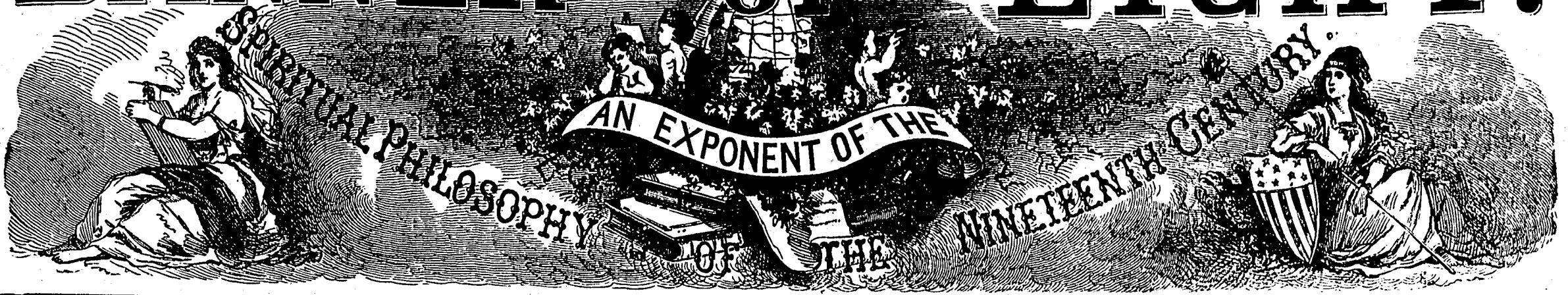


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XL.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

{ \$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance. }

NO. 25.

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The Rostrum.

SPIRITUAL SPHERES.

NUMBER TWO.

THE SPHERE OF BENEFICENCE.

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

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You do not despise the intervening helps that come between you and the divine light. Neither should you despise the helping hands that come in to bless you at almost every hour of the day if you will but receive them—some thought of sympathy, some genuine expression of good-will, some kindness that would make your life less bare and barren, if you would only receive it. Why, sometimes there are souls so sick that they do not even know that the healer stands at the door. Shall there not be an angel child, or a mother, or some sweet messenger from Paradise, sent in to let the soul know that the healer is there? Sometimes above a grave when you turn aside with all sorrow and all despair, as though life itself were immured and buried in that tomb, has not some child with wondering, pitying eyes looked up into your face and asked why you wept? and has not that been a greater boon than all doctrinal sermons from pulpits, than all theological books written by masterly hands—the one look of pleading love in the child's eyes who begged you not to weep? So, from the sphere of beneficence, into whatever depth of darkness or despair your soul may be plunged, be assured that there is some ministering angel, some cherub child, some one sitting in and out of the darkened chambers of your spirits trying to tell you that the healer is there; and be assured that the healing will come, if you, too, forgetful of the sorrow, shall turn it aside to aid some other soul that is more suffering than your own.

Oh, but the stepping stones to the height of glory are through Calvary after all! The light that shone on the Divine countenance, illumined by self-forgetfulness, is the greatest light; and whatsoever paths the soul may tread that lead through gentle ministrations, forgetfulness of self and sorrow, to the one divine thought of compassion for others, is in itself a stronger plea for the sufferings of life than all the sophisms of the schools, than all the hard, severe explanations of theology. It is not that God appoints for men to suffer any punishment for anything; but it is that the only avenue to the sphere of beneficence is, that by knowledge of suffering you learn to be compassionate toward others. An angel who had never lived upon earth were all unfitness to be a messenger of divine beneficence. Christ untempted in the wilderness were no Saviour of mankind. Christ without Gethsemane could give to the world no cup which it could quaff, no promise which could be fulfilled, no hope which it could follow. Through the wilderness vanquishing temptation, through Gethsemane conquering the tears and the human sorrow, Christ leads the way to Calvary and to God. And these souls in their states and stages, in groups and in circles, like globes within globes, or spheres within spheres, passing one above the other, present your friends, your disembodied dear ones, each striving in some way and in their own manner to minister to some other soul, and thus paving the way and pointing the pathway that leads to those heights where the brightness is too intense and the glory too surpassing for mortal vision to behold!

Spiritual Phenomena.

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

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

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

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

By request of the spirits, Mrs. Bliss was after awhile prevailed upon to change places with her husband—she now sitting within the cabinet, and he outside of it. After this change, the manifestations proceeded more readily, and were much stronger than before. A most beautiful and fully developed spirit, who when in the form was known to some in the circle as a Miss Elizabeth Du la Rue, stepped outside of the cabinet and beckoned me to come to her, which I did. She was much more slender in person than the medium, and taller by some six or more inches. She was clothed in sparkling white, and every feature was as distinct as if chiseled from marble—without a particle of the hazy halo that so often attends spirit-materialization—nor did she, so far as I could discern, bear the least resemblance to the medium either in form or feature, and which is something, I think, unusual.

After she retired, a little familiar Indian spirit called *Bac Koner* showed herself at the window of the cabinet and gave me leave to approach and examine her face minutely. Like the other spirit described, every line of her face was distinctly marked, whilst the hair, eyes, features and complexion bore unmistakable evidence of Indian origin. I have seen this spirit walk out of the cabinet and around the front of the circle several times, on all of which occasions she never looked to be more than four feet in height. She was very talkative, and always prattled in a peculiar dialect that I think would be hard to imitate.

Among other spirits, an old Irish woman, called Mrs. McCarty, presented herself and permitted me to approach and examine her face and clothing minutely as she stood in the parted folds of the curtain of the cabinet. She wore a cheap-looking colored dress, and was quite fleshy, whilst her coarse features, brawny face and hand, (which last I took in mine,) as well as her brogue, gave the most convincing assurance of her nationality. As I stood conversing with this loquacious old woman, she suddenly vanished, and the spirit *Elizabeth Du la Rue* immediately occupied her place. Her form and every feature were as distinct as at her first appearance, and whilst I stood within ten or twelve inches, gazing with admiration on the angelic apparition, it too suddenly disappeared, and the old Irish woman again as suddenly presented herself, and took up the thread of our recent conversation. I told her that I did not wish to cut short our interview, but that I should like to see once more before I left the cabinet the glorious angel that had just gone away. Shortly after this, the old Irish woman (who looked for all the world as if she had just left her wash tub,) disappeared, and *Elizabeth Du la Rue* again presented her beautiful apparition. In dress, form, height, features and personal appearance, it would be hard to find two persons of the same sex more dissimilar in every particular than were these two materialized spirit-forms.

On Sunday evening, the 4th of Feb., I attended another séance at the Bliss's, when quite a number of materialized spirit-forms presented themselves, in one instance three at the same time, quite distinctly. The same old gentleman, by the name of Winner, I spoke of in my experiences at the Holmes circles, printed some time ago in the Banner, was present. A spirit came out of the cabinet that he then fully recognized (and had, as he told me, on many occasions before at the Bliss's) to be his daughter. A young man, also apparently about twenty years of age, came with her. He was very neatly dressed, and Mr. Winner had no doubt it was the apparition of his deceased son, as it claimed to be. This Mr. Winner said was the first appearance of his son, and, owing to the distance between them, he was unable to fully identify his features, although in general outline they strikingly resembled his.

Mr. Winner frequently attends the Bliss circles, and it is a curious fact, as he told me, that whilst his daughter often appears to him there, looking as natural as when in earth-life, his father, who presents himself at the Holmes circles, in perfect *fac simile* of his earthly form, features, and dress, has never once shown himself at the Bliss's. (I will just say that I very minutely examined in daylight the Bliss's cabinet, and found all right.)

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 6th, I attended a private séance at Mrs. Thayer's, 511 North Seventh street, at the house of Mr. Peter Thompson, where she resides. The circle-room is in the upper story, and contains nothing visible but a table and a few chairs. Mrs. Thayer insisted that we should examine the closets and securely fasten the doors. She was then enclosed in a bag made of fine netting, and another put over her head and sewed, by one of the lady visitors, securely around and about her shoulders. The circle was now formed around the table, and the light extinguished. A few minutes only elapsed, when something was heard to fall on the table, and subsequently a rustling sound in one corner of the room. The gas was re-lit, and there lay, in a circular arrangement on the table, six or more small bouquets and quite a large black and white rabbit that seemed to be in too much of a maze

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

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

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

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

Whilst last in Philadelphia I was sorry to hear from Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, of No. 2123 Brandywine street, that she contemplated moving from the city the coming spring. I have known Mrs. R. for some ten years, and never visit Philadelphia without witnessing her beautiful mediumistic powers. Although I think she does not claim to be strictly a test medium, I doubt whether there has ever been one in the United States—the late John C. Grinnell, of Newport, R. I., and Charles H. Foster, No. 9 West 29th street, New York, always excepted—who has given more convincing tests of spirit presence than Mrs. Robinson has done, and her proselytes to the beautiful philosophy I doubt not might be numbered in thousands. I well remember the first evening I ever attended one of her public circles. During the day I had casually stated to a friend of mine, in presence of his two sons, that I intended to go that evening to a circle to be held (I think somewhere in Market street) by a spiritual medium, and proposed that they should meet me there. The subject was new to them, and I had scarce a thought of their accepting my invitation. I arrived rather late, and was surprised to see my three friends all occupying seats in the circle, which was quite large. The manifestations soon commenced, and the spirits seemed to devote their attention particularly to them, giving most unmistakable tests (as I was myself qualified to judge,) in rapid succession. At the conclusion, the father, an elderly gentleman, made an appointment with Mrs. R. to come to his house at 6 o'clock on a subsequent evening. Being jealous of the honesty of the medium, he however gave only the street and number of the house, reserving his name. He invited me to attend the circle on the evening named, which I did. The hour of meeting arrived and had passed, but Mrs. Robinson did not appear. After waiting some time one of the sons went to the street, and saw a lady passing from door to door. On going to her he found it was Mrs. R., who remembered the street, but had forgotten the number of the house, which she had been in vain endeavoring to find by inquiry. She was politely and cordially welcomed by the family, and at once placed at ease by the genial attentions bestowed upon her—which, as all mediums know, is a necessary precedent for good spirit-manifestations. And good indeed those that followed proved to be, and more than good! Test after test of the most convincing kind followed each other. The gentleman's deceased wife personated herself as in her last moments, and not only repeated her dying words exactly, but the last peculiar motions of her hands. The husband wept as a child, and from that day, as I have often heard Mrs. Robinson say, the family, and especially the daughter, have proved themselves to be the best and most loved and cherished friends she has ever found among strangers. On the other hand, this family has since then passed through many trials and reverses, which I have heard the converted daughter say she never could have survived but for the strength she had acquired through their beautiful communication with spirit-friends.

Since then it has always been the practice of the family I have alluded to, as often as I visit Philadelphia, to invite me to join them with Mrs. Robinson in holding a circle in commemoration of the happy evening when she with so much difficulty found her way to their house. Such a meeting took place on the 5th of this month. The far-famed White Feather was present in all her glory among a host of other spirit-friends. In an address from the most prominent guide of the medium, he on more than one occasion alluded to the meeting as being the *tenth anniversary!* Not one of us, I am sure, reclected anything of the kind, and the truth of the spirit's assertion was only established by the old gentleman's referring to a memorandum in which he had made a record of the evening when Mrs. R. first came to his house, which, sure enough, proved to be on February 5th, 1867, being just ten years before to the day and hour.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Aiken, S. C., Feb. 12th, 1877.

AN EVENING WITH MRS. ANNA STEWART, OF TERRE HAUTE, IND.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, Feb. 26th, 1877, was cloudy and chilly, but did not prevent about twenty-three persons from meeting at Mrs. Stewart's rooms in Dr. Pence's Block, at 7 o'clock in the evening. The room, and a small one adjoining, were carefully inspected, also the cabinet, which was built on a platform fifteen inches high, and independent of the walls of the room, so one could see over, under, and on all sides of it. The plat-

form extended seven and one-half feet from the two cabinet doors; the seats for the company were in rows raised one above another.

When the company (which was composed almost entirely of those who had never been there before) had completed their examination, and with the gas burning clear, Mrs. Stewart entered the cabinet and closed the doors. The light was then lowered, but not enough to prevent seeing every one and everything in the room. After about ten minutes "Minnie" had entranced Mrs. S., and commenced talking to those present until the door opened, and before us stood "Belle," a member of her band. She was heavier than Mrs. S., had dark hair, and wore a white dress; she spoke very naturally, and shook hands with a gentleman, also walked to Dr. Pence and took from his hand an apple and knife; the former she pared and quartered, throwing the skin and core on the floor. She also opened the other door of the cabinet, and we saw the medium and spirit at the same time. She changed places with the medium, and Minnie, who was controlling the latter, jumped up, and down several times while Belle was talking to us, and both in plain view.

Bidding us good-night, she closed the doors, and soon the second spirit, George Powell, (a brother of the medium, who passed over five years ago, aged thirteen,) opened the door. He was dressed in a black suit, white bosom and cuffs. He walked out whistling, talked freely with all, took an apple and got the knife in the cabinet; while paring the apple it fell from his hand, and rolled to the edge of platform; he following, picked it up, and ate it, the sound of mastication being perfectly natural. He then sang a song and opened the door, showing us the medium; after which he entered the cabinet, having been constantly in sight from ten to fifteen minutes. We afterwards heard him singing in the cabinet while Minnie was talking, and a spirit was outside talking with us.

The third form that appeared was a man, very tall, full beard and dark suit; he was recognized by a Bostonian, with whom he shook hands. He showed us the medium with himself, and then stepping into the cabinet with the door wide open, he slowly de-materialized, commencing with the feet, and the last seen was his head on the floor, after which the door closed apparently of itself.

The fourth form was a very large Indian, "White Feather," in native costume. He shook hands and let us see the medium and himself at the same time.

The fifth was Paul S., a tall man, who was recognized by his mother, shook hands and chatted with her. He then de-materialized the same as the third.

The sixth form was a lady in dark dress with white kerchief around the neck, the ends crossing. A gentleman admitted it was his niece, and shook hands with her. Minnie now said, "Who is this great man come in the box? Oh, I see it is Dr.—Dr.—Dr.—" Dr. Pence asked, "Why does he come? has he any friend present?" Minnie replied, "Yes, he came to see Chief—, and to tell he his squaw is all well, he taking good care of her, and he tell she that he well." Then she added, "I know T—; he real good; I like her." Dr. Pence asked the writer if he understood it? He replied it was all true, and the names given had not been mentioned since his arrival at Terre Haute.

The seventh was a lady known to many present, and who appeared under a very good light, so we could see the full form of her features. She showed us the medium and herself at the same time.

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

Free Thought.

A HINT TO THE NEXT SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Inferring that before long another spiritual conference will take place, the following remarks may prove useful in promoting practical union. The commencement of the declaration of principles of the Philadelphia Convention seems a great stumbling-block, and decidedly objectionable, viz., the words "We recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the spiritual leader of men." Why enunciate personality in connection with leadership? Every individual's spiritual leader should be his own highest intuitions. If the essence of Christianity is love, and if love, unselfish love, was taught before Christ by Sanchoniathon, Confucius, and other religious chieftains, why everlastingly drag the name of Christ to the front, to the manifest injustice not only to the above and other religious chieftains and moral reformers, whose names are historical, but to innumerable humble, retiring, silent, unostentatious, illiterate individuals, who in all ages and amongst all races have practically exemplified the doctrine of unselfish love? Why, also, by so doing give unnecessary offence to multitudes of enlightened, noble-souled free-thinkers of the present age, who conscientiously desire no connection whatever with the name of Christianity, disfigured as that movement has become by the addition of much that is furthest from its true meaning? Besides, it is an injustice to these, and all outsiders, to assume the distinctive name of Christian; thus implying that all others were anti-Christian, or opposed to the spirit of Christianity—the pure love-spirit. Truly, it would seem by their lives and actions that many of those referred to are far more deeply imbued with that same divine spirit than many prominent so-called Christians, who might take many a practical Christ lesson at the feet of some noble-minded, honest, outspoken, morally-courageous, self-denying, self-sacrificing materialist or atheist.

A basis for organization might be found in pure religious sentiment, free from any theological expression; a basis and a platform broad enough to take in the freest thinker who claims to be a Spiritualist, for what Spiritualist would deny the sentiment of love or the truly religious spirit? To be a true Spiritualist is to be a loving Spiritualist, and love should be the bond of union and basis of all spiritual association. Practically, if the remainder of the sentence in the "Declaration" were reconstructed on the above basis (would that all who next meet were spiritualized enough to make *universal* love the basis), it might yet become, instead of "a dead letter," a living principle. Let "Christian Spiritualism" be changed to loving Spiritualism, if it is not Spiritualism in the highest sense—is not true Spiritualism, which is best expressed pure and simple; when unadorned is adored the most.

J. WILMSBURN, M. D.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE WITCH OF WENHAM.

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

Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake
Upon the young girl's shone,
Her tender mouth, her dreaming eyes,
Her yellow hair outblown.
By happy youth and love attuned
To natural harmonies,
The singing birds, the whispering wind,
She sat beneath the trees.
Sat shaping for her bridal dress
Her mother's wedding gown,
When lo! the marshal, writ in hand,
From Alford hill rode down.
His face was hard with cruel fear,
He grasped the maid's hands;
"Come with me unto Salem town,
For so the law commands!"
"Oh, let me to my mother say
Farewell before I go!"
He closed her little hands
Unto his saddle bow.
"Unhand me," cried she piteously,
"For thy sweet daughter's sake."
"I'll keep my daughter safe," he said,
"From the witch of Wenham Lake."
"Oh, leave me, for my mother's sake,
"She needs my eyes to see."
"Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall peck
From off the gallows-tree."
He bore her to a farm-house old,
And up its stairway long,
And closed on her the garret door,
With iron bolted strong.
The day died out, the night came down;
Her evening prayers she said,
While, through the dark, strange faces seemed
To mock her as she prayed.
The present horror deepened all
The fears her childhood knew;
The awe wherewith the air was filled
With every breath she drew.
And could it be, she trembling asked,
Some secret thought or sin
Had shut good angels from her heart
And let the bad ones in?
Had she, in some forgotten dream,
Let go her hold on heaven,
And sold herself unwittingly
To spirits unforgiven?
Oh, world and still the dark hours passed;
No human sound she heard,
But up and down the chimney stack
The swallows moaned and stirred.
And o'er her, with a dread surmise
Of evil sight and sound,
The blind bats on their leathern wings
Went wheeling round and round.
Low hanging in the midnight sky
Looked in a half faded moon.
Was it a dream, or did she hear
Her lover's whistled tune?
She forced the oaken scuttle back;
A whisper reached her ear:
"Slide down the roof to me," it said,
"So softly none may hear."
She slid along the sloping roof
Till from its eaves she hung,
And felt the loosened shingles yield
To which her fingers clung.
Below her lover stretched his hands
And touched her feet so small;
"Drop down to me, dear heart," he said,
"My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillow soft,
Her arms about him twined;
And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,
They left the house behind.
But when they reached the open way
Full free the rein he cast;
Oh, never through the milk midnight
Rode man and maid more fast.
Along the wild wood paths they sped,
The bridgeless streams they swam;
At set of moon they passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawam.
At high noon on the Merrimac
The ancient ferryman
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,
So fair a freight to scan.

All day he urged his weary horse,
And in the red sunset
Drew rein before a friendly door
In instant Berwick town.
A fellow-feeling for the wronged
The Quaker people felt;
And safe beside their kindly hearths
The hunted maiden dwelt.
Until from off its breast the land
The haunting horror drew,
And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,
To shame and pity grew.

And when once more by Beaver Dam
The meadow-lark outsang,
And once again on all the hills
The early violets sprang,
And all the windy pasture slopes
Lay green within the arms
Of creeks that bore the salted sea
To pleasant inland farms,
The smith filed off the chains he forged,
The jail-bolts backward fell;
And youth and hoary age came forth
Like souls escaped from hell.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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

The Westminster Review and A. J. Davis.

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

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

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

The present work, therefore, does not profess to be produced, like the former, from the reported utterances of the clairvoyant, but from the calm reflections and carefully preserved notes of the student. It is intended to take a cyclopedic range through the realms of knowledge, the author being 'impressed to search (as far as his abilities will permit,) the natural, spiritual, and celestial departments of God's universal Temple, and to reveal and suggest the proper application of such general truths as man's physical and spiritual organization requires in this, his rudimentary state of existence.'

From the following brief statement of the impressions left upon our minds by the perusal of these two volumes, the reader will perceive a close resemblance between the Harmonical Philosophy and those of Spinoza and Swedenborg: God is represented as the source and soul of the universe, giving birth to it, and dwelling in it (like the idea giving birth to, and dwelling in, the word), and, together with it, constituting the Cosmos, as the soul, together with the body, constitutes Man. Spirit and matter are merely relative terms. God is spirit in this relative sense. In a similar sense, the soul of man is regarded as spirit. Both God and the soul are organized substances, developing their own likenesses in those material embodiments in which they enclothe themselves, and which they pervade as power, though locally concentrated as intelligence—thereby possessing personality and consciousness. The universe, therefore, is an emanation, and all creation is a development. From the relation which the material or outward man bears to the spiritual or inward man, and which the material world sustains to the spiritual world, their respective functions and destinies are indicated.

A scientific basis is laid for the hope of immortality, rather than of faith. Death is a simple metamorphosis, and, more properly a birth than a death—a door which opens into a higher sphere—a primitive *event* in a life which is eternal. The body which is laid aside has given birth to a spiritual organization more befitting the soul's higher destiny, and can never therefore be resumed, or become the subject of a mechanical resurrection. Progress is the programme of the future. Man's education goes on. The Infinite and the Eternal are around him and before him, stimulating his aspirations, and pouring their riches into his expanding faculties.

We have no space to follow the author through the multitude of other interesting subjects connected with science and philosophy, which are here expounded. This brief expository notice will suffice to indicate its character and contents to that class of readers fond of mystical philosophy."

*The Great Harmonia; being a Philosophical Revelation of the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Universe. By Andrew Jackson Davis. 2 vols. 1850-1.

The following, which we meet with in the columns of the San Francisco Figaro, is the embodiment of noble sentiments. The *artiste* in question was Miss Emma Abbott:

"Mr. Mapleson billed me to appear in 'Traviata,' and told me to prepare. I told him that I could not sing in that opera; where I should have to assume the character of a prostitute, where the scenes were laid in houses of prostitution, and where sin was made alluring. I consider the influence of the opera bad, and would not sing in it. Mr. Mapleson laughed at me; then he threatened to break the contract. This he did to 'scare me,' he afterwards told my friends. I was besieged with arguments and pleading to sing by my best friends. 'Tidens talked with me for hours. But I could not see the matter in any but one light. I consider the opera bad in its influence; I could not use my voice in any such a way. This was not an impulse, a freak. When I was a little girl singing around the country with my guitar, I made a vow—yes, vow is the word—that I would never use my voice when I thought the influences might be bad. That vow I mean to keep."

For generation is the production of an image of the real substance upon matter, and what is generated is in imitation of what is truth.—*Pythagoras.*

(Continued from fifth page.)

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

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

REMARKS BY HENRY N. STONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HEARING CONTINUED.

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

ADDRESS OF MR. PUTNAM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The subject before you, I believe, may embrace apothecaries.

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

This result indicated a possibility that properties fitted for the healing of diseases might,

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

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

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

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

The power of supernals to determine, to modify and to supplement the remedial potency of any drug administered, far outstrips that of men.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And what shall I say of myself? About 1853 or '4, when I was in a rather low state of health, I got knowledge of the lad W. E. Rice, above mentioned, and through him came in connection with some bright and expanded intelligence, who read my whole past with wonderful accuracy, described the existing condition of each of the larger organs in my system, and stated what would benefit them. I asked if the scrofula there could be eradicated. The response was, "Since you inherited it, it cannot be eradicated; but it can be greatly checked in development and action, if you will adhere to our instructions, though you may have some discomforts during the process." I consented to try—went to taking the prescribed medicine, and though I was not consciously either better or worse for it, I called on Rice after the lapse of eight or ten days, and when he asked how I was, I said, I am much the same as when I last saw you, excepting that some boils are beginning to irritate me. "Haw! haw! haw! Didn't we tell you you might have some discomforts during the process?" I did have them with a vengeance; for in the course of three years I had more than three hundred of them, and at one time had a girl of a dozen fat ones at once, right around my loins. But the relief they brought has been well worth its cost. During the last fifteen years I have been in better health than at any period before subsequent to boyhood, and now in my seventy-fifth year am in very comfortable condition. I will put this question: Is it probable that any embodied physician in the city possessed power of prevision that was competent to prescribe so well for remote and abiding good results? Inborn scrofula had of my neighbors and friends afterwards told me that he and others had apprehended that my days were nearly numbered. Gratitude to the great Author of life—to the Author of the laws of life and health—to the Author of those interacting laws between the seen and unseen realms, which let wise departed ones come and be my healers—yes, gratitude to Him, and sympathy with His ailing children around us, have called me here, gentlemen, and they prompt me to devoutly earnest in my exhortation that you do nothing which shall obstruct the flow of supernatural beneficence to sick mortals.

Spiritualism has many phases; several of its more obvious ones, and those especially by which it is extensively judged, are far from being attractive and acceptable to the cultured and refined; but it surely has others, some of which, like the kingdom of heaven, "come not with observation," and are unseen and unknown by any but the few who have subjected them to careful and even scientific scrutiny.

I should rejoice to see about half of our doctors—diplo-mated ones—and about half of our healing mediums quit their business, for I get no evidence that they are public benefactors. But it is not wise to stop them by legal enactments.

Whether the petition for the passage of the bill laid before us originated in the fact that the business of regular physicians and of apothecaries is diminished by the doings of our healing mediums, or whether it is an offspring of benevolent regard to the public good, I do not know. It is always my pleasure to presume good and generous motives till reasons are obtained for doing otherwise. If the business of apothecaries is declining, that is a public benefit. Absence of need to buy medicines is a blessing. If physicians have less business than they desire, the public has little occasion to deplore such a fact. If a less learned class are extensively called to the bedside of the sick now than in former times, it is because the patients or their friends desire the services of the less learned in book lore, and they are the best judges of what they want and perhaps of what they need. I have no unwillingness to impugn the motives of the framers of the bill before you, nor of the petitioners for its enactment, but I cannot honestly say that I believe every philanthropic and generous one among them would heartily thank me for my effort here to-day if they knew what I know about the wishes and the efforts of wise and benevolent supernals beings to apply better insight pertain-

ing to the nature and cure of diseases than is attainable in mundane schools and by mundane practice.

You cannot spare time to listen to a statement of facts and presentation of reasons which shall go to show that all disease originates in the spiritual nature of living beings, and that the wisest practice is that which is aimed first and persistently to the spiritual portion of man. But instructions from above indicate that such is the fact, and I entreat you not to stop the channels through which such instruction is being flowed earthward.

I will not trespass upon your patience by discussing that crabbed cramping and monopolizing bill—a bill out of keeping, altogether out of keeping with the freedom-loving spirit of this age.

A strong sense of duty brought me here, to indicate some reasons not widely known or obtainable from many persons, why, if you restrict the practice of medicine at all, you should so frame your bill as to permit a more competent class than our best embodied M. D.s to prosecute their benevolent purposes unrestricted by law. Your best course, in my deliberate judgment, is to leave the laws as they are.

You may wonder at the words I am about to utter. I feel that I am speaking in harmony with the latent desires of at least one-half of the Protestant adults of this city. Practice of healing through, rather than by mediums, has become very extensive. It is solicited by members of all grades of people. There are none more high in culture, or social position, or morals, or pure religion, than are many—very many who seek remedial aid through mediums. I feel that I virtually represent a vast number of our State's most worthy citizens, and never, in the experience of a long life, have I felt duty, both Godward and manward, calling upon me more strongly than it does this morning to be earnest and persuasive as possible in speech.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your attention, and close with a prayer to the Infinite Physician that He will give such efficacy to my words as shall be best for both the spiritual and physical health of his ailing children.

[After the speech of Mr. Putnam, remarks in further remonstrance (which will be summarized next week,) were made by Drs. Wm. Thompson, H. N. Dillingham, and Reuben Green, of Boston, Prof. Tooley and Mrs. Ricker, of Chelsea, Mrs. Julia A. Crafts, of East Boston, and Mrs. Warner; Dr. A. P. Richardson, of Boston, a regular M. D., defended the bill. The hearing was then adjourned to Wednesday evening, March 14th. The entire proceedings before this committee—comprising what is here printed, together with an extended digest of the views of the above-named speakers at the second hearing, and an account of the third—will be issued in pamphlet form, for distribution, AT ONCE, by Colby & Rich, at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.]

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ROCHESTER HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum. N. holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, 700 Washington street, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

NEW ERA HALL, Hotel Godman, 174 Tremont street.—Readings from Art Magic and discussions on Spiritual Science, and participation in each evening. Many prominent mediums have volunteered their services. Admission 25 cents. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex.—T. St. Circle every Sunday morning at 10 A. M. Inspirational speaking at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Good mediums and speakers always present.

NASSAU HALL.—The Free Platform Society of Spiritualists hold a Free Circle, with good, reliable mediums, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. Moses Hill speaks at 2 1/2 and 7 P. M. Temple, 488 Washington street.—Mediums' meetings every Friday evening except the first in the month. All are invited.

PYTHIAN TEMPLE, 176 Tremont street.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will hold a "Test Circle" every Friday evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock. Many prominent mediums have volunteered their services. Admission 25 cents. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT, Evening Star Hall.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

WAVERLY HALL, Charlestown District.—The New Shiloh hall a meeting, Sunday evening, March 18th, in this hall. Lecture on "The Christ-woman, Ann Lee," Shaker singing.

READINGS AND DISCUSSIONS ON SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.—Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will give her next Sunday evening readings from the work entitled "Art Magic," March 18th. The reading will be succeeded by a short address, after which the audience will be at liberty to discuss the subject in ten-minute speeches or questions. The proceedings will be summed up by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, at New Era Hall, 176 Tremont street; to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Subject: "Magicians and Spirit Mediums."

Rochester Hall.—The usual services of the Children's Progressive Lyceum were held in this hall March 11th, before a large audience. Exercises as follows: Recitations by Misses Carrie Habercorn, Ernestine Eldredge, Sarah Ransom, Miss Durgin and Miss Lizzie J. Thompson; reading, by Miss Helen M. Dill; songs by the Sanders sisters, Misses Josie Kimball and Millie Thomas; piano solos by Master Whalen and Miss Anna Folsom; Harmonica solo by Mr. Taylor, and (by request,) the recitation of "Beautiful Snow," by Master John Balch.

Wm. H. Mann, Rec. Sec. pro tem.

The Lyceum Sewing Circle will hold its regular meeting next Wednesday afternoon and evening, in the ante-room of Rochester Hall. All are cordially invited to attend.

EMMA C. DURELL, Sec'y.

Eagle Hall was crowded again last Sunday afternoon to listen to a few well-chosen remarks from Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; and also to witness the excellent tests which were given verbally to several parties in the audience. In the evening Mrs. Twing gave a short but interesting lecture on "God's Folks," after which she furnished several written communications in answer to sealed letters, which were all acknowledged to be perfectly satisfactory. Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. Leslie, Dr. Shaw, and Prof. Geo. Vaughn, of Philadelphia, made instructive remarks. Mrs. Twing will continue one Sunday more with the People's Spiritual Meeting at the above-named hall.

F. W. JONES.

The new building of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia cost the modest sum of \$49,790! "Ye have the poor with you always."

Hayes's cabinet is composed of lawyers.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

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