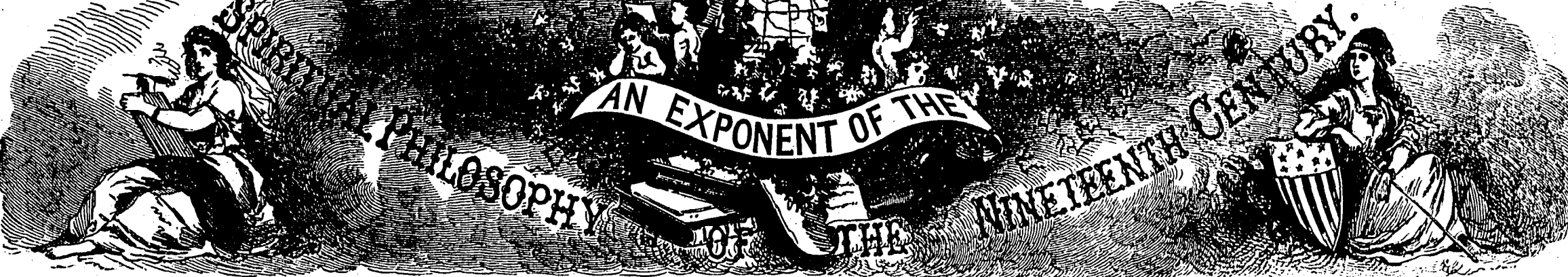


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Travels in the Lands of the Aztecs and Toltecs.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

NUMBER FOUR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I do not know whether others behold what I behold, in the procession, along with the Princes of Asia, the grand-hearted, bringing up the rear, hovering above, or in the ranks marching; but I will sing you a song of what I behold.

The Past, the Dead, The murky night-morning of wonder and fable, inscrutable, The enveloped mysteries, the old and unknown hives, The North—the sweltering South—Assyria—the Hebrews—The ancient of ancients, Vast, desolated cities—the gliding Present—all of these, and more, are in the pageant procession.—Whitman.

If the present civilization, with its art, its sculpture and its architecture, were ravaged during long, inhuman wars; if it were scathed by fires and rent by earthquakes, if its iron were all rust; if its libraries all ashes; its perishable fabrics all dust; its centennials and annual expositions all blotted from earthly records—the archaeologist of the future would find far less proofs of a grand and magnificent past than are presented to-day in the remaining ruins of a prehistoric greatness. As the more delicate materials perish the most quickly, it is readily seen that only the heaviest, clumsiest indications of remote civilizations and culture have been able to defy the wasting frictions of the ages. It is the mammoth block that remains, rather than the finely-chiseled inscription. Savants and travelers know full well that there are in existence to-day towering monuments and Cyclopean structures that were as great a wonder at the very birth of history as now. Who were the builders? It is evident that there are lost arts and lost civilizations equaling if not excelling the present.

The Stonehenge in England is more than paralleled in Western Asia; the Pelagian arch of Greece is duplicated in Ethiopia; Egypt's style of pyramids is by no means confined to the Nile regions; nor has lower Mesopotamia, that has rewarded explorers with the sight of thirty buried cities, been exhausted.

Who constructed that mammoth-sized aqueduct, traceable from near the Caspian Sea one hundred and fifty miles to the Persian Mountains? Who built the crumbled cities faintly discernible in Ceylon, one of which, as shown by the ruins, was sixteen miles square? Who laid the foundations of ancient Balth, covering a circumference of twenty-five miles, and rich in the memories of ruined splendor? Is there any discoverable connection between the Cyclopean-builders of Asia, and the mound-builders of America? between the pyramids of Egypt and those of Yucatan? Let us go and see.

SAILING TO PROGRESO.

If the anatomist can adjust the skeleton from a single joint; if Agassiz could construct the fish from a single scale; if the phrenologist can read the whole living character by the cranial touch; if the psychometrist can unroll the hidden leaflets of Nature's book of mysteries from feeling the remnant-shreds of some old ruin, can we not feel—may we not exclaim: Mind and matter how mysteriously and imperceptibly interlinked! I certainly thought so when leaving Vera Cruz for Campeachy and Progreso. The wind, whirling suddenly into the north, troubled the Gulf waters; these troubled the ship; the heaving ship troubled the brain; the brain troubled the stomach; the remainder may be imagined!

"But I thought that you—on the ocean so much—was a good sailor."

—And so I am; paying my spasmodic devotions to Neptune without a murmur. Trite and terse is the testimony touching sea-sickness—"It's healthy." It may be. Possibly all sicknesses and all soul-sufferings are disciplinary helps. So thought the poet:

"Earth is an island parted round with fears. The way to heaven is through a sea of tears; It is a stormy passage, where is found The wreck of many a ship, but no man drowned."

A sail of less than three days brought us to Progreso, the stopping place in this portion of Yucatan for sailers and steamers. There is no decent harbor along the coast. Here, at Progreso, it is from four to six miles by skiff or sailboat to the shore. On our landing-day the winds blew so furiously that the dashing waves and sprays completely drenched us. Reaching the shore, there was not a dry thread in our gar-

ments. Such saline baptisms are abominable. Yucatan has a population of some 300,000, and while the northern part is comparatively barren, the southern portion is rich, luxuriant, and heavily wooded.

A CITY OF SAND.

Progreso, the present port of entry in place of Sesal, twenty-seven miles distant, has the same striking aspect that characterizes Suez, of Egypt—sand! The northern gulf-winds cover the sidewalks and fill the eyes with sand, powdered seashells, and crushed coral. Out of the city's 2500 inhabitants two-thirds are pure Indians. Many are mixtures. Of Americans there are eight, and Englishmen twenty. Our Consul is a pleasant and obliging gentleman.

Religiously considered, the people are Roman Catholics, with some free-thinkers. There is no public library, the masses preferring games and amusements to literature. While their Catholic church cost two hundred, their theatre cost two thousand dollars. Hemp-raising is the life of the country—the principal exports being hemp, hides, and deer-skins. A railway is in process of construction from Progreso to Merida, distance twenty-five miles. The accommodations at the Hotel Mendoczo are positively contemptible. Pigs and fowls strolling about, strutted into the very dining-room. The Mexican Infante Opera Troupe complained bitterly. The Cubana is said to be preferable. Bananas and hammocks, though incidental to are not the legitimate causes of that easy indolence manifest in these hot countries. The cause lies deeper. The majority of men and women are as lazy as they can afford to be. Only the few know the blessings of an earnest, active life.

Fruits, maize-cakes, meats, grease and peppers are among the staples of a Mexican or Yucatan table. I expressed the opinion when in India that house-filies and Canada-thistles, crows and missionaries, were common to all countries. Recent travels in Mexico and these tropical Southlands confirm the opinion.

MERIDA.

This singularly unique city, the capital of Yucatan, numbering 45,000, is in the general outlook Spanish, and more—it is Moorish! It was once stoutly walled. The streets are quite regular. There is but very little ornamental shrubbery. The buildings are of heavy walls, few glass windows, and forbidding fronts, but beautiful courts within. Generally the composition of the houses and churches is mortar, cement, and stones. The underlying foundation of city and country is a limestone rock. The outlying regions about the city are flat, and far from being either fertile or heavily wooded. Of the whole population of Merida only some 5000 are whites—Spanish and foreigners. The remainder is an ethnological mixture, all the way down to pure Indian, the latter constituting a very large majority. As in Mexico, color has nothing to do with social position.

The Cathedral, as in all Catholic countries, occupies a very prominent position. Stepping into it with Dr. Sauri, and glancing at the grim, dimly-lighted structure, there came over me a gloom—a mental chilliness that baffled description. Persons passing the Cathedral are expected to reverently touch or entirely remove the hat. Those who ignore this are considered marked characters. Along the street near this consecrated building I saw pictures of game-cocks and bull-fights—all in good keeping, certainly, with that blood-atonement religion which knows of no salvation only through the blood of goats and kids, or an innocent Nazarene. Bull-fights in this and contiguous countries are not as fashionable as formerly, but cock-pits are still the resort of thousands. Many Catholics attending mass Sunday morning, rush out to the cock-pits the same afternoon. Bull-fights, wars, and atonements for sin through the "shedding of blood," are naturally allied, being the lingering relics of barbarism. Bulls and dogs fight because they are brutes, and Shakers and Quakers refuse to fight because they are men. Dogs are brave enough to fight. I am brave enough to run. "Resist not evil," said Jesus.

Energy, or force of character, is one among the many things lacking in Yucatan. Indolence is manifest in the very footfalls of the people. There is but little business done during the heat of the day. The city is lighted with coal-oil. The *Caleza*, a two-wheeled, pung-shaped, clumsy vehicle, is the common method of locomotion. The horse is hitched some ten or twelve feet from this *Caleza*, and a boy is perched upon its back for guidance. Mules are thrice as numerous in the country as horses.

The men usually wear but two garments—*camisa* and *canconillo*—both white. All clothing is light, made of cotton or linen. The women dress the same as in the time of the Cortez conquest. In the place of the bonnet they wear the *toca*, a delicate, fleecy sort of a scarf thrown gracefully over the head. Over the *fustan* they wear the *Guepi*, a flowing overdress, all white except the embroidered edges. The Indians are neat, and less athletic than our lingering tribes in the West. They also dress in white, and come out with clean garments each morning.

The old Franciscan Castle, constructed of stone, mud and cement, full three hundred years ago, and long the paradise of monks, was to me an object of thrilling interest. Not only was it originally a monastery and a church, but a frowning fort commanding the city. Connected with some of the secret apartments were winding, subterranean passages, leading to wells, pits, and reservoirs of darkness. Lift not the veil. Heavily walled, it is used at present as a prison, a station for soldiers, and other military

purposes. Excavations show that this once imposing but now crumbling structure, as well as a large portion of Merida, were originally built over the ruins of an ancient Indian city; and so tread the living upon the tombs of the dead.

As an index to the amount of travel in this region, it is only necessary to say there is but one hotel in the city of Merida. Hospitality here is not as common as in India and Asia Minor. The seasons, the wet and the dry, are similar to those in California, only that the heat is infinitely more intense. Here the Southern Cross may be seen nearly the entire year. The sun is not only at the zenith, but a little to the north of Merida at noon about two months of each recurring year.

SPIRITUALISM IN YUCATAN.

Though spirits are neither infallible nor ubiquitous, their manifestations are found in every land and under all skies. No man abreast the age need be told that Spiritualism is cosmopolitan, or that it has in itself the germs of universality and immortality. Were it possible to kill Spiritualism, it would have been killed long ere this in the house of its professed friends. Though Merida, Yucatan, is quite out of the world, and seemingly unknown to most Americans, the city has three organized circles of Spiritualists; two composed of gentlemen and one of ladies. They do not meet together. The circle that I had the pleasure of attending, numbers about one hundred members. There were present several writing mediums, and one for the tilting of tables. They have no other phases, and for the reason that they seek no other. They accept the doctrine of re-incarnation. One of the ablest advocates of Spiritualism in this country is Rodolfo G. Canton, a jurist and a gentleman of fine scholarly attainments. He publishes a monthly journal devoted to the interests of the Spiritual Philosophy, *The Law of Love*, with a circulation of three hundred in the city. Possibly he may circulate in all two thousand copies. It is an ably conducted periodical, doing valiant service for the truth.

CATHOLICISM VERSUS SPIRITUALISM.

Considered religiously the people of Yucatan are Roman Catholics, Materialists and Spiritualists; there is not even one Protestant organization in the country. Accordingly, the Catholic clergy, clannish and bigoted, have things their own way, exerting an influence over the women amounting to almost absolute control. They oppose Masonry, and so hate Spiritualism that they positively forbid their members reading Spiritualist literature. Catholics are slaves to priest and pope. If a Catholic becomes a medium, he is told at once, "It is the devil!" If he persists in the exercise of the mediumistic gift, he is excommunicated and anathematized.

A very intelligent American gentleman residing in this Catholic city, assured me that only a few years previous he had aided in burying a child of a friend of his out in the woods. The Catholic cemeteries in the city were too holy to receive the body of this innocent unbaptized babe. Such presumption, such bigotry, such churchly madness, well become the scarlet woman of Babylon!

A SPIRITUALIST BEATEN BY CATHOLICS.

The period of persecution is not past. Señor Miranda, a member of the Masonic fraternity, a patriot and a Spiritualist, originally from Cuba, had been violently beaten in the streets of Merida only a few weeks before my arrival. Earnest, outspoken, and anxious to disseminate the heavenly principles of Spiritualism, he had frequently contended for the truth, to the great discomfiture of the Catholics. Unable to meet his arguments, they resorted to jeers, clubs and a shower of stones.

Walking peacefully along the streets one day, a crowd of Catholics rushing forward pursued him, shrieking "There he goes! There goes that Spiritualist! We'll make him believe in Jesus Christ and the Holy Catholic Church! That we will!" Approaching and surrounding him, one jerked the walking stick from his hand, and beat him mercilessly over the shoulders. Others struck him with great violence. Struggling, he finally tore away and ran. Though not further pursuing, they hurled stones after him, one striking him in the back, producing an injury that he had not recovered from when I had the pleasure of meeting him. Two of the leading characters constituting this mob were arrested by the police and held for trial. But in the stillness of a night hour, ministering angels approaching Mr. Miranda, plead, begged of him to forgive his murderous assailants. The vision of martyr's shown him was transcendently beautiful, while a voice said, "Pardon—pardon your persecutors."

On the morning of the trial this venerable gentleman, obedient to the vision, repaired to the police-court at an early hour, and asked that his murderous persecutors might be pardoned. The officers, from legal considerations, were quite disinclined to do this; but after pleadings, and references to judicial authorities, these Christian culprits were released; while the lame and bruised, yet charitable, kind-hearted Miranda, stepping forward, and extending the hand of forgiveness, embraced them with that tender, fraternal love that characterized the man Christ Jesus. The effect was electric—Spiritualism triumphant!

TENDENCIES OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

The Roman Catholic church assumes to decide what doctrines are true and what are false. The "Syllabus" literally sneers at the opinion that "the Church has no right to employ power to put down heresy;" while the Catholic Universe, a Paris journal, says editorially: "For my part, I avow frankly my regret is not only that

they did not sooner burn John Huss, but that they did not equally burn Luther." Give Roman Catholics the political power, and they would reconstruct the rack and the pillory—fires, dungeons and inquisitions. The Freeman's Journal, of New York, says: "The Pope of Rome has supreme authority over every square foot of surface on this globe. His rights are circumscribed only by the ends of the earth." And that distinguished Roman Catholic, Orestes A. Brownson, said, as quoted by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston:

"The church is a kingdom and a power, and as such must have a supreme chief; and his authority is to be exercised over States, as well as individuals. If the Pope directed the Roman Catholics of this country to overthrow the Constitution, sell its territory and annex it as a dependent province to the dominions of Napoleon, they would be bound to obey. It is the intention of the Pope to possess this country."

This is the spirit, the genius of the Papal Church, Roman Catholics themselves being witnesses. Possibly Protestants would be equally as proscriptive and persecuting if they had the power. Sectarian Christianity in any form is not to be trusted. Warned by the blood-imbued banners that once floated over France, Spain, Mexico, and other Christian lands; warned by the cries of the beggar, persecuted, imprisoned and burned; warned by the groans of fifty millions of victims slaughtered and piled upon the proscriptive back of a churchly Christianity, I protest against all this Protestant impudence, this Roman Catholic bigotry, and all this intolerant sectarian devilishness everywhere! It is all anti-Christian, opposed to the whole spirit of the New Testament teachings. "Father, forgive them," were among the words of the dying Jesus.

Many are the obligations that I am under to Dr. Ricardo Sauri, a gentleman educated in New York, graduating in Paris, and now doing a fine practice as a physician. He is a Spiritualist, and an excellent writing medium. Dr. J. M. Gilkey, a dentist, originally from Arkansas, is a zealous Spiritualist, doing all in his power to advance the interests of the Spiritual Philosophy. His personal kindnesses, as well as those of Dr. Tappan, M. de la Pena, and others, are duly remembered.

Reading Sealed Letters.

When Elder Evans and company were in New York, holding a series of meetings, they called, by invitation, upon Dr. J. V. Mansfield, 361 Sixth avenue. The various tests made by them, and as narrated to us by Eldress A. Doolittle, were simply yet pleasantly astounding. We wrote to the doctor that we wanted to make an honorable, but very severe, test. The challenge was invitingly accepted. A noble friend of ours wrote the letter (or we supposed he did) upon paper glazed with glue on the outer side. Especial pains were taken in folding up every line, sealing the same, before writing another line, and fastening the ends with the utmost care with glue. I took the letter, sealed it in a double envelope, making every necessary private mark to prevent exposure possible without my knowledge, and sent it. To my own and my friend's surprise, the sealed letter was returned undisturbed, with an answer from his wife, who, unknown to me, had addressed her spirit mother!

The answer made references to matters known only to my friend's private family. If Elder H. L. Eades will logically explain how this is done, we will next ask him to satisfy us by elucidating the materializations mentioned in the first fourteen verses of Ezekiel, chapter 37.—*Cor. of The Shaker.*

Free Thought.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK, AND DR. HAMMOND'S NEW BOOK.

BY E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The New York Times of June 10th, in an editorial, has a diatribe on Spiritualism which is both violent and coarse in its perversions of truth. I will quote a passage:

"The Spiritualists may as well give it up. Here is a young man performing at Chickerling Hall, assisted by two or three doctors of divinity, and producing all the material phenomena which the most accomplished mediums of the *other world* have ever been able to bring to the notice of a discriminating public." Tied in a cabinet, with all sorts of sailor-knots, seals, bandages and fetters upon him, he rings bells, changes his clothes, performs on musical instruments, throws things out, in promiscuous fashion, nails up a pile of boards, and otherwise disports himself in a highly spiritual and diabolical manner. To place the matter more completely beyond cavil, he removes all concealment and shows his audience how his tricks are done. To wind up with, he challenges the Spiritualists to perform any feat which he cannot at once reproduce. * * * This latest exposure leaves the Spiritualists without a peg to stand on."

The italics are mine. It seems that a certain Mr. Bishop, by means of his jugglery, has imitated some of the things that are done by materializing mediums, and immediately the Times exclaims that "the Spiritualists are without a peg to stand on." A hundred so-called exposures have taken place before, and a hundred papers have proclaimed the days of Spiritualism ended; but, lo and behold! the Spiritualists can't find out that they are killed, and will continue to live more vigorously than ever. It would look wonderfully brave for Mr. Bishop to challenge mediums to come out in public combat with him, only that these exquisite laws of spirit, in their control of matter, would be entirely subverted by the boisterous excitement of a large public gathering. A person who is too obtuse to see this point is hardly worth arguing with. I do not believe that one in a hundred mediums could accomplish much in public, or even before a number of persons who *cannot* see the point. Some twenty years ago, when I felt sure that Spiritualism was a delusion, I broke up, by my positive atmosphere, in Cincinnati, the harmonious operation of a whole circle, so that not one of the usual manifestations could take place. I of course laid it to the falsity of Spiritualism, not to my own ignorance of law, as I should have done. Warren Sumner Barlow was one of the members present, a president of a commercial college was another, a judge was another, and so on. I have heard several persons say that they never could get anything at a spiritual circle, and in all cases I could easily trace out the cause in their positiveness of character, or in their being sure that the whole matter was delusion or collusion. Such persons have naturally an unfortunate constitution for gaining new truths, and, instead of being so fond of pitying others, should mourn over their own deficiency in all humility. E. V. Wilson is almost the only medium I ever saw who could stand up before a boisterous, hostile audience, and triumphantly give test after test. One of the best of mediums, at a public audience here in New York, described a spirit and gave his history, and, pointing to a gentleman in the audience, said he presumed it was for him, as the spirit stood near him. The gentleman arose and abruptly said he had no such friend in spirit-life. This seeming failure so discomfited the sensitive medium that his power completely left him, and he could do nothing more during the evening. After the audience was dismissed, however, a gentleman sitting next to the one whom the message was supposed to be for, admitted that the spirit described was a special friend of his, and that the description was exact.

If Mr. Bishop could really imitate all that mediums do, as the Times asserts, it would by no means invalidate Spiritualism. The fact that a juggler by his utmost skill can only equal what is done by some children and women who in some cases have never even seen a magician, can have no effect excepting with persons who are prejudiced in the most absurd degree. In Boston, for instance, a little girl five years old would play a piano, while some invisible power would make it dance exactly in time, and in Chicago I saw a large table dance and hands materialized in the air, in the presence of one of the Bangs children, who was but a little older. Mr. Bishop would find himself at his wits' end to equal even these little children, especially in lifting about a piano which would require the power of several strong men, and that without visible means. A few weeks since I read in the Religio-Philosophical Journal a letter of Kersey Graves, author of the remarkable book called "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors," and addressed to Mr. Baldwin, a person who, like Mr. Bishop, is trying to destroy from among men all proof of immortality, by professing to do what mediums can. After telling him that his "silly tricks are no nearer an imitation of the spiritual manifestations they profess to explain than a soap-bubble is of a balloon," he then challenges him to answer twelve questions, some of which I will quote, especially as they would be desirable for Mr. Bishop to consider, and would show the ignorance and folly of the Times in its remarks:

"1st.—Can you, with your eyes bandaged, draw the likeness of deceased persons you never saw, so true to life as to be readily recognized by both the friends and foes of Spiritualism who

were acquainted with those persons while living? I have known many cases of this kind.

4th.—Can you write in a plain, legible hand, from right to left and upside down while your eyes are bandaged, without any previous practice in the art, as I have known a little girl to do who had never learned to write in any manner?

5th.—Or can you produce a facsimile of a deceased person's handwriting you never saw or heard of, and the relative of some stranger present, so as to be readily recognized by the friends and foes of Spiritualism? This was done at West Troy, N. Y., by a little girl only four years old who did not know one letter from another of the written alphabet nor how to hold the pen.

6th.—Can you have a pen rise up and write in broad daylight when no person is touching it in the presence of a number of respectable witnesses? We have responsible witnesses to prove it has been done several times.

7th.—Can you place a small piece of a pencil between two folding slates after being previously examined and known to contain no marks, and then allow a skeptic to insert it, a few minutes and look it so that when withdrawn by him a few minutes after, it shall contain a written message to him from a friend relative to events known to nobody present but him? This I have known to be done several times.

8th.—Can you stand before an audience of a thousand people, and describe deceased relatives of persons present by the hour, giving a full description of the person, size, age, name, etc., of said deceased person, and answer test questions relative to the previous history of the deceased, as I have often witnessed?

9th.—Can you have a table rise from the floor in broad daylight, float in the air and flap its wings or leaves against its legs, while you are sitting with your arms folded some distance from it, as I have witnessed when no other person was present but myself and the medium?

The truth is that instead of Mr. Bishop's being able to duplicate what mediums can do, he would utterly fail in doing any of the really remarkable things which they accomplish.

A physician of this city has handed me a copy of Dr. Hammond's "Spiritualism and Nervous Derangement," for review. With Spiritualists this scarcely needs any reviewing, as there are thousands of them who at some period of their lives, while yet in their cruder development, or rather undevelopment, in spiritual things have maintained virtually the same opinions as Dr. Hammond, but have now outgrown them and emerged into clearer light. Besides this the Banner has already given a very able editorial review of this work. But Dr. Hammond has once been Surgeon General, and is now "Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the Medical Department of the University of New York." This sounds large, and as his utterances are sent forth in rather an *ex cathedra* style, some ill-informed persons may become confused thereby. For this reason it may be worth while to notice a few of his sophistries.

Twenty years ago I was using virtually the same arguments against Spiritualism as this book presents, a part of which I borrowed from Dr. Dods's work called "Spirit Manifestations Examined and Explained." This gentleman, though at times superficial and bombastic, was better acquainted with some of the finer forces which rule in the realm of mind than Dr. Hammond, and some of his points were more effective. But Dr. Dods soon spoiled the force of his work, however, by becoming a Spiritualist himself, a thing which I think Dr. Hammond will never do while in this world, for so unspiritual is his natural constitution that I presume it will be some time after he reaches spirit-life before he will understand where he is or what it means. I do not blame him for any unspiritual idiosyncrasies, but think it unfortunate that he should not see that his forte lies in experimenting with the coarser material side of life rather than with spiritual things, which he is by nature unfitted to understand.

It is both sad and amusing to see some members of the New York Liberal Club, and others whose heads are rather deficient about the region of the zygomatic arch, where Dr. Buchanan places the spiritual faculty, pushing themselves forward in their warfare against all Spiritualism.

Color-blind people cannot appreciate colors, and minds steeped in materialism cannot see anything but delusion in spiritual things. Dr. Hammond misconceives this subject in hundreds of places. The very first sentence of his book shows his ignorance of the Spiritual Philosophy, when he says: "There is an inherent tendency in the mind of man to ascribe to supernatural agencies those events the causes of which are beyond his knowledge." The idea of the supernatural is one of the superstitions which the Spiritualists are combating, as they constantly teach that all phenomena, both visible and invisible, are accomplished through natural law. He repeatedly makes the same blunder, and rushing along on this false scent, collects the greatest conglomeration of superstitious fables, bigots, fanatics, knaves, and others from the ignorance of the past as well as the present, and holds them up either as specimens of Spiritualists or of people who should be ranked side by side with them.

Wallace admits that Spiritualism has banished the terms *miracle* and *supernatural*, and shows how remarkably it has enlarged the ideas of even the common people. But Dr. Hammond can see nothing in the spiritual ranks but a deluded set of people on the one hand or a class of jugglers on the other. He evidently looks with commiseration upon Lord Adair, Lord Lindsay, S. C. Hall, and others, who saw the medium Home transported through the air, and do many other wonderful things, and tries to show that they were hallucinated, and that Home was a trickster. What motive could Home have to deceive these distinguished men, including William Howitt, besides so many monarchs and scientific men all over Europe, especially as long as he makes no money by his mediumship?

It seems amusing for Dr. Hammond to explain to Crookes, Wallace, and others, laws of science which they have overlooked and methods by which Home has played his games upon them. Those men and a score of other Spiritualists stand head and shoulders above himself in a knowledge of law, and especially of mental and spiritual phenomena. He disparages also Dr. Elliotson as being "credulous," although Dr. Ashburner declared him to be "one who more than any other man of his time has proved himself a profound physiologist, a thorough medical investigator, and a practical physician." The truth is that Dr. Hammond is so completely ignorant of the finer psychical forces and the laws by which mind controls matter, that he scarcely seems to know that they exist, and anybody that pretends to deal or bring into use these finer elements is denounced as a charlatan or humbug. Thus he speaks of the "sick who resort to clairvoyant and spiritualistic humbugs," and thinks the "delusion" of this method of cure has nearly died out.

This Rip Van Winkle of a doctor had better open his eyes, or the world will slide by him

There are several hundred clairvoyants and psychists in New York and Boston alone, and I presume there are from 500 to 1000 at least in the United States. A medical professor of this city told me that in fifty years the whole medical world would come over to this philosophy of cure. Certain it is that we are curing thousands of cases which the drug system cannot touch. I find also in my own practice—and I think it is so with others—that I build up the mind and the moral powers as well as the body. Lately three patients have had their appetite for liquor removed, and their passion nature brought much better under control. One of them is a theatrical actor, and when I put my hands upon him he went into a trance, and became deathly sick at the stomach. After that when he came again he said he could not drink any more liquor. Immediately he became entranced, gave an Indian war-whoop, and exclaimed: "Me, do it! You help! No more firewater! In one moon no more tobacco! He shall become strong as a lion. He shall sing like the birds of the forest."

But we thus heal body and mind and leave no frightful diseases behind. We fill the patients with hope and a more buoyant spirit. We receive a blessed warning life-principle from somewhere which thrills us through and through, and this, combined with our own, we hand over to the patient, whose nerves, muscles, blood, and brain are kindled with new power. This is the kind of humbuggery we practice. The noble series of articles lately published in the Banner, from Thomas R. Hazard, showing who are the medical "quacks," will clip many a wing of these men who denounce all that dare to differ from themselves. But so ignorant is our author of even prominent spiritualistic names, that he gets things all mixed up. I quote the following about spiritual cures, from p. 177:

"In all alleged cases, where the cure is real, imagination or emotional excitement has been the healing agent. Whether the operator be the Zouave Jacob, or Judge Edwards, or Mrs. Emma Harding, or Prof. Brittain, or Andrew Jackson Davis, or Dr. Robert Newton, the influence is the same, and resides not in the operator—except in so far as he is able to obtain the confidence of the subject."

The italics are mine. For Judge Edwards it should be Judge Edmonds; for Mrs. Emma Harding, Emma Harding Britten; for "Prof." Brittain, Prof. Brittain; for Robert Newton, J. R. Newton; while Judge Edmonds, Emma Harding Britten, and Andrew Jackson Davis do not belong in the category of magnetists at all.

And now I would like to ask this doctor Hammond how imagination can work a cure excepting through the fine magnetic or psychic aura as a medium to work with? And how is it that psychomists can often cure babes, or animals, or even those whose imagination and belief work in a contrary direction? In my little work called "Vital Magnetism," however, I have quoted facts which at once give a quietus to any such idea, and it is not necessary to speak further of it here except to say that it seems somewhat strange that a "Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System," should be so unacquainted with the first principles of mental action. It is remarkable, too, that he is so little acquainted with the real achievements of these new methods of healing.

A well-known physician here has just told me of the case of a gentleman who had been afflicted with severe headaches and other troubles for some time. He had been treated by Dr. Hammond and others, but could not even tell what was the matter with him. Happening to be in San Francisco he thought he would call upon Dr. J. R. Newton, although he had almost no faith in him. In a moment the doctor remarked to him: "You have gall-stones; let me cure you." In one or two weeks, after having caused a goodly number of gall-stones to pass from him, he was virtually well. If Dr. Hammond should look around with candor and humility, he would find a good many other of these "ignorant" clairvoyant quacks, who could heal him at his own game as badly as Dr. Newton did. When Dr. Wilbur, of Chicago, was in New York last year, he challenged the regular physicians to go into hospitals or elsewhere and heal as many by their methods as he could by laying on hands. The challenge was published in the Graphic, but no physicians responded.

But the fact is that nearly all the cures accomplished by magnetists are cases which have baffled the regular profession. How does it sound, then, for Dr. Hammond to assert that "the practice is confined to the merest ignoramus and charlatans which the world is capable of producing." Many a learned physician already is practicing wholly or in part with the magnetic processes, and some of the most eminent physicians of New York are at this time receiving magnetic treatment. I have had three physicians under my care lately, and a physician of Washington of sixteen years' practice, who studied a short time with me last year, was astonished that these finer laws of cure were already being reduced to a science, the very first principles of which, as he admitted, the regular school of practice was ignorant of.

We are "ignoramuses and charlatans," are we? Dr. Hammond had better know what he is talking about before he dashes right and left like "a bull into a china shop." I will fearlessly assert that psychomists generally understand the finer laws of life and how to wield them, incomparably better than do most of the so-called "regulars," and make more cures two to one, or even five to one, than those who use drugs only, while even the most ignorant scarcely ever produce any bad after effects.

And now I would like to ask this pugnacious doctor a few questions with reference to the science of life and the arena of force, for he and his confreres in medicine must be wonderfully wise if others in comparison are but "ignoramuses." Pray tell us, professor of nervous diseases, the philosophy of nervous action. Do the nerves act through a polarization of their atoms, or by means of some ethereal fluid, or by a combination of both fluidic and polar action? What is the exact office of the ganglia? How is it that the motor and sensory nerves, while so similar in substance, are so widely different in their functions? How do the motor nerves act upon the muscles? Pray tell us the philosophy of muscular contraction and expansion. By what law does the oxenato-crystalline of the blood attract the oxygenated blood while circulating through the lungs, and what is the element and the law in the same blood by which carbon all through the body is seized, held fast, and finally ejected.

Chemical affinity, do you say? But what do you mean by chemical affinity, and by what law is it brought about? What is the principle of molecular action in attraction and repulsion, in

cohesion, adhesion, heat and cold, magnetism, diamagnetism, frictional electricity, galvanic electricity, thermo-electricity and light? Why are the blue rays more chemical and penetrating than the red, and why are the invisible actinic rays still more powerful than the blue? What is the therapeutical character of colors, of heat, of cold, of electricity, of vital force? How should we manipulate to cure fever, headache, inflammatory conditions, chronic conditions, nervousness, insanity? Pray tell us, "Professor of Diseases of the Mind," how "imagination" or "suggestion," which you talk about so much, performs such marvelous effects upon the body, causing disease to fly, and filling the tissues with new life?

What is it that controls matter? If it is spirit, through what fine agency does it work? How does it vitalize and control nerves, muscles and blood, so that physical motion is brought about? In your effort to rob magnetists of the credit of having any power, you say that imagination does it. But that is dodging the question, for what is the element which even imagination uses to accomplish such an end? As well say, the sun warms the earth, therefore there is no such thing as sunlight. Everything in the universe must work through some agency or medium. But what is the cause of hysteria, hypnotism, catalepsy, etc., which seem to be your stock-in-trade for accounting for spiritual phenomena? Has it never occurred to you that hypnotism is simply self-psychology, or the wielding of one's own psychic and magnetic forces by means of volition or belief? "Spirit is the sole and single source of power," says Dr. Carpenter; have you ascertained as much? If the spirit is thus mighty, and if the body without it is mere helpless dust, has it never occurred to you that even in a disembodied state it may wield those magnetic and fine ethers that greatly affect sensitive persons in this life?

And when thousands of healthy people have felt the power of invisible and intelligent beings, and recognized their forms and their words, and when millions of people, including some of the ablest minds of the world, have had evidence of it, why stultify yourself by calling them deluded and ignorant? I have asked these questions connected with matter and mind, and could ask many more. Can you answer them? If not, so much the worse, as they belong mainly to the department of which you are professor. Can I answer them? You may say. That is the very thing which I am now attempting to do, and a great many more questions equally difficult, in a work entitled "Human Life and Its Relations to the Visible and Invisible Universe." If I succeed in doing this, and all by my own unaided power, and you are not able to do it, then who is the ignoramus, the surgeon or the psychomist? If I do it under the guiding power of a wisdom much superior to my own, as I feel very sure I do, then Spiritualism is true and your theories are demolished.

Take which horn of the dilemma you please! Meantime keep on throwing dust into people's eyes if you choose, and lead aspiring souls toward despair by mystifying the only palpable proof of the immortal and more beautiful life beyond! Be it mine in my humble way to offset such a baneful influence as far as I can, and, drawing aside the curtain that hides the invisible, to tell my dear, struggling fellow-mortals not to be disheartened at the ills of earth, nor at the approach of death, as they are sure in the blessed future to attain at last to a more glorious life.

11 Clinton Place, N. Y.

REPLY TO J. HAMLIN DEWEY, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is just what was needed—that letter of yours in the Banner of June 17th. That is, it seems so to me, because it clearly and fully expresses my sentiments. In nothing do I dissent from it, unless it be in your idea of a "Father God." I know this is an universal one, entertained by Indians and Orthodox Christians as well as by many Spiritualists and other Liberalists. But some of us are getting tired of this semi-orphaned condition, with no Mother at all, or only one far inferior to our Father. We cannot perceive that such a great disparity really does exist between our parents; that one is the vitalizing principle, giving life to the universe, and the other inert matter vivified only by this all-pervading spirit. We believe our Father and Mother God to be coequal and co-eternal—the positive and negative forces of the universe. Separate, they would be nugatory; united, they are eternal in existence, infinite in power, the God in whom all intelligences "live and move and have their being." For many years I have considered Spiritualism to be a science, not a religion, and, therefore, not sufficient to satisfy the highest demands of the soul. Communion with a departed spirit, however elevated he may be, is not enough to unfold the God within ourselves, any more than intercourse with the excellent of the earth would be. We need a continual inspiration of the soul toward our highest idea of God, for more of the divine nature, and a full and abiding trust in the wisdom and goodness of this God. Then will the kingdom of heaven be established within us, and that peace that passeth the understanding of the merely external man dwell in us richly.

And thus for years I have been isolated and aloof, speaking for Spiritualists, Unitarians and Liberalists of different shades of belief, yet giving my name and influence to no religious association or newspaper. Have been urged to unite with the Unitarians; but they, too, have a "Father God," while many of them disbelieve in spirit communion. It would delight me to meet with a number of men and women with views similar to those you express; assist in forming an Association, however small, and inventing a name sufficiently comprehensive to embrace Liberalists of all persuasions, in the Old World as well as in the New—the Brahmo Samaj of India, and the Unitarian and Spiritualists of America. Then we can go forth to labor for the coming of the kingdom of heaven in the souls of men with new strength, an increase of power and a certainty of success.

E. A. KINGSBURY.

Rauensville, Ohio.

IN RE J. HAMLIN DEWEY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you permit me to give in your "Free-Thought" column a few thoughts suggested by the article of J. Hamlin Dewey, published June 17th? The writer is looking for the "burning words of some prophet soul," to unite Spiritualists and help them to unfold a spiritual or religious life. These "burning words" have been spoken by our best inspirational speakers over and over again, and are to be found in volumes of spiritualistic literature, yet have failed to bring the millennium. The error of the past has been that men and women have been content to revolve around—in fact, made gods of—Moaam, Christ, Swedenborg, Beecher, and others, until they lost their individuality, being completely merged into their teachers, seeing through their eyes, believing through their brains. The philosophy of

Spiritualism—thank God!—teaches that we are to look to no particular individual, however intelligent, for absolute truth; but that we are to collect it from all sources, wherever found; from present inspiration as well as past, accepting only that which appeals to our intuition and reason.

Neither does it seem necessary that we should have a new name or a new form to assist man to develop his interior life. To be a Spiritualist in the true sense of the word—a philosophical, practical one—the higher life must be unfolded and made to control the lower or animal. But can this be done by machinery or hot-bed processes? One reason why more persons do not live on a higher plane of life is, that they are content to meet together publicly for worship, (?) not realizing that more solitude and self-examination would be of greater benefit. It is doubtful whether one can be helped to find the inner-life; there is no royal road to this condition; the light may dawn upon the mind suddenly, while crushing sorrow sometimes assists to open the door. And religion cannot be crammed into man, there being a religious nature already in him to be cultivated; while the process is slow where veneration is small.

I believe with the writer that manifestations are but the alphabet of Spiritualism, and they only work real and lasting benefit when communing with loved ones is an incentive to individual culture. Spiritualism is now in a transition state, breaking up the old preparatory to something better. That more intellectual and moral teachers will be needed, and that walls will be opened for instruction is probable, but it does not seem necessary that there should be any religious organizations. A BROT WALKER.

Salem, Mass.

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.

ROCKFORD.—Capt. H. H. Brown writes, July 6th: It is with pleasure that I watch each week for the presence of the Banner of Light, and I rejoice at its prosperity. Wherever I am on my pilgrimages and do not see the paper for a few weeks I feel "out in the cold," for I have ever reckoned myself one of its family, and do unconsciously measure Spiritualism when I go by the Boston notices. Hence nothing feeds me like the Banner.

It has been six busy months since I last reported myself. Six months of seed sowing; but who will "bring home the sheaves?" We work and wait. And now, under angel guidance, I am brought to rest for the summer in the most beautiful forest city of the West, to gather strength for a heavy fall and winter campaign, so my guides tell me. Since my last I have, till this month, made monthly visits to De Witt, Iowa, giving in all twenty-five lectures there, and completely mastering the Christian opposition. Efforts are being made for me to return once a month after September. Any of our good lecturers traveling westward over C. & N. W. R. R., will find a welcome there, and I shall be glad to assist them, not only there, but also in other portions of Iowa. I have also spoken in Grand Viewland, Lyon and Clinton, Iowa, with good success. Friends in the last two towns are making efforts to sustain frequent lectures. There are many Spiritualists in both, and if they could only be brought into a good working spirit, regular Sunday meetings could be maintained. In Fulton, Ill., I have given twelve lectures, and have there been well sustained in both influence and means; and when in sickness I needed home and friends, I found there and at De Witt true Spiritualism was true brotherhood. I have visited Sterling and Prophetstown, Ill., twice, and Lyndon and Vermont, Ill., once, with a few excursions elsewhere. I find everywhere an ever-increasing reaction against old theology. I have been especially successful in awaking the German materialists, and in one town drew very largely from the Catholic element. A united effort on the part of the Spiritualists I am sure would be rewarded now as never before for "the harvest is ripe while the laborer is few." The last week's contributions of the Northern Illinois Association were the most pleasant and harmonious gatherings I ever attended, proving that "perfect liberty is perfect peace." The camp-meeting here was a grand success. The grounds are the finest fair grounds I ever saw, and leave nothing to be desired for picnic or grove meeting purposes. The results of the meeting are such that I think it will become a permanent institution, and be the yearly gathering of the Spiritualists in the Central West. I have located here, and shall speak every Sunday in Grand Army Hall, till Sept. 1st. Will accept invitations during the week, and desire the friends to arrange for open-air meetings, and I will gladly attend at whatever place they may afford to pay me. Shall not seek for work till after Sept. 1st, as must rest my over-worked system. After that date correspondence as to terms and topics from any part of our country.

Michigan.

PARIS.—A lady correspondent writes, June 26th: I recently attended a private séance at the house of my brother, and witnessed some surprising instances of materialization. The controlling spirit gave the name "Mrs. White." After showing her face and hands at the window of the cabinet this spirit-form opened the door and walked out upon the platform, and took each one by the hand—her own being cold and clammy; then going back into the cabinet she called up each one separately and showed her face and hands at the window, and patted us on the cheek. My sister next appeared at the window and shook hands with me, also with my sister and brother. Next appeared to me Mr. or Dr. Pomeroy, of Saranac, Mich., whom I do not know of ever meeting but once, and then just a few days previous to his death, which occurred sometime in March or April in the year 1870 (if I remember rightly), and whose countenance has ever been vividly impressed upon my memory. He took my hand and patted my cheek and head. I asked if it was really him, and he nodded an answer in affirmative. He showed me his beard, which was perfect, being dark, quite long, and squarely cut; holding it one side he showed me his neck, collar, and shirt-bosom, which appeared as perfect as when I saw him lying on his death-bed. I could even see where the collar was buttoned on the shirt, yet the light was shaded with three thicknesses of tissue-paper, and the rest of the company sitting not more than six feet distant could not discern the features, only the white form and dark beard being visible to them. I speak of him most particularly, thinking that this article may come to the notice of some member of his family—which, according to report, is somewhat scattered. His wife, at last accounts, was living at Binghamton, N. Y. Many others came and were recognized by their friends. I have in my possession a lock of hair cut from the head of the controlling spirit, "Mrs. White," and two pieces, one of "wash-lace," the other of muslin (both white), which she cut from her dress, and after again entering the cabinet came out and showed us that she had replaced it, as also the lace.

The medium wears nothing on these occasions but black, except her extreme underclothing, and there is no possibility of deception.

New Hampshire.

LEBANON.—E. J. Durant writes: We hail with much pleasure the revival of the Message (or spirits') Department, which is always deeply interesting to us, as it demonstrates beyond question that the change called death is simply physical; that the spirit is essentially the same as before it left this sphere, subject to the identical or similar laws of development as in this sphere; only relieved of the physical disabilities which encumbered it here, and surrounded with more favorable conditions and opportunities of unfoldment than was possible while in the form. There as here we learn that high degrees of excellence must be attained by a process of growth,

prompted and inspired only by the true desires and aspirations of the internal soul. Consequently if we would enter the higher life and qualify to participate in its duties and joys let us endeavor to make this life earnest and true here, by studying the laws of our own being and our duties to our fellows—ever acting in harmony with the promptings of the God within us.

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH.—Mary W. McGarr writes: Reading not long since an article in the Banner of Light headed "Modes of Investigation," I met with a point where you spoke of the antiquity of Spiritualism; this brought to my mind a paragraph I had met with in an old Biographical Dictionary concerning the history of Dr. John Dee. He was a great mathematician and a very extraordinary person, born 1577, in London. When he sat at table with a young man named Edward Kelley they obtained raps similar to those known at present. These conferences were continued for about two years, and the subjects of them were committed to writing, but were never published, though still preserved in Ashmole's Museum. Dr. Dee died in 1608. His mathematical works were numerous and valuable.

PHILADELPHIA.—J. W. Van Namee, M. D., writes July 11th: I desire to inform you that Charles F. White, the name test medium, has recovered from his late severe illness, and gone East for the summer, intending to use his really marvelous mediumistic gifts, and I bespeak for him a generous welcome from the people of New England. During his illness he was under my treatment, and I had excellent opportunities to test his mediumship. He is an excellent clairvoyant and business medium, and gives the full names of spirit friends; he is particularly adapted for tests in promiscuous audiences, giving from ten to thirty full names in an evening. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are giving startling manifestations under the strictest test conditions, awakening no little commotion among the skeptics. I have seen and recognized several materialized spirits at their séances under conditions where deception of any kind would have been impossible.

The other mediums located here are all doing well in spite of the warm weather, and adding new proofs of immortality to those already given. I expect to leave for the seashore in a few days.

New York.

RIPLEY.—Mrs. R. G. Randall writes: We have had our spiritual strength renewed by the presence of the "Boy Medium," H. B. Allen, whose tests were conclusive. The music was unsurpassed, and the materializations were so perfect that none could doubt of their genuineness. We felt that we were at the very gates of heaven, which were not ajar, but were wide open. We are but few in number, but our faith and hope are made strong by such tests and manifestations as we have just received and witnessed.

SYRACUSE.—Henry B. Wood writes from this place that most convincing manifestations of invisible intelligence and power were recently witnessed by him, through the mediumship of Mrs. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor—the chief control being "Moss-Side," an Indian maiden. The phenomena took the form of the mental phase, and consisted of written and oral communications.

Indiana.

STONE BLUFFS.—A correspondent writes that the Spiritualist picnic held recently at Jacob Romine's Sugar Grove, near the Progressive Friends' Church at Osborne's Prairie, was a pleasant occasion, and passed off successfully. On account of a shower the first day's meeting was held in the church, but the weather improving the Sunday services took place in the grove, the platform being finely decorated with flowers. Speeches were made during the day by Mrs. Mary Clark, Mrs. Wilson, of Danville, Ill., Mrs. M. A. Fullerton, of Lowell, Kent Co., Mich., and others, and music by the choir of the Spiritual Church, Miss Martha Romine organist, added harmonious interest to the services.

Maine.

OLD ORCHARD.—W. L. Jack, M. D., who is spending a season at the beach, writes: The Banner of Light finds its way here, and is a welcome visitor to many guests at the hotels. The beach here is one of the finest in the country. The new "Old Orchard House" is in running order. The fire did not dishearten its energetic proprietor, E. C. Staples, and he is again welcoming his old and new friends.

Vermont.

SPRINGFIELD.—Chandler Downs writes in high praise of the mediumistic development—clairvoyant, psychometric and healing—of Mrs. S. A. Jesmer, his remarks being founded on experience and observation.

Mrs. Hardy, and Molds of Spirit-Hands.

On Monday, July 10th, I was privileged to attend a private séance at Mrs. Hardy's residence in Concord square, for molds of spirit-hands under strictly test conditions. Among the company were Col. Usher, U. S. Marshal, Mr. Bigelow, Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Whittier, Mrs. Dora Brigham, Mr. Amory, Dr. Main and others.

The wire box originally constructed by Dr. Gardner, but with the alleged defects removed, was used on the occasion. This was freely exposed to scrutiny before the sitting, and it was declared, I believe, by all present to offer a perfectly satisfactory test condition. I placed the two pails in this box, which was doubly bolted and locked, and the key was committed for safe custody to one of the sitters. Moreover I covered the key-holes and the juncture of the two lids with adhesive plaster; a black cloth was then thrown over the whole to produce a dark cabinet. That was Test No. 1. Mrs. Hardy took her seat at one end of the box, facing the company, and in such an amount of light as to be in full view the whole time. That was Test No. 2.

After the lapse of about thirty minutes the completion of two molds was announced. One of these was apportioned to myself. On removing the coverlet from the top, the adhesive plaster was found intact. A difficulty arose in opening the box, from a defect in one of the locks, and the hinges had to be taken off with a screw-driver before the interior could be reached. The same difficulty had occurred in our preliminary scrutiny. Here was Test No. 3.

Two molds were found within. One had collapsed, probably from the intense heat. The cast of the other is in my possession. It is that of a medium-sized hand—a good specimen of the process. It bears all the natural marks of the skin.

The test conditions speak for themselves. Of the integrity of such manifestations I have no question from my experience with English mediums. Molds have been produced while I have held the medium's hands firmly in mine; also when the medium has been securely bound and sealed to the wall, ten feet away from the paraffine mixture. The interest of the manifestation lies in the fact that it is a response to the requirements of the scientist for tangible demonstration.

60 Dover street, Boston. R. LINTON.

The boiler of "The Thunderer," one of England's most powerful iron-clads, exploded while on her trial trip, off Portsmouth, July 18th, and 25 of her crew were killed or death by the escaping steam, an equal number being more or less wounded. Capt. Wilson, her commander, lost one of his hands, and the chief and assistant engineer were instantly killed.

It is only a few months since Sankey was in New York singing "Hail the Sun" and now the cry is, "Save the Battery."—Worcester Press.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold their meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. at Lyceum Hall, No. 1108 F street, northwest. Col. J. C. Smith, President; Prof. Brainerd, Vice President; O. R. Whiting, Secretary; M. McEwen, Treasurer.

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

It is to be noted from the BANNER OF LIGHT, that should be taken to the attention of the public, and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of opinions, and we do not undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

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"While we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an infallible authority, we most cordially accept all great men as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality." Prof. S. R. Britton.

The Press on the Indian Question.

At a time when the public mind is excited beyond measure at the sad details attending the death of Gen. Custer and his men at the battle of the Little Horn, any words uttered in favor of the Indians in general, and the Sioux in particular, must ring harshly upon the ears of some; but we have steadfastly maintained in the past, and shall not now shrink from reiterating, that the chief blame in the premises rests with the whites, who are the aggressors in this case, as indeed they have been all along—the treacherous, snake-like line of policy held by them toward the Indians in the past, destroying the trust of the red men and nerving their hearts to vengeance.

We have nothing but the deepest sympathy for the brave men who have fallen in the line of their military duty, and for those all over the land who to day mourn their loss; we would have everything done which the government can accomplish for the protection of the peaceful men, women and children along the frontier, who are now trembling with apprehension, for we deplore, as much as any one can, that dire but logical result of any war, wherever waged, by which the innocent become linked with the guilty in the consequences which follow as the mad current of strife rolls on; but at the last analysis we consider that the guilt comes home to the door of the white man, and he owes it to himself to bring just and adequate order out of the present chaos; for he it is who claims on festal days to be a champion of freedom for all; he it is who makes of himself an object for postivistic adulation as the possessor of moral and intellectual qualities attending those higher developments which civilization and enlightenment; therefore upon him, according to his own showing, rests the duty of tracing a line of conduct by actually living it, for the guidance and improvement of his weaker red brother. He it is, therefore, who stands as chief culprit at the bar of Eternal Justice. For what has been the pattern which he has held up to the Indian? Listen to what the Virginia (Nevada) Chronicle says on this point:

"Blood for blood is as much the creed of the frontiersman as of the Indian. The Indian sees the white man kill the thief who takes a horse, and shall the Sioux not kill the man who not only kills his game, but robs him of his very land? By solemn treaty the United States guaranteed to the Indian certain necessary supplies; certain land and certain rights. The agents of the Government have swindled him out of his promised supplies; he sees his land being taken away from him; his rights are violated. Taught by bitter experience that he need expect no redress, he dons his war paint and slays the brothers of the white men who have robbed and betrayed him. There is many an excuse for the Sioux; there is none for the Government."

The cry has gone out, all over the West especially, "exterminate," "blot out"—but the New Age (of Boston) utters a weighty warning in this regard which it will be well for the nation to heed, when it says:

"Nothing could be more unfortunate for us than to allow this terrible event [the death of Gen. Custer and his men] to madden us into a passion for the extermination of the Indians. What can be gained by sending thousands of savages to join the ranks of the dead? We must not forget in this hour of excitement that we have not the clean hands which would justify revenge, even if such could justify it. The wrongs they have suffered in frequent removals, in the frauds of the Indian agencies, and in other ways, might stir even a less savage people to violence. As a civilized nation, we should have given them the example of justice and good faith, and we have not done it! As a civilized nation, we ought to know how to deal with a few thousand savages in a way to make them friends, and secure peace at less cost than their extermination. We have power to wipe them out; but can we do it without sacrificing some essential moral elements of our national life?"

The Watchman and Reflector (of Boston) likewise enters its protest as follows:

"We suppose that many persons at the West are talking of exterminating the Indians in return for the sorrow they have caused us; and even here in the East, there are some who are catching the murderous infection of revenge. At such times we need to remember that it is as great a crime in the sight of God to kill an Indian wrongfully as to kill a white man wrongfully, and that he will exact as severe judgment for the life we hold cheap, if it is taken without just cause, as for the life whose termination is mourned by the whole civilized world. The wholesale slaughter of the Indians would merit His eternal execration. He is the God of the poor and ignorant and weak, rather than of the proud and the strong. Moreover, we are not quite sure that our war with the Sioux is warranted. Now that they have taken arms, and, as is their custom, threaten the whole frontier, confounding the innocent and the guilty, even as our harsher spirits confound the innocent and the guilty of their tribes, we are bound to protect our settlements as best we can. But if we seek the cause of their hostility, we shall blush that we have given them occasion for hatred. We had no business in the Black Hills, and

having solemnly promised to preserve this district from the intrusion of our people, we are guilty of breaking our treaty, and of permitting a host of miners to invade and appropriate lands to which they had no more right than to the Dominion of Canaan."

How much better would it be to pause and allow the reason to work upon the problem, not of extermination, not of retaliation, but of pacification! Wars are defined by a distinguished writer to be but seasons of national intoxication. Is it well, that in this our centennial year we give to the representatives of the peoples of the earth assembled in Philadelphia, the spectacle of a great nation drunken with the fiery "wine of violence"? Is it not better far—especially in a cause where we are indefensibly in the wrong—to endeavor, through calm reflection wedded to right action, to develop some plan for the treatment of the Indian question which will lead us in a just and equitable way out of the labyrinth of difficulties into which undisguisable corruption, unexamined perjury, and long-continued rapine and bloodshed on our own part have led us? And thus show our guests that the arm of State, while powerful to protect, is still subject to the calm, unimpassioned, unprejudiced moral conviction of the people!

When we use the term *moral*, we do not wish to be understood as attaching to the word the narrow significance given to it by the church. Indeed, we are not so sure, after all, that there has not been too much "religion" embodied in the operations of the Peace Policy. We are not at all certain that much warfare—polemical at the first, but shading gradually toward the physical plane—has not existed among the varying Professors of Theology who have gone out to teach the Indian, through various Commissions, the loving ways of the Martyr of Galilee, but who have by example, at least, if not precept, emphasized to the minds of their Indian hearers the fierce shout of the blood-stained David: "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight!" We are not so sure, after all, but that the Christian Peace Commission has proved a disastrous failure. We are by no means certain but that the best thing to do at the present time is to merge the Indian Department with the War Department, thereby saving the red man at one and the same time from the Scylla of unreflecting religious influence put forth for proselyting purposes by the clergy, and the Charybdis of the most unblinking fraud on the part of the agents, traders, and their multitudinous host of dependents. We are by no means certain but that the best solution will be found by placing the tribes in the hands of the army as a *protective police*—the officers being, by their military honor, oath-bound to be just in the discharge of duty, and scrupulously honest in the delivery of stores and supplies to the wards of the Government. We are not so sure, after all, but that, in the light of experience, the argument that the army officers, who have all the dangerous and difficult work to do of putting down Indian disturbances, should have the power placed in their hands to prevent the culmination of those difficulties if possible by wise acts graded to the needs of the moment—instead of its being vested in those of a third, and to too great an extent, an irresponsible party—carries with it the weight of conviction. Doubtless the recent troubles with the Sioux will bring the matter once more before Congress. The San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, of a date late, says of the last defeat of this measure:

"Notwithstanding the overwhelming force of the argument in favor of transferring the whole business of managing our Indian affairs to the War Department, the measure has been defeated in the Senate. Nearly all our public men who have any practical acquaintance with the Indians, and with the system of so-called 'religious management' which has prevailed for some time, are strongly in favor of the transfer. But the ministerial and evangelical influence brought to bear by those interested in maintaining existing abuses, has proved sufficiently powerful to override every opposing consideration; and the Quaker rule, with all its attendant evils and corruptions, is to be continued. The pious people who have so earnestly exerted themselves to prevent the success of the bill providing for the transfer, will no doubt feel complacent and jubilant over their victory. In their utter ignorance of Indian character, and of the ravenous harpies by whom the wards of the nation are surrounded and beset, they have in fact defeated a measure which would have greatly ameliorated the condition of the Indians, would have saved the Government a large sum of money annually, and would have injured none but the members of a corrupt ring and a set of swindling agents and traders. And all this evil has been done in the name of humanity and religion. Piety and philanthropy are things to be respected and revered; but their practical value, when they are brought to bear in influencing politics or public measures, is greatly enhanced when they are associated with good sense and a clear understanding of the questions at issue."

In conclusion, why may not the following hints from the New York Graphic be of value in reaching some adequate conception of a peaceful solution of the Indian problem?

"It is not many years since Wisconsin was occupied by the large family of Winnebagoes. As settlement crowded upon their reservation, the Government removed them to Indian Territory, and afterwards to Texas, and afterwards to Nebraska, and at last back again to northern Wisconsin. The 'wards of the nation' were starved and cheated at every transfer, while thieving agents stole their food and clothing, and drew for their own pockets the annuities of Indians who had been paid for a generation. At last the Winnebagoes, harassed, starved and diminished in number, petitioned Congress for permission to compound their future annuities by receiving surveyed farms in Michigan and enough to equip and stock them simply, the Government being relieved of all expense for their further support. The arrangement was effected. The Indians made their claims, each family having two hundred acres of uncultivated land. They settled in different parts of that fertile peninsula, and became 'white folks,' as they began to call themselves. The fathers sent their children to school; the women were lifted out of their servile condition; the men cut off their hair, put on store clothes and went to work. For ten years now they have thrived and multiplied, and thousands of Indians voted in that State at the last Presidential election. This is a practical proof that it is possible to reform an Indian, for the Winnebagoes have reformed themselves. Let Congress prohibit deadly weapons to the red man, offer him a farm for preemption anywhere along the unoccupied frontier, and then let the army enforce the prohibition. Whole tribes would accept the agricultural alternative, some would take refuge in British America, whose Government is in the habit of keeping faith with Indians, and the great question would be settled which for generations has afflicted our statesmen, baffled our soldiers and cost the nation millions a year."

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting.

Read the announcement on our fifth page concerning the forthcoming camp-meeting at Nickerson's Grove, Harwich, Mass.

"Light in the Valley," by George Farmer, is received and on file for examination.

Spirit and Body.

The discourse of Franklin, through the organ of Mrs. Tappan, which was given in a very recent issue of the Banner, contains too much real substance to be dismissed with either a single reference or perusal. It can hardly be taken up anywhere without exciting fresh thoughts or stimulating a new course of reflection. "As you approach nearer to the spiritual centre of physical life," observes Franklin, "you will find the laws more subtle, yet more simple." He says he began his scientific research with the usual external analysis of the outward world; but since passing on to spirit-life he has just reversed his method. He finds that the avenues from spirit outward are more clearly open to his vision than those from matter inward; which conclusively shows that spirit precedes matter, and is its real parent. Franklin thus discovered that electricity is an effect instead of a cause.

Then he proceeded to find that instead of magnetism's being a substance, it is simply the result of the living power within. It is a manifestation of that power, instead of being the power itself. He now sees and acknowledges that Force is the outward name for spirit, throughout the universe; that spirit is not motion, nor heat, nor light, nor electricity, nor magnetism, but Force. And in its action upon and through matter in its descending classifications, it causes that almost infinite variety of expression or form, which is characteristic and the expression of all matter. So he is able to discern that the human spirit is the Force within the human body or form; and that, "while the mechanical construction of the body, and the organic structure, is in obedience to certain created laws existing not in the atoms but in the organization itself, the propulsive power comes from the spirit." Although the heart beats, the lungs respire, and the circulation goes on, it is the spirit within which is the force.

If the spirit, now, be withdrawn, what has taken place? The heart is there, the lungs are there, the blood is there, and so are the magnetism, the nerves, and the electricity; but there is nevertheless no life. The force has departed. When heart, lungs, arteries, nerves, sinews and muscles cease to perform their functions by reason of the withdrawal of the spirit, the body is what we call dead; but the life, that is, the individual, has departed. That lives as before, and under more favorable conditions for its expansion. Thus much it is permitted every one to comprehend of this mystery, with which priests have been able to frighten people for ages, as nurses are wont to frighten children into compliance with their wishes. "Force, then," adds Franklin, "is that conscious something which exists embodied as the human spirit; and whether its action be voluntary or involuntary, as is termed, the force is none the less apparent."

How idle it is, therefore, to speak of the impossibility of any kind of spirit-manifestations through the forms of matter, when we know that all matter is powerless and dead without the action of the informing and possessing spirit. It is no more to speak of spirit moving a table than of its driving the blood from the face, contracting the muscles, paralyzing the nerves, or putting a stop to motion. It is spirit that is force, that operates equally in every case. In the words of Franklin himself, as expressed through Mrs. Tappan, "Fear blanches the cheek, paralyzes the nervous system, disables the human being from activity. Hope gives color to the cheek, brightness to the eye, elasticity to the step, thrills the arteries with new life, causes the blood to leap through the veins. Anger curdles the blood and gives the nervous system a direct shock, vitiates the power of the spirit over the body, and produces temporarily what is termed insanity."

We all of us know this to be true from experience. The human structure is visibly affected by all passions, the propulsive force within operating in such a subtle manner. Shall we dare to say, after what has been witnessed for more than a quarter of a century, that the force of the spirit without the body may not manifest itself upon and through physical objects, just as the force of the spirit within the body manifests itself by the nerves, the muscles, the blood, and the other things that make up its organic structure? The moment this thing is fairly comprehended, all the jabber about the impossibility of spirit's manifesting through matter is silenced. There is really no more to be said. "The spirit must be active somewhere," says Franklin. It does not continually and altogether dwell in the body as we dwell in our dwellings. It does not necessarily limit itself in its action to the capacity of the body which it possesses.

"You have heard of apparitions and doubles of persons living," he says. "You have felt the nearness of some distant friend, and oftentimes, when persons are enfeebled by disease, their spirits have been discovered in a distant place." Activity is the law of the spirit's existence.

"All its powers must be somewhere in full exercise. If they cannot act upon the body which the spirit nominally possesses, then those powers must act elsewhere." "The spirit is the propulsive force of life. . . . The relation of your spirit to your body is that there is just so much force there." If you let that force be applied to the legitimate demands of intellect, social life, commerce, religion, and other things, let it be duly regulated and controlled; let all the avenues of the brain be opened up for the spirit, and you go on to maturity and old age without calamity or disaster. It is on contrary conditions that we see the working of so much misery, crime, disaster, and woe in the world, which are all the sooner to be eradicated by a true understanding of the relation of the spirit to the body.

Everybody thinks our politicians cost too much, and that honest men among them are the exception. Everybody knows that it is terrible to have offices peddled about for money. Everybody is conscious that our congregated masses of office-holders comprise double the number of decayed friends of decaying politicians than are actually needed. Everybody knows that we ought to have been on a specie basis years ago. Is it not time that "professional politicians" be laid upon the shelf, and honest men brought forward to fill the offices of trust and honor?

HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE.—We having made arrangements with Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, of this city, the friends attending the camp-meeting at this splendid grove will find at his quarters the Banner of Light for sale, and also a choice assortment of Spiritualistic books. Subscriptions for the Banner will be taken by Mr. Bacon. Mr. John W. Day will report the proceedings for this paper.

Spiritualist Meetings.

The Spiritualist Camp Meeting at Highland Lake Grove, Norfolk Co., Mass., is now in session. The Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, at Montague, Mass., will commence August 9th. The Camp-Meeting at Harwich, Mass., commences July 25th.

The Spiritualists of Syracuse, N. Y., and vicinity, will hold their annual gathering in Pendergast Grove, Phoenix, on Sunday, July 30th.

The Spiritualists of Kalamazoo, Mich., will hold a two days' meeting in "Elysian Grove," on Winslow's Island, Saturday and Sunday, August 26th and 27th.

The Spiritualists of Portage Co., Ohio, hold their annual meeting at Mantua Station, Sunday, August 6th.

The Spiritualists and Free-thinkers of Van Buren Co., Mich., will hold a Quarterly Convention at South Haven, Saturday and Sunday, August 5th and 6th.

The Executive Board of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will hold a business meeting at Compoose, August 9th.

For further particulars of the above-mentioned gatherings, see official notices in another column.

Tragedy of the Lava Beds.

Hon. A. B. Meacham, of Oregon, Ex-Superintendent of Indian affairs, Ex-Peace Commissioner, &c., has accepted an invitation to give his thrilling lecture on the "Tragedy of the Lava Beds" at the Highland Lake Grove Camp-Meeting, Tuesday afternoon, July 25th. Col. Meacham, it will be remembered, was with Gen. Canby when he was assassinated by Capt. Jack, and was himself left for dead; but he lives to tell the other side of the story, and demand justice for the Indian.

Meetings in Philadelphia.

J. M. Peebles and Dr. E. C. Dunn, having taken control of the Spiritualists' hall—Lincoln Hall, corner of Broad street and Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia—will there hold meetings three times each Sunday until September. After the short lecture of the morning there will be a conference. The afternoons will be devoted mostly to mediums and mediumship, and the evenings to lectures upon Spiritualism in foreign countries, upon travels, illustrated with pictures, paintings, relics, etc.

Under the heading, "Spiritualism in America," Mr. Epes Sargent concludes an interesting article in the (London) Spiritualist of the 7th inst., as follows:

"Among persons claiming to be Spiritualists there has been a strange reluctance to credit the materialization phenomena; but the facts are getting to be a little too powerful for further resistance. I see that in England they are also accumulating. The deductions from the careful investigations instituted by Mr. Charles Blackburn, and corroborated by the testimony of Gully, Crookes, Luxmoore, Varley, Coleman, Sexton, and others, are now daily confirmed by the multiplying manifestations going on in this country. When will intelligent men of science get rid of the stupid superstition that these phenomena are explicable by the theories of fraud and illusion, and manfully go to work to examine them modestly and fairly?"

"The Heathens of the Heath," by William McDonnell, author of that other remarkable work, "Exeter Hall," is a romance at once interesting, absorbing and thrilling, based upon the absurdities and failures of Christianity. As Charles Dickens illuminated the dark places of society and government by the fascinations of fiction, so William McDonnell illuminates the heathenish darkness and abominations of Christianity by the enchantments of romance. No Liberal library is complete without this work. For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord, whom we chronicled last week as giving sances in Philadelphia, has returned to Boston, and her first circle, on Sunday evening last, at No. 41 Dover street, was attended by a delighted company, many persons also finding it impossible to obtain admittance. The circles of Mrs. Lord are preeminently satisfactory, the mental and physical being so blended and involving so many excellent tests of spirit-presence and power that skepticism is compelled to yield. Mrs. Lord will continue her sances for the present at No. 41 Dover street.

The views of Wendell Phillips concerning the Custer "massacre" are very plainly set forth in a letter reprinted in another column of this paper. The Boston Transcript, from which we copy it, justly remarks: "The pith of it all is, that it makes a heap of difference whose ox is gored, an idea which was expressed in those columns soon after the startling news came, in our remark that if Custer had killed every man, woman and child in the Indian camp it would have been called a 'glorious victory.'"

We are in receipt of letters from many parts of the world, in regard to our Spirit-Message Department, the writers assuring us that its weekly perusal gives them great satisfaction. This department of our paper subjects us to considerable extra expense, and we therefore hope the friends so disposed will bear in mind that donations are needed to enable us to continue our Circle-Room Meetings free.

A Free Religious Association has been formed at Snohomish City, W. T., the following officers being elected: Eldridge Morse, President; E. C. Ferguson, Dr. A. C. Folsom, Benj. Stretch, Vice Presidents; W. H. Ward, Secretary.

The article of Mr. Linton's, on our second page, furnishes very strong evidence of the genuineness of the manifestation of producing molds of spirit hands, under strictly test conditions, at a recent sance held by Mrs. Hardy, in this city.

Mrs. Jennie Lord Webb intends to visit the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting. She gives what is known as the "plate-writing" test. She is an estimable lady and reliable medium.

See the advertisement of the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, which gives full particulars of the moving of trains, who are to be the speakers there, and other necessary particulars.

In this number of the Banner we print another of Mr. J. M. Peebles's Letters of Travel in the Lands of the Aztecs and Toltecs, which the reader will find very interesting.

Cephas B. Lynn delivered the oration, July 4th, at Bangor, Mich., his remarks being both patriotic and practical.

The celebrated healer, Dr. J. R. Newton, will be in Maine in August.

Remarkable Materialization.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.
I wish to give, through your columns, a few incidents that occurred at my own residence in this city; incidents that I am sure will prove interesting to all your readers at this period of our national centennial rejoicing. On Thursday before the 4th of July, a carriage drove up to my house, and alighting therefrom were two ladies of fine personal appearance, apparently in affluent circumstances and high social position.

Mrs. L. E. Lewis, of Cincinnati, announced herself, and introduced her lady friend as Mrs. Birk, and at once proceeded in a few direct sentences to give the object of this unexpected visit. She said that she had been directed by the spirit of George Washington to come to Philadelphia, to find my house, and there all things would be in readiness to prepare conditions through the mediumship of Mr. Nelson Holmes for his materialization. This she said had been done at Mrs. Stewart's, in Terre Haute, and also at Baslan and Taylor's, in Chicago, Washington at both places appearing in continental costume, corresponding in form, size, commanding mien, and features, to the best portraits of him extant. I at once entered fully into the spirit of the proposed fulfillment, placing my establishment at Mrs. Lewis's command for that purpose, and arrangements were speedily made for conference with Mr. Holmes. When fully satisfied that all would be accomplished as promised, she with her friend bade us a pleasant good-by, and returned to her hotel to wait for the approaching one hundredth birthday of the republic, to be celebrated in so unique a manner as the appearance in mortal form of George Washington, the father of the country, to bless its first century of growth and accomplishment. Her simple, child-like faith, nerved me with a quiet strength to do my part well, happy, indeed, to be the chosen instrument for so great a possibility.

All things were in readiness on the evening of the 4th, and in spite of bursting rockets, and glaring, blinding fireworks, smell of powder and blistering heat, there assembled in our parlors about twenty-five persons to welcome the promised visitor. The directions were for Mr. Holmes to go into the cabinet, which was improvised for the occasion by drawing a curtain across the folding door-way, leading into a small room off the parlor. Mrs. Holmes to sit on one side and Mrs. Lewis on the other side of the curtain. After singing for about half-an-hour, there stepped out from behind the curtain a form dressed in a full continental dress suit, black velvet coat with brass buttons, knee breeches, long waistcoat, lace tie and powdered wig; form and grace of movement clearly Washington's. At first the light was too dim to discern the features. After withdrawing several times to gather strength, he came out, stepped with a firm tread, laid his hand in blessing on Mrs. Lewis's head, next on Mrs. Kase's, he then allowed me to approach closely to him and blessed me in the same manner he had done the others. He then withdrew, and coming out again pointed to Mr. Roberts and distinctly said, "You know the truth, and dare maintain it," alluding no doubt to the gallant battle this gentleman has fought, single handed and almost alone, for the mediums Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. At another time he said, resting on the American flag-staff, in the commanding attitude so characteristic of him, which banner he brought out of the cabinet with him, "Cultivate love and charity, and all will be well with you." Again he gave his hand to Mrs. Lewis, conducted her behind the curtain, directed her to observe the medium was in a deep trance on the bed, which she did by putting her hand upon his prostrate form, thus demonstrating the fact that it was not Mr. Holmes. This form, purporting to be Washington, came out in this manner eight times; the light was too dim at first to allow the features to be seen, but the last time he ordered the gas turned on full, and standing for a second, perhaps, in the full blaze of its light, every feature of the face, with its lights and shades, was distinctly visible to all; then shading his face with his arm he slowly retreated into the cabinet, amid an uncontrollable burst of enthusiastic applause, which ended the sance.

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that the first objection of the skeptic to all this will be, Oh, this was not done under test-conditions; there was time and opportunity enough for fraud and deception to have been practiced; how do you expect us to believe it! Not only will the skeptic thus reason, but many who have for years believed in the most wonderful (so-called) supernatural manifestations will refuse credence to all unless given under the strictest tests. Especially will this be the case when done through the mediumship of one who stands to-day ostracized by Christians and Spiritualists alike as a fraudulent practitioner in spiritual manifestations. To meet this objection Mrs. Lewis, together with several members of my own family, went on the Friday evening following to the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, when Mr. Holmes was seated in the wire-frame cage that has been used in every case since the *pre-conditions*, to meet the strongest demand for test-conditions, Mrs. Holmes sitting on the outside of the cabinet, on one side, and Mrs. Lewis on the other, of the door. Under these carefully applied test-conditions, Washington made his appearance again, quite as satisfactorily as at my home, and not only Washington but a score or more other spirits came out, and at one time during the evening, after Mr. Holmes came out into the room and Mrs. Holmes was entering and before the door was closed, "French Mary," one of Mrs. Holmes's controls, who has never before been able to materialize, made her appearance at the door before Mrs. Holmes was fairly seated, and still in full view of those present, while at the same instant Washington appeared at the aperture of the cabinet. Thus were seen at the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, French Mary, and Washington, quite enough, one would naturally think, to satisfy the most stubbornly skeptical mind that we must look somewhere else for the explanation of these things than in cheap rags, baby and mask-manufactured apparitions.

At one of the appearances, Washington approached with an infant in his arms, typical, he explained, of the new birth, spiritual and political, that has come to the world in this centennial year of the American nation. The significance of Washington's materialization to Spiritualism, he also explained, lay in the fact that his form and face, mien and bearing, are known to all, embodied in the memories and fresh in the love of every American citizen. His face is known to every child, as no other man's ever was, except, perhaps, Lincoln's.

I cannot close this letter without paying a special tribute to Mrs. Lewis, whose earnestness, self-immolation, and enthusiasm in this work have placed her high in the ranks as heroine. No difficulties appall her, no obstacle retards her haste to comply with the wishes of this spirit who has thus far watched over her life, guiding her steps and influencing her acts. She is a lady of wealth, giving of her store generously to carry out this work; allows no barter with its use, paying herself all the necessary expenses. When such spirits arise to help on the glorious cause, so dear to all our hearts, may we not take fresh courage and go on with renewed zeal to accomplish the will of God on earth, to bind the race of man in an unselfish brotherhood? S. P. KABB.

Philadelphia, Penn.

The announcement is made in the Figaro, San Francisco, Cal., that the materialization sances, held in the open light, under the marvelous mediumship of Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, are among the most wonderful exhibitions of spirit manifestations ever given in that city. Not only spirit hands and arms are materialized, but spirit faces, that speak audibly, and are nearly always recognized, called by name, and the identity acknowledged by people who may be present. Facts and dates, names and many other tests, are given to prove the truth of the manifestations and the truth of the spiritual theory of the future state of existence.

The July number of The Shaker—G. A. Lomas, editor—is a lively issue.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Baltimore Circles and the London Circles, reports of which are printed on this page, indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life; that beyond, whether for good or evil, consequently these also pass from the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no distinction, but forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her own. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

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

Mrs. Danksin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Twenty-Nine.)

BY WASH. A. DANKSKIN.

In the last number of the Banner I referred to the phenomena of clairvoyance as exhibited in reading the interior physical condition of persons suffering from disease. This power has been so clearly and frequently manifested, in the earlier history of Modern Spiritualism, through A. J. Davis and others, that it is not questioned by those who have given any attention to the subject; therefore it did not excite surprise when it became a leading feature in Mrs. Danksin's mediumship.

If such a power had been possessed by any one of the regular M. D.s.—if any prominent member of either of the old schools had demonstrated that he was no longer compelled to guess at the nature or character of disease from external symptoms, but could look through the external, physical covering of the man and see clearly the working of the whole internal machinery, what a wonder he would have grown to be! He would not only have become the most brilliant light in his profession, but would have been regarded as the most highly gifted of men. His celebrity would have filled the civilized world. Yet when this power is not only possessed but used daily in successful practice by one "not of the schools," it is regarded apparently with indifference.

This phase of mediumship, developed by her spirit-guides and instructors, has been exercised by Mrs. Danksin for many years; but the later manifestation of it seems to me to be not only of a higher order, but in itself the finest effort of intellectuality of which the spirit-mind, through mortal, is capable.

In many of the applications received by her there is not the slightest clue of any kind to the condition of the applicant. Frequently they come somewhat in this form, "My health is feeble—can you do anything to cure or help me?" From the most distant places—Canada, Colorado, California, such appeals will come, and after a short period of perfect quiet, free from external interference or disturbing influences, she becomes entranced, and Doctor Rush, with this slight connecting link between himself and the patient, gives his diagnosis of the case, sometimes, where the circumstances require it, quite scientific and elaborate in character—drawing from the few lines written at these great distances the physical, mental and sometimes the spiritual condition of the writer.

Captain Ira Malin.

I was called Captain Ira Malin. In the fifty-ninth year of my age I ceased an earthly life and took up my abode in the realms where I stood a stranger. I was formerly of Vevay, Switzerland County, Indiana, but I died at St. Louis, Missouri.

The change was not so wonderful nor so miraculous as I had been taught. It was just as it should be, the grosser part of the man being deposited in the grave and the finer part retained for practical use or utility. The hearts of the mourners are sad; they sigh and grieve because they have been falsely taught as regards God, heaven, the grave, and all that which belongs to what men call dead, inert matter. Take the subject, each one of you traveling along the road that I have passed over, take it rationally and analyze it for yourselves, and see whether the Overruling Soul could find pleasure in damning one of his creatures; and when light is given to you, then you can comprehend that Ira has an individuality, and with it a possibility of growth, spiritually.

After having learned the law, which reason has made me accept, it is beautiful to make manifest over the waves of intelligence that in the universe there is nothing but life, and that life perpetual—advancing and unfolding according to one's aspirations.

When you enter into this sublime world, and are content with darkness there, you rest until the mind asks for light; then the light is given, and you see yourself spiritually—not cursing God because of your existence, as is sometimes done on earth, but thanking him for your creation.

Mary Goodsell.

I lived and died in Mont Clair, N. J. Mary Goodsell was my name. I was the youngest daughter of James and Lydia Goodsell, of that place, and my age was twenty-two.

The scenes and pleasures of earth faded away into comparative insignificance when the contrast was given me, father and mother, between your world and this world, in which I have perpetual life, without a pain, without an ache, without a sigh.

Youth, we all know, clings to the material, because we have no definite idea where heaven is located. Let me now tell you, father and mother, heaven is not a local habitation, it is a wide-spread, ethereal home, where the spirits have power to unfold by degrees and aspire to things beyond, which will enhance their condition in glory.

Each one has his own story to tell. Some speak of heaven as not being a place of rest and beauty. I am not artist enough, either with pencil or in language, to draw a picture upon which the eye might rest with delight, and from which you might draw joy and happiness, as it conveyed to your minds some idea of the home in which I live. When I crossed over the river all was serene. No thorns or briars in my path here. Lost am I to your outer sight, but in my inner sight I have gained in the fullness of my womanhood. May the angels comfort you, caress you, and teach you, as they have taught me. Farewell!

Louisa Marston.

I died at Boston Highlands. Louisa Marston was my name. I was at the ripe and beautiful

age when the steps totter and the muscles refuse to do their work; then the Angel of Death came, not in garments of the night, but in the broad sunlight of an eternal life beyond the grave. I was the daughter of the late John Marston, of Boston. Many strong friends had I in the life called earthly. Few weep or mourn over the death of one as old as I. That implies no harshness nor unkind feelings toward any one; but when they either say or feel, "It were better she was gone; she is old and useless," it is different. Think twice before speaking ones for in every household you have a spirit-listener; that which is said carelessly sometimes wounds the spirit and makes it feel it were better not to be heard. But the law is just, and will follow it, because it is a command from my Father, who rules all the universes.

Little by little I have spoken, in fragments to be sure; but my scholarship here has just commenced. When I have learned the alphabet which angels speak, I will weave it into poetry, make it not as "sounding brass," but give it a voice to raise superstition and ignorance from the minds of the people.

"The angels call me, and I obey; their voices thrill me, and I go, not with reluctance, but with joy unspeakable. Farewell."

Henry Story.

Henry Story was my name. I was eighty-five years old. My residence was Sackett street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Now, my friends may confirm this, or they may deny it; it lies open for their course. Earth to me has a strangeness of view, for the city where I now dwell is better adapted to my mode of thinking. Here you are not hemmed in by opinions, nor are you taunted by the insinuation that your neighbors are living better than yourselves. Pride seldom has the ascendancy here, for, under the law, humility brings peace and happiness.

Do not think, friends, that when the change called death comes, you are going to pass directly into the presence of the "Father who art in heaven." Nay, nay, nay; if so you think, disappointment will be yours. Just as your mother bore you into the world, with pain and labor, just so will be your condition here. You have to work it out—for good in the end. Sometimes with aspirations, sometimes disappointments. Then strike out; then fall back; then gather up again the burden which has become heavy, but with earnest work and unfoldment it grows lighter. Little by little you see the grand workmanship of the author of your being; then with jubilant heart you will cry aloud: "Come one! come all! for the beauty of the celestial world overpowers me!"

Farewell—for the winds sweep over me, and their voices bid me return.

Benjamin Durrett.

I died in Louisville, Kentucky, and my name was Benjamin Durrett. My age stood about fifty; and I think it would only be complimentary if some of the leading papers would note my death. It's of very little consequence apparently, but we sometimes have mystical ideas, and if we speak them out we are the better for it.

I feel in an aggrieved condition; not knowing exactly whether I am dealing with the devil or with the laws that pertain to God's universe. It has been said, "Strike when the iron is hot," and that is what I am trying to do; but to me this whole thing appears as a conglomeration of nonsense combined with ignorance. To make the fine, subtle, ethereal essence, as it were, come in the garb of the spirit and play upon ponderable matter, and through that matter express thought or feeling? I can scarcely comprehend it.

[To the chairman:] I object, positively object, to being called to an accountability at the bar of a man who has no more understanding of the laws that govern the higher and brighter universes than I have myself. Then how would I decide this? I am a spirit, and you as a man encased in ponderable flesh! If it is true, and just, and right, still of what importance is it to the world at large that I come among strangers and reiterate the story that the dead live beyond the grave, with faculties anew and alive, with all the attributes made manifest in the spirit? I view it at all its points, and I must acknowledge it is incomprehensible to me.

A voice says, "Come home." Ay! ay! if a stranger has a home! My home is on the clouds, and the winds, in the summer breezes and in the winter storms—for their language is better fitted to me than the human. They bid me cease, and I go.

Martha Harris.

In San Francisco, California. It was on Sunday, Martha, the wife of Avery Harris, and the daughter of Cromwell and Sarah Bannard. I was formerly of Nantucket, Massachusetts; and the wave called death swept over my being, and hushed into quietude the functions of the earthly tenement. And this left the spirit free to roam in realms afar, and find a home more bright and clear on shores unknown to her before.

And now, religionists, I am not, with my progressive mind, stepping upon any of your theories or dogmas. I am only, as an individual, speaking the sentiments of my heart, and that heart bids me go forth and proclaim the glad tidings to the sorrowful and the down-trodden, that death only lives in the ignorance of the past. Men and women are too full of the electrical sparks of duty to make the grave a resting place for the human. And, oh, friends! you are to be your own saviors, and when one is condemned, you are to make your own heaven or your own hell. You are to seek your own God, and you will find him, and he will not curse you, but he will bless you.

There is no darkness to the human mind, if it is clean, humble and kind, for you know as well as I that which is filthy cannot enter within the abode of the blessed. Then you who are stayers behind, make your own interiors a school-room in which you will educate yourselves in life, not wait to do the work after death.

This is only a moral lesson from one who has tried to learn the ways of God and the angels, by which her teachers may go forward and do good, not only to her blood kin, but to all who may read the lines given by herself through the lips of a mortal. And all who think of me, in kindred, have confidence in the wisdom and mercy of God.

James Christy.

My name was James Christy. I was the son of James and Mary Christy. My age was twenty-two. My parents' residence was Franklin street, Frankfort, Pennsylvania.

It is only for others who have stayed behind me that I come, for I am told if I do this my home will be larger, broader and higher. Why one so young as I was should be singled out to die I can't understand or comprehend. I used to look around me and see so many aged and decrepit and "God-forsaken" people, I used to think it would be a blessing for them to die, for they seemingly had nothing to live for. But this lady [spirit] tells me that the beggar, with all his difficulties, has as much clinging to earth-life and its privileges as I or any other one could have. It seems strange to me, when one is hungry and thirsty, homeless and friendless, that he would not rather die than live—for in death you do not have to provide for the body. It is the earth-body that needs so much care, not the spirit; for the spirit, after the body is gone, remains light and vapor-like, without asking for animal food or animal clothing; and yet, strange as it may seem, it is both clothed and fed.

Now, mother and father, if you should see this, you will know the difference between the body and the spirit. But I am not any one else, I am James, and will know you and you will know me; and this will clear the doubt and fear from the grave and make a happy spot in your hearts. No mother ever lost a child but what the mind would go out in search for it. The way has been made, and I have accepted it. Now do not doubt it under the superstition of the hour. I go now to learn more, and to speak again.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM.

The following Spirit-Messages were given through the mediumship of

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

At our Public Free Circle-Room Meetings, and reported verbatim expressly for the Message Department of the Banner.

These Circles will be resumed on the 5th of September next, and continued regularly on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of each week.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready for your questions.

Q.—[From Dr. B. Franklin Clark, of Boston.] Is there one correct institution in this world, in the sphere of society or government, in religion, marriage, law, or the practice of medicine, where justice is done?

Ans.—That is a pretty deep question, and involves a great deal. There are many institutions where justice professes to be done, but there is no institution that is perfect; all are imperfect, for were there not a chance for improvement progression would be impossible. There are many institutions in the world where they are trying, perhaps, to do the best they can with the light that has dawned upon them.

Q.—Will there ever be a time in this world when justice will prevail?

A.—When the world gets so true to itself that each individual can be a law unto himself or herself, then will justice be done. When men work from purity of thought and action, when they live true and honest lives, when the spiritual blends with the material, then will justice be done, and not before.

Q.—Why do not the spirit friends of those present communicate through this medium? Please give the reason?

A.—In the first place, we will say that this circle-room was opened for the benefit of spirits that had no other means of communication—those poor souls, many of them, who were in prison spiritually—that they might come to earth and learn through this channel that which would help them progress in the future. We cannot promise to bring spirits always to communicate with their friends in this circle-room. In the past it has often been done. Since our medium has sat in this chair there have been several communications given which went out directly to parties in the room.

Q.—[By M. W. F., Boston.] Can a spirit control two mediums in different places, at the same time?

A.—We shall answer, "Yes." It may seem strange to you, but we will illustrate, and take, for example, the school-room. The teacher stands upon the platform. He dictates to a scholar something to do while he also is hearing the recitation of a class at the same time. He is not in two different corners of the school-room, but he is overlooking all, sending out his magnetic force to ten or twenty scholars at once. So can a spirit in spirit-life take such a position that he can send out magnetic force through the electrical spirit telegraph.

Q.—If a person in Boston should call for a spirit who is in California, how long would it take the spirit to answer the call?

A.—If the questioner had been in San Francisco, he then would have it in his mind's eye; or if he had never been there, he could send out his thought there—and *vice versa*. Now, with the same rapidity with which you send your thought to the place could we spirits travel there, nine times out of ten. There might, at times, be something that would delay us and cause us to take a longer time; but if there was no impediment in the way, we could go, as it were, like thought. Spirits do not travel by railroad, but by their own trains. It is not necessary for us to enter a coach, a street-car or a railroad-car, in order to be carried from one point to another; we go on the wings of love and will.

Richard Blanchard.

Richard Blanchard, of South Weymouth, Mass., desires to send greeting to his friends in earth-form, saying: It is well with me. The angels have opened my eyes, and the beautiful flowers are blooming in my spirit-home, and I will return with power to work out a better life than I ever lived here, and a truer one, though I lived to a good old age, going past three score years and ten by seven more years, yet I know that the next three score years and ten will be brighter for me.

James Blood.

My name is James Blood. I might say I hail from Milford, N. H., for I was there for some time. My home has ever been the abiding place of mediums and speakers, for I felt that they were with me the angels were very near, and Spiritualism was dear to my heart. I lived it, or tried to, knowing well that I had got to work out my own salvation, that no power could save me, no hand could hold me, but I must work to the best of my ability to bring out all the pure blossoms of life. Many mistakes I made; but I know that I did some good. I have met my loved one; and I would send greetings to every Spiritualist throughout the land, saying to them, "Be true, for there are greater things to come than have ever yet appeared on earth—stronger manifestations—purer communications; and oh! how I long to be one of the laborers that shall bring to earth the conclusive proof that there is no death. Mr. Chairman, it gives me pleasure to add my word to all the rest. I went out from White Pigeon Station, Michigan.

Eliza F. Emery.

You are all strangers to me; I do not know you; and yet I feel as though I would like to come, knowing at least there is one place where Spiritualists can communicate with freedom, perfect freedom. I tried many years to communicate with my friends. I went away when young; my name—Eliza F. Emery. I went away when only about twenty years old. I was a wife and a mother, a firm believer in the Orthodox religion, not only a talker of it, but I believed it; and I never can make you understand, it may be, how terrible to me was the thought that, after all, I might be thrown into that fearful abyss to be tortured forever, through eternity. No one, unless they have realized this, can understand it. I buried my baby only a few months old. I had named him George. But so strong was my belief in that terrible religion, that it was a terror to me to think that I might never meet that child, and I might say that it was more than half the cause of my passing out from the earth-life; and I feel, to-day, as if I had been robbed—robbed by theology of my right to live; for had I known that there was no death, and that my angel babe was to be brought up by my mother and my sister in spirit-life, as I afterwards found to be true, I could have rejoiced, and could have lived on to have been a

comfort to my husband, and perhaps a comfort to others in the form; but to that belief I attribute the wasting away of life's forces, and I, for one, say to day, there can be no good in a religion which sends men and women out from their bodies prematurely. I would say, beware of it! for God is a God of love, and it seems as if we might understand it better when we look over the broad face of Nature and see his love manifested everywhere to his creatures; then why should he frown on his children? But "I know" now "that my Redeemer liveth." I know that I am safe through spiritual light and life, and I can stand in the sunshine of love and be happy. I would say to my husband, who is now quite an old man, and whose name is James, and whose last days are very near, look up to spirit-life. I went out from Quincy, Ill.

Charlotte Hubbard.

Mr. Chairman, can I have the privilege of sending a letter to my friends? My name is Charlotte Hubbard. This thing is new to me. I did not believe in it, although I had heard of it. I went out from the body at Newport, R. I., from internal cancer, brought on from overworking in the days gone by. I have friends in Rhode Island that I would like to reach. I have a daughter that is going down, down, down. Oh, that I had understood and fully realized this! I might have done more for her; but I left it in the hands of God, when I should have taken it in the hands of a mother; and now, to-day, I am looking down on her, and I cannot be happy because I fear what the end will be. I want to say to my sons James and Charles, make one more effort to save her. We have all got a weak spot, but oh! if I could only make her understand and realize how hard her mother is trying to save her, to take her from the influences which she is now under, and return her to the path of duty. I have a sister that is a medium, but I can't reach her—I know not why, unless because I am anxious. If strong means must be used, then use them; but try to save her.

Samuel McLaughlin.

I went out quick—wasn't many minutes about it. It's the best way to go, ain't it? My name was Samuel McLaughlin. I ain't Irish, but I s'pose I am a descendant of the Scotch. I have been gone a long time, and I don't think I know very much more than I did when I went away. I went out through spiritual laws—the law that if a man gets too much spirits inside it may take hold of his brain and push him outside. That was my case. I've been in spirit-life a dozen years or more, and it has been dark and dreary and confused like most all the time, and as there seemed to be a grand spelling school or reading school—I don't know what you call it—they said you'd got light to sell round here or give away, I thought I'd come, and I want you all to help me get out of what I term hell; for if you were poking about in the dark, you'd understand what I mean.

I've seen my mother once. She tries to help me, but she said I must come back to earth. I've no one particularly interested in me now, and where should I go? I was directed to come here, and I hope you'll all pray for me—pray that the light may come, that I may reach some of those bright places that I see above and beyond me; and, if I can, I'll bring something to you in return. I went out from Troy, New York State.

Ebenezer Totman.

I'm an unlabeled man. Does it make any difference? [All are welcome.] I knowed enough to talk in the Methodist Church sometimes, but here I don't know as I know much about it. A relative of mine came here the other day, and I thought p'raps 't would do me some good. I went out, or died—I called it died—rather strangely. It was a paralytic stroke. I was sitting at the table in the morning, just drinking some drink, and that's about the last I remember. I experienced religion several times, but it would never stick to me. I fell from grace, and I got my hands frozen once so that I lost part of my fingers. I tried to be good arter that, and to serve God. I felt as if I'd like to tell some of my friends that I am just as well off as though I had n't fallen from grace.

Now I've got a son Joseph who is living what he calls, I suppose, a pious life; but I wish he'd stop and take breath, and see if he can't look up a little religion of the heart. The best that I ever knew him to do was to subscribe for the Banner of Light—aint that what you call your paper?—for an old lady, and that I impressed him to do. It's the best thing I ever knew him to do. Now I wish he'd do more of such things, and I think he'd be happier.

I have a wife here—Hannah. She's over eighty, and as smart as a stick. When she comes up here she'll find me all ready with a chair for her. I've got other children. I want to send my love to 'em. Tell 'em there's something more to do than talking. We've got to work out our religion—do good to others if we would have a faithful and beautiful and free ending in this life. There's a good many hells and a good many devils; but if they only try to do right they can run clear of 'em. If they think more of getting a few thousand dollars than anything else, I'm afraid they'll run short of it, and fall from grace worse than I ever did. My son Eben is with me. He died suddenly; got thrown from a cart, and, I s'posed, broke his neck. I was with him then. My name is like one you had the other day—Totman, Ebenezer Totman. I hail from East Weymouth, Mass.

Controlling Spirit.

Let the curtains be drawn aside; let the smile of the Great Spirit shine down upon us all to-day. Let divine influences from the spheres above reach our very souls. May the thought-plants be watered by the rain of spiritual love, warmed by the rays of the spiritual sun. May the soul of each one grow stronger, and may the heart of each soul rejoice. May the spiritual and material blend together, until there shall be a strength that no power can overthrow. May the angels bring their blossoms of truth and lay them at your feet. May you feel the presence of our Father and Mother God all around and about you.

Message of Red Bird.

Of the Creek Nation, to Mr. Colby. Spoken Saturday, July 8th, 1876.

Chief of the Talking-Sheet, the red man comes to thank you. Many sons have gone since the red man went to the Great Spirit's hunting-ground. From that spirit hunting-ground now looking down, he finds his people fading away

—the braves and the squaws and the papooses are melting like snow in the Great Spirit's sun!

Chief of the Talking-Sheet, I come to speak for the red man. The red man no tell lies like the pale face. The pale face go out like a snake to betray, and the red man stop and is bitten. Fear not; the red brothers of our hunting-ground will help you, Chief of the Talking-Sheet; keep your promise made so long ago, and no trouble shall come nigh.

Chief of the Talking-Sheet, care not for the pale faces; the red man will hold you and keep you; the red man from the spirit-land is looking, and cares not for the pale face. The red brother knows that it is written that the Indian must go; that the pale face will drive him on, on, surely onward to the setting sun, and leave no place for his moccasins. But, Chief of the Talking-Sheet, many times have you spoken for the red man, and for this we say, "The Great Spirit bless you." The squaw, too, many times speak for the red man, and we will care for her, and love her, and keep her. Red Bird.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

Matthew Ward; Phoebe Ward; Mary Dunn; Thomas Miller; Margaret Cook; Annie Ramsey; Julia, the Suicide; Wm. Fisher Patterson; Harriet Briggs; Barney Williams; Daniel C. Stratton; Isabella Manganese; George Reuter; Arthur C. Williams; Dr. Hall; John Ward; Henry Williams; John Dunn; Ward Chase; Henry Haven; Elizabeth Walker; George Condit Torrey; Henrietta Grant; Anna Reynolds; George Macy.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Frances Augusta Barnard; Joseph E. Henry, or "Irish Shank," of San José, Cal.; Thomas D. Goodier, of Minneapolis; John M. Bradley, of Carmel, Ill.; Charles B. Corey, of Westport Point, Mass.; William Thompson, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Mary R. of New Orleans; Emma Lingley Bugbee, of Charlotte, N. C.; Grandmother to Elijah Goodnow; Mary Johnson Chase, formerly of New York; John H. Williams, of George Ransom Rowe, of Lawrence, Mass.; Monroe B. Perkins, of Hartford, Vt.; Henry Lewis; Henry W. of St. Louis, Mo.; Cyrus H. of St. Maryburg, of Montreal; Charles Brown, of Boston; Adelle, to her mother, Harriet Whiting, of Meriden, Conn.; Dr. Mann.

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BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. J. H. CONANT, the World's Medium of the Nineteenth Century.
This work aims to give to the general public some idea as to what spirit-land is, and what it involves. In addition to the account of the peculiar experiences and trials incident to the career of this subject, the subject of this book cannot fail to arrest the attention of the curious. A fine steel-plate portrait of Mrs. Conant is included in the volume. Cloth, 24 pages. Price, 25 cents. Published by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. The Enterprise, Tipton, Mo.

NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE, an exposition of Spiritualism, embracing the various opinions of extremists, pro and con, together with the author's experience. Colby & Rich, publishers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

The contents of this interesting work will entertain any reader, believer or unbeliever in the Spiritual Philosophy. It treats of Mediumship, Presentment, Dreaming, Prophecy, Spiritual Experience, and Civil and Social Rights. It is a defense of the Spiritualist's position, and a refutation of the charges against him. The author, a well-known magnetic physician, quotes at the end of the work: "Let truth and falsehood grapple; whoever knew truth to be so pure and so free and open and untrammelled as the Spiritualist's? The Spiritualist's position is a noble one, and the manifestations assigned as the work of departed friends are being investigated in all parts of the world. The opening chapters of 'NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE' are a masterpiece of Prof. Phelps, Dr. Dwight, Elder Knapp, Rev. J. D. Fulton and others, some of whom declare that there is a personal devil as well as a personal angel. 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