of Jan. 21, containing what purports to be a message from our beloved daughter, Sarah Atkins, and must say that it is correct, or nearly so, in every particular. She passed away last June, when the flowers were in bloom, and we have been anxiously looking for a message from her ever since; for as she used to read the Banner, and knew something of the spiritual philosophy, I thought she would communicate with us if she could. We feel very much gratified and thankful for this message, and wish to try to get another as soon as possible. Should like for her to describe more fully her spirit-home, and how she enjoys herself, and who are her companions, &c. Thanks to Mr. Parker for conducting her to your circle. Will you please obtain a message, if you can, and send it.

Very truly yours,  
S. C. ATKINS.

Mr. HARDY—Dear Madam: Your highly interesting letter, dated at Boston, Nov. 17th, is at hand. You state that a spirit controlled the medium calling himself Daniel Pugh; that he resided on Paw Paw Island, and that he wished you to write him at Duckport, he also states that he died a year ago last February; that his sister-in-law Myra is with him, and his brother William; that he had written through Mansfield within a year.

I can say to you that every word of the statement is true. My husband's name was Daniel Pugh; he died the 8th of February, 1869, on Paw Paw Island; he had a sister-in-law by the name of Myra Pugh, and I believe he had a brother William. My post-offices are at Duckport, but I live on the island. Please let me know how he will communicate to me, and I will write to him again.

I forgot to state that I did get a letter from him through Mansfield.

Yours most affectionately,  
RACHEL PUGH.

These, together with the remarkable "John Harper" test, published in the American Spiritualist March 25th, 1871, [Vol. IV, No. 6] are but a few of the verified messages now on file at the residence of Mrs. Hardy. As the demands upon her leisure increased, this mode of sending abroad the new gospel was found to be no longer practicable, and for about a year a certain portion—no column—of the Saturday Evening Express, a newspaper, issued in Boston, Mass., by Albert Morgan, was set aside for the weekly publication of such messages, that whoever desired might read for himself.

#### HER WORK AS A TEST MEDIUM.

Dr. Otis, a physician on the spirit side of life, and who now is one of her invisible guides, prophesied great things from the outset concerning her spiritualistic labors; and it was by his direction that Mr. Hardy—with some doubts as to the feasibility of the plan at first, it is true—sold his residence in the country and removed into the city to make it a permanent abode, in order to facilitate the work of the medium. Her services began at No. 33, Poplar street, in the west end of Boston, N. E. 1st, 1867, on which date she gave her first public séance. This was the seed from which sprang the regular weekly circles given by her. At first the evenings of Thursday and Sunday were selected, but afterwards Wednesday was substituted for Thursday. The following information, extracted by permission from her record books covering the time since the date of the commencement of her labors as a public medium, will give the reader some insight into the importance of her work, and the widespread influence which must inevitably flow therefrom: Since Nov. 1st, 1867, she has held three hundred and twenty-five public circles, having an aggregate attendance of fourteen thousand persons; she has also given private séances to fourteen thousand five hundred persons; out of which number—as far as any means have existed whereby to judge—there were not more than twenty-five who were not fully satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations. In connection with these regular circles, she has given three for public charitable purposes at Eliot Hall, at comparatively recent dates—one being held to help the preparations for the First Spiritualist Fair, one for the assistance of the invalid worker, J. H. Powell, when he was about to embark for his home in England, and one for the sufferers by the Chicago conflagration. These occasions were well patronized by the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, and returned substantial results in aid of the objects for which they were inaugurated.

#### AS A MEDICAL MEDIUM.

In the capacity of a medical adviser, or rather as a medium for the utterance of such advice by her medical control, Dr. Otis, Mrs. Hardy has been very successful.

Among other cases treated by her she is permitted publicly to refer to that of a young student at Harvard, John Clark. This gentleman was given over to die by the physicians in Cambridge, but his mother accidentally hearing of the singular powers of Mrs. H., hastened to see if there was any hope of his restoration. Dr. Otis was of opinion that he could be saved; and after six months' treatment he so far improved as to be able to proceed by steamship to the South, while the Spirit Doctor ordered him to go. He departed with some misgivings on the part of himself and family as to whether he would ever come back alive; but finally recovered, returned to Massachusetts, finished his course at Harvard, and is now living—as is his mother, Mrs. Clark—at Dorchester, having cause to be grateful to the spirits and the medium, under the smile of a kind Providence, for his recovery. Many other instances of a similar character occurred while she officiated as a medical medium; but finally this form of her development, as also that for physical manifestations, ceased, giving place to other phases of communion.

#### THE DOUBLE.

Several instances of the appearance of persons in spirit, while said individuals were yet alive, have occurred in her experience. A gentleman named Woods, a prominent citizen of Worcester, who is in the habit of consulting the spirits frequently by private sittings at his residence, has often made himself visible and given orders that she should assign a certain hour of a specified day to himself, by recording it upon her engagement book. He never failed to have some business—often unexpected—which called him to Boston on the day mentioned, and on such occasions, totally without previous intention, he would find himself saying, "Well, I have so much time to spare, I will visit Mrs. Hardy, though I don't suppose she is at leisure." At first he was much astonished at finding that the medium expected him, and was in some cases waiting for his arrival, refusing others who had come at a venture, and telling them the hour was engaged, and that they must wait till it had passed; but finally he was led to consider it as a matter of course. Another instance of this singular gift exists in the case of

Mr. McGarry, of Salem, who has also been seen by Mrs. H. on several occasions, when corporally he was far distant. At his first appearance he directed that she should write his name for three o'clock P. M., of the following day. She complied, and also recorded the hour of the day, which was 11 o'clock A. M., when she did so. He came punctually at the time appointed, and she recognized him. Desirous of arriving at some better understanding of the phenomena, she asked him what he was doing the previous day at 11 A. M. He said that he had at that time just decided to visit her the next day at the hour of three P. M., and was endeavoring to impress the fact of his intention upon her mind, so that if possible she might be disengaged when he called.

On another morning, she feeling unwell, was lying down in her room, upon one flight from the apartment devoted to séances, when the door opened and she heard a voice, which said, "good morning." She looked up and beheld her mysterious visitor of a former occasion, who remarked: "I want you to give me 12 o'clock to-day." She sent for her book, and on its arrival found that she could not sit for him before 1 o'clock. She therefore marked that hour—the date of said writing being about 11 A. M. The gentleman arrived on time, and upon her inquiring of him as to the facts of the case, informed her that at 11 in the morning he was seated in the cars on his way from Salem to Boston; that his original desire was to see the medium at 12 o'clock P. M., but he remembered taking out his watch at the time specified, and feeling a strong impression that he should not be able to visit her before 1 P. M. This gentleman, who is not in the least mediumistic, as far as he knows, but rather of a solid and material cast of mind, has seven times appeared to Mrs. Hardy in this strange manner, and has never failed to keep the appointments by his corporeal presence which were made by his inner self.

#### A SINGULAR VISITANT.

The remarkable apparitions, and manifestations of a physical character, which have occurred in the presence, or have been cognized by the spiritual senses of Mrs. Hardy, are legion, and a full list of them could not be mentioned (the same being true with regard to tests, &c.) without extending this mere outline of her life to unwieldy dimensions; but the following is given as an instance "in spirit," though not by any means to be reckoned among the most remarkable. Some of her finest and most convincing tests of continued spirit identity after the physical change called death, would not be found of interest to the public at large, though within the sacred circle of many broken homes their memory is cherished even as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

In the month of June, 1870, she removed with Mr. Hardy from Poplar street to 125 Concord street, Boston. Scarcely had they settled themselves in their new abode, when the medium began to be disturbed by the sight of a strange man, who on the first night appeared to be stretched on the sofa in the parlor; again she saw him at evening just before one of her public circles, coming out of the bath-room. On both of these occasions she was much startled; but shortly afterward, while alone in the house, the door of the apartment where she was sitting opened, and a man stepped over the threshold, saying as he did so: "Good afternoon." She asked him to take a seat, which he did, while the question involuntarily presented itself to her mind: "Who are you?" although she did not give it outward expression. The spirit, for such it was, immediately divined the query, and replied, "My name is Raymond—I built this house fourteen years ago." He also gave the name of the gentleman to whom his adopted daughter was married, and stated that the pair were then living on Brookline street, and that he could not help coming to the house. He then passed out of the room and she saw him no more. The medium and her husband were totally ignorant of the history of the house or family, but on subsequent inquiry among those who were acquainted with the matter, they found the information conveyed by the spirit to be correct in every particular. So natural was the appearance of the vision that Mrs. H. could hardly persuade herself that he was not really embodied in material habiliments, and she experienced no fear at his presence.

#### THE SHOP GIRL AND THE SPIRITS.

As an illustration of the individuality and sympathetic interest possessed by the invisible intelligences, the following citation from the experience of Mrs. Hardy cannot be out of place: A young girl, sometime since, called on her to obtain a private sitting. Her dress was humble, and she appeared (as was afterward found to be the case), to be one of that unfortunate class of young women who are condemned by a false state of society to labor day after day for a scanty pittance, only sufficient to sustain the most ordinary wants of life. The young girl seemed much depressed in spirits, and longed for some hope from the world beyond, if not from this. She told the medium, when she returned to consciousness from the trance, that her mother (who had just departed this life, and whom she most desired to hear from,) had controlled, and had given her such consolation and advice. While she was speaking, Mrs. Hardy heard a voice distinctly say, "Do not take anything from her," and as she opened her port-manteau and handed the requisite fee for the séance, the voice again said, "Do not take that—it is all she has." The visitor could not hear the voice of her unseen advocate, but the medium immediately said: "Put up your money—the spirits say it is all you have, and I can't take it." The sad-hearted girl immediately burst into tears and acknowledged that it was true—that she had a hard time to live upon her earnings, but that her desire to hear from her mother outweighed all other considerations. This is by no means a solitary occasion, but quite a number of times Mrs. H. has received such orders from spirits, to send certain sums to parties in need who were entire strangers to her; she has invariably obeyed the injunction, deeming it but a grateful acknowledgment of the services rendered to herself by the angel world.

#### SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER MEDIUMSHIP.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 24th, 1871, the friends of herself and husband, to the number of some seventy persons, assembled at 125 West Concord street, to celebrate, by a social gathering, (though not strictly correct as to date), the sixth anniversary of her control as a spirit-medium. Fine floral offerings, music, remarks by friends, and by spirits through her organism, the presentation of gifts, and a fine collation signalled the occasion. Judge John S. Ladd, of Cambridge, Mass., becoming inspired by its memory, gave the following lines, original with himself, to the medium, not long after:

"Hail to the veiled glory,  
Too bright for mortal eyes!  
Hail to our blessed kindred,  
Who've left their lonely skies!  
Their path is trod with splendor,  
And radiant gifts they bring,  
Love's greeting to our sister,  
And these the words they sing:  
"Six years beaute the river  
That earth and heaven divide,  
Moderation is the silken string running through  
The pearl chain of all the virtues."

Whose waters flow forever,  
With music in their pipes;  
Six years with the mortal,  
Arch'd the shining way,  
Down which the great immortal  
Are passing light and day:  
Six years with souls conversing,  
From many a radiant sphere,  
Their messages rehearsing,  
To many an anxious ear:  
Six years of open vision,  
Looking the veil within,  
Happy glimpses of heaven,  
While yet on earth to win.  
Six years of life subliming,  
Into divinest air!  
Six years of patient climbing,  
Up the immortal stair!  
They've decked their hands with flowers,  
Gathered in fields above;  
They've wreathed around thy temples  
Their coronals of love!"

#### HIS PRESENT SURROUNDINGS.

Recently, in fulfillment of a prophecy by her spirit band, several years before, she removed from 125 Concord street, to 4 Concord square, a pleasant dwelling, which she was enabled to purchase as her own, and where her services as a test and business medium are constantly in demand. Her public séances, held at this place each week, on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, are crowded with intelligent and respectful assemblies, in which skeptics and doubters, Spiritualists and investigators are, for the time being, harmoniously blended, and where many prominent citizens may frequently be found. The services of "Willie," the spirit-child, her husband, John Hardy, her ladylike sister, Cora A. Smith, and Nathan B. Cloudman, are pleasantly remembered by all who visit these public gatherings. "Some of the most convincing tests of spirit-communication ever given in our city have been rendered at these weekly convocations."

Mrs. Hardy is quietly fulfilling her mission, and winning hosts of friends by her unaffected manners, uniform kindness of heart, and purity of life. Trusting in those unseen ones who have thus far led her in the journey of mortal experience, she walks with even and steady step toward that "valley of the shadow" beyond which rise the "beautiful hills."

#### To Robert Harper, Birmingham, England.

MR. ROBERT HARPER—I am sure you will not fully realize your hopes from your mission to our country. "Free trade" is bad for us, and, in the end, does not help you. I presume you are not aware that you virtually ask us to send our cotton to your people to be made into cloth, then to bring it back, and send our wheat, corn, butter and cheese to pay for the work, and all this transportation at our expense. If I felt at liberty to take the space, I could demonstrate this to be the fact. "Free trade" means that to us. We have water-power in abundance. Even our Western and Southern people are beginning to do their own manufacturing. This is wise for them. It is better—less bad even for our poor—that our people come here and work up the cotton, come here and make iron and steel from our ore. We can feed and clothe our people better and cheaper here. It gives our farmers a nearer market.

We give you that which is better for you than "free trade." We invite you to fill every ship with human freight instead of goods. Your people will meet no "tariff." We give you all farms who choose them. Those who do not can enter our work-shops. "Cooperation" is well in its place. But emigration is not only the wisest and best—it is the only possible remedy for your people. "Free trade" while giving you present relief, really aggravates the evil. It encourages your people to unwisely linger at home. Your oppression of the Irish has not been without its benefits to them. Within a day's ride of where I write, there are a score of Irish farmers, worth from one to ten and fifteen thousand dollars, who would have been worth little or nothing had they remained in Ireland. Many of these spent their first earnings in bringing their fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts to this country, and are now the happiest people we have. Your life is full, is crowded. Our life is large. It may get full in the remote future. In the spirit of universal brotherhood we propose to risk that. What more can you ask of us? You are coming to appeal to your "brother Spiritualists." If your people cannot get means to get here, and your Government cannot or will not help them, make your appeal directly to our charity. It is much less expensive for our people, through their Government, to devote a few millions annually in bringing your poor to our mills and farms, than to furnish them in-work there for life. The last must cost ten dollars where the first would cost one. If we were all one family, migration would be your remedy. I may not understand your "English common sense," but a "common sense" Yankee, with ten boys, and fifty or less acres of land, would say, "Boys, migrate; go West." If my counsel, when adopted, should throw half the sailors out of employment, so much the better, as this would make war less frequent, and save their awful cost and waste of life and treasure. We invite those sailors to homes on our soil.

Travelling, FRANKLIN KENT.

Stockholm, N. Y., May 2, 1872.

#### "Looking Beyond."

A correspondent, under circumstances which naturally lead the mind to the consideration of that future which is immanent to her, sends us the following tribute to the worth of Mr. Barrett's last work as a comfort in the hour of need:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have been reading J. O. Barrett's book, "Looking Beyond," and I want to say to all the afflicted, to all those that sit in the dark valley of the shadow of death, read "Looking Beyond," and you will soon throw off your garments of woe, and lift up your voices in thanksgiving and gladness, and bless the angel-world that J. O. Barrett was influenced by the spirits of our loved ones to write the book. Ye who stand with tearful eyes beside the graves of your idolized ones, if you will read "Looking Beyond," you will see that your darling is neither dead nor even sleeping—that they are alive and awake, and that their hearts are thrilling with immortal joy and divine love; that their lips are quivering with words of divine affection which they are longing to speak to you, and that they are holding out their hands ready to lead you over the shining river, through the open doors, into our Father's home.

Read that book, and you will see that death is no king of terrors, but a white-winged angel, that unlocks with gentle hand life's flower-enclosed door, to show us those we love!

With such able exponents of our heaven-born philosophy as Mr. Barrett, victory must perch on our glorious old banner. May men and angels join to hasten the day.

Your spirit sister,  
JULIA H. CLEVELAND.

P. S.—There is much more that I should like to say, but I have not strength. They tell me I am on my death-bed, and I want to tell the world what a glorious thing Spiritualism is to die by. There is no death—all is light, life and immortality.  
Horicon, Dodge Co., Wis.

## The Social Question.

### CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

Madam—Your letter addressed to me in the Banner of Light of May 4th, opens with a reiteration of that ill-devised "claim" about your right to love, with which, in Steiway Hall, you so puzzled and grieved your true friends, delighted your enemies and astonished the public. I had supposed the absurdity of that proposition had been so fully exhibited, by many pens besides mine, that it would never be heard from again with your consent, at least in its original shape. But it seems I quite miscalculated the strength of your devotion to this ill-favored pet. Again it is put upon the boards in all its deformity, italics excepted, and the attention of the world is challenged with an extra flourish of trumpets, as if the proposition embodied the very last word of oracular wisdom on the social question.

You claim that your declaration of a right to love whom and for what period you can, and to change it every day if you please, etc., etc., is one "about which there can be no mistake," and which "requires no interpretation." Just here I join issue. In your speech referred to, you gave three or more distinct definitions of love, or rather applied the term to as many quite different classes of emotions, in respect to which, what is true of one is not of another. Yet you failed to state in immediate connection with your declaration which kind of love you meant. And when, further on, you essayed to supply this deficiency, you made so glaring a self-contradiction that it did not escape even your own eye, and was subsequently dropped from the lecture—at least, did not appear in the published report. You still neglect to tell us what kind of love you mean. I submit that until you do this, there can be no mistake—there is need of interpretation.

You say, I "neither disproved nor questioned" your claim. Well, that is a matter about which there seems to be a difference of opinion. I at least showed the utter inapplicability, in the nature of things, of your proposition, as it stands, to the exercise of two or three of the different kinds of love which you had described.

You first defined love as "a natural feeling over which neither party has any control." If this be so, (which I do not admit) then it is not a matter concerning which "rights" of any kind can be predicated. No one thinks of affirming, or denying the right of a person to the beating of the heart, the circulation of the blood, or any other involuntary operation. Besides, if not under control, what can be more preposterous than to claim the right to change it every day if you please?

Another kind of love you described was the "celestial" or "Christly love," which "strives continually to confer blessings," and "exists to do good." This you once inadvertently declared you meant, but speedily receded from a position so "out of line" with the whole bearing of your speech. Had you really meant this love, nobody would have thought of questioning your "inalienable, constitutional and natural right to love whom [you] may," nor would any one wish to interfere by law or otherwise, with the exercise of this right. But every discerning person would have seen the palpable absurdity of claiming the right to change such love "every day if I please"—since everybody who has attained any true conception of celestial or Christly love, knows it is not susceptible of such changes; it is not subject to caprice or fickleness; like the sun, it shines for all, and all the time; like God, its source, it is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Another kind of love, recognized by common experience, if not distinctly described by you, is what is usually termed conjugal or marriage love, and which (as I before pointed out) is ordinarily of a complex nature, consisting in part of spiritual, and in part of physical or animal attractions. Where the former predominate, resulting in mutual respect, kindness and self-sacrificing service, even this love is permanent and not subject to daily changes, according to your own showing: "when spiritually comes in and rescues the real man or woman from the domain of the purely material, promiscuity is simply impossible." (Speech, p. 39.)

As regards all the kinds of love thus far specified, it would seem nothing can be plainer to every person of ordinary perceptions, than that your famous "claim," without which you say your speech would be "headless and pointless," is a palpable and self-evident absurdity. As I said before, you might as well have proclaimed your inalienable right to fly over the moon, or to do any other impossible thing. It was simply what Mr. Panton would call "a spurt of extravagance," well calculated to create a sensation indeed, but it will not bear a critical analysis. (Excuse me! I am merely stating my private opinion—not "making a decision for our readers," whom I will most becomingly "permit" to judge for themselves on this point.)

What remains? Simply, to quote your own definition—"the love, so-called, which is nothing but selfishness—the appropriation of another soul as the means of one's own happiness merely," and "the still more animal, the mere desire for temporary gratification, with little worthy of the name of love," which you afterwards truly say "is not love." These are the only phases of emotion or desire ever called love—and so mis-called, by your own admission—to which your vaunted "claim" can possibly, in the nature of things, apply! In other words, as it was phrased in my original criticism, your language applies only to "the fleeting amours of the courtizan and the roué." These are the only classes who are capable of changing their loves every day. I see no possibility of evading or denying this result. Hence, when analyzed and sifted to its real and only possible meaning, in plain English, your claim comes simply to this: that you have a right to selfishly appropriate another as the means of your own happiness merely, and to be a "woman of the town" if you choose; and that society has no right to interfere, but is bound to protect you in the exercise of this right. The same for all other women, and correspondingly for men, too.

You may prefer to "state the subject in more pleasing words," but I believe the foregoing is exactly what you mean. The first part of the claim you would doubtless offset, after your peculiar fashion, by saying that, while you have the right to selfishly appropriate another if you can, that other has an equal right to defend himself, and appropriate you if he can, or at least to demand the protection of the community against you. For you say, "Every person has the right to, and can, determine what he will do, even to taking the life of another. But it is equally true that the attacked person has the right to defend his life against such assault;" and again, "I assume that a person has a right to do whatever he has the capacity to do; but if, in the exercise of a capacity, a person invades the freedom of another, the community's right must be exercised in protection against the invasion." To the latter part of your

claim, as above interpreted, you will, no doubt, fully assent.

Now, while I have both "questioned" and disproved, most conclusively as I think, the applicability of your "claim" to any and every phase of what can be properly called love—thus showing that your language was ill-considered and incorrect—yet it is true that I have neither disproved nor questioned your right, or that of any other woman, or of any man, as against forcible prevention, to be as selfish and lustful, and to become as debauched as you or they may please. But I have insisted that the proper term, *love*, and not *lust*, should be employed in announcing this right; and further, that its exercise should always be limited or restricted by the just principle which you laid down in the opening of your Steiway Hall speech, but forgot to include in this claim, namely, that it shall in no way infringe upon the rights or welfare of others, or, in other words, shall be wholly at the cost of those who exercise it.

All this I made as plain as words could make it, I thought, in my first letter to you, and again in my second; nevertheless, you have persisted in *insinuating* that I meant something else, and have kept up a most vigorous attack upon your man of straw!

More than this, I have endeavored to show, and I think successfully to all who love truth and good, that though individuals have the abstract right, as against forcible interference by others, to debauch themselves to any extent not infringing upon others' rights, yet it is their duty, as members of the human brotherhood, to refrain from all such debauchery and from all mere self-seeking, and to live in all things for the good of all. And it has seemed to me of vastly higher importance to the improvement of society, that this obvious duty, so generally and so widely forgotten, be inculcated, explained and urged upon the consciences of men and women, than that they be laboriously persuaded that they "are free to do wrong." Indeed, it passes my weak comprehension to understand why an intelligent, capable and pure-minded woman, like yourself, who desires the introduction of "a nobler manhood and a more glorified womanhood," should be moving heaven and earth, as it were, to convince men and women that they have an inalienable right to debauch themselves, if they choose, and each other, if they can!

But to end the discussion of this "claim," and make unmistakably clear the aim of my criticism upon it, I will suggest an amended reading, which will bring it into accord with the just principles with which you started, and to which I gave my full assent. It is as follows:

"I have an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may; to love for such period as I can; and even to feel the selfish and changeful emotions of lust if I can rise no higher, provided, in all cases, that I do not infringe upon the rights, invade the sphere, or hinder the pursuit of happiness of any other person; and with that right neither you nor any law you can frame has any right to interfere. And I have the further right to demand a free and unrestricted exercise of that right, and it is your duty not only to accord it, but, as a community, to see that I am protected in it."

The amended portions are inclosed in brackets. You will observe that I omit the absurd phrase, "to change that love every day, if I please," since love is not susceptible of such changes; that I call it lust by its right name, and add the important proviso which you forgot, and which renders even "free lust" a harmless thing to any but the sufferer. Do you accept the amendment?

Now a few words about other points discussed in your last letter.

I think you were exceedingly felicitous in the caption chosen for that letter—"The Confoundment [I suppose you mean "confounding"] of Theories and Principles," for this very accurately describes what follows, and, in fact, is equally applicable to your previous "Rejoinder," and to your Steiway Hall Speech, as well; only that while that speech was confusion, your later productions have been "confusion worse confounded."

But I forget. You kindly inform me that it is neither "generous" nor "becoming" in me to express any opinion about your productions, since, by doing that, I do not "permit our readers to judge for themselves," but "assume to make the decision for them." Verily, this is a new rule for the guidance of those who "engage in discussions. It seems, however, to be made only for myself, since you have not hesitated to express your opinion quite freely, not only of what I have said, but of many things I did not say, which you attribute to me.

Permit me to remark, on this point, that I have more confidence in the independent thoughtfulness of my readers than to suppose they accept any of my opinions or judgments, unless I substantiate them to their understandings. I never once imagined that, in expressing my own convictions, however strongly, I did not "permit" my readers to judge for themselves, or was assuming to make decisions for them. Did I think this, I should never dare to write another line for the public. And I hardly think the aforesaid readers consider themselves very highly complimented by such an intimation from you.

The language, however, of which you complain, and on account of which you seek to disparage your "humble opponent," did not even amount to a positive expression of opinion. I said, "Some of your affirmations seem so glaringly mistaken and self-contradictory, that I am in some doubt whether I am dealing with a mind constructed on the same principles as my own." This does not affirm that your statements were mistaken and contradictory, only that they seemed so to me; and I presented the evidence on which that seeming was founded. If it was so conclusive that every intelligent reader was convinced—as I think was the case—that was no fault of mine. It was not my assertion; but the proof, which convinced them. Much less did I even intimate that you were "insane." Many people's minds are so constituted, or so untrained, that they cannot be logical or self-consistent, and yet nobody imagines them insane, in the usual meaning of that word. This is simply another of your mistaken inferences, so many of which you have wrongfully endeavored to fasten upon me, thereby seeking to make me appear to a disadvantage.

This complaint, and effort to excite sympathy at my expense, on so slender a basis, betrays a sensitiveness to criticism and to adverse opinion which seems strangely out of place in one who has dared to attack the very foundations of modern society, and to defy the public opinion of the world. Readers may imagine this sensitiveness to indicate that your "mailed armor" has been pierced, and that you wish "to draw attention from the points made," as you very generously suggest in my case. But you "would be ashamed" to do such a thing; so, of course, that is not to be thought of.

For myself, I am so obtuse that I see nothing to be ashamed of in saying that an opponent's declarations seem to me mistaken, self-contradictory, confused, and illogical, especially when the evidence adduced is perfectly conclusive on the point. Yet there are some things of which I

It is beautifully located upon the summit of a hill that commands a very romantic view, and whose rounded sides are covered with fruit trees and

clover. There is another two-story brick house near the middle of the farm, which with slight repairs would accommodate a good-sized family. Mrs. F. will sell her farm at a bargain, and a Northern farmer could here find a valuable home and a genial climate.

this interesting family, and I will close. The deserted tenement once occupied by this great and illustrious man, now moulders back to earth in the beautiful cemetery called Mt. Olivet, about a mile and a half east of the city, and it was my pleasure to visit this consecrated spot with his daughters, and to plant roses around the grave which may blossom with the beauty of the resurrected elements that once enshined an immortal soul. The flowers, sweeter, like theirs, are exhaled into the air, and their fragrance has purified the atmosphere in which it bloomed.

of that exalted soul, whose heavenly fire still warms the hearts of his co-laborers, and fain would I receive the full flow of that mighty tide of love and truth which poured forth from the "fountain above"; that the capacity of the human mind to grasp a measure of good, and I can only hope to "grow in grace" and in greatness toward the amplitude of his expanded soul.

He was a man of a noble form that for several years was a torture to him, he now lives in a sphere where distinguished merit is appreciated, and where the generous and philanthropic impulses that ever characterized his earthly career find full scope in the service of the great and the ignorant, and in comforting the sorrowful, and in urging all to higher aims, by a noble example of integrity, and by precepts of truth such as exalted souls are ever free to grasp. May his months fall upon many a weary and sorrowful heart, and may his generous exhortations prompt his survivors to heroic deeds, and that love for truth and humanity that so eminently made him "the friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind."

*Asheville, Tenn., May 1st, 1872.*

The "Wild Tea," gratuitously advertised all over the country, is not long since to have been said to be nothing but the common burdock plant. For certain things the young leaves are good. Mash the young leaves on a plate or some hard substance, soak them in warm water two hours, using water enough to cover them nicely; then boil half an hour. Skim or take out the leaves, and to the half pint of water or stew remaining add two or three ounces of fresh butter, simmer a few minutes over a slow fire, and when the salve is cold, apply for piles and old sores. Oftentimes a cure will be effected, but under certain conditions of the system the remedy fails.—E7

**AND STILL THEY COME!**  
Letters and Testimonials  
TO THE  
**WONDERFUL CURATIVE POWER**  
OF  
**Dr. H. B. Storer's**  
INVIGORATING. EQUALIZING,  
BLOOD PURIFYING  
**NUTRITIVE COMPOUND.**

**SPECIAL DIRECTIONS, FOR USE**  
**M**ANY PERSONS find it more convenient to mix each dose of the Pweween with the sugar and water, as they take it. Instead of dissolving the whole at once and bottling. About one teaspoonful of sugar may be put into a cup, and one or two tablespoonfuls of either warm or cold water added; being thoroughly stirred before drinking.

**ENLARGEMENT OF THE UOMB.**  
 "I have been troubled for some time, with enlargement of the womb. It was quite a good deal enlarged and perfectly hard. I saw your advertisement—did not have much faith in it, but, thinking it would do no harm to try it, sent for your sackups, and it has helped me wonderfully. Please send me a dollar's worth."—*Mrs. J. G. Co. Brackton, N. C.*

**CHRONIC DEBILITY AND ULCERATION.**  
 "I think this will be all I shall need. The old sores have disappeared. Oh! I am so much better than I have expected to be on earth! Indeed, I can hardly be called an invalid now. I do the work for my small family, and walk a mile without much fatigue. I cannot express the gratitude I feel"—Mrs. M. K., Norfolk, Conn.

"Please send twelve boxes of your Nutritive Compound. I think I can dispose of a good deal of it among those that have been afflicted with Ulcers. I have been afflicted a number of years, and also say that it does far more good than any other medicine I have ever took. I know it does."—P. B. W., Durand, Ill.

**DISTRESS IN THE HEAD.**

"I am prompted to try your medicine upon the recommendations of Mrs. J. O. of this village, a highly respectable lady. She has recently used it, and found it to be very efficacious in restoring her to almost perfect health. She has been afflicted with a long time of distress in the head, &c., but now presents the appearance of sound condition."  
—J. M. W. New Carlisle, Ohio.

"It is the best medicine my wife has ever taken." —N. W. Pittston, Mo.

"It has done me more good than anything I have ever taken." —Martha T. Hutson City, N. J.

"Praising the Almighty for giving you power and unde-

"After taking the last package, the *Leuchter* Car Wagon was driven to the residence of the patient, and the patient, after a short rest, was able to get up and walk. The patient was able to eat and sleep, and the oppression on my lungs, the soreness of my stomach is relieved. You cannot imagine how thankful and grateful I feel for your kindness to me."—*M. R. H. F. Howling Green, Ohio.*

"The 'Nutrilvo Compound' that I ordered last summer for my wife, now does good than all the stuff I have taken before. I combined both of your preparations with the happiest effect."—*A. M. R., Chicago, Ill.*

**FOR THE STOMACH, BOWELS AND LIVER**

"I have taken five packages. I find them just the thing for the stomach and bowels, also for Leucorrhoea and other female weaknesses."—*Mrs. N. S. B., Natick, Mass.*

"**EQUALIZING THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.**"

"It is a capital remedy for all it is recommended. It is the best thing for equalizing the circulation of the blood to have ever offered."—*Mrs. A. B., Dowd's Station, Iowa.*

"I feel as if I must, in justice to you and to myself, tell you how much benefit I have received from taking your valuable preparation, the Nutritive Compound. Three packages have completely recommended it to me, and I have

"The package, I received, was of great benefit to my daughter, for whom I got it. Please send six packages to the enclosed five dollars."—*N. C. A., Leesport, Ind.*

**"SOMETHING THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN RUM."**

"I have patients who need something that does not contain Rum," and they think the Nutriliv is just the remedy. I have used so much more than I expected."—*Dr. William O. P., New York City.*

**RESOLUTIONS AND OTHER COMPLAINTS.**

**"SCIENTIFIC" NUTRITIVE COMPOUNDS.**  
 "I have been suffering nearly four years with Sciatic and other complaints. I gave her the Serravallo's, and other treatment; and I am happy to say she is nearly well and has not been so well for several years. I have a number of patients who are trying it, and nothing besides."—W. O. M. D., New York City.

**"ACTS LIKE MAGIC."**  
 "I have tried one package on my sick child, and she found it to act like magic."—J. R. P., Williamsburg, Penn.

**THE "NUTRITIVE COMPOUND"**  
 Serravallo's Compound is a substance which sub-

is NOT IN BOTTLES, BUT packages, which, when dissolved in water, make ONE PINT of Restorative.

Full directions for use accompany each package of Restorative.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price  
Price \$1.00 per package. \$5 for six packages.  
\$9 for twelve.

Address,  
**DR. H. B. STORER,**  
Office 137 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

For sale Wholesale and Retail by William  
White & Co., at the Banner of Light Office,  
158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
Apr. 23.

Journal of Management Inquiry 22(1) 3-17  
© The Author(s) 2013  
Reprints and permissions: [sagepub.com/journalsPermissions.nav](http://sagepub.com/journalsPermissions.nav)  
DOI: 10.1177/1056492613505111  
<http://jmi.sagepub.com>

Sympathy is not voiceless. Charity has a multitude of votaries. The great heart of humanity beats for its kind, wherever its footprints are found.

**MISS SEVERANCE**, 74 East Brookline street,  
3 doors east of Harrison avenue. Washington-street  
cars and coaches pass the street. Hours, 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.  
May 23.—8w\*

## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of:

**Mrs. J. H. Conant.**  
While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, and that they are not disembodied spirits, but that they are the earth-born in an undeveloped state, eventually progressing into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these trances that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive.

**The Banner of Light Free Circles.**  
These Circles are held at No. 135 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (top stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

**Mrs. Conant** receives no visitors on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Donations of letters for our Free Circles are solicited. The questions answered at these Circles are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those sent to the controlling intelligence are by the chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

**SEALING LETTERS.** Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for answer by the spirit. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by letter for answer upon our circle table, expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

WILLIAM WHITE, Chairman.

### Invocation.

Oh, thou, whose voice sounded over the lone Sea of Galilee, in the years of long ago, saying, "I'll be with you," be with us this hour, and inspire these thy brethren to emulate thy deeds of love—thy deeds of charity. Inspire them to walk in thy humble way. Give them strength to overcome the evils of their nature with the good with which thy Father and thine hath endowed them. We praise thee, oh, God, for the life of beauty, and for the beauty of life; and we praise thee that it is the soul's special privilege to work out its own salvation through the countless mutations of mind and matter; and although it may descend into hell, that it may finally ascend into heaven—even for this experience, oh, God, we praise thee. Recognizing thy wisdom in all the conditions of life, we would murmur at nothing, but give thee thanks for everything, knowing that thou doest all things well. Amen.

Feb. 19.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to answer them.

**QUES.**—(From a correspondent.) Why does not L. Judd Pardee, who, while living in mortal, was a firm Spiritualist, a writer, lecturer, and medium, return and communicate, through the Banner of Light, his views in full, in regard to the spirit-land?—If there is such a land, and make the matter plain and tangible to human senses? If there is any spirit-land, to do this, he certainly ought to be ranked among the very first. I know him well while here, and have been patiently waiting for something from him so explicit that all doubts in regard to "the other country" might be dispelled from my mind.

**ANS.**—Spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned, spiritually understood, and they can, by no possibility, be understood by any other means—by the senses of the physical body. Therefore, it is utterly impossible for any spirit or spirits to convey to you a clear, plain idea of what their home is in the other life. They may approximate to it, may give you as much as you can understand, but the full reality they must withhold, because you could not understand them. Many spirits have returned, giving descriptions of the spirit-world; and how many are there among those who recognized the spirits, who were able to take in and appropriate the truths they conveyed. They are far in the minority, and could be easily counted, no doubt. And these persons who cry out most vigorously to know what the spirit-world is, and ask for signs and for that wondrous something that shall prove beyond a doubt that there is such a land, are generally the ones that are least capable of receiving any such truth, if it should be given them; they cannot appropriate it. My friend could not. Were I to picture to him an entire panorama of the spirit-world, he would say, "Well, that's very pretty talk, but how do you know it's so?" There comes the rub—how do you know? You do not know, and, though thousands of spirits should corroborate the idea, you would be no better off in wisdom. You must see for yourselves; must wait to know what the spirit-world is, in reality—until you go there and are able to discern the things of the spirit with your spiritual senses.

**Q.**—(From the audience.) Some poet has said, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." I would like to know what the intelligence thinks of this idea?

**A.**—I think it is an absolute truth, certainly, meaning that there is a divine power governing us in the conditions of life, whether we will or no. We do not make a single move, not even to the raising of our hands, without the sanction of that Divine Power.

**Q.**—Is not that Divine Power in the human soul, rather than outside of it?

**A.**—It dwells both outside and in the human soul; indeed, there is no place where it is not. Since this Divine Power governs all things, it is everywhere—in this table, in that chandelier, in the walls of this room, in these flowers, everywhere. Prove to any single soul that he has left a single place without his presence, and you prove to that soul that universes and souls and all things are capable of annihilation, and may, at some time, be swept away into oblivion.

**Q.**—I grant that God is personified within the human soul, but not in the walls of this room. I believe in a law of Nature governing in everything below man.

**A.**—What is that law of Nature?

**Q.**—God is something else beyond that law of Nature.

**A.**—Prove to us your assumption. That is nothing more than an assumption.

**Q.**—To prove it would take more time than you would be willing to grant here.

**A.**—Were an eternity granted you, you could not prove it. To my mind God is everywhere.

**Q.**—I grant he is everywhere where human life is in existence.

**A.**—That is where your human egotism comes in. You are very apt to stumble upon that one point, exceedingly apt to, especially when you dwell within the shadow of these tombs of flesh. Once get outside of them, and you will see things differently. You won't think so much of little I; you will find that God dwells in the rose just as much as in the human heart—the expression only is different. God is expressed as the law of the rose determines, in the rose; as the law of the human soul determines, in the human soul. God is no breaker of law. This God of ours sets us a grand example—having made laws, he never

breaks them. Were I to believe that there was any place where God was not, I should tremble for the safety of my soul, and so would you, were you outside of the physical body viewing things in a clearer light.

**Q.**—As God is personified in the human soul, are we not doing God's duty when we are helping those who are suffering around us?

**A.**—You certainly are fulfilling one of the highest, grandest demands which God can make upon the human soul.

**Q.**—If God is love, then love must be God, and in order to love God, we must love our fellow-beings. That is the highest personification of God.

**A.**—He who says he loves God, and hates his brother, is a liar. All Nature will back me up in my statement. I have no fear that I shall ever have to back down from it.

**Q.**—I take it that Nature's laws dwell within everything; yet not that divinity which is expressed in the human soul.

**A.**—Go on, hug your shadow, until you are out of your tomb of the flesh, and when you meet me on the other side, I will ask you what you think of God. I know you will talk differently; I never saw one who did not.

Feb. 19.

### Clara Powers.

[How do you do?] I am pretty well, but I was awful sick. My name was Clara Powers. I was eight years old. I lived in New York City, sir, on Walker street. My mother said if I would only come back here and give her any comfort, she would be reconciled to my death.

Well, I can tell her that I've got a beautiful home. I would be a great deal happier if she was in it. Tell her little George has grown up so she never would know him. He's in college—only think of it!—here, too. Mother said that the only thing that reconciled her to his death was because she was poor, and should never be able to send him to college. God knew all about that, I expect, and he took him where he could go without having to pay anything.

He's very smart, tell mother, and I am proud of him. Yes, I am glad I've got a brother here. [Then he met you, did he?] Yes, I did not know him, but he knew me.

I think mother better try to be as happy as she can, and to stay here as long as she can, and when it's all right for her to come, George and I will meet her, and have such a nice home for her she will be rewarded for all she suffered here.

Now I want her to be happy, and the very first thing she does, burn up those flowers, and not cry over 'em any more. Don't cry over 'em any more, because every time she does I feel so bad.

I am going to school, and I have won a medal in the class on spelling. Good-by, sir.

Feb. 19.

### Jack Harney.

[How do you do?] I take it I'm all right, but if the church people's ideas should happen to be correct, I don't know as I shall be. I've only been in this new country—this is the fourth day. I was killed in Galveston, Texas. I had just bought an infernal vicious horse, and was foolish enough to mount him without a saddle, and he paid me off by running with me, and finally throwing me, and I got such a bump here [pointing to the head] that I slipped out and left the body.

My name was Jack Harney. I was a dealer in horses. I had been hauled up on a small scale, before a sort of religious tribunal, several times for my wickedness, and finally got abandoned, as one who belonged to the devil and was without salvation.

Now, if these good church folks are right, I don't know as it will be so comfortable with me always; but as far as I've got, stranger, it is comfortable. I am all right, so far as I've got. I've been looking out, as the sailors say, for breakers, but haven't seen any signs of 'em as yet. [You haven't seen anything that looked threatening, then?] Not a bit, not a bit. I see plenty of people here, in more comfortable quarters than I am in, but I am well enough off for me. If I didn't pay for anything better when I was on earth, they're good enough for me. I am not going to cry about it. If I'm always as well off as I am now, I shall make much do.

Now, a word to my uncle, who is quite piously inclined, and who is, withal, barring his picky, a pretty good man. I want him to settle up my affairs, and see that my mother and sister have every cent. That's what brings me here to-day. Good-day, Captain-General.

Feb. 19.

### Margaret Timmings.

I have been dead since yesterday. I died of cancerous tumor of the stomach and bowels, in the hospital. My name was Margaret Timmings. I learned about these things from my brother, James Riley, several months ago. I came back to reach my brother in St. Johns, to tell him that I don't wish my body removed from Boston to St. Johns, but wish it to remain where it will be placed this afternoon. I was thirty-two years old.

Feb. 19.

### Samuel Rogers.

To the friends who wish to know if I can give them satisfactory evidence of my presence, if they go to the famous Moravia scenes, I would say that I think I should be successful in showing myself, but I am not sure. If you go, make up your minds before you go to stay long enough to give me ample opportunity to do whatever I can do. If a week is not enough, stay two. If you cannot make up your mind to stay a sufficient length of time to test the matter thoroughly, you had better stay at home. Samuel Rogers.

Feb. 19.

### Ethel Percival.

I want to send a letter to my mother. Tell her I live with granny. I've got a garden full of flowers. I've got a dog, a cat, a bird, and a great big doll. Get out, Pont; go way! [Turning aside, as if address in an unseen dog.] Tell her I wish she'd come; tell her I love her, and send her kisses.

I was four years old, and three days. My name was Ethel Percival. I live with Granny Horne now. She's my mother now, till my own mother comes. Tell her I am a real good girl. I ain't never sick—do n't get cold and get the fever now. Stop, Pont! behave! [His plagues you, don't he?] Yes, "Vashit" sends him up here. I'll pound her when I get out. Good-by, mister.

Feb. 19.

Seance conducted by L. Judd Pardee; letters answered by "Vashit."

### Invocation.

Thou who art discoursing grandest melody from Nature's harp of many, many thousand strings, we pray thee to so tune the harp of our souls that under the touch of thy masterful hand they shall give no uncertain sound, but shall fully obey thy will and thy way. Amen.

Feb. 20.

### Questions and Answers.

**QUES.**—(From a correspondent.) We enclose the

following for the consideration of the controlling intelligence at your Public Circles:

**A SMALL POX REMEDY.**—The following statement of a correspondent of the Stockton (Cal.) Herald has been going the rounds of the papers. An ex-Californian says he has seen it tested with entire success. We reproduce it; therefore, for what it is worth.

I herewith append a recipe which has been used, to my knowledge, in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small pox, though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head; but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small pox, it is passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe, as I have used it, and cured my children of the scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure the small pox. When learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured. Syphilis of zinc, one grain; fox glove (digitalis), one grain; half a tea-spoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four drops of lemon juice, and swallow every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If counties would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no use of pest houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease.

Feb. 19.

**A.**—The dose certainly must be varied according to the constitution of the patient. Similar remedies for similar diseases were used in the long ago, always successfully—so medical records affirm—therefore I know of no reason why this one should not answer the purpose in these days. Both of these remedies of themselves are innocent to all feeble constitutions of the system, and are said to possess extraordinary properties, when combined, in relieving the system from all eruptive fevers. I have no personal acquaintance with this remedy, but I am well acquainted with those who are acquainted with it, and who unhesitatingly, doubtless, from our life, would give their testimony in favor of it.

**Q.**—Is the present system of vaccination injurious?

**A.**—It is, dammingly so—excuse the expression, as it is the only one fitted to the case. Under no circumstances should it be tolerated by an intelligent community.

**Q.**—Why?

**A.**—Because it introduces into the system a thousand evils for the sake of expelling one, and when the one is expelled, the thousand remain, as your American population will testify. The seeds of consumption of any or all the various organs of the body, in nine cases out of ten, are to be traced to vaccination.

**Q.**—Is there anything you could substitute, to mitigate the evil of the small pox?

**A.**—Fresh air, proper diet, proper bathing; then, if it come, it will leave you in a better state than it found you, therefore it would prove not an evil, but a positive good.

**Q.**—Are there any articles of food which promote the small pox?

**A.**—Yes, there are many. Pork is one, in all its forms, under all the various systems of cookery that are known. The excessive use of corn is another. I might go on enumerating almost ad infinitum those articles of diet which are in common use, that would be in harmony—at least—with the disease of small pox.

**Q.**—I would ask, what think you of Christ?

**A.**—I think of him as I think of every other son of God, that he was the son of God; that he had an earthly parentage physically; that he was divinely inspired, and to a greater extent probably than any other one of his time, but to no greater extent than others who had preceded him and gone on, or those who are amongst you at the present day.

**Q.**—Can there be a beginning without an end?

**A.**—To my mind, no.

**Q.**—Will the Internationals prove a blessing or a curse to our country?

**A.**—Both.

**Q.**—Which will we receive first, the blessing, or the curse?

**A.**—Probably the curse. In the end, it will prove a blessing.

**Q.**—Did not the worlds of God always exist?

**A.**—Not this world certainly.

**Q.**—How with God?

**A.**—We believe in the eternity of God, that this principle of power, of wisdom, of love and of truth, never had a beginning, and consequently can have no ending.

Feb. 20.

### John Moore.

I died in Manchester, Eng., one week ago to-day. My name was John Moore. I have a son in America I wish to reach. He probably does not know of my death. I want to tell him that I died as I lived, poor—not dependent upon charity, but, as I lived many days longer, I should have been. Say to him that his Aunt Charlotte would be glad to welcome him home at any time. I was made aware of these things before I died, and made up my mind that when I did go I would come here. Good day, sir.

Feb. 20.

### Jack Every.

I fear I have come too soon. I was shot in New Orleans last night. My name was Jack Every. I led a rough life here. I've got through with it, and I'm glad of it. I hope they won't hang Ben. I was as much to blame as he was, and he done me a service in sending me where I am.

My poor old mother is a Spiritualist. She'll want to know how I am; that's why I've hurried here. She'll take it hard enough, no doubt, my murder. I want her to feel that I should have roughed it all ways here, and it's better that I should go as I did, even if I had waited for my constitution to have worn out, in all human probability I should have numbered up into the millions. But I am safe, tell her, and I'll do better here—I'll do better here. Yes, I'll do better here, tell her.

Feb. 20.

### Sally Mason.

I was paralyzed, and I can't help feeling it. I ought not to, for I've been gone twenty-one years. I ought not to. [You are brought back so suddenly into the scenes of your earth-life that you can't help feeling it.]

My name was Sally Mason. I was eighty-three years old. I lived in Portsmouth, N. H. Some of the grandchildren have called upon their Uncle Jerry to know if he will come and give them some advice with reference to some difficulty they have in law. He says he has better business and intends to follow it, so he don't respond, and I thought I would, for fear they might say that there wasn't no truth in these things. I think people in this world had better use their own brains than to call upon their friends in the spirit-world to become thinkers for them. And, as for this trouble in law, they'd no business to get into it—no business to get into it. Their Uncle Jerry would have told 'em better. He would have told 'em that the law had a monstrous stomach that would be sure to digest everything that came within it; it would be ground to pulp before they were aware of it. [He was considered an eminent lawyer when here; he ought to know.] Yes,

he used to know the law about as well as anybody else in his day.

Feb. 20.

### Emily Crane.

My name was Emily Crane. I lived in Windsor, Vt. I want to send a message to my father, if I can. He is in St. Louis. He does n't believe in anything for us after death. I want him to know that I am alive now, just as much as I ever was, and to prove that I am, I'll tell him that I was with him yesterday, at fifteen minutes past ten in the morning. I heard him tell Mr. Cranston that he was coming home. Mr. Cranston told him he'd better not leave before April. He says, "I feel that I must, because something tells me that I ought to be at home, and I shall go, business or no business."

Well, you see I had been impressing him to go home because my mother is sick, and for other reasons, too, which I don't care to mention here. If he wishes to pursue the subject further, to investigate Spiritualism, I should be so glad to be his teacher, just as I used to be when we used to play school in the long winter evenings before I went away from home. I was thirteen years old.

Feb. 20.

Seance conducted by Prof. Ganz; letters answered by "Vashit."

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

**Monday, Feb. 26.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Madison Perry, of Memphis, Tenn., to his mother; Ellen Good, of Boston, to her children; Prof. Francis, of New York, to his mother; Patrick Murphy; Annie Clement Edwards, of New York City, to her mother.

**Tuesday, Feb. 27.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Leo Rogers, of Boston Highlands, to Mrs. Mary Rogers; James Baxter, of Boston; John Finney, of Boston, to his brothers; Theresa Gillette, to her mother.

**Wednesday, April 26.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Charles Stow, of New York; John Davis, of Baltimore; Thomas White, of Bennington, Vt.; James Fisk, Jr.

**Thursday, May 2.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Moxey, Countess of Lambolt, to friends on the Pacific Coast; John Hathaway, of Boston, to his father; Elizabeth Hall, of Roxbury, Mass., to her husband; Samuel Meredith, of Boston.

**Monday, May 6.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Emma Shaw, of Boston, to her parents; Samuel Holman, of Boston, to his father; Abner, an Exquisite Indian, to Capt. Neal; Patrick Henry; Michael Finney, of South Boston.

**Tuesday, May 7.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: The Emmet, of Idaho; John Angus; Nancy Tucker, of Boston, to her children.

**Wednesday, May 8.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Finley, of South Boston; Annetta Page, of New York City, to her mother; Baron Schlegel, of Germany; "White Angel," of Col. Chicago.

**Monday, May 14.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Lucy Ann Pettis, of Auburn, N. Y., to her mother; Addison Caswell, of the same place; Edwin Caswell, of New York; Annie Curtis, of Anderson street, Boston, to her mother.

### MRS. CONANT'S MEDIUMSHIP.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

The accumulated testimonies of the ages show conclusively that there have always been seers, sibyls, visionists and ecstasies, rightly designated at the present time, media. These royal souls, gifted with seemingly superhuman powers, have, as messengers for gods and angels, been instrumental in lifting the curtain of immortality, and demonstrating to anxious mortals the reality of a future conscious existence.

The five great religions of the world—Brahmism and Buddhism, Aryan in origin; Judaism and Mahometanism, Semitic in essence and character; and Christianity, a combination of various religious elements, all originated in spiritual manifestations. It is honorable to be a medium. All God's methods are mediative. Socrates was a medium, blessed with an attending demon-guide; Jesus, the gentle Judean teacher, was a medium. Elias and Moses constituted a portion of his circle. Paul termed him "mediator," that is, one acting between. Plotinus, the distinguished Neo-Platonist, walked hand-in-hand with invisible intelligences. Joan D'Arc, suffering as a martyr for her mediumistic gifts, lives in history immortal. Swedenborg's converse with angels and spirits breathes, to this day, every page of history treating of immortality. To be ashamed of mediumship is to be ashamed of keeping company with the anointed, the glorified in heaven. When the "fashion of Christ's countenance was altered," as is frequently the case in a superior trance condition, the disciples were evidently surprised, perhaps ashamed. But, said Jesus, "Whoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."

The Reformation, so called, put a bridgeless gulf between the visible and invisible worlds. Roman Catholics ever believed in spirit-communication. They have a feast day consecrated to loving remembrances of guardian angels. But Protestant reformers, in their efforts to avoid all superstition, drifted into cold, churchal unbelief, bordering Atheism. The door of communication that John saw "opened in heaven" Protestant Christianity attempted to shut. Churchmen denominated angel-appearings ghosts, demons, and apparitions. Visions were illusions. Media they called witches, and hung them. And they endeavored to feed souls hungering for a knowledge of immortality, with biblical records and the scattered Mosaic crumbs of ancient feasts.

God lived. Principles were immutable. The veil of mystery was rent in Hydeville, near Rochester, N. Y., and a conscious converse with spirits reestablished. In the initiation of this spiritual dispensation, the method, together with the teachings, struck a death-blow to the supernatural. Miracles were not mentioned. Spiritualism, rightly defined, is the science of spirit-converse, and is just as much in harmony with natural law as magnetism, or any of the physical or mental sciences.

Since the spirit-cabing, some twenty-four years since, of that ether-ocean which spans the interstellar spaces, bringing us into continuous intercourse with the risen and the good "gone before," no medium has done a greater, nobler work in Spiritualism, than Mrs. J. H. Conant, of Boston. And what, if possible, adds excellence to the work, it has been done quickly, conscientiously and womanly. In all enlightened countries, in all the English-speaking islands of the ocean that have given Spiritualism a moment's earnest attention, the mediumship of Mrs. Conant is familiar. None to every portion of the reading world on the folds of the Banner of Light, her name stands there connected with evan-gels and good tidings from the Better Land. Considering her manifold gifts, she is a wonderful woman. Not alone in her "Majesty's Kingdom," but while upon the continent, we heard the Message Department of the Banner of Light referred to in terms of highest praise. Many turned to the sixth page first, to see what the "spirit said." Not a message is utterly in vain—not a sound from those upper kingdoms of blessedness is lost. Some soul will be enriched by it forever. Immortals know their chosen channels—angels the worth of human instrumentalities.

Saying nothing of Mrs. Conant's private sittings for investigators in the ranks of scientists—those beautiful invocations in the circle-room, those instructive communications, ranging from childish playfulness to profound wisdom, those ready replies to questions, often involving a knowledge of metaphysics, natural sciences and the pre-historic periods, that have appeared weekly for several years in the Banner of Light, show Mrs. Conant to be the most remarkable woman of this century; or they prove her to be, as claimed, unconsciously

entranced and controlled by an order of intelligences royally dowered with intellect and wisdom. In either case—agent or instrument—the dilemma compels the skeptic to confer honor upon one who as modestly as quietly sits the presiding genius of the Message Department in the Banner of Light.

Hundreds of these messages, recognized and verified by the parties, are never published. Friends interested solely in the sound and shell of things, or perhaps cowardly, do not so desire. Others are verified in distant portions of the country, and never reported to the Banner office. Connected several years editorially with this Spiritualist journal, we write not "hearsay" concerning this matter, but from positive knowledge. Though Mrs. Conant in normal condition is clairvoyant and clairaudient—though richly blessed with nearly all the spiritual gifts—yet, when giving her communications, she passes into an unconscious trance state. All avenues to the outer life are thoroughly closed. To the things of the physical world she is dead. The brain is paralyzed by angel hands, and while in this ecstatic condition, her sensitive cranial organs are swept by immortal fingers. Thus transfigured, the communications are not only truthful and satisfactory, but often eminently grand and beautiful. Seers are astounded, investigators convinced, mourners comforted, errorists reclaimed, and listening believers themselves strengthened to battle on for the good and the true. Oh, it is blessed to be thus naturally gifted with mediumship; and thrice blessed are those who use their holy gifts for the edification and moral elevation of humanity. Such find treasures in the approval of their own souls, treasures in loving human hearts, and treasures immortal awaiting them in the homes of angels.

How fresh in memory are the last words of the sainted John Pierpont to us at the National Convention in Providence, R. I.: "Go on, brother! God the Father and Christ the Exemplar are with you in spirit! Do the work of an evangelist; proclaim this present ministry of spirits to earth. This belief is the chief blessing of my life, the sands of which are nearly run." Returning from the funeral services (conducted by the Unitarians), to spend the evening with Mrs. Conant, in company with Mr. Colby, the able editor of the Banner of Light, Mr. Wilson, the faithful assistant editor, and several other gentlemen, and also ladies, Mr. Pierpont, as a risen spirit, "appeared in our midst, the doors being shut." During a moment's lull in the conversation, he was seen clairvoyantly by Mrs. Conant, standing by our side. The magnetic influence from his presence was as uplifting as powerful. The apartment, previously consecrated for spiritual purposes, seemed now the very gate of heaven. It was an auspicious season. Soon Mrs. Conant became entranced, and Mr. Pierpont fully identifying himself, referred to a beautiful vision he had had before entering spirit-life. He also gave the party present a most interesting sketch of his reception "over there" by Dr. Channing and a multitude of noble, sympathizing spirits, adding that his faith in Spiritualism had become merged into a most blessed reality. His soul was full of gratitude to God and angels. After further addressing us in language at once tender, touching and paternal, he departed from our midst, leaving behind the influence of his new and holier baptism of the resurrection. All wept, and felt that it was good to stand on this mount of moral transfiguration. Memories of this and other sittings in the presence of this medium for the Banner of Light, are treasured as among the sunniest spots in our pilgrim life.

Mrs. Conant has a fine spiritual organization, keen moral perceptions, great sincerity of heart, unshaken faith in the angel-world, an abiding love for the truth of the spiritual philosophy, and is conscious of being constantly overshadowed and guarded by heavenly intelligences. As friend, sister, worker and woman, she is universally esteemed. Not from the beauty of the goddess, not from the flowery dells of Arcadia; not from queens crowned and adorning temporal scepters; but from such media—such women as these, do men, while getting the demonstrations of immortality, gather moral strength and purity of purpose to further perfect themselves in a true, divine manhood.—The American Spiritualist.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### CORRELATION OF MORAL FORCES.

BY E. R. PLACE.

One truth attained brings other truths to view; From thought to thought we stumble, yet pursue. The hour, unwashed, with jewels on his breast, Goes forth to show how handsomely he's dressed. Soon, looking down, his clumsy boots he spies; Then coat or hat grows hateful in his eyes. Until, transformed, he bursts upon the town, A full-blown dandy, flowered from a clown. A kindred law is manifest in all: Where nothing great, there's nothing counted small.

One virtue there—one cultivated taste—A noble shame rebukes the odious waste. Thus, as we grow in all serene desires, Truth calls to truth, and want to want aspires. To-day's fair gain but makes the morrow's more, For truth eternal, holds eternal store. Who scans the present reads the mighty past, And thinks to-day's grand wonder is the last?

May, 1872.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in the town of Parma, Mich., April 23d, Mrs. Benj. Stevens, aged 81 years.

Long the victim of physical suffering, and possessing a rare sensitive mental and spiritual nature, she was well prepared to appreciate the glorious realities of that immortal life, whose shining portals opened to receive her. She was for many years a Spiritualist, not only in belief but knowledge, as she was herself conscious of the nearness and guidance of those gone before.

Funeral services were conducted by the undersigned, on Wednesday, April 24th, and attended by a large circle of friends, both the seen and the unseen.

ALBION, MICH.

From Washington Village, South Boston, Jan. 16th, Mary A. Harrington, aged 16 years.

## New York Advertisements.

**NEW YORK AGENCY**  
FOR  
**William White & Co's Publications**  
THE  
**AMERICAN NEWS CO.**  
NO. 119 NASSAU STREET.

THIS WELL-KNOWN FIRM KEEPS FOR SALE  
**ALL OUR PUBLICATIONS**  
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

JUDGE J. W. KIMMOND,  
MR. EMMA HARDISON,  
WILLIAM HOWITT,  
HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN,  
D. D. HOME,  
PROF. WILLIAM OENTON,  
MISS LIZZIE PETERN,  
W. W. PERRY,  
MR. J. S. ADAMS,  
PROF. S. B. DRITMAN,  
HENRY C. WRIGHT,  
WARREN CHASE,  
CHARLES S. WOODROFF,  
DR. A. B. CHILD,  
MR. LOIS WAINBROOKER,  
P. B. RANDOLPH,  
WARREN S. BARLOW,  
MISS ELIZA W. VARNUM,  
GEORGE STEARNS,  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

WHOLESALE AGENTS  
FOR THE  
**BANNER OF LIGHT.**  
WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Bookellers,  
155 Washington Street, Boston, MASS.

---

**MRS. SPENCE'S**  
**POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE**

[illegible]

THE NEGATIVE TEST is for Typhoid, or Paratyphoid, or any other of the mixed or enteric fevers, such as in Shigellosis, Dysentery, Cholera, and Typhoid, and in all cases of nervousness, loss of taste, anorexia, feeling of motion, all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and the Typhus.

Both the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE are recorded in Chills and Fever.

**AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.**

Mailed	1 " 41 Neg. Powders,	\$1.00
Postpaid	1 " 41 Neg. Powders,	0.00
PRICES:	4 " 23 Pos. & 20 Neg.	1.00
	4 Boxes	6.00
	12 "	0.00

**OFFICE, 373 St. Marks Place, New York.**  
**Address,**  
**PROF. FAYTON SPENCE, M. D.,**  
 Box 5417, East 42d St., Ctr.

**IF** your druggist hasn't the Powders, send your money at once to **PROF. SPENCE**.  
 709 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Apr 1891

**The Hahnemann Magnetic Movement Cure**  
 Combining Vital Magnetism, Electricity, Baths, etc.

**SPENCE**, powerful, delightful and scientific method of curing all diseases without the use of drugs. No friction. No sprains or eczemas made here, and the high, pure standard. Nature adopted. Our Institution tested for a QUARTER OF A CENTURY, and has shown the most successful results. We have cured several foreign countries, given up by other physicians, & thoroughly cured here!

Clear-sighted searching! **Dr. SPENCE**.  
 709 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Our Institution will

overlooking the Hudson, at Tarrytown. Patients wishing  
commendations in the building should apply soon at the N  
York Branch, No. 8 West 45th Street.  
Send for Circular. Address:  
**Dr. Caleb C. Dusenbury,**  
**Dr. Phœbe A. F. Dusenbury.**  
Apr. 13.—3m No. 8 West 45th Street, New York  
**American and Foreign Patent Office**  
**ESTABLISHED 1852.**  
**PATENTS** for new inventions secured in the United St  
and all European countries at greatly reduced rates.  
Patent rights in America, Europe and Colonization.  
Foreigners' International Gazette, &c. &c.

Apr. 12.

W. A. IRELAND, Magnetic Physician.

D. BENJAMIN ROSE through this medium prescribes for all cures-digests. The doctor prescribes for one or two leading symptoms and, enclosing \$1.00, with a portion of their handwriting, will have prescription returned, medicines if desired will be sent for \$2.00. Address 325 W. 13th street, New York. 2-7-94

PROF. LISTER, Astrologer;

HAS removed from Boston to New York City, and can be consulted at 71 Lexington avenue, between 25th and 26th streets, New York. 1-10-94

**CLUB AGENTS.** Exclusive territory. New monop-  
sonies in every family in entire south-west. *Agents* now  
open for **M. S. G. T. R. S. Co.**, 104 Union street, New  
York, N. Y., May 4-49.

**THE UNITED STATES PATENT RIGHT**  
**ASSOCIATION**, No. 91 Chambers street, New York  
collects Patents, exhibits, sells and buys Patents and  
entire **Good**. **PATENT RIGHT GAZETTE**, price  
**ONE DOLLAR**.

**MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR**, Business and Trav-  
el agent, 109 Fifth avenue, east side, near 121st street,  
New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 p. m. Circulars free  
and Thursday evenings.

**MRS. E. DESMONDE**, M. D., Ladies' and C-

**SARAH E. SOMERBY**, Clairvoyant and H  
ing Medium, 719 Sixth avenue, New York City.

NEW BOOK JUST ISSUED.

**MAYWEED BLOSSOMS.**  
 BY LOIS WATSBROOKER.  
 Author of "Alice Vale," "Helen Harlow's Vow," "Sun  
 for Woman," &c.  
 This is a fine volume of  
**Prose and Poetry,**  
 Inculcating the highest moral principles. The author se-  
 lects her address "To the Reader."  
 "I wish to say to you, my dear friend, that I have chosen  
 this name for the collection which I now give you in  
 full; but it is not good to seek to glorify ourselves in  
 And though,  
 "The Mayweed is a bitter herb,  
 A humble wayside flower,  
 With neither form nor fragrance  
 To grace a regal bower;  
 A common, vulgar, wayside weed,  
 That for would ever be to be  
 Yet deep within its heart of gold,  
 The sunbeams love to play,  
 And from its petals pour white  
 Clouds the unbroken ray  
 Which gives the colors all in one,  
 Reflecting all, retaining none."  
 The work is beautifully printed and bound, and mak-  
 es an elegant book for the centre table or library.

THIRD EDITION.

**HELEN HARLOW'S VOICE**

BY LOIS WASSBROOKER.

Author of "Alice Vale," "Suffrage for Women," etc.

All who have read Mrs. Wassbrooker's "Alice Vale" will be anxious to peruse this beautiful story, which tells of a woman's life in the most elegant style. It is dedicated to "Woman Everywhere, and to Wronged and Outcast E-pe-cians." The author, in dedicating this book to the women in general, and to the outcast in particular, is prompted by a love of justice, as well as by the desire

WILL INSURE JUSTICE FROM OTHERS."  
 Price \$1.50, postage 20 cents.

THIRD EDITION.

**ALICE VALE:**  
 A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

This is one of the best books for general reading any-  
 thing to be found. It should and no doubt will attain a popu-  
 larity equal to "THE GATES AHEAD."

Price \$1.25; postage, 16 cents.

The above books are for sale wholesale and retail

BOOKSTORE, 183 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
May 4. -4w

**GOD, OR NO GOD:** or, An Infinite God  
Impossibility. By AUSTIN KENT Price 10  
postage 2 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE &  
the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 183 Wash-  
ington street, Boston, Mass.

