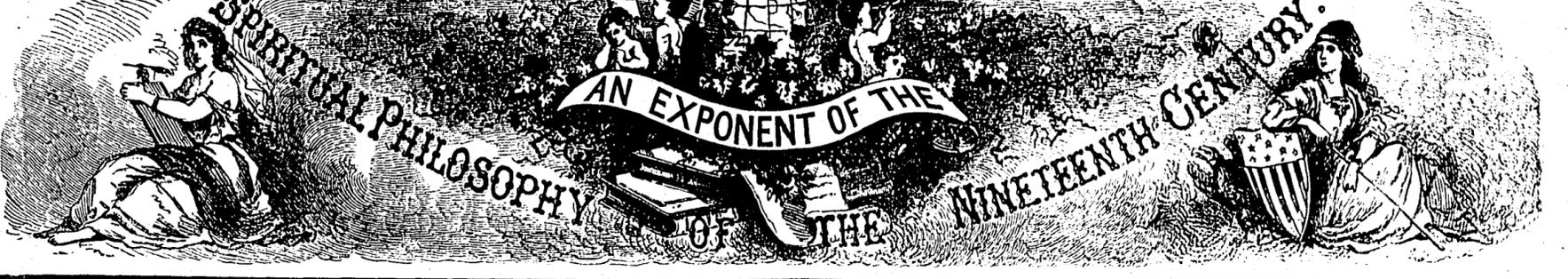


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIX.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1876.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
In Advance.

NO. 11.

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## Foreign Correspondence.

### Travels in the Lands of the Aztecs and Toltecs.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

NUMBER THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the opinion of Riccioli, there were three hundred millions of swarming souls upon this continent when Columbus, October 11th, 1492, moored his ships along the shores of the Bahama Isles. Prior to this period and the Spanish Conquest, the inhabitants and history alike of these millions were utterly unknown to Europeans.

#### WERE THEY CIVILIZED?

What are the essentials of civilization? Has it an authoritative standard? Is it the highest attainment of humanity? In a condition of complete savagism muscle is king, and might constitutes right. Ishmaelites in the Orient are vociferous advocates of an untrammelled individualism. Plunder by land, prowess by sea, and passion everywhere—these are their ideas of personal freedom. But God is, and out of this chaos, this porcine period, there comes by the law of evolution a condition wherein individualism, through diverse methods, merges gradually into a tribalism that looks toward civilization. Outgrowing a love for the chase, ruder tribes and races ultimately turn their attention to practical industry. They invent machinery; dig the mine; use the plow; erect the mill; and, gathering after a time into villages, they enact wholesome laws, organize governments, and build walled cities.

Turning their attention now to passing phenomena, they study the stars and the seasons; they encourage education; cultivate the fine arts; put ships to sea; catch golden glimpses of equal rights, and actualize some of the tender sympathies that thrill a common humanity.

If the above attainments are the equivalents of civilization, then were the Aztec Indians—and especially their predecessors, the Toltecs—civilized nations long before the Spaniards reached the American continent.

One of the writers accompanying Cortez declared that "Montezuma had in the city such houses for his habitation, so deserving of admiration, that he could hardly express their grandeur." "I shall, therefore," he writes, "only say that there are none like them in Spain. One of the king's palaces excels my description. It has galleries and would accommodate three thousand persons; while the adjoining gardens are very beautiful."

The companion of Cortez, Bernal Diaz, says: "The natives of these countries have learned trades, and have their shops, manufactories, and journeymen, and gain their livelihood thereby. The gold and silversmiths work both in cast metal, and by the hammer; and excel, as do the lapidaries and painters. The engravers execute first-rate work with their fine instruments of iron, especially upon emeralds. . . . They excel in all manufactures, not excepting that of tapestry."

Making due allowance for the vanity and fertile imaginations attributed to the early Castilian historians, the general drift of evidence in connection with manuscripts, ruins and relics proves conclusively that when discovered by the Europeans the Aztecs had kings, counsellors, and legal enactments; priests, temples, and religious rites; cities, villages, paved thoroughfares, winding aqueducts; substantial bridges and cultivated fields. They understood the use of copper; worked silver mines, and used cacao for a circulating medium. They had schools and seminaries, paintings and poetry. They mapped their sea coasts, calculated eclipses, and measured the solar year. With this overwhelming array of facts before the eyes of Clavigero he might well affirm: "The ancient Toltecs and Aztecs' many achievements, besides their astronomical calculations, entitle them to the claim of cultivated and polished nations."

#### HUMBOLDT'S TESTIMONY.

"The Toltecs first appeared in Mexico," says the Baron, "A. D. 648. They introduced the cultivation of maize and cotton; they built cities, made roads, and constructed those great pyramids which are yet admired. They knew the use of hieroglyphical paintings; they could work metals, cut the hardest stones, and, withal, they had a solar year more perfect than that of the Greeks and Romans. . . . But where was the source

of that cultivation? Where the country from which the Toltecs and Aztecs issued?"

#### "WHY STUDY THE PAST?"

So, complainingly, inquires a friend. Why? because the tangible past is all there is to study. The future is not, and to talk about studying that which is not, is to talk as illogically as loosely. The present is but a tremulous point in eternity's circle, and to pause the mind upon a point as the centre of persistent study, savors of insanity.

"One point of time, no more than point of space, holds all things in its compass, or holds one; Things are exiled back in date and place. And what is here was there, and what is now's anon. America has but one Plato—Emerson. Listen to him—the Concord sage! "You cannot overstate the past. . . . It looks to me as if men were thinking and talking out of an enormous antiquity." Our previous perceptions and inductions are of the past; and our experiences are all necessarily of the past. In fine, all that we are, the past—past causes—conspired to make us. Shall we then, with basest ingratitude, ignore, or cease to "study," the moulder of the present—ay, more, the very maker of ourselves? Give me then ruins and relics—strata and fossils. Give me ancient manuscripts all afire with the inspirations of Buddha and Pythagoras, Socrates and Jesus. The nearer the fountain the purer the stream. I study the old that I may the better understand and apply the present. Few wiser words has Hudson Tuttle written than these: "If brutality consists in scorning usage and trampling on the wisdom of the past, I am a coward."

#### THE AZTEC MUSEUM IN MEXICO.

Look, surely here is a feast! Sinking shafts, removing foundations and opening half-buried pyramids, has produced a fine antiquarian harvest. The archaeologist in studying these incense vases, copper hatchets, obsidian charms, sacrificial cups, phallic symbols, and winged heads, symbolizing the power of the gods, readily links the Phœnicia and Egypt of the past to this continent.

The obsidian mirrors in this museum, so perfectly reflecting the facial features, the obsidian heads, showing the Roman nose and Phœnician forehead exquisitely carved and finished, their silver ornaments wonderfully wrought and polished, their historical paintings highly colored, their priestly robes, made from the inner surfaces of tiger-skins, and white as the driven snow, the shield of Montezuma, sent as a trophy to Charles V. of Spain, by Cortez, three hundred and fifty years ago, and recently returned—these, with urns, vases, and ornamental antiquies cut in some way from white marble, or the sacred queen-stone, demonstrate a high state of art in some long-past period.

The above-named antiquies, though thrillingly interesting, paled into comparative insignificance, however, when placed beside the lamp immortal, the winged death-angel, the phallic symbols, the mummy-shaped sarcophagi, the hieroglyphics, all decidedly Egyptian, Tyrian, or otherwise Oriental in conception and construction! Thrice precious these hours in the Aztec Museum—the veil was lifted! In my hands are the keys that affirmatively and effectually settle the question, "Was there in remote antiquity a maritime and commercial connection between the ancient Americans and the Asiatics?" These lamps in Mexico, those I saw in the Cairo Museum, and the one I brought home with me from Sakkarah, Egypt, are identical in size, pattern and general appearance; the hieroglyphs, even to the constantly recurring hawk, are like those found in some of the Egyptian tombs; while the overshadowing wings upon one of these mummy-like images is a *fac simile* of the wings cut upon the somewhat famous Canopus stone, dating to the times of the Ptolemies in the third century before Christ.

#### THE CALENDAR STONE.

Passing from the Museum across the Plaza, around the west corner of the Cathedral, you come face to face with the Calendar Stone, an astronomical monument so interesting to European savans that Baron Humboldt, in his "Researches in America," devoted a hundred pages to the divisions of time, and other resemblances it bears to the Egyptian, Babylonian, Phœnician, Persian and Chinese methods of time-keeping and astronomical calculations. This circular-sculptured stone, twelve feet square and three feet thick, a sort of grayish trapezoid porphyry, originally weighing some thirty tons, and more than twenty-five miles from any quarry of its kind, and now walled up against the Cathedral, was discovered in December, 1790, in the Plaza near the site of the old Aztec temple. It was deeply buried, by an order of Cortez. It seems to have been the settled purpose of the Spanish conquerors and clergy alike to destroy every hieroglyphical record, every tutelary deity, every historical painting, every choice work of art on the country, and all that they might the more successfully engraft into the religious natures of these Indians the Catholic dogmas of Rome.

The Calendar Stone embodies the Toltecan system of the sun's motions; the recurrence of the equinoxes; the undying fire of the Parsees, and the returning spring, with lighted torch as a symbol of the resurrection. The antiquarian, De Gama, says this stone was set up vertically east and west, the carved face looking to the south. The great central head typified the sun, the four squares the weeks of the month, the hieroglyphical characters the days of the month, the figures around the zone the heavenly constellations, the broad circular carvings the milky way, and the wavy lines the returning rain-

clouds of the gods. The future will evidently give a better reading of this riddle upon a rock.

The sun "figured on this stone with such mathematical precision," says Humboldt, "is like the image of Kala, or, in another word, *Time*—a divinity of Hindostan. The same image we find under the name of Moloch among the Phœnicians."

#### THE SACRIFICIAL STONE.

This is another archaeological puzzle dug up several feet beneath the surface with other Aztecan relics. It now lies in the open court of the national palace. It is circular, nine feet in diameter, three feet high, and covered with grotesque figures, finely carved and well preserved.

While there is no direct proof that this stone was ever used for the sacrifice of human beings, it is very clear, on the contrary, that the canal, or conduit, on the top and down the side, said by Catholics to have been worn by running rivulets of blood from the victims, is plainly a bit of modern chiseling. Romish priests of the past centuries have been exceedingly anxious to prove the Aztecs a class of wicked idolaters. To fix this idea in the mind of Christian Europe they scribbled at no plot or plan. And why should they? "The end," with Jesuits, "justifies the means."

That the Aztec Indians sacrificed their enemies to their gods, is not disputed. So the Jews—chosen people of God—sacrificed human beings. Abraham was willing to sacrifice even his own son, and Christian theology is based upon the sacrifice of an innocent Nazarene to appease the wrath of an angry God.

#### WHO WERE THE IDOLATERS?

Catholic missionaries of the sixteenth century pronounced the Aztecs "idolaters;" and in turn these Indians charged the Christian Spaniards with being not only idolaters, but thieves and merciless murderers. It is true that the Aztecs had tutelary gods; but their highest worship was offered to one God—the "Great Spirit." And it is equally true that the Catholics manufactured a doll-like image, dressed it up gayly, painted the face, hung about it jewels and trinkets, and then knelt down . . . re it, worshipping the virgin, "Mother of a, Retty God!" Who were the idolaters?

#### CHAPULTEPEC AND ITS CYPRESSES.

A pleasant half-hour's ride from the city brought me to the foot of the pyramidal mound, Chapultepec, noted for the singular formation; the Montezuma baths by the base, the castle upon the summit and the magnificent cypresses close by, uniting an ancient and modern civilization. Fed by living springs, and draped in long gray threads of mossy drab, these aged trees must have shaded the Toltecs when cultivating the rich tablelands in this locality. The Aztecs, conquering, preserved and appropriated many of the arts and sciences of the Toltecs. There was a superior race, however, preceding these, of which we shall speak in due time.

Reaching the Chapultepec gate, soldiers stand as sentinels. We pass. The road winds up a well-paved way, up by ornamental shrubbery and hanging vines to a crown of gardens.

#### THE CASTLE AND MAXIMILIAN.

Tread lightly. Montezuma's feet pressed this soil; Juarez and Seward have conversed about our neighboring republics, and Maximilian and Carlotta counseled in sadness concerning the probabilities of maintaining their imperial reign. Poor Maximilian! Trusting and kind-hearted naturally, he became the tool of Napoleon and Plus IX, of Rome. Sad his fate. And poor Carlotta, too—still insane! In passing through her favorite garden, I plucked for preservation a delicate white rose.

This continent wants no emperor, though mild as Maximilian—no king—no pope! And admitting it true that arbitrary authority becomes the Latin races, transplanted, it could never survive on American soil.

Standing upon the tower of this Chapultepec castle, the panorama was transcendently grand and enchanting—the more so at this hour, because a thunderstorm was drenching the circling mountains. Below me, and off at a little distance, was the city with its churches, crosses, plazas, and avenues ornamented with the Australian Eucalyptus and other tropical shade-trees. Casting the eye in different directions I could see the lakes; the floating gardens, that now only rock and sway; remnants of pyramids, that had given their stony treasures to modern structures; canals constructed by the Aztecs; Roman-like aqueducts that supply the city with water; and even the *Molino del Rey*, where General Scott fought one of his bloodiest battles. War is a relic of barbarism—let us down, then, and away; for we grow to be like what we contemplate.

#### TACUBAYA.

Something like a mile to the southwest of Chapultepec is the sunny village of Tacubaya. From this point one has a splendid view of the volcano Popocatepetl and its companion mountain, Iztacalhuatl. The groves, gardens, palatial residences, and grim old palace of the Archbishop, are all exceedingly attractive. To live here is aristocratic. Hostilities originally commencing at this place between the Spaniards and the Aztecs, it became historic. The evening of the Spanish soldiery's expulsion from the city, July 10th, 1520, was called "noche triste"—the sad night! It is said that Cortez wept—and well he might. Upon a hill—really an old Indian mound—a little distance from this place, the Catholics in after times erected a church, dedicating it to the "Virgin of Remedies." This Virgin was gaudily dressed, and richly bedecked in pearls, jewels,

and precious stones. . . . "Our Lady of Guadalupe" is now the patron saint of the country. Strolling through these churches and cathedrals, where women and Indians do most of the worshipping, I observed that the faces of Jesus and the Virgin Mary, Joseph, and the apostles were painted quite as dark—in some of the churches at least—as the faces of the Indians themselves. And I further noticed that their raiment was untidy, and often dirty. The Catholic clergy should certainly see to the washing of the ermine of these image-virgins.

#### HOW CATHOLIC SPANIARDS MAKE VIRGINS.

Indians are naturally Unitarians. These "stupid" Aztecs could not comprehend the "immaculate conception"—could not see how an infinite God could be born of a virgin woman; could not understand how Mary could be the mother of God—mother of her own Creator! And then, they wondered why they must worship the Virgin Mary, born in Palestine; and how it was that Jesus, the Son, could be as old as the Father! Something must be done. Now, there lived by a mound on a high hill a faithful Indian laborer named Juan Diego. This Indian having a sick father, was on his way for the medicine-man, when he was stopped by the "Holy Virgin," and told reprovingly that the Indians were "too slow in receiving the new religion brought by the white man, Cortez." During the conversation, the apparition announced the fact that she was to be the patron saint of the Aztecs, and commanded him to so inform Bishop Zumarraga. He obeyed; but the bishop doubted.

Taking another path a few evenings thereafter, he was again stopped by this angel-appearance, and told to climb to the top of a rock, where he would find white roses growing out of a smooth porphyry stone. This should be a sign and a seal. Obeying, he found the roses, and bore them to the bishop in his *tilma*. Opening it, to the surprise of the bishop, the roses had formed themselves into the picture of a crowned Virgin! The bishop believed. But failing to identify the exact spot of the first appearing, the angel came again, and pressing down the foot heavily, a spring of mineral waters gushed out, possessed of great healing powers. A church was here erected, and thenceforward the Indians had a virgin saint for worship—"Our Lady of Guadalupe!"

#### PUEBLA.

By railway, Puebla is easily reached from the city of Mexico. The Mexicans are a musical people, and their proper names, rightly pronounced, are mellow and euphonious. *Puebla de los Angeles*, signifies literally the "Village of the angels." And so called because angels and spirits came each evening with the appearing of the stars—says tradition—and laid as much stone and mortar upon the walls of their cathedral by night as did the masons by day. Thus blest of God and angels, this Puebla, a neat well-laid-out yet solemn Spanish-appearing city, is to Catholic Mexico what Benares is to India or Mecca to Arabia.

Though the soil in this vicinity is of unsurpassed fertility; though the Maquay gives a freshness to the adjoining fields; and though the streets are dotted with numerous stone churches, the city and its surroundings forcibly remind one of a quiet old church-yard. The cathedral is the centre of attraction.

Public spirit is a dream here, and a pushing enterprise unknown. Theology with the educated is at a terrible discount. It was a crushing blow to Roman Catholicism in Mexico when the government in 1857 confiscated a large portion of the church property. Only about one-fifth of the churches are in good running order at present, and proud, dictatorial priests are officially forbidden to parade the streets in their cowls, three-cornered hats and showy canonicals. Give Gen. Grant credit for recommending to Congress the taxation of church property.

#### THE PULQUI HACIENDAS.

Civilization and intoxication stick together as did the Siamese twins. If true that lust is the vice of the tropics, and liquor of the temperate zones, it is equally true that temperance is a virtue among Mahometans and the rule generally in "heathen" nations.

Thousands of Mexican haciendas—i. e., immense plantations—are given entirely to the broad green-leaved maquay—a species of the cactus, or century plant—from which they manufacture a villainously intoxicating drink called "pulqui." The most celebrated pulqui fields are at Apam, on the high central table-land. The plants stand like ten feet apart, making the fields to look like mathematically-drawn chess-boards. Cloth and paper are manufactured from the maquay leaf, and thread may be spun from the fibre. Ropes made from it are called "Manilla hemp." The cultivators forming a sort of hollow basin in the heart of this plant, collect from eight to ten quarts of liquid from it daily. Before fermentation it is called "honey-water," but very soon after this it smells like a combination of sour buttermilk and swill. It is milky and ropy, and said by those who guzzle it to promote digestion. It certainly promotes drunkenness! I did not even taste of the beverage. It was enough to see it being manufactured and borne to market by railway in hog-skins. Dr. Haven, the Methodist bishop, admits that he "tasted" this pulqui. Adam, too, tasted the apple. Both were seriously injured. Adam by disobedience, and Haven by book-making. It would have been good for "our next-door neighbor" had it never "been born." I write down the pulqui fields of Mexico and the tobacco-fields of New England upon a level. Both are putting God's glorious earth to base purposes.

THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA. Egyptian pyramids rise up from plains of shimmering sands, the Mexican from fields of flowers and forests. Were they built for tombs, temples or astronomical observations? "Queen Sabá?"

Situated six miles west of Puebla in the same beautiful valley, and not far from the foot-hills of Popocatepetl, is Cholula, a city that in the time of the Spanish conquest claimed a population of three hundred thousand, and four hundred temples. Tlascala and the ancient Cholula were republics full four hundred years ago. Modern Cholula is built over the ruins of the ancient. The municipal—comprising at present an area of from ten to twenty miles, with thirty thousand people, nearly all Catholic Indians—has within its border three hundred and sixty-five churches, one sacred to each day of the year. The oldest of these, founded by Cortez in 1531, reveals the unmistakable effort to unite the two religions, Christian and Aztec, with the ulterior purpose of bringing all the Aztec Indians into the fold of the Romish church. The roof of this quaint and grayed edifice is supported by sixty-four stone columns. The altar, though old, is gorgeous, while the semi-spherical arches and walls are profusely painted with all-seeing eyes, suns, moons, and other Aztec symbols.

But the crowning glory of Cholula is its pyramid, covering a basal area of forty acres; with sides twice the size of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids. It is nearly two hundred feet high; built of sun-dried brick, interspersed with layers of stone-work. Covered in places with large natural trees, it is ascended by a broad paved road, steps three or more feet apart and the grade steep. On the summit, about two hundred feet square, is a new church built upon the site of a very old one, destroyed by an earthquake. This pyramid—finest upon the continent, and Mecca of the Indians—was doubtless consecrated to Quetzalcoatl—"feathered serpent"—god of the air, who was originally a priest of Tula, and in all probability a Buddhist missionary, visiting this country full 500 B. C. In ancient paintings he was pictured as tall and handsome, of fair complexion, high forehead, large eyes, long dark hair and flowing beard, all unlike the Aztec and Toltec types. He wore a robe. He was considered very wise, living a pure ascetic life. He taught the use of metals and encouraged the fine arts. He introduced flowers and music into worship, and discouraged human sacrifices. I have read no authoritative historian that said he was crucified. He became the tutelary god of the Toltecs, and the guardian of the great city of Cholula. The pyramid was erected in his glory. Leaving finally for the kingdom of Tlaxcala, and thence for a maritime province near the sea—where, after assuring the four noble youths that attended him that he should return again to direct and comfort—he departed—sailed probably for his Oriental home.

#### THE PYRAMIDS OF PAPANTLA, XOCHICALCO, TUSPAN AND TECTIHUACAN.

Many who have sailed up the Nile, explored the Buddhist cave-temples of India, and reposed beneath the shadows of Cathayan pagodas, know comparatively nothing of the grand old monuments that characterize their own ancient America. Foreign lands attract, and distance is more potent than the enchanter's spells.

Some Mexican hunters in 1770 discovered the pyramid of Papantla, built of heavy stone blocks in a dense forest. Though hardly a hundred feet high, it is remarkable for its symmetry and the polish of its stones. It has seven terraces and three hundred and seventy-eight niches, supposed to refer in some way to the Aztec calendar.

Something over a hundred miles back from Tlaxcala, may be seen a magnificent square stone pyramid, with steps leading up on the north side to the summit. Opening some of the tombs, there were found urns, charms, bone-dust, and elegantly-chiseled gods. From one side of this monument a wide street may be traced for nearly a mile by the rubbish, the heave blocks and fallen columns, covered with hieroglyphs and picture carvings—remnants of an everlastingly forgotten city.

Xochicalco—"the mount of flowers"—startles even the antiquarian. It is very ancient. Azlate, visiting it in 1777, says that "twenty years previous the five massive terraces of which it consisted were nearly perfect; and that on the upper side of the eastern platform there had been a magnificent throne carved from porphyry, and covered with hieroglyphics of the most graceful sculpture." Some of the figures of these bas-reliefs are seated cross-legged, and much resemble the Indian Krishna in a state of repose. For a hundred years now this pyramid has served for a quarry to all the builders of the vicinity. It seems like sacrilege to see these hieroglyphs, these squared and skillfully sculptured materials, thrust into walls, tanks, and modern structures.

At the Juan railway station, a few miles out from the city of Mexico, one has a fine view of the plains of Otumba, and the pyramids of Teotihuacan. How vividly to this moment they stand out before my vision, and how tenaciously too I watched them till our railway train left them in the distance! Were not other eyes looking at them through mine? The largest of this group is called the "House of the Sun." One near to it is termed "House of the Moon." East and south of these are mound-like clusters and clumps of tumuli, extending over a wide area of territory. The lines and crumbling piles of stones are distinctly traceable. The great road-way in the ancient language of the country was called the "path of the dead." May not this region have

\* Norman's Yucatan, p. 126.

\* Humboldt's Political Essay, vol. I., p. 100.

\* Humboldt (as quoted by Norman), p. 279.

been to the Toltec and Aztec what Sakkarah was to Egypt in the vicinity of Memphis?

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

The higher and better educated classes of this country exhibit much that is interesting, generous, and even noble in human nature. Some of them, however, are painfully polite. They oppress you; expressing altogether too much. One intuitively feels that their silver-tongued promises are little more than empty verbiage. The gruff honesty of the Englishman is preferable. Ladies upon meeting usually embrace, then kiss, and afterwards shake hands. Men frequently embrace in public, and then fondly pat each other's backs. A gentleman introduced to a lady will say, in flowing Spanish, "I am delighted to know and serve you." "I fall at your feet." Ardent youths wooing under the windows of unmarried doves-trill their own love-ditties, and get perhaps a note dropped down in a delicate slipper. The note may be guessed. Women are more secluded in Mexico than America.

The lower classes are decidedly treacherous and deceitful. Falsehood is common. An oath has no legal value. Spaniards are constitutionally disinclined to work. They seem to think the poor Indian was made to serve them. Mexican hotels are generally neither clean nor well ventilated. Cooking in the country is absolutely abominable. In the cities it is better.

Meats is the great staple of the poor masses, but everywhere there are distrustful precautions, gravies, spices, terrillas and chili, or red pepper, used in food. Why so much stimulating food eaten in all tropical lands?

DEPARTING FROM MEXICO.

Though seeing things of vital interest and gathering considerable literary material for future use, I deemed it prudent to take an early departure from a country reputed to have had sixty-eight reigning heads—emperors or presidents—within fifty years! Already the revolution was waxing hot. Government troops had been defeated in several battles. Men in the Alameda and in the streets were being seized and pressed into service. Some were even lashed by President Lerdo's recruiting officers. Such would, naturally, desert on the first opportunity, and go over to General Porfirio Diaz, the leader of the pronunciados. The frequently sounding bugle revealed the martial spirit of the city.

To-morrow I start for Vera Cruz, Campeachy and Yucatan. My bill! "It is not safe to go now," said the hotel proprietor. Why so? "Because the pronunciados will tear up the rails and rob or murder you." No matter; I cannot die out of the universe, nor away from where there's work to be done for humanity. I shall go. . . . The spring day was delightful. All went well till reaching Boca del Monte station, when confusion and surprise were perceptible in every face. Men talked hurriedly, women turned pale. "What?" "Where are they?" "Is the cattle still raging?"

Listen; the conductor speaks: "The road is cut—there are seven hundred revolutionists below Orizaba; they forbid the train to pass!" Heavens! what excitement! The ladies began to hide their diamonds, the men to stuff their gold into their boots! I sat calm as a setting sun, musing upon "obsessed by nothing." Orders soon came to move on cautiously to Orizaba. The city was reached safely, but there was no passing beyond it, as there were two thousand pronunciados reported back in the mountains. Here we were—in suspense. Cavalry were dashing through the streets; infantry were marching to clear and guard the bridges; and the city itself was rapidly being fortified. . . . A previous train had been stopped by threatening musketry and \$25,000 demanded of the company. The passengers were neither robbed nor injured. . . . The bridge repaired and rails replaced at Atoyac, we were on our way again the next day. The country was full of soldiers.

Do not infer that the pronunciados are unprincipled robbers, for they are not, but earnest patriots—most of them, at least—who, loving their country, see no way to correct government abuses but to overthrow it. Nothing, say they, has become a farce and a sham. The better people take little interest in elections, others dare not. Ambitious leaders control the districts, manipulating the ballot-boxes. President Lerdo de Tejada becoming rich in office, and wielding an almost kingly power, began to lay his plans for a rebellion. Then the revolution commenced. The future of the Republic is veiled in doubt and uncertainty.

Santa Anna, old and decrepit, resides in the City of Mexico. He is reputed to be in reduced circumstances, and wasting no love upon Americans.

Mrs. Foster, wife of our able foreign minister, a most estimable lady, was one of our passengers leaving Mexico. It is generally conceded Dr. Skelton—originally from Troy, N. Y., now consul-general in the City of Mexico—will not become a pauper by virtue of his official position. Dr. Trowbridge, appointed to the consulship of Vera Cruz from Decatur, Ill., is a gentleman and thorough statesman, honoring the government he represents. His son Charles, the vice-consul, is a young man of culture and fine personal bearing.

The southern part of Mexico, Jalapa, Orizaba, Cordova, and the more humid and unbragous vales that dot the Cordilleras, constitute the paradise realm of oranges, coffee, sarsaparilla, vanilla, cocoa, the scarlet cochineal, and many of the precious woods; while in the dense forests of perpetual foliage crimson roses creep, morning-glories and honeysuckles cling to gracefully formed trees, and passion-flowers perpetually bloom among the spontaneous productions of nature. Glorious country! as magnificent in scenery as rich in inexhaustible minerals, tropical fruits, unique relics, Toltec mounds and time-defying monuments! When will your political and religious institutions equal your natural advantages?

On board the "City of Havana," between Vera Cruz and Yucatan.

A farmer in Cohoes, N. Y., dreamed that he was feeding his cows the other night, and that suddenly one of them reached over and whispered in his ear, "I am going to set fire to this shed." He says that he looked at the cow in astonishment, but she kept on repeating the same words over and over again until he awoke, and his dream was so vividly before his mind's eye that he went out to the barn to see the cow that told him she would set the barn on fire. He went cautiously into the stall of the would-be incendiary, and, strange to relate, he discovered a blaze of light in the manger. He still thought he was dreaming and pinched himself, but it was useless; he was wide awake and there was fire. He rushed for a pail of water that stood by the door and soon had the fire out.—Ez.

The Reviewer.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Old Truths in a New Light:

Or, An Earnest Endeavor to Reconcile Material Science with Spiritual Science and with Scripture. By the Countess of Cathness. London: Chapman & Hall, 1876. 8vo., pp. 429.

Indexes: Magic, Hermetic Prophecy, Elementary Spirits.

BY ALFRED E. GILES.

To many Spiritualists—perhaps to all who read it—this will be a very attractive book. First impressions, which often prophesy the subsequent decision reached by the judgment, are favorable. As one takes it in hand, it generously responds in weight and size as does an ample arm-chair to a noble dame. The binding of the copy before us is in excellent taste. A deep purple cover, bordered with black lines and openwork belts, is emblazoned with a gilt crest, or circle encircled by six rings, from whose centre radiate outward and around six clusters of gilded rays. Opening the book, the pages arrest and rest the reader's eye; the firm softened white paper, the wide margins, the clear type in headed lines, and subject matter sufficiently hinted at, in capital letters, at the top of every page, assure the student that the labor of perusing the work, if it interest him, will be an easy one.

The title-page fairly states the main purpose that Lady Cathness had in view in preparing the work; and its Table of Contents, of thirty chapters, indicates her mode of procedure. Before committing one's self to read it through in course, it may be well to glance at the titles of some of its chapters.

CHAPTER I.—OF PROF. TYNDALL'S ADDRESS AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BELFAST.—"Ah! we soliloquize. The fair Countess has pluck. She is not afraid of Scientific Maggots. She is about to examine the Professor's famous confession that in MATTER only, does he discern the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.

CHAPTER II.—MATERIAL SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.—"Good! Do British Association Materialists think that they can monopolize star-eyed Science? What will they say to SPIRITUAL SCIENCE?"

CHAPTER III.—REVELATION LIMITED BY THE PERCEPTIVE FACULTY.—"Evidently the lady knows something! She has observed not only the outward world, but she has looked within. Wonder if she knows the mystic meaning of the Greek word *μετανοια*, which in the English New Testament is rendered by the words 'Repent ye.'"

CHAPTER V.—MR. ALFRED R. WALLACE.—"Well! Of course, in an elaborate work like this, it is proper to recognize the many avowed by this eminent scientist of his belief in and reception of Modern Spiritualism. His candid and cogent arguments confirm believers, instruct the wise, and abash scornors. But what has the Countess to say of this keen-eyed physicist? what are some of the subdivisions of this chapter? Here they are:

"Mr. Wallace has, however, failed to discover the key offered by Spirituality to the True Cause of Development."—"The Power Prof. Tyndall has pronounced 'Inscrutable'—Spirit, Matter, and Force—The Divinity is not Ready-made Perfection, but Gradual Growth—THE FALL OF MAN in a new Light—God and the Devil, Good and Evil—Adam, or Child of Earth—The Origin of Animal Instincts—Which too often occasion a Fall to Material Existence."

Well! well! we half articulate, the authoress is independent in her thinking, like other Spiritualists. She will not take Mr. Wallace, or any other living person, as a final authority. Then she alludes to the descent of spirit into matter. She must have read Plato—perhaps also Proclus and Plotinus.

CHAPTER VI.—OF THE FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE—MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY—THE VITAL PRINCIPLE.—"Ah! perhaps she is herself a scientist! No wonder then that she is not afraid of Tyndall and Wallace. How does she treat the subject matter of this chapter?"

"Everything that exists must partake of the Nature of the Creator." Ahem! She is probably a Creationist, and not, as one might at first surmise, an Evolutionist! Perhaps she may be pious! or even a church member! What next? "God is the Body, Soul and Spirit of the Universe—Delicate Ground." Of course it is delicate ground. That statement of the nature of God is decidedly pantheistic. "The Proper Place of Woman in Creation." Ah! perhaps that is the topic, and not the character of God, which she designates as "Delicate Ground."

CHAPTER VII.—THE FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE—SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS ON THIS SUBJECT.—"Among the subdivisions of this chapter are 'Nature's Divine Revelations—Andrew Jackson Davis.' Now we will tarry a moment, and catch what the high-born English lady may have written of this unlettered son of an uneducated American yeoman. But on what page shall we find it? Alas! the book is without an Index.

And now, may a few words be allowed in favor of the usefulness of Indexes, especially as some Spiritualistic books by being published without them do not readily indicate to an inquirer the great variety and value of their contents. Sometimes a very interesting and instructive writer will reject the courteous offer of an Index when tendered, on the ground that his or her particular volume is a book of ideas only, submitted to readers for study, and not for skimming. If the guests at a hotel were required to partake of each and all of the great variety of viands there usually served, and were debarred from the use of bills of fare to aid them in selecting their repasts, on the claim that such a carte offered a premium for the unworthy habit of tasting, and that the meals were furnished to be EATEN in such order and quantities as the proprietor might cause them to be placed on the tables, we fancy that he would thereby please himself more than he would benefit or gratify his guests.

Peter Bayle, one of the most learned and laborious men of any age, quotes the remark of a Spanish writer, *Indicem ab Autore Librum ipsum a quocumque conficiendum esse.* "An author ought to make the Index to his book, whereas the book itself may be written by any person else." The learned lawyer and accomplished scholar, Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, in letters to the compiler of Allibone's Prose Quotations, from which useful work these excerpts are taken, writes: "I have come to regard a good book as curtailed of half its value if it has not a pretty full Index." "I certainly think that the best book in the world would owe the most to a good Index; and the worst book, if it had but a single good thought in it, might be kept alive by it." Lord Campbell, in the Preface to the "Lives

of the Chief Justices," Vol. III., remarks, "So essential did I consider an Index to every book, that I proposed to bring a bill into Parliament to deprive an author, who published a book without an Index, of the privilege of copyright, and moreover to subject him for his offence to a pecuniary penalty." Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England," observes, "An Index is a necessary implement. . . . pity it is the wreny should be denied the benefit thereof, and industrious scholars prohibited the accommodation of an Index, most used by those who most pretend to content them."

Now having had our say on Indexes, let us return from our digression and note what remarks Lady Cathness may make upon Andrew Jackson Davis and his works.

After turning and scanning many leaves we find the desired passage—here it is on page 81. The authoress, having given an instructive and very beautiful spirit communication on the nature and desirableness of the third stage of sleep, continues:

"I will now turn to another source, but one none the less from the other side," (i. e., of the portals of life,) "since the author of the passages I am now about to quote on the subject of Force and Forces, is the celebrated American Seer of the present, Andrew Jackson Davis, whose wonderful and inspired works on 'Nature's Divine Revelations' should certainly form part of every library; those who read them will not stop there, but turn their shelves with 'THE GREAT HARMONIA,' and the successive volumes which have been formed from the beautiful revelations of this inspired seer—truly inspired indeed, for they are written or rather taken down by another as dictated by him in the trance state."

These generous and appreciative sentiments, and other savory nibblings taken at random here and there throughout the book, awakened in us an appetite to partake more bountifully of the feast of good things set forth in the Table of Contents. And now having read the work we can honestly say it has amply repaid us for the time spent in its perusal.

The authoress is manifestly an angel of what Christian Spiritualists designate as the New Dispensation, a harbinger of what A. J. Davis, in his "Chart of the Progressive History and approaching Destiny of the Race," reckons as its fifth and mature age. For full twenty years she has had personal experiences (p. 272) of the possibility of communion with the spirits of dear ones gone before. Her soul has been quickened by touches from the angel world. Her spiritual eyes have been opened, and she has hearkened to voices from serene spheres of life. A new name has been given to her by the spirits, and the characteristic quality of that name, "Progressiveness," she intimates (p. 60) will govern her in the future as it has in past time, in rejection of error and reception of truth.

The reader of this volume will observe in it abundant evidence that Lady Cathness is quite familiar with the principal discoveries and theories of modern scientists. Whole chapters are devoted respectively to Professors Huxley, Darwin, Agassiz, and to their special studies. She recognizes and acknowledges the immense obligation that the world is under to men of science. "They are," she remarks on page 211, "the truly great men of the earth. What is the glory of the soldier, or even of the statesman, compared to that of the scientist who, by his ceaseless inquiries into the secrets of nature, is leading us to a nobler conception of the Divinity, and will thus be the cause of raising life to a higher level by giving us a deeper insight into our glorious destination, and lighting up the pathway by which we are to reach it."

CHAPTER IX treats of and commends CRANIAL DIAGNOSIS AND ELECTRICAL THERAPEUTICS as discovered and applied by Mrs. Professor French, of Philadelphia, and adopted by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, now of Boston, in her medical practice. This chapter emphasizes the practical application of the principles discussed in the preceding chapter on "The Resurrection in the Flesh"—"The Spiritual Body." The spiritual body is a substance. It contains life, sensation and instincts. The harmonious action of the constituents of the soul or spiritual body, evolves a state of consciousness, known as health; their inharmonious relation signalizes itself as disease. From time immemorial the brain has been regarded as the citadel of the soul, and countless experiments have been made to ascertain if in one part of it more than in another, the spiritual principle had a special abiding place. But modern phrenological and physiological investigations indicate that the different developments and convolutions of the brain have each an especial function. An interesting communication from a London correspondent of the Dundee Advertiser, subjoined by Lady Cathness to the eighth chapter of her volume, recognizes it as one of the greatest discoveries of the age that Dr. Ferrier, of King's College, London, about a year ago, by applying the point of an electrode directly to the convolutions of the brain, could thereby show their respective special offices; but it may be well to mention, from a regard for the truth of history, that as early as April 1841, Dr. Joseph R. Buchanan, now of Louisville, Ky., was engaged in similar investigations, though by different methods. The claim has been made, and probably justly, that Dr. Buchanan was the first individual who excited the organs of the brain by agencies applied externally directly over them. The three volumes of "Buchanan's Journal of Man," published from 1849 through 1851, abound with accounts of numerous experiments in neurology and psychometry, and detail his methods of ascertaining the appropriate functions of the various convolutions of the brain. For many years efforts have been made to render electricity available as a healing agent. It is a swift messenger, but is it a safe doctor? Dr. Elizabeth French, of Philadelphia, has propounded a new method in therapeutics. She claims that the human brain is, as it were, a chart, upon which may be found delineated all the organs of the body, and from which their conditions of health or disease may be detected. She has her own method of applying electricity so as to promote the harmonious flow and distribution of the positive and negative forces of the brain, and thereby to insure health where it is possible. The countess is a believer in Mrs. French's system, and awards ample space for the presentation of its merits.

But while Lady Cathness generously appreciates the wonderful work that has been and is now accomplished in materialistic science, and its practical application to the welfare and comfort of human life, she is even more susceptible to the influences that emanate from spiritual spheres. She has drawn largely from the sacred books of many nations. Some of the choicest extracts of the Vedas may be found commingled with rare quotations from the Christian Fathers. Toward its close she speaks of her work as a "complanation." It is far more and better than that. She has clear and distinct

conceptions of the origin, phenomena and the purpose of life; and it is to give expression to and to illustrate those conceptions that she draws from her ample stores of knowledge.

In his Rationalism in Europe, vol. 1, p. 19, Lecky remarks that the "philosophy of Plato, by greatly aggrandizing the sphere of the spiritual, has been accompanied by a tendency to magic." But the modern Christian world has been grossly ignorant both of mythology and magic. Dr. Nathaniel Lardner, one of the most learned and candid defenders of Christianity during the last century, remarks (N. Lardner's works, vol. 3, p. 463) that "few of us, now-a-days, know what magic means." Yet Plato, in the First Alcibiades, had defined Zoroaster's magic to have been nothing else than the worship of the Gods; and it was claimed that they who were skilled in it could disenthral themselves from their bodies and hold converse with the immortal gods. In Higgins's Anaclypsis, vol. 1, p. 80, the author affirms that the religion of Abraham and that of the Magi were one and the same. But after Christianity had ascended the throne of the Caesars, and clothed itself in purple and fine linen, it defiled many of the sacred rites and phrases of other religions; for the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other. Henceforth Magic, Magi and Magician were used by Christians as opprobrious terms. Thanks to the Universal Living Spirit, to the apostles of Free Thought everywhere, and to Modern Spiritualism, the gates of heaven and the portals of the sky are now more widely than ever before, open to honest seekers for truth and righteousness. While the telescope has peered into the boundless concave, and brought unknown stars and planets to our view, clairvoyant vision has also in the ethereal spaces caught glimpses of living beings unclothed of bone and flesh. Neither do we have to ascend into heaven to bring them down, or to descend into the deep to bring them up; but they are nigh us in our homes, in our walks, in the country and in the city. If we ride afar in the desert, they are by our side; or if we walk lonely on the shore of that vast ocean we must cross so soon, they accompany us. It is noteworthy that Spiritualism is again revealing to human observation races of spiritual beings whose existence, formerly known to and acknowledged by the most enlightened nations, has been denied, and now is often scouted at by Protestant religionists. That whatever is, is right, or legitimate to its producing causes, we firmly believe; but we sometimes query whether the ecclesiastical Christianity, which, after having for many centuries dominated European thought by its dungeons, racks, fires, galloons and the sword, yet continues its sway over Europe and America, will in future ages be looked upon as a sun bright with excess of light, or as a black and sulphurous cloud, lurid with fire from the pit. Was it of this church religion and its baleful influences that Hermes, centuries ago in the golden days of Egyptian civilization, mournfully prophesied:

"A time will come when it may seem that the Egyptians had in vain observed the worship of the gods with so much piety; and that all their holy inventions had been sterile and ungranted. The Divinity will quit the earth and remove to heaven, abandoning Egypt, his ancient place of sojourn, and leave religion widowed and deprived of the presence of the gods. Strangers will fill the country and the earth; they will neglect not only holy things, but what is yet harder, religion, piety, and the culture of the gods, will be proscribed and punished by laws. Then the land sanctified by so many chapels and temples will be covered by tombs and with the dead. Oh Egypt! Egypt! Nothing will remain of thy religion save vague recitals, which posterity will think nothing of, from words graven on stones, recounting thy piety. The Scythian or the Indian, or some other barbarous neighbors, will inhabit Egypt. The Divine essence will remove to heaven. All humanity abandoned will mourn, and Egypt will be deserted and widowed of men and of gods. . . . There will be yet sadder things. Egypt will fall into apostasy, the worst of woes. That, formerly the holy land, loved of the gods for devotion to their worship, will be a source of sorrow and pain; that school of piety will become the model of all violence. The land, filled with disgust, man will no longer have admiration or love for this world; he will turn away from this perfect work, the best which can be in the present, as it has been in the past and will be in the future. In the weariness and fatigue of souls there will be only disdain for this vast universe, this inimitable work of the Divine, this glorious and perfect construction, this total multiple of forms and images where the Divine Will, prodigal of wonder, has gathered together all into a single spectacle in a harmonious union, worthy forever of veneration, praise and love. The people will prefer darkness to light, they will find death better than life. No one will look toward heaven. The religious man will pass for insane; the impious man for a sage; furious men for brave ones; the worst for the best. The soul, and all questions connected with it—is it born mortal? can it hope to achieve immortality? all that I have here presented will only make people laugh; they will see there only vanity. . . . There will be, believe me, even danger of death for him who will keep to the *rights of intelligence.* They will establish new fictions and a new law; but not a word, not a holy and religious belief worthy of heaven and celestial things. Deplorable divorce between God and Man! Only bad angels will remain; they will mingle with miserable humanity; their hand is upon her. They will incite her to all bad enterprises: to wars, to rapines, to falsehood—to everything which is contrary to the nature of spirit. . . . Every Divine voice will be condemned to silence."—HERMES TRISMEGISTE, par Louis Ménard, pp. xevi-e.

Many Spiritualists are now active in observations on people from the other world, and in inquiries as to the existence and nature of elementary spirits. Lady Cathness has devoted chapter xix to a consideration of the MISSING LINK in the vast connecting chain, whose mighty length, reaching from earth to heaven—from stones to man—also binds the savants of the day to their monkey progenitors. In her discussion she introduces the alleged adventure of St. Anthony, who met and conversed with a queer Anthropoidal being that declared himself to be of those whom Gentiles called fauns, satyrs and demons. She quotes from the commentaries of St. Augustine, that there are in existence aerial or ethereal beings endowed with very delicate senses, who know certain truths, because their senses are more lively and subtle. She follows up the matter by facts and arguments from other writers, including in her resumé the interesting contribution of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten on Spirits of the Mines to the Banner of Light of October 8, 1875. An anecdote that the authoress relates (p. 272) of having, about eight years ago, in a private park of the Queen's, near Madrid, seen (perhaps through quickened clairvoyant vision) two little men—elementary spirits?—round and sleek, of the color of, and light looking as, porpoises, with kind, smiling, almost comic faces, who as they passed grinned and turned a somersault, and holding up their short little arms like fins, ludicrously imitated and followed in the steps of a grave English gentleman, who

also in the park was indulging himself in an afternoon ramble on foot, reminds the present writer of his first proof, palpable by touch and sight, of the existence of Gnomes, a race of grotesque spirits that were once supposed by Caballists to dwell in or around quarries and mines. The incident happened about thirteen years ago, when the narrator made his first visit to Dungeon Rock, so called, in Lynn, about eight or ten miles from Boston. Edwin Marble, the son of the proprietor, with a lighted lantern led the way downward and along through the dark, long, low, tortuous subterranean passage until we reached its termination. We sat down, each on a fragment of rock, opposite to and facing each other, and the lantern at our feet lighted up the sides and the top of the cave just about us. While engaged in conversation I felt as it were a smart slap on the back of my right shoulder. Much surprised (for I knew it was not from Edwin's hand, and thought we were alone,) I looked backward and around to see who had struck me. "What is that matter?" asked Edwin. "Who struck me?" was my response. "Ah!" said Edwin, "A spirit!" "Is it possible?" I queried, much amazed, for it was my first conscious experience of a spirit's touch. "I should like—" but before I could complete the utterance of my wish, that the spirit would strike again, another rap, quick as lightning, from an invisible power, fell upon my other shoulder. I was confounded by the unexpectedness and the novelty of the experience. As I cautiously looked around and then upwards I saw on the rocky vault above our heads (the cave there was perhaps seven feet high), apparently a grotesque homunculus or aged dwarf, not larger than a ten-penny newborn babe, as it were convulsed with laughter, looking down upon us. I thought it was an optical illusion, and having closed and opened my eyes two or three times, again I looked upward. There remained the little man grinning with delight at my amazement. Again I looked downward and around, composed myself, rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was awake and not dreaming; I peeped upwards again. He was there still, smiling, but not with as broad a grin as when I first espied him. "What is that?" said I to Edwin, as I pointed upwards. He looked and answered, "It is a face." "Yes, it is a face," I repeated; then as I again looked it was no longer visible—the lantern had not been moved—but the dwarf and the face had vanished away.

CHAPTER XXII.—TRANSMIGRATION, opens with a recognition of the identity of the grand philosophic principles of evolution illustrated by Darwin and Agassiz, with the order of the development of life as stated in the Book of Genesis. The authoress perceives that the law of progress is an old truth of the Bible presented in a new light by modern scientists. A pithy spiritual communication given to her in French, which is so prettily turned that she will not spoil it by translation, but which we must attempt to render in behalf of such of our readers as may not be familiar with the Gallic tongue, may be offered in further confirmation:

- Gas mineralizes itself; Mineral vegetabilizes itself; Vegetal animalizes itself; Animal humanizes itself; Man divinizes himself.

In a diagram of the ascending scale of natural and spiritual evolution (p. 277) she represents that the race of man on earth consists of two races of spiritual beings, (namely, elementary spirits and fluidic beings) clothed in flesh. As before indicated in this article, the authoress believes in the descent of spirit into matter. She regards man as a spirit fallen from higher grades of life: the Hindoo doctrine of metempsychosis or transmigration of souls has its origin in that idea, and on p. 321 she writes that it has been spiritually whispered to her that Pythagoras was right in supposing that the punishment of the sinner was imprisonment in the body of an animal, and that animal is—MAN.

Five or six subsequent chapters are allotted to REGENERATION AND RE-INCARNATION. Both of these subjects are illustrated with wealth of learning, earnest arguments, and some interesting personal experiences. On p. 440 her ladyship remarks, "My own experience has been that of three separate and distinct lives since my present advent on earth." Her sympathies on the re-incarnation question are much closer with Miss Anna Blackwell and the Allan Kardec school than with the views of the intuitive A. J. Davis, or the science-loving Hudson Tuttle. Do individualized spirits exist before they are conceived through earthly parents? appears to be the question. The Countess inclines to the affirmative. Mrs. Mary F. Davis, the angel of his home, as A. J. Davis sometimes styles her, in her admirable pamphlet entitled "DEATH, in the Light of the Harmonical Philosophy," just published, presents another view (pp. 21, 22) as follows: "The lower kingdoms of Nature constitute a factory, so to say, by means of which the human body was constructed; and that body in turn becomes the cradle, or vehicle, or dwelling, by means of which the spirit is organized, perfected, individualized and made immortal. Not that matter creates spirit; this could not be; but the peculiar combination of matter which exists in the human structure makes it possible by means of that structure, and by that means only, for spirit to become organized and indestructible. As electricity, though existing previously in a latent and intangible state, is eliminated by means of the galvanic battery, so spirit, though existing previous to and separate from the body, is, by means of the external organism, evolved, so to say, and enabled to gather to itself the form and substance, which are imperishable."

In closing this article we cannot but allude to the sweet and courteous temper of mind which pervades the volume. Its almost every page is redolent of catholicity, progressiveness and good will. We doubt not that all who read it will welcome it as a valuable addition to spiritual literature. Hyde Park, Mass., May 29th, 1876.

The American Socialist gives an account of the socialist communities in the United States. The Inspirationalists of Amama, Iowa, number 1,450, are led by a woman, and permit but do not encourage marriage. The Harmony Society of Economy, Pa., has about a hundred members, and own \$2,000,000 worth of property, accumulated in manufactures; marriage is prohibited. The Separatists of Zoar, Ohio, number three hundred, own \$1,000,000 in property, and discourage marriage. The above-mentioned are German. Noyes's Perfectionists, at Oneida and Walthamford, practice what they call "complex marriage," are worth \$500,000, or more, and are manufacturers, publishers, and agriculturists. The Shakers have eighteen societies in seven States, practice celibacy, and generally are prosperous financially. The Icarians of Corning, Iowa, are French, marry regularly, number sixty-five, and are not wealthy.



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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1876.

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

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 115 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

EDITOR, F. C. B. COLBY. BUSINESS MANAGER, J. C. RICH.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editor's Department of this paper should be addressed to EDITOR COLBY, CARE OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT, PUBLICATION OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS.

MY "Banner" recognizes no man as master, and takes no book as an authority, we most cordially accept all great men and women, and all those who walk in the light, reverence and thank before God, but self-centered in his own individuality." Prof. S. B. Britton.

Hammond on Spiritualism.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have published a bulky duodecimo, entitled "Spiritualism and Allied Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement," by Wm. A. Hammond, M. D., Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, in the Medical Department of the University of the city of New York, &c.

We took up this book expecting to find in it something new and suggestive in relation to the phenomena of Spiritualism; but it is merely a re-hash and expansion of an article contributed some years ago to the North American Review, and subsequently put into a small book form. During these intervening years Dr. Hammond seems to have gleaned up no new argument or fact invalidating either the phenomena or the theory of Spiritualism.

What other hypothesis there can be for the higher phenomena which he discredits, he does not condescend to suggest. He merely repeats in substance poor Sir David Brewster's assertion: "Spirits is the thing I'll give into." But of the 366 pages in this book, 363 are given, not to the theory, but to the attempt to invalidate the facts of Spiritualism; and the process is a very simple and easy one by which Dr. Hammond would do this. He denies them; the witnesses are all "prepossessed," "psychologized, duped; the mediums are either cheats or the victims of self-delusion. We fear our readers will regard it as powder wasted for us to take up such objections as these, and, at this late day, to battle for facts, in regard to which millions of intelligent Spiritualists have no longer any doubt.

Every week our columns are filled with records of phenomena under strict test conditions, the testimony to which comes from men and women of well known intelligence, probity, and experience in investigation. Many of these witnesses are educated physicians, whose character has never been impeached, and whose ability is quite equal to that of Dr. Hammond, or any of his authorities. This testimony comes not only from all parts of our own country, but from England, France, Germany and Russia, until the mass of well-attested facts is such that to make light of them bespeaks only ignorance and shallow pretension. For a Hammond to set down such men as Buchanan, Brittan, Giles, Crowell, Crooks, Wallace, Perty, Wagner, Butler, Akakof, Flammarion, Varley, &c., as the dupes of their imaginations, or the victims of shallow tricks, is simply absurd.

Well it is remarked in the last edition of his "Anthropology" by the venerable philosopher, Immanuel H. Fichte, one of Germany's greatest men, concerning the facts which Dr. Hammond would dismiss so cavalierly: "Such is their inner analogy, such their cohesion, such their frequent recurrence, at all periods of time, in all parts of the world, that neither the theory of an accidental reception of ever-returning delusions, nor the theory of a superstition transmitted from generation to generation, can suffice as an explanation." Fichte regards the spiritual as the only reasonable solution for these stupendous facts. Hammond dismisses both the facts and the theory with an arrogant complacency, rather amusing to those who can take his measure and weigh his objections. He assumes that all the persons who testify to the phenomena are either imbecile or knavish, and wholly incompetent to discriminate between an objective fact and subjective impression. Such an assumption is the very illogy of professional presumption and conceit. It indicates a contempt for the human understanding, which only a bigot and a charlatan could entertain.

That inexperienced investigators and enthusiastic recipients do often set down as spiritual manifestations certain phenomena that may be properly attributed to nervous derangement, to exaltation of the imaginative faculty, or to the unconscious action of the automatic powers, is what experienced Spiritualists are quite as ready as Dr. Hammond himself to admit. But to reason from analogy, because a nervous or imaginative person may ascribe an optical illusion, or a purely subjective experience to a manifestation of independent spirit action, that therefore the great phenomena of levitation, stigmatization, and materialization, are either tricks or chimeras, is obviously a very short-sighted and unwarrantable process of reasoning.

Of all spiritual phenomena there is perhaps no one more strongly attested than that of levitation. Ancient history, and the records and traditions of the Catholic church abound in accounts of persons being lifted into the air in the presence of many witnesses. Dr. Hammond himself quotes a great amount of Catholic testi-

mony in behalf of this phenomenon. St. Phillip Neri, St. Catharine, Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis, St. Theresa, and many more persons of both sexes were seen to be lifted into the air by an invisible power under circumstances where it was impossible to discern that any deception could have been practiced. In Spiritualism it has been a very common phenomenon. Mr. Home has been repeatedly lifted in this way; so have Mr. Gordon, Mrs. Jenny Lord Webb, and hundreds of other well-known mediums. But this phenomenon, so thoroughly attested, Dr. Hammond rejects as impossible. He would explain all the testimony in behalf of it under these heads: "Unintentional exaggeration, misinterpretation, and inaccuracy of statement; insufficient evidence;legerdemain; hallucination on the part of the narrator."

And thus by mere words and surmises, by a stupid contempt for the common sense of mankind, he would put aside the vast amount of testimony, ancient and modern, in support of a not uncommon and easily proved phenomenon! Drs. Gray and Hull, of New York, (the former still living at a ripe old age) once told us, that in the apartments where we sat (two rooms communicating by folding doors, and some thirty-five feet or more in length,) they had known Gordon, the medium, to be lifted and carried the whole length of the rooms, the persons present walking under him and feeling the soles of his feet, his ankles, &c. The phenomenon was also attested by Dr. Warner, son in law of Dr. Gray, and by several of the ladies present. Spiritualism is full of equally well-authenticated cases. All these witnesses, according to the Hammond theory, must be either liars or dupes!

In a notice of this book the Boston Daily Globe remarks: "The effect of Dr. Hammond's book is likely to be very wholesome in dispelling a vast deal of delusion, which rests on ignorance of the fact that 'spiritual manifestations' are not unique, but belong to the category of various well-known phenomena, in which jugglery, deceit and the gullibility of mankind play a prominent part, but many of which are well-attested effects of nervous derangement in either the 'medium' or the spectator, or both."

And how would Dr. Hammond make this appear in the eyes of those who neither know nor want to know the real facts establishing spiritual phenomena? Why, simply by admitting such minor and trivial phenomena as suit his purpose, and then ruling out all the rest as worthless; a very easy mode of arguing, but not a very convincing one to those who are well-informed in regard to the subject treated of!

The Globe further remarks: "Nothing is more familiar to those who have given any attention to this subject than the difference in the effects produced on different persons at the sances of the mediums. Some people can never find anything marvelous there, while others never fail to be astonished by some strange vision or mysterious communication, to which they attribute a significance not obvious to any one else. This is easily explained when we consider how much more readily some people may be imposed upon than others, and how nervous organizations are worked upon by suggestion and expectation, so that they see and feel what they are led to anticipate."

Now let it be remarked here as a fact to which thousands of clear-headed, unimaginative investigators will bear testimony, that persons examining into these marvels are quite as likely to be made the dupes of their incredulity as of their credulity. How many have gone five, ten, twenty times, and scouted the manifestations as unconvincing, and yet have at last been convinced, under the most satisfying conditions, of marvels which no theory of fraud or illusion could explain! Spiritualism includes among its recipients thousands who have been the most incorrigible of skeptics; who have fought against the proofs till they have been coerced by them into conviction; who, so far from being "prepossessed" or "nervously organized," have been men of facts and figures, foes to all sentiment, the very opposite in character to those who are credulous, fanciful, or easily excited. The theory that the people who reject these phenomena are of a higher order of mind, impenetrable to deception or delusion, is the most laughable of assumptions.

As an instance of Dr. Hammond's loose way of putting things, take the following passage (page 364): "Spiritualism is a religion. As such it is held tenaciously and honestly by many well-meaning people. To reason with these would be a waste of words, just as much as would be the attempt to persuade a madman out of his delusion."

Now what bigoted, superlative nonsense is all this! What are the simple facts? Men go and witness certain extraordinary phenomena, ignored or denied by such sciolists as Hammond, and repudiated with scorn, out of sheer ignorance, by the Tyndalls, Huxleys, and Carpenters of the day. These phenomena are some of them subjective, giving proofs of supersensual knowledge, mind-reading, prevision, clairvoyance, etc. They are thoroughly substantiated. Others are objective, including the astonishing proofs of materialization, levitation, &c. Here are some of the facts which "a beginner in investigation" tells us he has already satisfied himself of "by repeated and critical observation":

(1.) That raps, hand touches, movements of furniture and other objects, production of flowers, scents, and other materials, with the various physical manifestations, so often described and experienced by all investigators, do really take place without any assistance, human or mechanical, that can be explained by any known laws of science or physics.

(2.) That voices are heard holding intelligent converse with human persons present, and forms of persons, or parts of persons, are seen, and can be occasionally identified, under conditions rendering trickery or collusion on the part of those present impossible.

ment; and perhaps Spiritualism, proving to us, as it does, the immortality of man, offers a basis for the grandest and most comprehensive of all religions.

But Dr. Hammond, when he says "Spiritualism is a religion," means it in an offensive sense, and assumes the supercilious air of plying superiority. He says of Spiritualists: "Emotion or interest or accident might change them, but facts never."

Nothing could be more scandalously and absurdly untrue than this remark applied to the great body of investigating Spiritualists. Facts are preëminently what they want, and what they seek; for facts are the rock on which their belief in an intelligent super-sensual force is based. Take the one simple phenomenon of the spirit-hand, now scientifically confirmed and established, in hundreds of well-authenticated instances, by the paraffine-mold test. Can Dr. Hammond give any, the remotest or vaguest, explanation of a fact like this? Ah, no! He will elude the inquiry by denying the fact.

How profitless the argument with a doctor of medicine thus prejudiced and uninformed at this stage of the phenomena! As well argue with the tropical savage that water can be solidified into ice! We are as fully confirmed in the one fact as in the other. Each appeals for its proof to the same common sense.

As an example of the offensively dogmatic character of Dr. Hammond's book, take the following passage (page 364):

"No medium has ever yet been lifted into the air by spirits, no one has ever read unknown writing through a closed envelope, no one has ever lifted tables or chairs but by material agencies, no one has ever heard the knock of a spirit, and no one has ever spoken through the power of a spirit other than his own."

The man who can assert all these negations as facts within his knowledge! In every one of them he gives the lie to some occurrence which believers in the Old and New Testaments must accept. He asserts what he has no means whatever of knowing to be true. That the apostle Philip was borne from Gaza to Azotus is, according to Dr. Hammond, a lie; that there came a writing to Jehoram from Elijah the prophet, then in the spirit-world, is, on the same authority, a well-told tale; that the spirit lifted up Ezekiel is also an absurdity; that an angel rolled away the stone from the sepulchre must be dismissed with a "pooh-pooh"; that spirits or angels ever appeared to any man or woman, as the Bible in hundreds of places relates, is a pure invention.

Such is the modest conclusion of this doctor of medicine. He asserts it as if he knew it. And in this assumed knowledge he merely reveals the pretensions of the quack. Dr. Hammond must be well aware that neither he nor any other human being can dogmatically deny these phenomena as, of their own knowledge, untrue and impossible. The real scientific value of his book may be judged by the temerity of the last passage from it which we have quoted. Not by such imprudent assailants can the great facts of Spiritualism be discredited or impaired.

The Black Hills.

While the Indian Appropriation bill has been under discussion in Congress, a senator has threateningly remarked that Gen. Crook, with his army, was the best commission to send to the Sioux, whose treaty with the United States Government it is now deliberately breaking; and a representative sneeringly responded to the suggestion of their rights, that the only way to deal with Indians was with the army. That is strong talk in one sense, but very weak talk in another. It happens to be the cheapest stuff which many public men employ. If right is right, and wrong is wrong, why has not an Indian his rights equally with the white man? One member of the House openly advocated the crossing of the races in order to civilize and save the aboriginal one. He went on to argue for his position, the same as if he had made a valuable discovery.

His receipt is, if we understand it, for diluting Indian blood by a steady infusion of white blood, until there is nothing characteristic or individual left to it. That amounts to advising that the Indians be obliterated in order to civilize them! It is an appeal to animal passion, and that, too, unblushingly made on the floor of the United States House of Representatives. Nothing could better show the degraded sense of justice toward the Indians than a proposition so loathsome and deliberate. No wonder the Indians rise in revolt against the results of such teachings. To the Black Hills the red men have exclusive right. It was Gen. Custer who led forth a military column to spy out the attractions of the region, and the account sent back by him was fairly gilded with rhetorical glory, and perfumed with the incense of flowers growing as high as the shoulder. It was the original blowing up of this stupendous bubble about the metallic richness of the Black Hills.

Some three or four hundred men who went out to penetrate that country of the Indians for the purpose of finding gold and bringing it back, are reported to have been murdered by parties of maddened Indians. It was just what the Indians threatened to do before they came. Not that there can be found any possible defence for Indian massacres, albeit little enough is ever said by the press about Chivington massacres, and the murdering of helpless Platte women and children in a sick condition. Let an Indian retaliate for his injuries with murder, and the country rings with exclamations of horror. Before indulging in any condemnation of the Indians, deserved or undeserved, the thing to do is to denounce and condemn those guilty and conspiring white men who beguiled these victims of their delusion into so senseless an experiment as that of invading a territory sacredly set apart for the red men. If there is any blame to be bestowed let it begin right there.

We have no charity for wretches who to put money into their own pockets would thus jeopardize the lives of innocent and confiding men. Upon their heads be the blood of these slaughtered colonists. They were deceived into believing that the very soil of the Black Hills was as yellow as the famed sands of Pactolus. Finding work dull at home and wages more than ever precarious, they were induced to abandon their families and take their small savings of money to try their fortunes in the new gold region. The conspirators first stripped them of their little stores of money and then sent them out into a waste beyond the reach of relief, where starvation is the rule and supplies are not to be had on any terms, into a region whose owners are hostile from a sense of invasion, and into the midst of perils from which safe extrication seems next to impossible. What is to be thought of so cold-blooded an operation as that, in which calculation

is the first step and treachery is the last? It is the time to lay the blame of this whole proceeding where it belongs, and we feel that we have honestly done our part toward it.

Spirit Communism - Verification of Spirit Messages.

Last week we presented a goodly number of letters bearing witness to the truthfulness of certain messages delivered through Mrs. Danksin, of Baltimore, and printed in our sixth department.\* We now give the following, which have been received by us in verification of words spoken in the Banner of Light Public Free Circle-Room, through the lips of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. We thank our correspondents for the good wishes expressed below concerning our Message Department, and cordially join with them in the hope that much good may be accomplished in the future (as it surely has been in the past) by this open and public highway of return for the disembodied of whatever name or nation.

As an introductory we transfer the subjoined from the columns of The Gardiner (Me.) Home Journal of May 31st, where it appeared under the editorial head:

"We find the following in the 'Message Department' of the Banner of Light this week. It came through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, at the Banner of Light Free Circle, several weeks since.

We will add, for the benefit of those who did not know Miss Wheeler, that she was a vocalist and pianist of much promise; and died at the time and place stated. Her father and mother lived the second house from ours; and though (we believe) members of the Methodist church, find much consolation in the belief that their dear one is ever near them, and can thus communicate through mediums with her:

"CHARLES H. WHEELER.—My name is Clara H. Wheeler. I left the mortal form about the middle of March, the eleventh, I believe it was. I was a lover of music. I was weary with disease, scarcely knowing what to expect when I left my body. I am greatly disappointed by finding that I can still pursue a musical education. I can still learn of that which was to me a great joy and rest. I know something of music. I supposed I knew something of musical instruments, but I stand to-day in spirit life a little child! I know scarce twenty notes of music, but I see such wonders done before me! I shall try to learn all I can, and while I am learning I will watch the loved ones left behind. I will impress them with my presence. I will give them strength, and I trust you, O, beloved ones, look not in the grave, but look beside you when the evening lamps are lighted. I shall be there. I went out from Farmington, Me."

NORMAN LYMAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Norman Lyman, of Hartford, Conn., spoken of in your Message Department of the 1st inst., was a prominent merchant in Hartford, whom I have known for quite a number of years. His age and death as there given are correct.

Enclosed please find one dollar (a mite) for the Free Circle Fund. I am glad that that department is again open. We cannot afford to do without it. Respectfully yours, P. S. PHINNEY.

Southington, Conn., April 4th, 1876.

MRS. DR. ADAMS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Having noticed in the Banner of April 1st a communication from Mrs. Dr. Adams, I thought it would be gratifying to you to hear from some one who had known Mrs. Adams before she passed to the spirit-land. She was a personal friend of mine, and the children of whom she speaks, Viola and Charlie, I was acquainted with. Her elder son, Adalbert, I have often heard her speak of, also John Demerit. I know she died in Providence, of brain fever, but the particulars I have never learned. As I am a subscriber for the "Banner," I hope I may meet other communications equally as interesting, and from those I know ere they passed to spirit-life.

With great respect I remain, yours very truly, J. S. C. Brooklyn, N. Y., April 9th, 1876.

MRS. SALLY MATTHEWS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I write to verify a spirit communication given through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie Rudd, which appeared in the Banner of April 1st, from Mrs. Sally Matthews, of Bristol, Conn. She is my mother, who passed to spirit-life the 23d of last November, with consumption; and Emeline, to whom she refers as assisting her, is my sister, who passed on seven years since. Her reference to her funeral services is a good test to me; for we obtained a speaker whom none of us had ever heard before; and while discussing the matter of obtaining a speaker, I expressed the desire to get one whom mother would be pleased with, for I believed she would be present with us, and would know what was said over her remains, while we knew our last respects thereto. Hence her expression of satisfaction with the services. I know my mother knew nothing of this from any mundane source of information.

I rejoice with very many others that your Public Free Circles are resumed. You are at liberty to publish this if you choose. Truly yours, ESTHER MATTHEWS. Bristol, Conn., April 5th, 1876.

FRANK SLATER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I wish to say to you that I recognize in the message of Frank Slater, published in the Banner of April 8th, the little Frank who often controls my life. His manner of controlling, as described in the message in parenthesis, is precisely the same as with us (i. e.), looking for ink on his left sleeve.

In regard to whittling the stick referred to, the circumstances are these: he requested me to get him a new knife and put it, opened, together with a stick, in some out-of-the-way place, and that he would try to whittle the stick. I did as requested, and soon afterwards at two separate times found the stick whittled, and shortly after had a letter from a friend in Meriden, Conn., saying that Frank had controlled Mrs. Rudd (who was then in Meriden), and told them that he had got his knife and that he had succeeded in using it. Yours fraternally, E. A. PALMER. Lakeville, Ct., April 17th, 1876.

DR. ALEXANDER DECKER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: In the messages from spirits, through the mediumship of Jennie S. Rudd, published April 15th, 1876, I find one from Dr. Alexander Decker, who was insane on the subject of the Second-Advent doctrine. I was his physician during his last illness, and know that the communication given there is true. DR. FREDERICK MYERS. Sag Harbor, N. Y.

RUSSSELL KNOX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The message of Russell Knox, of Russell, St.

\* It is ever our earnest desire to be critically truthful and exact in such matters as may be printed in connection with the Message Department, therefore, on notification from the lady interested, we make the following correction: Mrs. H. Deibel, whose letter in verification of Miss Ava Lord's communication appeared last week, was an intimate friend of, but not a sister-in-law to, the deceased.—Ed. B. of L.

Lawrence Co., N. Y., published in Banner of 15th, is truthful, as ascertained by myself in a recent visit to St. Lawrence County. Respectfully, GEO. A. HALEY. Williamstown, N. Y., April 21st, 1876.

JUDGE MCKIPE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I notice in the Banner of the 15th, received today, a communication through Mrs. Rudd from Judge McKipe, who says: "I have recently come to spirit-life," and says also, "aged eighty-two." I was fellow-townsmen with John McKipe, Esq., in Alton, Ill.; several years prior to 1864, and often called on him for his official services. In comparing ages, as two old men, he was my junior by about one year, and thus to me he is well identified, though I had not learned that he had preceded me to the summer-land. I am glad to hear of him once more, and for myself do not need any further identification.

Believing that the Banner Circle, and all circles, are schools for the advancement of our spirit-friends, I remain yours, JULIUS A. WILLARD. P. S.—A late communication from DANIEL SAFFORD needs no certification from me. I was not intimate with, but knew him well forty-five years ago in Boston. 327 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill., April 17th, 1876.

WILLIAM HALE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: We suppose it no more than due to you, to your nobleness of heart and purpose, and to your many readers, broadcast over the land—mostly strangers to us, but we trust our hopes and aims are one—that we forward an acknowledgment of the genuineness and correctness of facts stated in the communication in the Banner of Light, date April 8th, purporting to be from Wm. Hale, Meriden House, Meriden, Conn. In our own city hundreds could testify to there having long lived in their midst a person of the above name and residence. My dear husband passed away one year ago last October, after a week's illness, of heart disease, and it was our good fortune to have dear sister Jennie S. Rudd with us during that trying ordeal, for which we shall ever feel truly grateful and thankful. She also spoke words of comfort and consolation at the open grave where we resigned the earthly form. The medium remained with us for a time, endearing herself to us by the messages borne from the loved ones, not lost, but gone before. When the day of parting with the medium came, it was indeed like burying the dead, for it then seemed as if had not before that death, "so called," had in reality entered our dwelling. This spiritual philosophy has been our only solace, to know that our loved ones are hovering near, and will wipe the falling tear from off the bedewed cheek and brave our stricken heart for life's conflict. This is bliss indeed. What can be more comforting, sublime and beautiful, save the bright anticipation, when life's work is here completed, of joining the holy, happy band?

Very respectfully yours, ever to proclaim the truth, Mrs. Wm. HALE. Meriden House, Meriden, Conn., April 24th.

P. S.—The communication from Mr. WHITING, of Meriden, was also quite correct. Mrs. W. H.

CHARLES E. DOWD.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: In your issue of May 6th appeared a communication from Charles E. Dowd, who lately passed out from New Orleans. His friends tell me that the name, age, etc., all correspond with the facts. Blessings upon your Message Department; it brings conviction of immortality, and what is even better, the naturalness of life in the spheres, which no other mode of communication can do. Yours for truth, FRANCES E. HYER. New Orleans, La., May 20th, 1876.

FATHER BATES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The message in the Banner of May 20th coming from old Father Bates, is fully identified; he was stationed in Easton, Mass., forty-five years ago, when my husband united with the church; he was a very eccentric preacher, always cheerful and happy, and, as he used to express himself, always stood on Mount Pisgah's top. He was a great hand to sing and shout. He was well known in this vicinity. Yours for truth, H. V. MARSHALL. Cochesett, Mass, May, 21st, 1876.

HARD FACTS AND SCIENTIFIC CONJECTURES.

A writer signing himself "Materialist" is giving in the Sunday Herald some very scientific reasons why there cannot be, in the nature of things, any such phenomenon as materialization by spirit forces. These reasons remind us vividly of the very satisfactory and conclusive reasons that were given, many years ago, showing that the lighting of cities by gas was impracticable; also, that no steamship could cross the Atlantic ocean. We are also reminded by "Materialist's" learned objections of what a Western lawyer once said to a judge who had remanded a litigant to prison on somewhat questionable legal grounds. "But you can't do it, your honor," said the lawyer. "Can't do it?" replied the judge, with the force of one who has the bald fact on his side—"can't do it, sir? Why, I have done it!" Just so may Spiritualists say to "Materialist": "To your objection that it ought not to be done and cannot be done, we reply that it has been done."

The time has gone by when this writer's arguments, however ingenious in disproof of the phenomenon of materialization, could baffle with interest. We should as soon think of re-perusing the old scientific assaults on the project of lighting cities by gas.

COLBY & RICH offer for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, a pamphlet of some 30 pages by Leon Hyneman, entitled THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF SCIENCE. "The Law of Unfoldment," "Matter and Spirit," and "The Dualistic Principle Unfolded in the Economy of Sex," are some of the topics considered by the author.

The liberal element in this country is not organized, and must submit to anything. Therefore the Centennial Exposition is closed on Sunday, and Bishop Simpson is called upon to advertise the Christian story and dogmatism at the expense of the nation.—American Israelite.

THE LIBERAL LEAGUE will fix things all right one of these days. The law of progress is continually asserting its high prerogative.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan continues to delight her audiences at the hall corner of Green and Washington streets, Chicago, Ill.—We have on file several of her choice discourses—reported expressly for our columns—which we shall print as soon as space is afforded us.

The office of the Banner of Light will be closed on Saturday, June 17th—a legal holiday. Those who desire copies of the paper, or wish to transact other business, will be served on Friday, the 16th.

"The Supersensual World," an essay replete with deep research and keen logic, from the pen of our erudite and esteemed correspondent, "D. L.," of Washington, D. C., will appear in the forthcoming issue of the Banner.

When cruel frosts warm the flowers to life, and hungry wolves are harmless in the sheepfold, we may find sectarians liberal and politicians honest.



Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Baltimore Circle and the Boston Circle, in parts of which are printed in this issue, indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life...

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

(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Danskin, of Baltimore.) During the last twenty years friends of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin, while she was in the entranced condition, totally unconscious.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences. (Part Twenty-Four.)

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

During the earlier stages of Mrs. Danskin's recovery from what had been pronounced the last stage of pulmonary consumption—after the dismissal of her earthly physicians—I found there was a constant draft upon my vitality for magnetic strength with which to sustain her.

If absent from her, as necessarily I was sometimes, in New York or elsewhere, upon business that required my personal attention, I could distinctly feel her condition, and have, on several occasions, been compelled to return home before I had accomplished the purpose of my visit, because of rapidly failing strength on her part, which was restored immediately upon my return.

On one occasion, when in New York, I made an engagement on Saturday morning to dine on Monday afternoon at the New York Club, in company with Professor Boynton and that finely unfolded Spiritualist, Professor J. J. Maps.

While walking upon Broadway, about four o'clock P. M., Saturday, there came an impulse, so strong as to be almost irresistible, to start immediately homeward; but the recollection of my engagement held me. Twice or three almost unconsciously I turned toward my hotel, but each time mastered the influence, and finally remained until the late train on Monday night.

Upon reaching home Tuesday morning I found Mrs. Danskin almost exhausted and the family greatly alarmed at her condition. Vitality was fast ebbing, and to outward seeming she was about to draw her last breath in this lower sphere. Taking her hand in mine, and losing consciousness for the time of external things, I felt the vitalizing essence of my interior life flowing into or being interblended with hers; and soon she gave evidence of returning animation.

Here is a grand and beautiful law of nature which Spiritualists will do well to investigate, for when its application is generally understood, how great will be the boon to humanity. Our spirit friends come only to bless us—let us be receptive to their kindly influences.

John Rae.

My home in that beautiful land where I was born was Tyrone, Ireland. John Rae, please your honor, was my name. I was sixty-three years old when the messenger came and I departed for climes unknown to me.

Datterson Avenue was my place of residence, in the city of Baltimore. For the last thirty-seven years I've been a member of that place; and may repose come to my soul, even though I committed an inconvertible act.

The mind of man, either dead or alive, will have its contrary fits, and to make the unpleasant pleasant and the pleasant unpleasant, I gravitate toward earth; and, to be sure, it's very fine for one to know of the coming and the going, the doing and the undoing.

It's mighty kind and pleasant for the invisible ones to be after teaching the ignorant how to come and how to go. I feel like one inspired to speak of things unseen and things which are seen, for truly, truly is it said, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and in those mansions are many degrees of spiritual beings—some rude and some refined.

I feel justified in telling these things, although it is against the rules of our church. Still my heart is warm and my brain is clear in wishing to do good unto others.

Now, my friends, I am ignorant of the divine purpose of this. My sight gives me the privilege of seeing myriads go and return. I followed in the train, and, looking on at what they were doing, I have attempted it likewise, and while to my feelings it is pleasant, my intellect does not grasp it—I cannot understand it.

I have left a few acquaintances, friends and relations, still living on earth, and they may in some wise have a chance to see this and recognize its author; but if they do not, there will be no injury to me and none to you, except the loss of your time, and your patience perhaps.

And now, Holy Virgin Mary, my mother, you who have ever scattered flowers upon the ground so that the feet of your children in walking might crush them and gather in their fragrance to make them happy and content, to you be all the honor and all the glory.

Mrs. Margaret Armstrong Slater.

My name was Margaret Armstrong, the wife of Commodore Slater, of the United States Navy, and the daughter of Colonel Armstrong, of the British army. My residence was in Jersey City. My body was taken to Trinity Church, from there to the burial ground. This privilege surpasses the understanding of the human mind! Grand in its outlines, in its heights and in its depths, it takes away, in every sense of the word, the sting of death and the terror of the grave; for after you have breathed the last breath of earth, with the thought resting upon the mind, "I know not where I shall go," upon awakening you find you are a welcome visitor in that land where beauty is distributed broadcast!

This is fact, having its substantiations in strong and positive knowledge; it is not imagination, neither is it fiction or hallucination of the mind. I am what I was—one gifted with intellect, with faculties all alive to truth and to beauty; and not one of those faculties has been diminished, but all have been enhanced, made greater in their power of perception and comprehension, and more forcible in their action.

I feel as if I was gifted with prophecy to come and stand upon the mountain tops and proclaim the glad tidings there is no death, for God is everywhere, and where He is death can never come. Read, oh read, my friends, and rejoice! for the whom you loved and honor d and re-

spected has a voice to speak, not in the stillness of the night, but in the broad daytime, telling you there is no death!

Rebecca Abbott.

At Fairhaven, Connecticut, resided one whose name was Rebecca Abbott. I was the widow of the late Colham Abbott. I was formerly of the city of New York, but recently I was in South Natick, Massachusetts. My body was placed in Greenwood.

Solemn is death, however long the household may anticipate it. Still, for the time being, it makes a void, makes one feel that he must neither laugh nor smile—but that is erroneous. The human mind in these latter days must be cultivated up to the point where it can understand the usefulness of death.

Inexpressible are the feelings of those who are passing under the change of death. To me—and I speak from my own standpoint of knowledge and understanding—"I was tranquil, peaceful and calm; no clouds, no darkness were in my path. From one scene of active life into another passed I with the spirit, without the flesh. My bewilderment grew into ecstatic joy, for I reasoned with myself in this wise: A few hours ago I was with earthly people, now I am with spiritual; this change is certain. I cannot doubt it, for in its realities I find there is a truth surpassing my understanding.

On and on I went; the further I advanced the more rarefied became the air; the more beautiful became the spirits; and on and on again I went; there was verdure green and beautiful; and there in expression was the intellectual manifestation of the spirit; and on and on, I met and recognized my dear departed ones. They bade me welcome to the feast. We sat down, we ate and we were merry, for the whisperings of the intoned voices all around me said "there is no death, Rebecca; thou art housed, thou art sheltered through all the eternities;" and with this one more grand sweep came—but here language fails—I cannot give it.

And now, friends, this is no wild, fairy tale. It is the realization of a woman who has only gone before to partake of the sweets of the hereafter, and then return to make them known to yourselves.

John Whitehouse.

The purpose is divine, but will my natural ability allow me in language to convey an idea of the vastness of my inheritance? If so, harken, friends, to what I shall say.

I died at Turk's Island. John Whitehouse was my name. I was the son of the late Copeland Crissun Whitehouse, of Nassau, N. P. I was only twenty-one years of age. I have left a brother and sister and many dear friends behind me in the city of New York, and they are asking, pleading for God to tell them where I am, and what I am doing.

The voices of these dear ones have gone out upon the atmosphere and have been caught by me; and here I stand controlling the organism of a human being—one that knew me not, nor knew I she.

Mourn not, sister nor brother, for I have made a very happy exchange. It is only passing from the visible to the invisible—to your eyes. Read this; it is a demonstration of a new life to me. Grand, sublime! without a flaw are the immutable laws of God that spread throughout the universe! Strange that one so young as I should be so happy and so content; but ere the message came I had been teaching myself of the hereafter, and I have not been disappointed.

There are beauties in this grand world and there are deformities. I asked for beauties, and I have received them. I feel no regrets, let no sorrow be with the heart, let no tears dim the eyes of those I left behind me, for I am happy, I'm content with the beautiful change of my mortal life.

[To the Chairman:] I thank you, sir. It was somewhat difficult for me to control, though I have mastered it as well as I could, with the little tuition I have had.

David Grant.

What significance is there in a parent naming his child after a man who, the Bible says, was "fashioned after God's own heart"? My name was David—David Grant—and my narrative runs in this way: I died in Pontoto, Mississippi, in the sixty-third year of my age. I was the brother of the late Deforest Grant, of the city of New York.

What evidence has any one of the perpetuity of life beyond the grave? What evidence has any one that after death he will be what he was? What evidence have you of the possibility of knowing each other after death? This is a demonstration, to be sure; but how can you certify to its truth and honesty and integrity? May not some spirit inimical to yourself and to me come and assume my name, give knowledge which was mine, merely for trivial purposes? And then, after having gathered in all those suppositions regarding the truth and the untruth, the seen and the unseen, of what lasting importance is it either to the man dead or to the man alive?

It does not rob you of consequences; it does not rob you of pleasure you from the sins committed in the flesh; it does not take away from you ignorance and give you wisdom, and it does not, with all its fine allurements, make you a god or a goddess. The real man, after he is robbed of the flesh, becomes an immortal being, with attributes suited to his new sphere of existence; then tell me the usefulness of his busying himself about this material world? To me, as I stand centralized to the two spheres of existence, it looks incompatible with common sense and reason to be bringing and carrying tales backward and forward over the river that divides the mortal and the immortal. Unfetter the spirit that has been chained so long; let it be like the bird, to warble and to fly, and to make its nest wherever it deems best, and then, oh Father! you will be answering the prayer of one who through life seeks unfoldment.

Veereer, Dutch Painter.

The question, I suppose, may be asked by myself, is there an artist among you? I was a Dutch painter. I died that death which men call physical. Veereer was my name. I was from Holland.

This spirit intercourse is not anything new to me—for I sought the painters on the spirit-side of life to touch my brushes and bring out all the lines in artistic beauty. In my early life I showed great talent for painting. I grew under the instruction of some of the very best teachers in art. Afterward I traveled in Europe. Landscape views were my style.

I was sixty-two years old. I was a friend to the poor; affable, pleasant and agreeable. My medals were awarded me by Napoleon III, and other potentates of Europe. Thus you see I am not giving too much praise to myself; I was appreciated by others.

Calmly, sweetly and serenely laid I my earthly life upon the altar, knowing that He who gave me life and talent for use here, would protect me through that valley which has been called "the valley and shadow of death."

Oh how grateful I am to have the power to come hither once again in the midst of friends, though they be strangers, and add one more testimony to the many, that those who die have power invested within themselves, under the immutable laws of nature, to come and manifest there is no death.

Strange is it to me that I should have a deep-toned feeling, a heartfelt desire to come hither to the planet earth, and speak of my characteristics to those whom I know cannot, in any wise, feel a deep interest in myself. I have done the work, for it is pleasant to me thus to do.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE ROOM.

The following Spirit-Messages were given through the mediumship of

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

at the Public Free Circles held at this office. In order to make reports upon our Building, the Sances have been temporarily suspended. They will be resumed on Tuesday, September 5th.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if there are questions, I will hear them.

Ques.—[From the audience.] How does insanity affect the spirit?

Ans.—Insanity has been said to be an entirely psychological disease. Visit insane asylums, and ask the attending physicians: What do you find different in the brain when you lay the patient upon the dissecting-table? Can you detect any difference between the brain of the insane person and the brain of the sane? They will answer at once: We have searched for such a difference times without number. Unless some injury has been met with, we never find any disease about the brain other than you find with those that have passed away in their right mind.

In a great many cases insanity is produced by obsession. People of mediumistic powers and with unbalanced temperament, oftentimes attract to themselves a class of peculiar influences who seem to dog their steps, and for a time to hold them as a part of themselves. There is then a complete obsession of all the powers and faculties.

When the spirit has left the old casket this, of course, passes away, and the spirit is freed from it. Then it is renewed in health and strength and vigor, and looks back upon its earth-life almost with astonishment.

These individuals have a curious experience. They will often tell you they feel as if the devil was following them, as if they were being touched by some one. This is just the shadow which tells the story of the obsession.

When these individuals leave the earth-form, as in the case of one who came here the other day, sometimes, when they return to earth again and take possession of a medium, they feel the same old feeling that they had when here. There are days when they feel confused and cannot speak their thoughts as they wish to. When entirely freed from materiality they are but little affected by the insanity which possessed them on earth. Sometimes they come to us, with remnants of the trouble hanging about them; then, you must know we have in spirit-life treatment for all classes of minds more than you have ever conceived of in earth-life. If your insane asylums could be thrown open to healing mediums, who have the power to throw aside this psychological control, you would find six out of every twelve patients coming out clothed and in their right minds. You have Spiritualism in your Bible, which the people have read year after year, have studied it daily, yet have never applied it with reason's eye. When Christ cast out the devils, what were they? Think you it was anything more or less than undeveloped influences which were obsessing the individual? When he said that they were clothed and in their right mind, it was simply that he had broken the magnetic chain which the spirit obsessing the individual had held over him so long. Thus it is to-day, as you go around the world, and look into different institutions; instead of treating the insane from the psychological platform they treat them for all manner of diseases, put them together, twenty, thirty, or a hundred of them in one building, while every insane person is as sensitive to influences as possibly can be. Why, is it not a wonder that ever one comes forth from your insane asylums cured? It is indeed a wonder, and until the laws of magnetism and control are better understood we shall have crowded asylums in the world, and we shall have a plenty on our hands when they come to spirit-life.

Sarah B. Remick.

I come to rejoice with my friends that I have laid off the mortal, and am clothed to-day in the garment of immortality. I feel so thankful that my journey on earth is over, that the hours of suffering have passed, and that I am standing in spirit-life at last safe, safe from the storms that swept over me so fiercely—that those terrible hours of pain have gone, that at last I am safe at home. I would not have them mourn for me, but I would rather have them rejoice and be grateful that the gate swung back on its hinges and let me in. I would say to them, thank the angels, for the angels were very near to me. I felt their presence, I knew their power, and I feel that the thoughts which came to me in those weary hours of suffering, and which I could not express, maybe I shall yet be able to speak, for they are some of them burning thoughts. I have not been disappointed; my angel friends told me what I would find. I am only pleasantly surprised that my spirit home is as bright as it is. I can meet my friends and greet them, and though I know they miss me here, yet they are dear to me, and I will love them still, but I ask them to rejoice with me that the cross I carried before me is no longer borne. Sarah B. Remick, of South Easton, Mass.

Lukie Ainsworth Rideout.

I do n't know what to say, but I come 'cause my folks wanted me to come. I started for the post-office one morning—not to one like this—and coming back something hit me, and something dropped, and it was me.

I was confused, and have been ever since. I do n't know much about this thing, but was told I could send a letter to mother. It worried her more than me, but I've got somebody to take care of me now, and I am thankful for that. You see, it was right aside of the head that it struck me, and it has been pretty hard work, sir, to talk. It's a good while now—a good many months—but I can't make much headway. I want to say to father that if he will take warning by me I'll do him no harm, but much good. Say Sister Annie helped me to come, and that we've got all the chance up here that can be. I am Lukie Ainsworth Rideout. I want to comfort my mother. I hadn't been gone ten minutes. 'T was on the Old Colony at Quincy.

Judson Hutchinson.

Like a New York omnibus, always room for one more, ain't there? Well, I'm glad to find it so, because I want room enough for me. I am glad to find you like beautiful things. These are beautiful [the flowers on the table]. I've been round this place before, but not when this woman was here. I believed in doing everything just as well as I knew how when I was here. I don't say that was very well, sir, but 't was the best I knew. I was opposed to drinking rum, opposed

to chewing tobacco, opposed to eating pork, and I was opposed to being shut up in an insane asylum, and I'm glad I am where none of these things are done.

It was said of one of old, that much learning made him mad. 'T was said of me that much music made me mad; but I have sometimes thought there was method in my madness, for I have been before a public audience sometimes when it seemed to me I could reflect every mind with my musical instrument.

I belonged to a strange family. I suppose we were all mediums. I was not exactly a Spiritualist, yet we had many manifestations in our family. I got tired of life; tired of the inharmonies of life; tired of wearing myself and fretting myself out, and everything that came near me seemed to reflect its nature on me till I got weary of it. I felt as though I wanted to get away. I suppose that's just the way I did get out. I was sorry in two hours afterwards that I hadn't hung on a while longer, nevertheless I hung long enough to strangle myself to death. They called me insane. It was a puzzle to me—what was life? what was death? I studied it a good deal; maybe too much for my own good. I know that musical minds are apt to be inharmonious. Harmony is sacred to us. The reflection of other minds jars on us. We cannot make them feel what we feel, and see what we see, and we get irritable.

I am Judson Hutchinson, opposed to drinking rum, chewing tobacco, and eating pork still.

I would like to add a postscript, and say to those that remain of the family, that if they would develop the medium powers they have got it would be a grand thing for them.

Maria.

Life was dark to me; it should have been bright. There was no reason why the sunlight should not have shone all round and about me. I had that which could bring power. They say wealth brings power. I had that to a large degree. All that I needed or wished for was brought to my hand; there were servants to come at my call and go at my nod, and yet the world was dark to me and dismal. Many envied my lot in life, saying that it was bright and beautiful, and could they enjoy what I enjoyed they would be so happy! they would be so free! I supposed I was doing all that I could do to bring about a happy life in the future for me, and yet I know that darkness was around my pathway; that wherever I trod there lurked a serpent; that whenever I took in my hand a rose I found a thorn. I believed that it came to me from those that begot me, and gave to me the curse of wealth. I believed that they poisoned the very air that I was breathing before I ever was born.

Although clothed in purple and fine linen, many a time I have envied the poor women that I saw with their baskets on their arms walking the streets as beggars, for lo! they had some to love them for themselves—to love them because of the heart-links that existed between them—while I, as it were, was alone in the world, uncared for except for my power, uncared for except for that which I could do for them. To be loved for myself alone I would have given worlds, but this boon was denied me.

When I came to spirit-life, lo! I was astonished to find that I, who had so longed for love, to be loved for myself unselfishly, had been of all human beings the most selfish; that where I might have planted the flowers of love, I had strewn thorn bushes right and left; where I might have brought peace and happiness, I had only brought discord and inharmony; that whereas I might have been a blessing in the world, I was simply an incumbrance, one that my friends were glad to get rid of. But there were gentle hands here that held me and showed me the true pathway, and to-day I come here humbly seeking light for the future of my life, hoping that I shall learn from surrounding influences to give to others the cup of cold water, to refresh them with the dew of love which was denied to me, trusting I may yet be loved for my own self, hoping and praying that I may bring some thought to you that shall make you and me better in the future. You may call me Maria.

Roxie.

I went away with a bad throat. It troubles me now, sir; but I thought I'd like to say something to my folks. I didn't expect to find so many folks here. I did n't see 'em when I came. I go to my folks sometimes—to my friends sometimes—but I thought I'd like to go from here. My folks are not Spiritualists, but they are inquirers. You understand, sir. I thought maybe if I came, if Roxie came, and told them I had been up here and had taken a great deal of pains to come, perhaps it would set them to thinking. [What's your last name?] They would n't like to have me, I do n't think, give it all, so I'll only say Roxie. I know that Mr. Tuttle will make it all right. Good-day, sir. I thank you.

Controlling Spirit.

May the holy angels guide and bless you, and make you strong for the right. May they make each and every one of you feel there is a work for you that none other can do.

Oh, thou Father and Mother God, who fillest all space, who art everywhere, whose breath is felt in the morning breeze, whose smile is seen in the beautiful rays of the sunshine, the pulsation of whose great heart comes to us as we look into the opening flowers, oh, be with us; send thy ministering spirits to hold our hands as we come to earth, that we may be linked by them to those that are higher and purer, and that we may bring stronger facts to earth to prove the immortality of the soul. Oh, may we bring some treasure to the shrinking, sensitive ones of earth whom we claim as our instruments. Oh, ye pure ones above, help us to encourage and sustain them, and to hold them while they do our works of love, and may to-day all Spiritualists join with higher angels, and let us hold their hands to help them, to prove to the world that there is no death, it is only casting off the mortal and standing on the immortal shores, where there is no time, where all is bright and all is love.

Nellie Culbert.

We thank you for the bright flowers. For every leaf we'll write a story sometime, and tell it here. They make the influences sweeter; they make everything seem brighter. They always bring sunshine—the bright roses, the beautiful flowers—and I hope the life of each one here will unfold as beautifully for spirit-life as these bright roses. We thank you all very much.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN. Stephen Van Schaick; Gussie Hall, Brooklyn; Louisa

Townsend Lawrence; Maria Woolley; Albert Augustus Harcourt; New Orleans; Sarah Peely. Blake; Wilcox; Rachel Peery; Martha O'Conner; Eleanor Terrace; Catherine W. Vain; Robert Hewick; Sarah Cruger Campbell; Mrs. Mary Magruder; Sarah Livingstone Fitzgerald; Henry; Baltimore; William; Baltimore; J. M. O.; Baltimore; Louisa Letour; Frederic Underhill; James Graham; Robert Cheswell; Elizabeth Gannetter; Margaret Carter; Emma Maynard; Elizabeth Dally; Alletta Rapel; Robert Eider; Catherine Williams; Philip Bernard; Isaac; Thomas; David; James; Joseph; Jeffrey; Smith; Hon. Judge Hawkins; Joseph Crosby.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Theodore C. Kibbe, San Francisco, Cal.; Bradford Francis, New Bedford, Mass.; Harriet N. Holbrook, to Asa W. Holbrook; Mary Cahill; Acha W. Sprague; Adelle, to John Goodrich; Vincy C. Goodrich; Plainville, Conn.; Elizabeth; Philadelphia, Pa.; Bellevue. Ann M. Bradley, of New Haven, Conn.; Willetta H. Fargo, of Decatur, Ill.; Annie Gibson, of Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, to Henry; Baltimore; William; Hosesa Hallow; Simon Morton, of Galveston, Texas; Emma Day, of Montreal. Elizabeth, of Boston; Maria Elizabeth Walker, of Boston, formerly of Portsmouth; Dr. Irving Webster, of Plymouth, Mass.; Anonymous; Zekia Vinal, of South Scituate, Mass.; Pat McStans; Amira Duols, of Philadelphia. Dr. William Tinkham; Frank Stebbins, to Amelia Stephens; Clark; Edward L. Weston of Charleston, S. C.; Charles Fowle, of Charleston; Edric; Josiah Dunham, of South Boston; Minnie Danforth, of Boston; Anonymous; Johnnie Cho Yan; Ella M. Hyland; Frank. Ernest P. Arnold, of Johnston, R. I.; Charles B. Smith, of Danversport; Charlotte Taber, of New Bedford; Stephen Bond, of Nashville, Tenn.; Samuel J. May; Dr. A. H. Haswell, of Boston; Ellen Frances Maynard, of New York City, to her parents. Richard Blanchard, of South Weymouth, Mass.; James Wood, of Milton, Mass.; Charles; Emily; Letticia; Charlotte; Charlotte; of Newport, R. I.; Samuel; Laughlin, of Troy, N. Y.; Ebenezer Totman, of East Weymouth, Mass.; Francis Augustus; John; Thomas; John P. O'Leary, of Irish Shanks, of John; Thomas D. Goodier, of Minneapolis; John M. Bradley, of Carmel, N. Y.; Charles B. Corey, of Westport, Point, Mass.; William; Thomas; R. I.; Mary H. R., of New Orleans; Dr. Mann. Luther M. Kennett; Emma Lingley Bugbee, of Charlotte, N. C.; George; formerly of Market street, Baltimore, Md.; George Hanson; of Lawrence, Mass. Monroe B. Perkins, of Hartford, Conn.; Henry Lewis; Henry Le Roy, of St. Louis, Mo.; Cyrus; Mary; Mary; of Montreal; Charles Brown, of Boston; Adelle; her mother, Harriet Whiting, of Meriden, Conn.; Dr. Mann.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Glanston, Conn., May 22d, Mrs. Bathsheba B. Turner, widow of the late Wm. H. Turner, Esq., aged 76. From a long and busy life, one full of kindness and well doing, she has gone to a new and brighter existence. A week had not elapsed since a dear daughter had gone to her spirit home, leaving only behind her a mother, a son, her husband and children. Loving, patient and tender over the void she has left in the home circle can never be filled; but her dear ones will surely go, she will be ready to welcome and care for them. It is vain to say to the mourners, "Be patient, for she should have member that though the loved semblance may never be able to visibly come to us, we will go to them; for what we see in only sleep, we will wake to them; for what we see in vision, a purer life, a nobler existence." T. S. O.

From Central Falls, R. I., May 25th, Mr. George Marriott, aged 63 years. He was happy and contented in the knowledge he possessed of the truth of the Spiritualist's view of character and pure thoughts found in these truths the satisfaction only to be realized by one whose faith was tried, and whose mind was purified by the truth. He was by no means an unsolved problem. It was a certainty indeed; he had no doubts, no fears. W. MILLINGTON.

From Horicon, Wis., on the 25th of February, Henry Stewart Cleveland. He was a young man of excellent moral character, universally beloved and respected by all that knew him; it could truly be said of him that he had not an enemy on earth. He was a man of noble nature, and died in peace, without a doubt or a fear. Beloved one, rest in peace. JULIA H. CLEVELAND.

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

EPITOME OF SPIRITUALISM, ETC.: Herein you have an octavo pamphlet of about 100 pages written in a fair, pleasing and excellent manner full of anecdotes, good advice and sound philosophy. It is a volume of spiritualistic phenomena. Some of the anecdotes we are perfectly surprised at if they can be true. The method and philosophy of dealing with mediums, and the materialization, etc., we are happy to endorse. Though the author's name is withheld we suppose it to be Rev. W. F. Evans. Colby & Rich, Publishers, Boston, Mass.—The Shaker.

SPIRIT INVOCATIONS: or, Prayers and Primes published offered at the Banner of Light Circle Room Free Meetings, by more than one hundred different Spirits of various Nationalities and Religions, through the vocal organs of the late Mrs. C. C. C. Compiled by Allen Putnam, A. M. Boston: Colby & Rich. As these prayers are all uttered through the "vocal organs" of the dead, and are in the nature of a "vocal" phrase. The style of the differing spirits is harmonized. Jews pray like Christians, Brahmins like Moslems, Orthodox men like Episcopalians, and Protestants and Catholics, and some who never prayed at all in their lives pray here as if they had always been used to it. The selections are impartial, and come from a wide range of the spirit-world, and it is pleasant to know that the English alphabet is the proper one for such a catalogue. Many of the names are familiar. But who is Aryan, and Azo, George Fox, and George Washington, the Indians, and the Scythians, and Nabulion, and Sharda, and Yadah? There is also a spirit which calls itself the "Unknown." The general details of the prayers, the names of the mediums, Theodore Parker, and the fashion of their supplication is that of his utterances in the Boston Music Hall. They are happily free from sectarian dogmatism.—Christian Register.

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Spiritual Phenomena.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord—John and Katie King—An Expose that was not an Expose.

[The subjoined, taken from the Philadelphia correspondence of the Washington, D. C., Chronicle of a late date, is written by a lady well known to the literary world. The introductory portion of the article—relating to Mrs. M. B. Thayer—having already been published in substance in our columns, is here omitted.—Ed. B. of L.]

My next visit was to Mrs. Maud E. Lord, the celebrated "physical medium," who has just arrived from the West, where her name has become a synonym with all that is weird and wondrous. Mrs. Lord's personal appearance is at once winning and her manner prepossessing. She is handsome, dresses in the latest mode, and presents none of the idiosyncrasies generally so disagreeably prominent in the appearance of these strange people. Mrs. Lord's eyes are also held in the dark. A very few words were said in the presence of the "occupants" of the chairs. The sitters joined hands, and Mrs. Lord, seated in the center, several musical instruments, a fan and other articles were given to different ones, and when all was ready the gas was extinguished and the medium commenced by placing her feet between those of one of the circle, and clapping her hands constantly to assure all of her locality. The moment the gas was extinguished the spirits began to arrive, making their presence known by speaking to their friends in audible voices, giving their names, caressing, kissing, and in various ways attending their presence. The scene beggars description—mothers holding converse with children or imagining they were kissing and caressing them; little hands patting and kissing in return; a dozen different voices speaking at the same time to as many different members of the circle; the touch and voice as tangible as if belonging to men and women; the little lady moving meanwhile from one to another among the sitters; the guitar was carried from place to place, resting first on one head, then on another, and then on the necks taken off and carried to one or another designated by themselves or others, the little music-box carried in the same way, fans used to the immense relief of us all, and various other marvelous feats too numerous far to be given in detail, but strange, weird, and ghostly enough to put a thinking cap on the head of the most ferocious materialist.

costume and play Katie King very acceptably. These things, as related to me by Mr. Roberts himself, seemed to me quite as marvelous as the strange power these people claim to possess. Determined to know, if possible, for myself, to this end I invited Mr. and Mrs. Holmes to give me an exhibition of their power at my own rooms, which they did. Here I know that no trap doors, secret springs or invisible wires could summon from closet or recess forms to simulate the visions I had at these rooms. I fastened a curtain before a door leading into a small room, thus providing a cabinet, when, lo! the same ghastly visitants came out from behind the curtain. Verily, there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." I have dwelt upon this case for the reason that the isolation and ostracism under which these people suffer, shunned and denied by Orthodox and Spiritualists alike, struggling against what they certainly seem to believe is a great injustice, make a deep impression upon me, and believing that the people are true and good, and, if they can be reached, a true verdict is oftener rendered than a false one. I have essayed to give a glimpse only of their case to the public. When the press, that mighty engine for good or evil, puts its powerful hand upon a man or cause, it seems to be one of the impossible loads to lift. I do not claim that the manifestations here narrated are the results of disembodied spirits, either individualized or in the form of force; but one thing I am fully convinced of after close investigation, careful study and prayerful attention given to the subject, that whatever the power is that brings the flowers to Mrs. Thayer through closed doors and windows, the voices and palpable presence to Maud Lord, and the form and faces of the Holmeses, that it is not in their cases the result of fraud or collusion on the part of those persons, or of delusion on mine. I am certain it is to them as great a mystery as to us that they are not cognizant of the doing, so far as their agency is concerned, any further than that their presence is necessary to produce the phenomenon; that the forces invisible to us, to them are tangible entities. After this all seems to be on an unknown sea of invisible forces governed by laws as yet not even guessed at by the scientific world. H. M. B.

More of the Spirits—The Paraffine Hand in San Francisco—A Scance of Ghostly Faces.

The account of a spiritual scance held recently in New York, which we copied from the New York Herald, has created so much interest and controversy that we have determined to give the readers of Figaro some more insight of what is being done at spiritual scances. Let us first premise that the subjoined report of what occurred is not overdrawn, but that it is, on the contrary, strictly true, and can be substantiated. We attended a private scance given by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, a materialization medium, at her residence, 831 Howard street, on Thursday evening, April 20th, when the paraffine cast of a hand was successfully produced under the following circumstances:

The medium was securely tied in the cabinet, each hand being tied to the rounds of her chair. The cabinet was then examined outside and in, and pronounced free from any possible means of ingress or egress, except through the door facing the audience, which was closed, locked and bolted, with the medium alone in the cabinet. After a half hour of materializations of hands and faces—of which more anon—the door was directed to be opened and the paraffine was called for and brought in from an adjoining stove, where it had been undergoing the melting process. A small tin pail containing hot water, and the melted bodies of two sperm candles, and a common washbowl half full of cold water, were placed on two chairs in the cabinet. The cabinet was again examined, and the medium was found to be tied in the same way, but in a trance so deep that even respiration seemed suspended. The door was closed, and materializations went on again. Hands, arms, faces, as before, and even partial bodies, appeared at the aperture of the cabinet in that peculiar luminous light in which these manifestations are made—many of them forming dimly at first, and slowly, out of the darkness of the cabinet, and disappearing in the same gradual way. A number of these ghostly faces bore so close a resemblance to the faces of friends known in life, that members of the circle, and even the writer, recognized them, and spoke their names. Some of the apparitions whispered the names of persons present, and answered questions in monosyllables. Others answered questions in pantomime by shaking or nodding the head for the negative or affirmative. The whole of this portion of the manifestations partook of the miraculous, and seemed impossible for human agency to perform. Again the door was ordered open. The light was brought, and the paraffine cast of the lower portion of a man's hand, the fingers and part of the palm, was found floating in the bowl of water. The cast must have been taken from a hand evidently twice the size of the medium's, who is quite a delicate woman. It was explained by a "spiritual voice" for there is a great deal of talking done during the manifestations—that owing to the size of the palm (a mere tin lunch pail) it was impossible to put a full sized hand in the melted paraffine, therefore a cast of but a portion of a materialized hand had been given. The cast was very perfect, with the exception that the paraffine on the top of the middle finger had settled a little. The hand was left with the medium, and the scance adjourned.

In conclusion, if the reader doubts this statement he had better go and investigate for himself. It is no far-off marvel. It requires but an evening or two of investigation, and the cost will be but a trifle. As a phenomenal exhibition it will be startling, at least.

The Centennial—Practical Information.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I have been here a week—long enough to get some partial idea of the Centennial, and some knowledge of the situation of visitors. I do not propose at present to essay the task of description, and even the lengthy and many letters in newspapers are but partial and imperfect glimpses of the vast and varied collection gathered from many lands, and grouped in fine and grand array beneath seventy acres of roofing, with room for fifty thousand people not to be at all crowded. Mile after mile one can travel up and down broad aisles and passageways, and see on either side the products of human skill and power, the highest material achievements of races far apart— From farthest Ind, to each blueCraig That beetles o'er our Western seas. It is cosmopolitan indeed! Pagan and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Heterodox, Materialist and Spiritualist, meet and mingle on most fraternal terms, gaze and wonder, animated by like emotions, compare and discuss, agree and disagree, in most friendly manner and spirit—a dim foreshadowing of a coming day when men shall meet and confer, compare and learn in like spirit touching religious things, and so get broader views of spiritual realities. But I must stop and turn to the main object of this epistle, reserving description to another letter I may soon write. For the present, then, I will say, let all who can visit the Centennial, and they will find all description or ideal below the grand reality of this greatest of all World's Fairs. For the help of those of your many readers all over the land who may come here, I want to make a few practical statements of facts as I find them, touching accommodations, costs, &c. I have read

of extortions and swindles, and perhaps they may have been, but I have not met them. Coming here over the Lehigh Valley route, I found the usual agent in the train to carry baggage to my destination at usual rates, and the fares of carriages and street cars are as usual, if one will but take care to make his bargains in advance. Hotels and private houses are plenty. Lodging house agencies can offer you terms, room, board, &c., at all styles and prices, from \$10 to \$30 a week. There is no crowd, nor will there be save on some gala day like the 4th of July, &c., making it very difficult to get stopping-places, as seventy-five thousand persons can be lodged, &c., at public and private city houses, and thousands can find homes in easy railroad distance in the country, and near towns and cities. If one can engage a place in advance through some friend here, all well; if not, come on without fear; use decent care and judgment, and you will find places to suit means and taste with no great trouble. Come for a week, at least; a month is better, for a day or two only amazes one, and gives no definite or clear view of things. I get excellent board and lodging at two dollars a day, with which another dollar for car fares, admission fee, lunch, &c., may be added, and one can cover all these expenses at from \$16 to \$25 per week.

At the Centennial grounds lunch rooms give good fare at the usual prices. It is well to go early and come away by about 3 to 4 p. m. before the crowd overfill the cars at a later hour, and I find no trouble in riding to and fro in less than an hour. The question of opening the exhibition on Sunday is being warmly discussed here. A large meeting in favor of opening, filled and overflowed a great hall, last night, and the speakers were men of note and weight. The pious class of aristocratic Christians (?) who ride to church in their coaches Sundays, the thoughtless bigots and the "vicio-righteous" preachers will "the Lord's day" kept; the intelligent working-people, the liberal clergymen, the friends of innocent and instructive occupation of a part of the Sunday favor opening, and I think and hope that the financial needs of the Centennial Commission will be the resistless argument that shall emphasize and enforce the demand of the people. I stay here up to about June 15th, and hope to write you again. Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS, Philadelphia, Pa., 36th May, 1876.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC for June—H. O. Houghton & Co., publishers, corner Boston and Somerset streets, Boston—is received. Mark Twain discourses characteristically upon "The Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut;" Henry James, Jr., contributes the opening installment of "The American," a new novel; Prof. Felix Adler tells the story of Buddha, "A Prophet of the People," in a way which can give but little comfort to the stiff schools of New England Orthodoxy, but which embodies most incontrovertible facts, and clothes them in the diction of a prose poem; Mr. Howells describes "A Shaker Village;" Charles Francis Adams treats of "The State and the Railroads;" Mrs. Kimble's "Old Woman's Gossip" is of marked interest; and T. B. Aldrich, Paul H. Hayne, Adelaide Alling, Celeste M. A. Winslow, Edgar Cascer and H. W. Bab, furnish choice poems. The enterprising publishers also give to the people Whittier's Centennial Hymn, with music. The July number will contain Gen. Howard's article on the Battle of Gettysburg; a sketch of Oriental travel, by Charles Dudley Warner; a paper on the Centennial Exhibition, by W. D. Howells; poems by J. R. Lowell, T. B. Aldrich, and others; and various short stories, sketches, &c. "THE GALAXY for June—Sheldon & Co., New York City, publishers—has come to hand. The following table of contents demonstrates that it is fully determined to merit the approbation of its readers. "The Pro-Leprosities in England," by Justin McCarthy; "Have you a National Character?" by Col. Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A.; "First and Last," by Mary Alma De Vere; "Madam Violet," Chapters XVII, XVIII, XIX, and XX, by William Black; "The Lady and her Lover," by C. P. Crane; "The Display of Washington Society," by Gall Hamilton; "Eulsion," by Barton Gray; "Polpatate Madness," by Ely Van de Warker; "Souvenirs of a Man of Letters," by J. H. Siddons; "Mrs. Vanderdyck," Letters from Roger Floyd to Holt Stanhope, Miss E. W. Olney; "War Memoirs," by Gen. G. A. Custer, U. S. A.; "American Women Abroad," by Lucy H. Hooper; "Brazil and her Emperor," by John Codrington; "Misses Wilson," "A Tale of Salem Withercraft," by G. H. Pierce; "A New History of the United States," by Marie A. Brown; "Ad Musam," by H. S.; "Drift-Wood;" "Scientific Miscellany;" "Current Literature," and "Nebulae."

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington street (corner School street), Boston, furnish us with the June numbers of SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED and ST. NICHOLAS, which may be found at their counters. In these centennial days visitors to Philadelphia will do well to peruse the illustrated article "Old Landmarks," which leads off the pages of the first named magazine; "Feds and Tables," etc. (illustrated) is further continued. Admirers of "Gabriel Conroy" and "Miss Noy's Friend" will find installments of these serial tales; "How America was Named," "Union College" (both illustrated), "Some Experiments in Cooperation," paper No. 2, by Charles Barnard, an article on "Charlotte Cushman" and her life-work, choice poems, and the usual departments, make a fine display. ST. NICHOLAS continues T. B. Aldrich's translation of "The Cat and the Conness" (illustrated in altitudes), for the appearance of which its young readers have no doubt been counting the days; "A Frog and his Neighbors" is a sketch in which much useful information set off by quaint engravings is to be found; "The Boy Emigrants" continues to be worthy attention, and a likeness of the author, Mr. Howells, is given in an additional matter for the delectation of the little ones to which we cannot now refer. The frontispiece, "The Maid of Domremy" (Joan of Arc), is a charming conception.

WIDE AWAKE for June—D. Lothrop & Co., 30 and 32 Franklin street, Boston, publishers—heads his contents with a story by Sophie May, entitled "Bessie's Mishaps," the frontispiece being an illustration of the same; the space devoted to "The Magic Carpet" is as usual covered with good words; but we are sorry to see that "Young Rick" continues to be loaded down with absurd and nonsensical matter concerning spirit phenomena. The editor of this magazine would do better work by devoting her space to the object for which the publication is ostensibly issued. It now appears to the prejudice of the biggest against liberal thought, or the attempt to mislead the young concerning the importance of the modern dispensation by the silly erection and subsequent overturn of convenient "men of straw."

THE HERALD OF HEALTH—Wood & Holbrook, publishers, 13 and 15 Light street, New York City—for June is received. Among other articles of interest, Hiram Corson, M. D., writes of "Ice and Ice-water in Scarlet Fever," and T. A. Bland, M. D., continues his "Notes of Travel in Yankee Land." THE AMERICAN SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, for June. From his home, in Memphis, Tenn., Samuel Watson, the fearless and indefatigable missionary of Spiritualism in the South, continues to send out regularly this fine and readable publication. The number before us leads off with the "Inner Life Department"—spirit messages, Mrs. Annie C. T. Hawks medium—and follows the same with articles severally entitled: "Millenial Spirits," "The Mission of Christ, or the Millenial Reign," "Christian Spiritualism," "The Coming Church," "The Duty of Spiritualists," "The Double," etc., etc. We have received from S. R. Wells & Co., 77 Broadway, New York City, THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH and THE PNEUMOLOGICAL JOURNAL for June. As previously announced, the first-named publication will hereafter be merged with the Journal. In the "parting word" to its readers, it assures them that the same grave questions considered in its pages will hereafter be treated in an "appropriate department in the Pneumological Journal, and are cordially invited to a perusal of that, and exhorted not to abate one jot of their interest in health reform." The Pneumological Journal has among other points of interest this month highly valuable articles (illustrated) on "The Anatomy of the Pacific States," "How to Teach," and "Socrates, the Ancient Sage," (the last by T. A. Bland, M. D.) RECEIVED: AYER & SON'S MANUAL FOR ADVERTISERS, N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, No. 73 Sanson street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

The Bantones Murdet-Counts has inaugurated a movement in England designed to put an end to the cruel business of killing birds for ornamental uses. The impression exists that birds used for personal decoration are killed immediately, and prepared in the ordinary way by taxidermists. It is said, however, that this is not the case, but that the beautiful and helpless creatures are subjected to a horrible torture, for the purpose, it is claimed, of causing the feathers to retain a firm hold upon the skin.

The lately deceased Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, committed suicide at Constantinople Sunday morning, June 4th, by opening the veins of his arm with a pair of scissors. It is reported, our spirit friends say he was murdered!

The most important result of the visit of the "Prince of Wales to India," is the fact that the native customs for the abject repression of the women of that country were during his tour so slackened, that they can hardly be so severe hereafter. For the first time the women were liberated from the hard walls of the zenana, and were seen in open carriages, unveiled, enjoying with rapture the fireworks and other festivities. The women were given to understand that this unprecedented freedom was granted at the express desire of the Prince, and he will always be regarded by them as their liberator.

China, emulating the unimproving example of European "barbarians," has just launched "The Terror to Western Nations," an iron-clad, but as her engines are fast unequal to the task of her propulsion, the aforesaid nations have nothing immediate to fear.

The Boston Journal of Chemistry has just celebrated the tenth anniversary of its establishment.

What's the difference between payment in a note at one day's sight and payment in silver? One's a one-day's note, and the other's a ten day's wonder.—W. F. Com. Ad.

The Bengal government has appointed a native lady inspector of the female schools in Calcutta. She is the daughter of a Bengalee clergyman. This is the first instance of any appointment of the kind.

Bruises and injuries do much better when treated with hot than with cold water. The temperature should be about 103° F.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. Speak truly, and thy word shall be true, and thy life shall be a great and glorious creed.

Jarrett and Palmer's trans-continental train arrived in San Francisco at 9:25 o'clock Sunday forenoon, June 4th, thus making the distance from New York in eighty-three hours and thirty-four minutes. The excursionists were extended a cordial welcome.

In the Egyptian hieroglyphic representing charity is a naked child, with a heart in his hand, giving honey to a bee without wings. The child represents the humility of charity; the heart in his hand the fullness of charity; giving honey to a bee without wings, the worthiness and loveliness of the object of charity.

The climate of Chicago beats the world. Yesterday blue-eyed men in white coats and linen collars were shining around to get enough money to take their winter clothes out of pawn.—Chicago Times.

The greatest prayer is patience.—Buddha.

A young married woman named Butler was brutally murdered in Highgate, Vt., on Friday night, June 2d. "The supposed murderer is a farm hand, named Tatro, who has been fully committed on the charge.

It often becomes desirable to insert screws into plaster walls without attaching them to any woodwork; but when we turn them the plaster gives way and our effort is vain. In such case enlarge the hole to about twice the diameter of the screw, fill it with plaster of Paris, such as is used for fastening the tops of lamps, etc., and bed the screw in the soft plaster.

King Victor Emmanuel has accepted the honorary presidency of the Philadelphia committee for the erection of a statue of Columbus.

Read no letters, books or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them unless desired; nor give your opinion of them unless asked; also, look not night when another is writing a letter.—George Washington's Rules for Guidance.

At a meeting of the Washington Monument Association recently the secretary directed the issue of a circular forthwith, appealing to the people of the country for a centennial contribution to the approaching anniversary of American independence, toward the completion of the monument.

The first "June bugs" and white vest of the season put in their appearance on Sunday (28th May). A little sinner in Pittston was also discovered in swimming on the same day.—Gardner (31st) Home Journal.

Difficult punctuation—putting a stop to a gossip's tongue.

An intelligent foreigner, passing through the streets of Philadelphia, took out his note-book at the end of a long walk and made a little memorandum to the effect that "eighty-nine per centum of the population of Philadelphia are members of the powerful family of Roosterfoot."

General Fitzhugh Lee has been compelled to decline the command of the Southern battalion of the Centennial Legion, which is to parade in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July. It is composed of troops from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, the five Southern States of the original thirteen.

The Sultan has abdicated. He Ottomanage things better. Philadelphia Bulletin. Oh, let him rest Aziz. He's endured his people long enough.

The horse-railroad devil-fish is winding his tentacles around rapid transit, says the New York Graphic, and we may add, the narrow-gauge railroads are "winding up"—or soon will—the mammoth, high-gare railways. The sooner the better for the public.

It is observed that every year the strawberry-boxes appear to be reduced and the quantity of the hulls and stems increased.

You can recognize the woman's pavilion by its graceful Eves.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Report states that a native Hindoo weaver has invented a sort of loom by which he can sew coats and pantaloons, and all other dresses whatever, the clothes being sooner and better sewed than by the sewing machine.

Five thousand dollars will be required to give 10,000 poor children of Boston a day's outing this summer, and should a sufficient amount be subscribed at once, the committee will immediately arrange for its earlier excursions. Messrs. Peters & Parkington, 33 Congress street, have consented to act as treasurer for another season, and all contributions may be sent to them. The project is a good one, and deserves success.

Willis Brown, aged about ten years, ran away the other day from his home in Washington to become a pirate, or a wild trapper of the desert—he didn't care which—and was found in Baltimore booby-hoing. He had been perusing dime novels.

According to Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s American Newspaper Directory there are published in the United States 782 daily papers, 90 tri-weeklies, 135 semi-weeklies, and 8392 weeklies.

Mohammedanism is making very rapid strides in many of the distant provinces of China. Not only, too, is the religion itself spreading thus suddenly and swiftly, but the Chinese followers of the Prophet appear ripe for an insurrection.

The rush from the Black Hills has begun in earnest. Very soon those coming back will outnumber those going in two to one.—Gold Hill (Nevada) News.

The Boston School Board, incited by the recommendations of Miss May, has appointed a committee to cooperate with the Principals of the schools, in order to secure simplicity of dress among the pupils on the day of their graduation. This is a practical measure in the interest of Dress Reform, and is another evidence of the accession of good sense to the councils of School Committees by the election of women.

The Mexican revolutionists are getting the worst of it. Some of the Spiritualists hereabout contemplate holding picnics the present season by the sea-shore.

Buddha's COMPASSION. The famished tigress howled in vain; No prey to stay, no tiger-pain; No food to ease the burning thirst. The savage mother, wren and fawn, Heard, wild with woe, her cub's weak plaint, Then leaped for joy. She saw a saint, For Buddha, pitying her despair, Is hastening to the tiger's lair, In answer to her wail prayer! "Be calm and feed your young," he said, Great Buddha's blood was fiercely shed, Great Buddha's heart the tigress fed.

An exchange suggests that "the revelation of confidential letters is the means of crimes. The thief who fishes your purse steals trash, but these destroyers of reputation, who snare and prey, and crawl and wriggle, the March and Heaps of society, are worse than the Fagins and Sykes."

Spiritualist Convention.

There will be held at "Toulsboro," Louisa Co., Iowa, a semi-annual Convention and Grove-Meeting of the Iowa Association of Spiritualists, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 18th, 19th and 20th, 1876. Prominent lecturers and mediums are expected in attendance. A good meeting and pleasant reunion is anticipated. Applications will be made for reduction of railroad fare. JOHN WILCOX, President. MRS. W. SKINNER, Secretary.

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