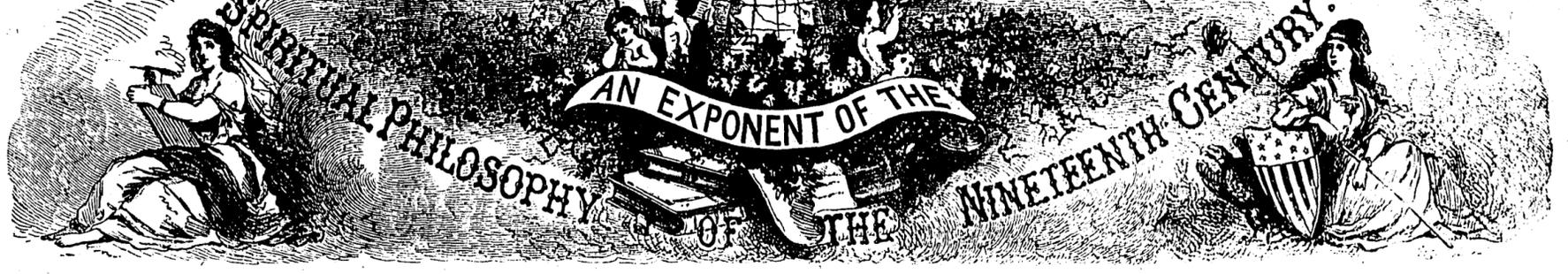


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Foreign Correspondence.

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

BY J. M. PEBLERS.

NUMBER TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Ancient Anahuac—the enchanted, basin-like valley of the proud Montezumas—has an area of some six hundred square miles; six beautiful lakes originally, four salt, and two brimming with soft, fresh water; and—including the city and clustering villages—a population, at present, of seven hundred thousand.

If in the palmy days of Latin Catholicism Rome was Italy, the City of Mexico, with quite as much reason, be considered Mexico itself. It is situated over seventy-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and may be said to sit a very gem of crystal whiteness in this lovely vale of emerald, embossed and enclosed by circling mountains.

It is now six o'clock in the morning; let us out of the hotel, and away for a sight-seeing stroll. Lying in bed after sunrise—equally enjoyable by delicate persons and pigs—is the rankest laziness! As yet there are few in the streets. The houses, churches, and especially the cathedral, strike the stranger as both unique and antique. Those old Spaniards seemingly built for eternity rather than time. Stand on any corner where intersecting streets pass completely through the city, and you can see in the distance the brown peaks of all-embracing mountains. Jerusalem, with its narrow, winding ways, may be speedily traversed. Athens, though uneven and picturesque, is too small to match her Pentellic and classic Hymettus; but Mexico, with streets as regular as those of Philadelphia, is fully equal to her magnificent mountain-setting.

THE CITY FOUNDED BY A PROPHET.  
Mexico, originally located and built, Venice-like, upon several little islands in the silvery lake Tezcuco, was designated as a city site by an ancient Aztec seer. Dissatisfied with the country of their fathers, as well as decimating wars with adjoining tribes, these Aztecs, naturally nomadic in tendency, desired to emigrate, but this was forbidden by their chiefs and priests, till such times as the gods should impress or command. Times and seasons like widening sea waves came and departed—the "diviners" of this people continually urging them to remain content. This, according to Clavigero, was while they yet dwelt in Aztlan—a term signifying "much water." This name also bears a striking resemblance in sound to ancient locations in northern Asia.

In due time there arose among those old Aztecs a distinguished character, called Huitzilcote. Grave in appearance and gifted with power to converse with invisible beings, the gods impressed this venerable personage that the time was approaching when they might depart for more favorable climes and sunny lands. Dreams, omens and wonders had now become unusually common among them. Not only their old but their young men saw visions. And while in council meditating upon these phenomena, their great seer heard a musical voice which he compared to a singing bird in a lofty tree, saying, *Ti hui, ti hui*—meaning in the Aztec language, "Let us go, let us go!"

Shortly after this, Huitzilcote took one of the wise men of the nation with him to this forest where the strange bird had sung the ominous song. When all was hushed in stillness Huitzilcote thus addressed the sage:

"Do you not think favorably, my venerable friend, Tezcatlipan, of what this bird of omen says? I refer to the *Ti hui, Ti hui*, which is continually repeated in my ears. What can it mean, unless it be that our departed ancestors desire us to leave this country and find for ourselves another? Can there be a doubt but that this musical voice is the warning of the unseen Divinity who continually watches over our welfare? Let us obey the voice, and not draw down upon us the divine anger."

All Indian races are naturally clairvoyant, and otherwise mediumistic. Ere long, Tezcatlipan himself, and others of their reputed wise men, had visions of fairer lands under more sunny skies.

### THE SPIRIT-GUIDANCE OF THESE ANCIENT AMERICANS.

Perusing the many volumes kindly put before me in Mexico, I was interested in witnessing the almost universal agreement among the Spanish writers of the sixteenth century, touching the reality of Toltec and Aztec intercourse with the

dead. Consulting "familiar spirits" was certainly as common with the ancient Americans of this continent as with the Hebrews in Moses' time, or the Chinese prior to the Tartar conquest. As might be expected, however, Catholic writers of this period, while admitting the facts of spirit communion, attributed the Aztecs' visions, voices and materializations to the devil, just as did the Jews the spiritual marvels of Jesus. He "hath a devil" has been the conservative cry of the ages.

Among the more candid of Catholic writers upon Anahuac was Father Clavigero, a Romish ecclesiastic residing in Mexico some forty years, not long after the victories of Cortez. Generally speaking, I think him pretty good authorly. And while treating of the "diviners" so common among the Aztecs, this papist author frankly admits that the historians of his time believed unthinkingly that the "nations and tribes of the New World held direct communication with spirits and demons."

These are Clavigero's words: "However certain this may be, there is no doubt in my mind but that the malignity of these spirits impels them to do all the hurt they can to man. And that they have sometimes shown themselves in visible forms to seduce people—especially those who have not, by regeneration, entered into the bosom of the church—is beyond dispute."

WANDERINGS OF THE AZTECS.  
Exercising the most perfect confidence in the war-like power and "word" of their tutelary god, these Aztecs commenced their journey toward a land of promise. Directly led—as were the Jews by the God of Israel—they were commanded to pursue their journey till they should see, near the waning of the sun in evening time, "an eagle sitting upon a cactus, holding in his beak a serpent!"

It will be remembered that among Oriental mysteries and emblems there ever stood conspicuous the serpent—the "head" of which was to be "bruised"—because referring to generation and phallic practices.

Though there are exceptions, it is, nevertheless, the general opinion that these Aztecs left Aztlan, in the north or northwest, sometime between 1000 and 1100 A. D. They continued this weary pilgrimage, with frequent delays of years and decades of years, till 1325, when they found the rock in the lake, the cactus, and the eagle thereon. Here, among the marshes of a lovely lake, they built the city of Tenochtitlan—the Mexico of Cortez!

It is believed by many antiquarians that a branch of them at least moved down along the Colorado and through New Mexico, where remnants of old buildings still exist. That these stone structures, with heavy walls for defence, with two and three stone floorings surmounted by a terrace, were the works of the Aztecs, is extremely doubtful. The Aztecs were not the original stone-cutters nor pyramid-builders of ancient America.

During their journeyings they carried with them their fire, their altar, and their tutelary god, carved from a wood as hard as lignum vitae. It represented Huitzilcote. He was borne in a chair of reeds and rushes called *Teotepalli*—literally the chair of God! Wherever they halted for a term of years, they established tribal laws, erected their altar, chased the game, and possibly tilled patches of land. Their wanderings were decidedly serpentine. Chieftains arose among them at times and rebelled. Other gods occasionally communicated in their camps. Finally the Xochimilcas, Tepanecas and Tlascalans—the latter a class among them noted for physical and intellectual superiority—branched off by command of their gods, and left the main body. And yet they continued their course southward.

Human nature is the same in all ages. These Aztecs, wearying at length of their long, tedious travels, complaining of their leader, as did the Israelites of Moses. Ay, more! they threatened revolt and persistent complaints—according to their old paintings representing this exodus—became loud as the very thunders upon the mountains. It was a crisis. But, flying to their oracles for consultation, they were reassured that they would soon reach the glittering lakes, the prickly-pear and the eagle of prophecy.

It was now autumn time. And on one of those quiet, hazy, Indian summer-like mornings, so common to the dying year, the advance guards upon the mountain-tops caught glimpses of the sparkling waters, rising out of which, when approaching the following day, they saw, according to promise, upon an island in the lake, a thrifty cactus, and proudly perched thereon an eagle, holding in his beak a twisting serpent.

Aztec prophecy was fulfilled. And these symbols—the cactus, the eagle and the serpent—constitute the present Mexican coat-of-arms.

It is admitted that there is a theory extant, deriving the Aztecs from the South. The principal reason assigned is, that one of Gemilla's paintings had pictured thereon the pyramid and the palm. Though somewhat significant, the position becomes untenable when it is remembered that the Aztecs migrated far to the south before they swung around the mountains, up northward to the original site of their future city. Saying nothing of the sound opinions of Clavigero, Sahagun and Humboldt, it was the tradition and the testimony of the Aztecs, Acolhuans, Chichimecas, Tlascalans and others, allied by a common language, that they came from a northern clime, and were invaders, making war upon a superior civilization. The Acolhuans, sometimes called the Tezucans, reached the valley near the close of the twelfth century, building the city of Tezcuco, on the eastern side of the lake, opposite Mexico. They spread northward, and surpassed

the Aztecs in mental culture and social refinement.

### THE COLOR AND CHARACTER OF THE AZTEC INDIANS.

More than half of Mexico's nine millions of inhabitants to day are Indians, the legitimate descendants of the Aztecs; and contemporary tribal nations. They have jet-black hair, silky and luxuriant; and reddish brown faces, on which the warm blush often enters the cheek. The lustre of their eyes, the symmetry of their forms, and their calm open countenances would as deeply interest the ethnologist as physiognomist. But listen to the old monk Clavigero's description—who, if I rightly remember, lived among them full two hundred years ago:

"They have narrow foreheads, black eyes, clean, regular, white teeth, thin beards, and generally no hair upon their limbs or bodies. Their skin is of an olive color. There are few deformed persons among them, and none that have a stinking breath. Their constitutions are phlegmatic. They seldom spit. They get gray-headed early, die often of acute diseases, but are hardly free from many disorders common to the Spaniards."

"The state of civilization among the Indians when first known to the Spaniards, was much superior to the Gauls when first known to the Greeks, or to the Britons when first known to the Romans. Their understandings were fitted for every kind of science. They were patient of injury and grateful for kindnesses. . . . They are by nature taciturn, serious and austere. Generosity and perfect disinterestedness are the principal features of their character. Gold, with these Aztec Mexicans, has not the value it enjoys elsewhere. They seem to give without reluctance. . . . The respect paid by children to their parents, and the young to the aged among this people, seems to have been born with them. They are not indolent, as some have said, to death and eternity. And although they meet dangers with intrepidity when they proceed from natural causes, yet they are easily terrified by the stern look of a Spaniard."

While all the historians of Cortez's time, and for quite a period subsequent, unite in testifying to the kindness, peacefulness and native intelligence of these people, Clavigero—after expressing the wonder of the Spaniards at the "temperance" of the Indians—says that "drunkenness, and other horrid vices, did not prevail in the country of Anahuac before the Spaniards came there." This is strong testimony when it is considered that the Spaniards were Christians and the Indians heathen.

Columbus, studying the characteristics of the American aborigines, wrote thus earnestly to Ferdinand and Isabella:

"I swear to your Majesties that there is not a better people in the world than these natives, more affectionate, affable or mild. They love their neighbors as themselves. Their language is sweet, soft, and the most cheerful, and they all speak smiling. Their king, who is served with great majesty, has such engaging manners that it gives me great pleasure to see him."

Prescott, treating of the Tezucan Indians in the time of Cortez, says:

"They had an extraordinary tribunal called the Council of Music, which was devoted to science and art. Works on astronomy, chronology, history, or any other science were required to be submitted to its judgment before they could be made public. In short, it was a general board of education for the country. This is calculated to give us a higher idea of the refinement of the people than even the noble architectural remains which still cover some parts of the continent. Architecture, to a certain extent, is a sensual gratification; but this aboriginal institution, with others, was a literary luxury, and argued the existence of a taste in the nation which relished its gratification on pleasures of a purely intellectual character."

And these were the "savages" that the Catholic Spaniards came to civilize and Christianize! But they "have degenerated," exclaims some Indian-hater. Granted, and so have the Greeks! Where once the sandaled feet of Pythagoras, Pericles and Plato pressed polished marble, now proud unprincipled brigands in search of pelf and plunder! When in Athens, several years since, I was forbidden by the authorities to visit Corinth and the old battle-field of Marathon, because it would endanger life! And so nations, Indian and Grecian alike, have their ebb and flow!

### THE MIXED RACES OF MEXICO.

While pure Castilian blood is far from being abundant in this country, the dark complexioned facial features of the Moor are often conspicuous. But what matters it, since neither blood nor color affect political distinction or the social status in our sister republic?

It is estimated that the unmixed whites of Mexico constitute much less than one-fifth of the inhabitants, while two-fifths or more of the whole population are Indians. Many of these tribes, such as the Amapts, near Cordova, and others who have kept their blood pure, are considered far the noblest of the present Indian races. It is a common remark in cultured circles, that Cortez and his cut-throat crew ruined Mexico by failing to bring their wives with them. Buckle, the prince of historians, still more caustic, charges Spain with having "destroyed three civilizations."

The Mextizos—that is, the mixed races—make up the other two-fifths of the Mexican population. These, though fair-looking, affectionate and active, are, not physically as vigorous as the pure-blooded Indian, or Spaniard. In the miscigenating processes of this country the Spaniards transmitted their bad, rather than their good traits. Upon this point talk is idle—blood tells! It is evidently wise to transplant, but not to intermix races. The Jews were "brought up out of Egypt," transplanted; but they have ever made the greatest efforts to keep their Semitic blood pure—the "seed of Abraham!"

\*Clavigero's Hist. Mex., pp. 104-105.  
†Ibid., pp. 108-109.  
‡Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, Vol. I., pp. 172-173.

It is the opinion of substantial and impartial thinkers that if the Aztecs, Acolhuans and Tlascalans had been left alone in Cortez's time, they would have developed a more enlightened civilization than is now manifest in the States of Mexico, ultimately as it has from racial intermixtures and Spanish influences. Tlascala was a republic three hundred and fifty years ago, with a Senate representing the people!

Religiously speaking, Spain has a record dark as Erebus. Her crimson crown was long red with the blood of martyrs and free-thinkers. Considered however charitably, little can be said at home or abroad in praise of Spanish civilization, with its chronic revolutions, its ceremonial feasts and phrenic families, its cruel inquisitions and torturing bull-baitings, its Sunday cock-fightings and pompous Roman Catholicism. These were the virus-seeds it planted upon the Pacific coast.

Mexicans are proud of their long-ago president Guerrero, a pure Indian, who was ruthlessly murdered, reminding us in one respect at least of the assassinated Lincoln. Juarez, their late-president, was an Indian with a skin darker than the usual complexion of the Aztecs; and what is more, he was an eminent statesman and avowed Spiritualist. Indian rule has not only been able in Mexico, but uniformly more mild and liberal than Spanish. Gen. Diaz, the most effective commander in driving the French and Austrians out of Mexico, is an Indian from Oaxaca. This was also the birthplace of president Benito Juarez.

### THE CATHEDRAL IN MEXICO.

It is Sunday morning. Let us away to the grand plaza—original centre of the ancient city. The streets are already alive. Shops are open; salesmen are exhibiting their wares; lottery tickets are thrust under your nose at every corner, and here is the great tobacconist's establishment for the sale of cigarettes and smoking tobacco. To chew is considered actually vulgar in Mexico, but smoking cigarettes is almost universal, the women indulging the same as the men; and why not? The height of fashion is seen only in carriages; to walk in the streets is not aristocratic.

Thank the gods, I am not "aristocratic!" And if I were—if there was even a rag of this popular, yet rotten respectability clinging to my garments, I would tear it away and cast it into "unquenchable fire." Pythagoras was mad, Socrates was a criminal, but the psalmist David was a respectable saint, "after God's own heart." "Jesus, said the apostle, "made himself of no reputation," and he thus made himself in the same way as do all stern reformers. Furthermore he slummed not to set at defiance the religious and social customs of those "respectable," yet hypocritical pharisees, those "whited sepulchres," that the Nazarene declared could not "escape the damnation of hell." In all the cycling ages men of character have had too much character to be respectable!

Paradise is moralizing digression.

But here we are at the corner of the great plaza. The street most crowded connects it with the Alameda. The government buildings extend all along the eastern side. In the centre of this plaza are cool, inviting seats, beautiful shade trees and choice ornamental shrubbery, due to the enterprise of Maximilian. The Cathedral stands upon the north side. The imposing structure, a hundred years being built, is reached by a very broad esplanade. Devout Catholics in passing lift or take off their hats. Adjoining is the parish church, magnificently fashioned without and elegantly carved and gilded within. In all Catholic countries churches are places for worship seven days in the week; and on their festal floors rich and poor meet upon a common level. This is commendable.

The altar near the chief entrance to the cathedral is usually thronged. The choir department just behind the altar presents an intertwining network of the most exquisite carvings; while the high altar is seemingly one blaze of gliding from floor to ceiling, relieved only by a multitude of gold embellished images, filling niche and arch. Go back in thought to Palestine. The cathedral where Jesus preached the sermon, "Love ye one another," was by the "wayside," his robe was "camels' hair;" his incense the "lilies of the field;" his orchestra the "fowls of the air;" his supper companions "publicans and sinners;" and his disciples "had all things in common."

Catholic cathedrals awake in my soul no humility, no devotion. And then when I reflect upon the many thousand paupers that plead for bread under the shadow of St. Paul's in London, the wretched, squalid poverty that flaunts its rags around St. Peter's in Rome, and the miserable crippled beggars that I saw only yesterday lying around the cathedral down here in Mexico, I am almost forced to think that the more pious the more poverty, the more faith the more laziness, and the more Christianity the more crime and war, superstition and beggary! Jews, Quakers and Shakers, however, have no beggars. All deserts have their onses.

### CONDITION OF SPIRITUALISM IN MEXICO.

Infallibility and free thought being absolutely antagonistic, Roman Catholicism and Spiritualism must be necessarily deadly enemies. This is manifest in the Republic of Mexico, which, while justly claiming nearly a hundred thousand Spiritualists, has no public lectures upon the subject, nor public séances for the study of the phenomena. Séances and circles for investigation are held in private residences.

Among the apostles of Spiritualism in this city is Santiago Sierra, a gentleman who has devoted his life to literary pursuits. It may be proper to here say that in this country, as in Europe, it is

the higher classes, the learned men, who most interest themselves in Spiritualism. The most-learned mildly pronounces it the "work of the devil," and discourages all investigation. Accordingly, there are thousands of conscientious believers who do not enroll nor publicly avow their convictions. The *Distraccion Espiritista* is a monthly periodical, owned, edited and published by that devoted Spiritualist, General Refugio I. Gonzales. It is a very ably conducted journal and has quite an extensive circulation.

### ATTENDING A SPIRITUAL SEANCE.

The circle that I had the pleasure of attending, meets every Monday evening at the residence of Gen. Gonzales. It has one hundred and twenty enrolled members, thirty or more of whom were present upon this occasion. They have a library and several excellent writing mediums.

The president, Antonio Santiago—seemingly just fitted for his position—is a gentleman of grave and paternal deportment. On his right sat Gen. Gonzales, the presence of whom reveals a strong psychological power. Sitting along the sides and at the ends of the table were several ready secretaries and writing mediums. At the thinking of a bell all was silent. The séance was opened with prayer. The mediums taking their positions, soon wrote with great rapidity. The influence seemed to be a combination of the impersonal and semi-mechanical. The quietness and order were admirable, and the various messages from the spirits exceedingly interesting.

While I would not flatter Jupiter for his trident, I must in justice say that, phrenologically speaking, I have seldom or never seen a more intelligent assemblage of ladies and gentlemen convened in a séance room.

By the aid of Gen. Gonzales one lady present, Dolores Portugal, became psychologically entranced. The words uttered in this ecstatic state were taken down by the secretaries as they fell from her lips. Thus, conditioned magnetically, she would find concealed objects, endure the candle's blaze before her open eyes, become rigid as a bar of steel, and exhibit no flinching from the thrusting of pins into her limbs. Other interesting experiments were tried, demonstrating her complete unconsciousness to all external things.

Mexico is at present in the throes of a revolution. It seems a chronic affection of the country. Soldiers are parading the streets and martial music calling to arms. The masses, so far as they dare, are shouting for General Diaz, reform, economy and a one-term presidency, and trial by jury. There is but little enthusiasm for the government as now administered. The *provincias* have torn up portions of the railway between here and Vera Cruz, which may force me to remain in Mexico longer than I intended; but shall not return without seeing the ruins in Yucatan.

City of Mexico, March, 1876.

### Women's Rights a Century Ago.

The files of old English newspapers show that the question as to the propriety of women taking a more prominent part in public affairs was quite as diligently discussed a century ago as it is now-a-days. A few extracts will furnish somewhat curious illustrations of this. The *London Morning Post* of April 14th, 1789, contains the following announcement:

"Casino, no. 43, Great Marlborough Street this evening, the 14th inst., will commence the First Séances of the Female Parliament. The Debate to be carried on by Ladies only, and a Lady to preside in the chair. Question—Is that assertion of Mr. Pope's founded in justice, which says, 'Every woman is at heart a rake.' On the Sunday evening a theological question to be discussed."

In succeeding issues of this paper, formal reports of the proceedings of this parliament in petitions are published, such as: "Friday, April 21st. The speaker having taken the chair, it was resolved *non est*, that the assertion of Mr. Pope's, which says, 'Every woman is at heart a rake,' is not founded in justice. A member presented to the house several petitions from men milliners, men hatter-makers, &c., &c., against a bill entitled 'An act to prevent men from monopolizing women's professions.' Resolved, that said bill and said petitions be considered."

"Such is the universal rage for public speaking," writes the *Morning Post* of May 20th, 1789, "that the honorable Mrs. L—, possessed of no less than two thousand pounds a year, constantly speaks at the Casino rooms on the nights of the ladies' debates."

In the *Morning Post* of March 9th, 1781, we meet with this report: "La Belle Assemblée—Budget. The opening of the budget, and the debate which ensued upon the taxes that were proposed by the female premier, as the ways and means for procuring the supplies for the present year, afforded such high and uncommon amusement to the numerous and splendid company in the rooms, that a general request was made that on the subsequent Friday the ladies should resume the consideration of the budget in preference to the question given out from the chair."

About this time, too, we find the following ingenious problem propounded for the solution of a like gathering in "The Large Hall, Cornhill": "Which is the happiest period of a man's life: when courting a wife, when married to a wife, or when burying a bad wife?"

In 1788 an advertisement appears of the proposed opening, on March 17th, of Rice's elegant rooms (late Hickford's), Brewer street, Golden Square, for public debate by ladies only. The first subject suggested seems quite as comprehensive in the matter of women's rights as the most zealous advocate of them in our own day could desire. This is it: "Do not the extraordinary abilities of the ladies in the present age demand academic honors from the Universities, a right to vote at elections, and to be returned members of Parliament?"

Recollect ever that the purity of the thoughts and the motives are now building the spiritual home of each one, are now fashioning the spiritual body of the future life, which will be beautiful or the reverse in exact accordance, not with the seeping life, as it has appeared in this world, but with the hidden life from within. —London Spiritualist.

Free Thought.

Observations on Spiritualism and Pre-observation Sciences with Dr. Slade, C. B. Foster, and Mrs. Hardy: by an Ex-congressman.

Table for the Banner of Light.

A regular reader of your paper readily discovers the rule to be, that within reasonable limits as to length, any article appearing therein may be fairly criticised; also, that within the same limits, the doings of noted mediums may be as freely censured as commended, when there is apparent cause for such fault-finding. In this communication the purpose is to do a little of both.

In a recent number of the Banner appeared a communication headed "Another Witness for Mrs. Thayer," to which the attention of the writer was attracted by the heading, and in which, as it was perused, he was specially interested, because the thought occurred to him, Here is a brief story of manifestations, so striking, so independent of fraud in fact of natural laws as commonly accepted, occurring under such unfavorable test conditions, that it is just the station to keep at hand for citation as proof of the truth of "mediumship," and of the other spiritistic phenomena, whenever any scientific or orthodox skeptic "pokes" at Spiritualism and sheets at its phenomena as "chambers, or something worse. The occasions and surroundings were such as to preclude all suspicion of fraud; while the incidents occurring, few in number, yet sufficiently varied, seemed so overwhelming, that to deny rather than to accept their spiritual origin, would betray the basest duplicity. The heading gave him to understand that what he was reading was from "a witness." Therefore it was to be taken as testimony, and considering its inherent strength, it was not too much to say of it, "Well may the Spiritualist boldly challenge any and every skeptic to account for the facts of this one brief narrative, on any even plausible theory other than the spiritual."

But coming to the conclusion, it was a keen disappointment to discover that what had been so highly appreciated as testimony, was not worthy of the name: that it was not the story of a witness at all; for the simple reason that no name of a witness was there. There were the date, locality and membership of the correspondent ("Member of the Theosophical Society," given, but looking for the name only certain initials appeared. It was laid aside with regret; for while it may be accepted by Spiritualists as confirmatory of their theory, if such confirmation is needed, as a weapon with which to do battle for Truth it is valueless. To its few but marvelous facts the adversary of Spiritualism could well reply, "A curious, wonderful story truly, but only a story at most. Why, you have not got any name, much less one known to be reliable, as vouching that it is more than a fancy sketch from first to last." "What's in a name?" Answer—Often much, sometimes everything!

If to this criticism it is replied, "the purpose of the writer was what is stated in the body of the communication, and was not to mount the witness stand and give testimony with which to silence the mouths of gainsayers," it still remains that if the name could with propriety have been affixed the professed design would have been equally served, while advocates of the spiritual philosophy would have been furnished with an additional, unusually trenchant blade with which to face the foe. The complaint is not of what is, but of what might have been.

Changing the subject, please permit a little scolding about one or two prominent mediums. Perhaps now the first thought of the reader may be, "Another installment of wrath because some medium has refused to submit to conditions demanded by some honest skeptic!" Not so. Rather, if a word or two may be permitted on that subject, let it be that as a rule the honest skeptic does not demand unreasonable conditions (no more than does a medium refuse reasonable ones) nor complain if he or she is required to comply with such as are often necessary, unless attending circumstances have, in some way, a suspicious look. As a rule it is the dishonest questioner, the one who begins investigation, determined to find it a fraud—the blind, bigoted devotee, it may be, of some creed, or possibly of science (shame to science, so called, that this is so)—who grumbles when any conditions are insisted upon by the medium, or demands that the latter shall ignore all such, and submit to such others as may be indicated—possibly such as are inherently repulsive, not to say insulting, to any sensitive man or woman.

Besides, while it is to be conceded that mediums will not refuse reasonable requests, surely the time has come when they, as well as Spiritualists generally, may demand to be regarded as beings as honest, truthful and disinterested, as are the most candid and conscientious of those who disbelieve or doubt. Does it necessarily make a man or woman (trickish and deceitful to know—not merely to believe—but actually to know) and give the proof that spirits are—that there is life after death? If so, if it is the effect of actual knowledge, must not the belief be likewise pernicious? And are not mediums and Spiritualists therefore as worthy as any who accept immortality as a matter of faith? But so much has been said and written about "strict test conditions," that very possibly the phrase has come to be well nigh nauseating to true, conscientious mediums—mark the qualifying words, true and conscientious, not pretended, or unscrupulous mediums. To this latter class the words may be something more than nauseating.

This little in passing, as to tests. Coming now to the matter of which complaint is to be made, it may be proper to premise even that with the frank admission that it is as true of mediums as it can be of any one honestly and usefully employed, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," in truth, considering that such laborers are few, that they have been and, to a considerable extent, still are subjected to the same bigoted obloquy and positive hate which hung the innocent for witchcraft and sent scientists and dissenters alike to the stake, before knowledge, commerce and other influences had humanized religion, their reward should in no sense be stinted. But, on the other hand, as no pecuniary recompense is not or should not be their dominant motive, they should spare no reasonable pains or time required to satisfy those who through them seek to satiate thirst for all-important knowledge. To illustrate precisely what is meant, and to what exception is taken, it may be necessary to mention names in connection with personal experience.

Within a few months past, your correspondent has been favored with sittings with three of the

most prominent mediums of this country; and in the order, as to time, in which they are here mentioned, namely, Dr. Henry Slade, Mrs. M. M. Hardy and Charles H. Foster. At the first sitting he was not so firmly grounded in Spiritualism as now. That the phenomena occurring in the presence of mediums were realities, not tricks, he had long known; but beyond this, with him, was the yet open question, "Were they manifestations of spirits of those who had once lived in human form?" In short, did they prove immortality? This, too, was, above all others, the vital point. Doubts he had, and they were distressing; for to him, next to the idea of eternal existence in a literal, blazing, brimstone-hell, that of final annihilation, seemed the most revolting imaginable. Therefore he frankly informed Dr. Slade that "his visit was far from being one of mere curiosity—that his greatest anxiety was to obtain a satisfactory and affirmative answer to the question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?'" confessing that though outside of Spiritualism there were arguments in favor of immortality, rendering the doctrine probable, that was the most that could be conceded for them, and that each and all were insufficient to free the mind, at all times, from painful, lingering doubt.

Our sitting began. It need not be described, save in a general way, for it did not differ, as to manifestations, from ordinary sittings with this medium. There was no trickery certainly. It could not have been practiced undetected. The time was mid-day—noon, a large, second floor parlor, abounding in windows, and as light as those windows unshaded could make it; furniture, a few chairs, possibly a sofa (though as to this memory is uncertain), a table in the centre of the room, say about two and a half by four feet in size, and without drawers. At this table the Doctor and the writer were seated—Doctor's hands on the top of the leaf, his feet under it, the writer's hands and feet on top of the Doctor's. Almost instantly raps were heard: then a chair, standing by itself several feet from the table, rose perpendicularly about a foot from the carpet, remained a moment poised in air, then fell; the unmistakable sensation was felt of being touched, sometimes patted, by hands on the head, body and limbs; a small hand came out, as from beneath the table, caught hold of a charm on writer's watch-chain, dangled it, for a moment only, but long enough to be distinctly seen by both parties, then vanished! The little slate, wiped dry and free from a mark or scratch, with a bit of pencil half as large as a grain of wheat upon it, was slipped under the table, and held by the Doctor, with one hand pressed closely to the nether side of the leaf; his other hand rested on top of the leaf, and both were in plain sight. Immediately the sound of writing was heard; presently raps indicated that the writing was finished, and on withdrawing the slate there was a message, purporting to be from his own control, saying that the father and son of the writer were present; that it was the son who had touched and patted him and played with his watch-chain; that the father raised the chair and would write a message.

Again the slate was made ready, and this time was placed by the Doctor on top of the writer's head and there held, by one corner of the frame, between his thumb and forefinger, the remaining fingers of this hand being closed, and his other hand resting on the table. At once the sound of pencil-writing was again heard, and, when finished, the following message appeared plainly written on the slate: "My Dear Son—God be praised for this sweet hour! We do live! never doubt it again.—J. M. C."

The initials were those of your correspondent's father! A blunder on his part prevented this communication from being as conclusive, as a test, as it might have been, but it was surely enough to excite him to further inquiry. He propounded a single interrogatory in writing, which was satisfactorily answered, and was about to write others, when to his surprise and dismay came a signal which the Doctor said meant that the séance was at an end, and nothing further could be expected; "though," said he, "I can get them to play the accordion and raise the table for you," and, at his request, both feats were performed. "Something" obeyed him. The music was made in plain view, no human hand or other visible force manipulating the instrument or its keys; and the table was raised some ten inches or more from the floor, and there remained sufficiently long for the writer to see, as he did, and be positive, as he was, that it was untouched by any one, anywhere, except that his hands and those of the medium rested, palms down, flat on the top of the leaf!

Here one cannot well resist the temptation to ask of what force or effect are columns or volumes written by Dr. Carpenter, or any similarly bigoted and "prepossession" scientist, about "Prepossession" in the presence of such observed facts as have been stated? He, and such as he, may write on, until the last hard word in the whole vocabulary of science is worn threadbare, and to all such argumentation the answer of your correspondent is, and must be, "He did see that table rise from the floor and remain for a brief time suspended, when he knows it was untouched, save as stated, by any human being, or by any visible force. He did see that chair rise and for a moment remain stationary at least one foot above the carpet, when nothing visible touched it! And he did see that little hand come out and seize his watch chain as plainly as he now sees his own. Of these facts he is as certain as he can be that he now sees the paper on which he writes, as certain as any one can be of any fact brought to actual knowledge by any of the senses." Better, far better will it be for the future reputation of Dr. Carpenter for candor, and even common sense, if he yields his almost willful blindness, and accepts such facts as these, facts that can be proved by the oaths of millions as truthful and as competent to see, hear and feel as he is, and devotes his great abilities and attainments to the work of learning the true cause of the phenomena. Trivial as such manifestations are in and of themselves, as exhibitions of spiritual or some other force, mighty, but unknown, they are worthy of the most careful study of the profoundest mind. The falling of an acorn, according to one version of the story, and that of an apple, according to another, is said to have suggested to Newton the law of gravitation. Both versions may be mythical; but either might have been, perhaps one was, true; yet what a trivial manifestation is an acorn or an apple-fall? But if any scolding is to be done it must not be longer delayed.

As has been stated, the séance ended abruptly; from beginning to end it did not occupy so much time as it has taken to briefly state the facts. The writer was then informed that he would set-

tle with the gentleman below stairs, was bowed out, descended, handed said gentleman the five dollars demanded and went his way. To say that he was sorely disappointed is to use the mildest language admissible.

Passing for the present the visit to Mrs. Hardy, and coming to that with Mr. Foster, (also a mid day sitting, "terms five dollars in advance,") though more time was allowed, there was nevertheless, to some extent, the same cause for complaint. It is but fair to admit, however, that a lengthy sitting with him is not so essential, or may not be, owing to the peculiar character of the manifestations. Questions propounded mentally, not a word being spoken, are often, perhaps invariably, answered by the invisibles promptly, by raps, when an answer of yes or no is appropriate; and even when such an answer is not appropriate and the visitor undertakes to reduce his query to writing, doing this where it is impossible for Mr. Foster to see what is written, if he happens to look up very likely he will see Mr. Foster also writing, and by the time his interrogatory is on paper, possibly before it is half finished, the answer will be handed him, as wonderful as it is undeniably pat and truthful. Thus, much may be accomplished in a short time. Such was the experience of your correspondent on the occasion referred to. It should in fairness also be stated that almost every manifestation was so conclusive as to shut out all room for reasonable doubt. Parents, child, brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, and a friend of early life were there, each with fond greetings, loving words, wise counsels, and with proof rendering the identity of each undeniable. It was a love feast in very deed, a family reunion from beyond the dark river of death! What wonder that time flew! But could not a few moments more have been spared?

The sitting lasted a half hour, possibly forty minutes. Then a lady and two gentlemen were announced as in waiting, were immediately admitted, and the medium, addressing your correspondent, said, "You have got enough for this time, sir;" and that was the end.

If, on another occasion, the anxiety was to prolong inquiry in order to detect a mistake, if it had occurred, and because doubts still lingered, so now the fact that every manifestation seemed doubtful and was replete with knowledge, only sharpened the appetite for something more, and the time permitted seemed short. Indeed as compared with what could have been used for laudable ends. If in fact—as all who best know Mr. Foster will most warmly assert—there is with him no greed for gold, such haste becomes only more inexplicable.

Grumbling is not agreeable. Therefore it is a pleasure to go back, in conclusion, to the sitting with Mrs. Hardy. To give all its details would unwarrantably extend a communication already much longer than was intended. A general mention of it, with perhaps one or two incidents, must suffice, as well they may; for it was in every respect as satisfactory as conclusive. There was no hurry. Indeed, it was protracted until your correspondent suggested that the medium must be fatigued, and should not longer be detained. Even then the invisibles seemed reluctant to break off the interview; but they yielded.

As introductory to one of the incidents to be given, it must be stated that in the month of June last your correspondent, on invitation, attended a celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the settlement of his native town in Northeastern Ohio, and delivered the address. The celebration was on Saturday; and he remained the next day with a relative living only a few steps from the house which had been his childhood home. On that Sunday he strolled out alone to visit some points of interest, particularly the "burying-ground," located on what had once been a part of his father's farm. It was not the last resting place of the sacred dust of his father and mother, but there, some thirty years or more ago, was committed to earth all that was mortal of a schoolmate and associate, to whom in childhood and early youth he had been warmly attached. This particular grave he searched out, and for some little time remained standing beside it. Possibly, on returning to the house of his relative this visit to the cemetery was mentioned, (the impression is that it was,) but of his looking out that particular grave and standing by it nothing was said, so far as remembered. Be that as it may, it is certain that from that day to the time of the sitting with Mrs. Hardy, he had not named it to any one east of Ohio. That she could have heard of it, or even of the visit to Ohio, was morally impossible. It should be added that your correspondent was an entire stranger to Mrs. Hardy up to the evening prior to this sitting, when they were merely introduced at a public séance. Thus much prefatory; and now for the incidents.

No sooner was the medium entranced than she announced, through her own "control," the presence of father, mother and child of your correspondent. "But," said she, "there is standing right by your side the spirit of a most beautiful lady; she says this is her first good opportunity, and now she wants to have a good talk with you. She says you were very fond of her, and that she was of you when in life," &c. The name was then given in full—positively the medium could never have heard it before—and in reply to a question the medium answered, "she had been quite a number of years in spirit-life." The medium continued, "She has her little brother with her, and says you know how he died." (here the medium shuddered, uttered an ejaculation of horror, clasped her hands to her eyes and turned away her face, as if turning from some shocking sight, and exclaimed, "Oh dear! that pretty little boy was drowned—fell in a well, and was drowned!" and the lady says you remember too how sick it made her for weeks and weeks, and how she almost died." The medium was asked if she could give the name of the boy. "Oh yes," said she, "Thales, T-H-A-L-E-S, (spelling it) was his name."

All this was true. The little brother—some six years old—was drowned in a well. His body was not found for a considerable time after he was missed; and when at length the dreadful reality was known, and broken as gently as possible to this lady—already prostrated with anxiety—the shock nearly proved fatal. For weeks her life was despaired of, and she never fully recovered. But all these facts transpired in a distant State—thirty-nine years ago—undoubtedly before the medium was born! How could she have had any knowledge of them? It is certain she did not have any. Up to this period in the sitting the medium had apparently spoken as controlled by her own guide; but at this point the spirit of the lady seemed to be able for a time to speak through her, and as though addressing your correspondent, she said: "Dear friend, it

seems to you a long time, and it has been many years since my earth-life ended, and this is the first time I have been able to make you conscious of my presence. I rejoice, and am very grateful for the opportunity. But, my dear friend, I have never forgotten you, no, never. Almost daily I have been with you, and oh, so often have longed to give you a word of encouragement or warning as the occasion suggested, for your best good. . . . I was with you when you visited your childhood home last summer, and heard your speech, and I stood by your side when you stood by my grave, as you thought all alone, that Sunday afternoon! I could read your thoughts, and so earnestly wished to respond to them. But, my dear friend, do not go to the trouble to look out that grave again. It was only the faded, worn-out earthly garment that was laid away there, while even then the spiritual, immortal part was happy with loved ones gone before in its eternal home!"

Many other statements were made, all confirmatory of the genuineness of the manifestations, many of them as striking as those here given; but they need not be added. Indeed, it would be almost sacrilege to give some of them to the public, and to that public they might be of little interest, precious though they were to him to whom and for whom they were uttered. Other spirits also conversed freely, convincingly, but all that must be passed over.

If some doubter should say of these incidents, "prepossession will account for all of them," the reply would be, must be, "prepossession did not account for them, and there is an end of that hypothesis." CHAS. CASE.

Washington, D. C., 1876.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Remarkable Paraffine Glove Phenomena at Philadelphia.

J. M. Roberts, Esq., of Burlington, N. J., writes to the Boston Sunday Herald, of April 16th, giving an extended and interesting account of the paraffine mold formations now occurring in presence of Nelson Holmes, in Philadelphia. From the article we culled the following extracts for the benefit of our readers:

"For the past two months Mr. and Mrs. Holmes have been giving their séances at No. 614 Washington square, Philadelphia. The manifestations of spirit presence there, continuing to be of the most varied, interesting and convincing nature. The materialization of spirit-forms has been of almost nightly occurrence under the most absolute and unquestionable test conditions. \* \* \*

"At the séance held Thursday evening, March 30th, 'John King' appeared at the aperture of the cabinet and said, 'If you will provide us with paraffine and fixtures we will give you molds of men's, women's and children's hands.'"

"Mr. Holmes was alone in the cabinet and thoroughly secured, fully seven feet from the aperture, in a case constructed for that special purpose by Mr. A. B. Crosby, a personal friend and business associate of Mr. John Wetherbee of Boston. Mr. Fifeild, who was present, was so impressed with this request of 'John King,' that he set about complying with it. He procured the paraffine, made inquiry about the preparation of it for the purpose, and had everything in readiness for the next séance. This séance was given to a private select circle, and those immediately interested in it knew nothing of what had taken place the evening before. Mr. Fifeild had, however, all his preparations made, and requested permission to place the melted paraffine in the cabinet. This was granted, and a pan containing the melted paraffine and a basin of cold water were placed in the cabinet fully eight feet from where Mr. Holmes sat in the securely fastened case. The usual spirit materializations followed, and when the séance closed the paraffine mold of a very large hand was found floating in the basin of cold water. The positions of the thumb and small finger of the mold were such that it would have been impossible to have removed a permanently materialized or natural hand from it had it been formed over such a hand, without breaking or deforming the mold. There was no evidence whatever that the work had been broken or that the hand which formed it had been entranced while whole, or undiminished in size or density. The natural and only inference was that the hand over which the mold had been formed had been dissolved or had lost its density after the formation of the latter, and that it was what it purported to be, the mold of a temporarily materialized human hand. The only question that was not self-evidently answered was as to the time and place when the mold was formed.

"It was evidently not a mold of the hand of Mr. Holmes, being much larger and entirely different in shape from his. Not knowing that a mold had been obtained, no person thought to inquire as to its identity. At the next séance, two evenings thereafter, this question was asked of 'John King,' who, being well materialized, appeared at the aperture of the cabinet, and in a loud and distinct voice said, 'The mold you got was that of the hand of Laura Ellis's father.' At the latter séance the mold of a woman's hand was obtained, but of such a peculiar form as to show the imperfect condition of the materialized hand which had served as its model. The extremities of the fingers and thumb were quite perfect, the fingers were of very unnatural length, and the body of the hand and wrist were most disproportionately small and contracted. The mold was clearly what it purported to be, that of an imperfectly and temporarily materialized female hand. Was it then and there produced? Every circumstance tended to establish that fact, but I prefer not to allege this yet. At the next séance, on Tuesday, April 4th, however, a mold was obtained under such circumstances as to render any doubt regarding it impossible. I will, therefore, give the particulars attending its procurement, as proof of the genuineness of the other molds which were obtained in a similar manner. There were but five of us present besides the mediums. Mrs. Holmes entered the cabinet, and was securely fastened in the case, which occupies one corner of the former. When secured in this case it is physically impossible for the medium to leave the cabinet without the fact being at once detected at the close of the séance. I have seen scores of persons looked in it, who supposed it possible to perform this feat, but who have one and all been compelled to admit, after the most ingenious efforts to accomplish it, that it was impossible. So confident am I of the impossibility of it, that I would be willing to pay a handsome sum to any person who will demonstrate its possibility.

"The cabinet is three-sided, and is formed by a board partition extending from a chimney jamb of the room across to the front wall of the same and reaching from floor to ceiling. The three sides of the cabinet are about eleven feet broad each. The pan containing the melted paraffine and the basin of cold water were placed at one side of the cabinet, and as far from the case and medium as possible. The door of the cabinet was closed. The circle being very small and the weather quite unfavorable, the materializations were weaker than usual. After a considerable time the well-known face of 'John King' appeared at the aperture and said, 'A spirit has been trying to get a mold of my hand, but she has failed.' 'Dick' is going to try to give you a mold of his hand.' This 'Dick' is one of Mrs. Holmes's especial spirit-controls. \* \* \* When 'John King' announced Dick's purpose to try to give you a mold of his hand, in order to leave no room to doubt that the promised mold was not then in existence, Mr. Fifeild asked 'John' whether 'Dick' would not try to have his hand molded holding a small bouquet of flowers which I had previously examined. This was assented to, and the nosegay was taken from his hand into the cabinet. Ten or fifteen minutes later 'John

King' ordered the cabinet to be opened, and there in the basin of water floated the paraffine mold of a hand holding the identical nosegay which had been handed into the cabinet a few minutes before, covered with a thick coating of paraffine. The mold obtained differed from the others in this; that, while they only extended to the wrist, this one extended two and a half inches above it. The bouquet was held between the thumb and forefinger, and the paraffine envelope of the former, although not so thick as the mold of the hand, was attached to it as if cast with the latter. This mold was beyond all question, cast after the bouquet was handed into the cabinet. It is evidently the mold of a man's hand. There was no man near the paraffine pan than from six to eight feet distant. The only person who could have been or was even that near to it was Mr. Holmes, and he was before, at the time and afterward, so secured that he could not approach it. The hand over which this mold was formed was not in size, proportions, shape or general appearance anything like the hand of the medium. The fingers and the two first joints of the thumb are fully and perfectly formed, but the muscles of the inside of the hand and the ball of the thumb are very much shrunken, and have caused quite a collapsed appearance in that part of the mold. The back of the hand is cast so as to show the tendons of the fingers very plainly, but there is an unnatural shortness and entire disproportion of this part of the mold as compared with the parts nearer the extremities of the hand. The wrist and arm are thin and out of proportion, being flatter and wider than would be natural, although not of greater girth.

"It is perfectly clear that the hand over which this mold was cast was never removed from it in a solid condition, and there can be no possible doubt that the mold is what it purports to be—a cast of an imperfectly materialized spirit hand. Its imperfection of form is a very strong proof of itself that it is not the cast of an ordinary human hand. That it was produced at the time and place I have stated, and independent of the will and control of the mediums, the five persons who were present, and witnessed what took place. The molds of two other hands have since been obtained, one of which was identified by a gentleman and his wife from Boston, who were present when it was produced, and who recognized it as the mold of the hand of the father of the former. When the other mold was obtained 'John King' appeared at the aperture of the cabinet and said, 'We were great difficulty in obtaining a mold of a hand. But they all seem to be wanting to stick their fingers into it (meaning the paraffine) to-night.' When he ordered the cabinet to be opened it became very apparent what 'John King' meant, although at the time he was speaking we little comprehended it. There in a basin of water were a dozen or more molds of fingers of different sizes and shapes, besides the mold of a full hand. In addition, therefore, to all the other proofs of the genuineness of the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and the reality of the materializations of spirit forms which appear at their séances, we have the permanent evidence of the paraffine molds of some of those materializations, and this evidence cannot be got rid of by misrepresentations, by sneers and calumny, or by the neglect and persecution of the mediums at the hands of envious, prejudiced or interested persons."

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Up on the breezy headland the fisherman's grave they Where, over the daisies and clover bells, the birchen branches wave; Above us the ark was shining in the cloudless skies of June, And under the cliffs the waves were chanting their ceaseless tune: For the grey line was curving along the hollow shore, When the dear old tides were flowing that he would ride no more. The dirge of the wave, the note of the bird, and the priest's low tone were heard In the breeze that blew from the moorland, all laden with contentment; But never a thought of the new-mown hay, gassing on sunny plains, Or of the deep in the wildwood, or roses trembling the lanes. Woke in the hearts of the stern bronzed men who gathered Around the grave, and the grass that grew on the moorland, all laden with contentment; Where lay the mate who had fought with them the battle of wind and wave. How boldly he steered the coble across the foaming bar, When his sky was black to the eastward and the breakers white to the west; How his keen eye caught the squall ahead, how his strong hand laid the helm; As we wave o'er or the rocky waves before the raging gale, How cheerily he kept all the long, dark night; and never a person spoke of God's love, like those he said to us, when at last the morning broke? So thought the dead man's comrades, as silent and sad they stood. While the prayer was prayed, the blessing said, and the dirge that struck the wood; And the widow's sob, and the orphan's wail, jarred through the joyous air: How some the light wind o'er the sea blow on so fresh and fair? How could the gay waves laugh and leap, landward o'er the sand and stone, While he, who knew and loved them all, lay lapped in clay alone? But for long, when to the heaving heights the snow-tipped billows roll, When the sea and skate, and dogfish dart around the heaving shoal; When gear is sorted, and sails are set, and the merry wind whistles blow; And away to the deep sea-harvest the stalwart reapers go, A kindly sigh, and a hearty word, they will give to him who lies below. Where the daisy springs, and the heather blooms, beneath the northern skies.

The Spirit Parlor of a Los Angeles (Cal.) Couple.

We were pointed to the graves of children of Thomas A. Geary, one of the richest men in Los Angeles, whose eldest daughter, about seventeen years old, died after an illness of a week, and was followed in a few days to the spirit-land by her baby sister, three years old. Mr. Geary had at that time just begun the erection of the finest house in the county, standing in the midst of his hundreds of acres of oranges and semi-tropical fruits. We visited this grand silent mansion, saw the life-size figure of "Joan of Arc," who, in suit of armor, held in her mailed hand a gas torch to light the luxurious staircase. We looked at the handsome parlor, drawing-room, and conservatories, and the rich sleeping apartments in the second story, and were conducted to a large room in the third story dedicated to his dead children, and called the "Spirit Parlor." Here we saw the toys and rocking-horses of the baby, and were told they visited and sat here, and sometimes in dim forms appeared to the mother and father, as they sat in the parlor. We entered the cabinet. It was about six feet square, made tight and dark, was ornamented on the outside by carving and some ornamental wood-work. It stood on an elevated dais, approached by three steps. There was a crescent-shaped hole in the cabinet door, and at this aperture the materialized spirits appear.

The parents are really comforted in their bereavement by this idea, and in the midst of this lonely grandeur of their costly home are cheered by the belief that in the sunny "upper room" their children still play with their old toys, and read their old books, and come from their spirit-world to visit the fine house that was planned for them, but which only their fair spirits can ever occupy.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quarterly Meeting in Gasport, N. Y.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Spiritualists of Western New York was held at Kirtland Hall, Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y., on Saturday, March 25th, 1876. Although the number in attendance was not so large as on some former occasions, the interest manifested to learn of the Spiritual Philosophy equaled that shown at any of the meetings which have thus far been held in Western New York. Owing to some cause beyond control, several expected lecturers were not present, and the speaker consisted of Bro. E. J. Danville, N. Y., and Bro. J. Taylor, Erie Co., who responded with a right good will. The convention held two sessions each day, and was presided over by Bro. E. J. Danville. On the evening of the 25th a meeting was opened with conference, followed by a lecture from Bro. Taylor. At the closing of the Sunday afternoon lecture a meeting was held on Monday, the 26th, and the citizens of Gasport and vicinity gathered together at the hall and called for a lecture, and would not go away until late in the evening. A number of the best thought, those listening were mostly young men and women of the place and they manifested a deep interest in all that was said. Spiritualism is not dead in Gasport. E. J. DANVILLE, Sec. pro tem.

Enthusiasm is contagious. A good thing may go undone for years, but if it chances to become all at once the fashion to do it, straightway every one falls to do it.



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Banner of Light.

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Modes of Investigation.

In some remarks at the London celebration of the twenty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, April 6th, 1876, the Rev. W. Stainton-Moses said:

"The fact that Spiritualism has survived twenty-eight years of the hardest struggle that any truth has ever put in this world is significant. It is twenty-eight years since those tiny raps were first sounded at Hydesville, when men began to awake to the fact that there was something else than blood, and bone, and muscle, and nerve, in a human being; awake to the fact, I say, because it is one that has really been known among all ages of mankind. We mistake if we date back Spiritualism only twenty-eight years. It is as old as the human race, and the time will never come but that the truth will be recognized in some form or other that spirit is the real fact, and that matter is one of its presentations."

"Twenty-eight years! What have we done in them? Not so much as we might have done. We have been too much hampered with pseudo-investigators, who wanted to show the world that we were shams, but they did not do it."

Mr. Stainton-Moses, though still a young man, has had large experience in Spiritualism. He has been a powerful medium for both physical and mental phenomena. A graduate of Oxford, a thorough scholar, and profoundly impressed with the reality of the facts of Spiritualism, he is well qualified to criticize that "pseudo-investigation" of which we have had so much, and by which Spiritualism is still so much hampered and retarded. Persons who suppose they can impose conditions of their own, in the investigation of spiritual phenomena, irrespective of the wishes or powers of the spirits operating, or that mediums are to blame for not at once acceding to any test condition which may be suggested, will, if they patiently and sincerely study the phenomena, learn that if they would satisfy themselves of spiritual verities they must proceed by other methods than those they might employ in testing a chemical experiment, or solving a purely mechanical problem.

Let us illustrate our meaning by a simple narrative of facts. Two ladies, independently of each other, undertook to investigate the materialization phenomena through a certain medium. One of the ladies, Mrs. A., was a stern, uncompromising skeptic, and rebuked her skepticism in offensive ways; she wanted things done after her own notions of what spirits ought to do; if the light was dim, she showed her dissatisfaction; if spirit forms did not come near enough, she complained. Her state of mind seemed to paralyze all free manifestations; and, after ten sances, she gave up the investigation, and, without assigning any reason except her own incredulity, denounced the phenomena as fraudulent.

Mrs. B., though equally skeptical at the beginning, adopted a very different course. She assumed, for the purpose of investigation, that the spiritual hypothesis was true. She gratefully took what was given, and did not complain because it was not more. She was cheerful, unpreoccupied and easy, at the same time that she was vigilant, saying nothing to wound either the medium or the supposed spirits. The result was, that at the fifth sance, she was requested to take the seat nearest the cabinet; and, at the next sance, one of the spirit-forms (for she had satisfied herself there could be no confederate) pulled her playfully into the cabinet, and there she saw and felt the medium in a trance, and at the same time the spirit-form, and was thoroughly satisfied of the fact of two personalities. Thus she was rewarded for her patience by a test which satisfied her fully and finally of the fact of spirit materialization.

We have mentioned these cases simply for the purpose of showing that there is a right and a wrong mode of investigation; and that tests may be got by patiently waiting for them.

Another fact which few, even among Spiritualists sufficiently realize, is this: the presence of an antagonistic individual in a circle may operate as a preventive or confusing force, prejudicial to the fair and free production of the phenomena. If the medium has assistant spirits, ready to come when his mental telegraph lets them know they are wanted, so every individual in a circle may unconsciously bring with him spirits, friendly or unfriendly to the expected manifestations. All of us are more or less mediums, though in our state of normal consciousness we may not be aware of it; and we exert, consciously or unconsciously, a spiritual force when we think and will. Even Dr. Carpenter admits that there is such a thing as "unconscious cerebration."

Now this spiritual force, which we put forth, is as substantial and real to spirits as blocks, walls and posts are to us in the use of our physical senses. An antagonistic or plotting person in a circle may, though perfectly quiet and unobtrusive, and even unconscious of what he is doing, exert an influence that chills like an

east wind or paralyzes like a heavy blow. And to cause like these many of the failures and contrivances in circles might undoubtedly be traced. Recently, in Russia, the Petty Boys, who had been remarkable mediums for materialization phenomena in England, failed to produce them in St. Petersburg before the Scientific Commission, composed mostly of skeptics. By these the failure was of course at once set down as evidence of the untrustworthiness of the media claims of the boys. Prof. Mendeleeff, on the ground that no mediumistic manifestations were obtained, assumed that there never were such manifestations; and, as Prof. Butleroff puts it, "Those persons who had seen nothing at all undertook to contradict the unqualified testimony of not merely a few, but a multitude of persons, who had seen much, and who were sure that they had seen well."

And thus those persons, "who had testified to the genuineness of the mediumistic phenomena, went made to appear the wretched victims of gross error and deception, and the scientists, who repudiated the existence of such manifestations, the defenders of true science." Their charges of charlatanry and deceit were all based on mere subjective impressions and one-sided conjectures. Well does Prof. Butleroff remark:

"If the members of the Commission should be able, even at this late day, to follow up their object patiently, objectively, and for a sufficient length of time, I have no doubt they would finally be obliged to endorse the reality of the mediumistic phenomena. But if—as seems more likely—they close their proceedings with their present negation of the whole subject, then, alas! facts will still remain facts, in spite of all the commissions in the world, and persons who had assured themselves in a proper way of the existence of such facts, will remain convinced as before."

"In a proper way." Yes, there is a proper and an improper way in the investigation of these unique phenomena; and the proper way is to accept, though with all possible caution, such conditions as the spirits impose, and, under those conditions, by simple patience and persistence, arrive at last at positive results. For that such results can be arrived at, we and many thousand other investigators well know.

Tests in Spiritualism.

In a recent article concerning the Stewart imbroglio at Terre Haute we remarked upon the power of intruding spirits to produce appearances of fraud on the medium's part, when all the while the medium might be innocent of fraudulent intent. If spirits can introduce flowers from hot-houses and drapery from trunks or wardrobes, why can they not introduce false hair and other "properties," and conceal them about the person of a medium, in order to puzzle or confound investigation? We believe that this may be done, and that it has been done. In our remarks we said, "Skeptics will hoot at this notion, but our most persistent investigators have begun seriously to entertain it."

Upon this a Texas correspondent, for whom we have high respect, remarks: "This theory opens the door wide to impostors in the materializing phase, and the sooner we close it the better."

But if our correspondent will reflect upon the subject further, he will find that the true question is not what ill-effects may flow from the fact, but whether it is indeed a fact. We have encountered too many strange and seemingly contradictory things in Spiritualism to be frightened off by stumbling on any fact, however wide it may seem to open the door to impostors. And if it be a fact, as we believe it is, that mischievous or malevolent spirits can interfere to throw doubt on phenomena and place the medium in suspicious situations, we can still exercise our reason in discriminating between the spurious and the genuine, the actual and the simulated. The only effect will be to induce us to be more charitable to the medium himself, and to make allowance for a liability, the knowledge of which will not make us any less vigilant or exacting than we would otherwise be.

No careful, experienced Spiritualist will be afraid of being duped by a person wholly destitute of medial power. The danger is in being deceived either by those whom we know to be mediums or by the spirits influencing them. A knowledge that we may be open to deception in both these ways is certainly not likely to render us any more fitted to become the victim of an impostor.

We are as desirous as any one can be to institute tests of the most complete and conclusive character; tests that may have the force of the most irresistible facts in positive science. For this we have been laboring these twenty years, and are still laboring. But no one who has had much experience in the phenomena of Spiritualism can have failed to be impressed with the conviction that a knowledge of their reality must be attained in other ways than by a forcing process that could strike skepticism dead at a single blow.

Ever since the phenomena began we have had to encounter the same kind of objections that are now brought up against the materializing marvels. "If you can do these things in the dark, why not in the light?" it was asked. "If you can tip a table, why not lift it into the air? If you can materialize a hand, why not an arm? And if an arm, why not the whole person? If you can whisper, why not speak aloud? If you can speak with a trumpet, why not without one?" etc., etc.

Very gradually the phenomena have enlarged and become more decided and convincing; but this has not been done by any forcing process. If tests have been finally submitted to and given freely, it has not been done in answer to the bullying of investigators, or by their threatening to give up investigation unless certain conditions were permitted. "The kingdom of heaven comes not by observation." And so with these phenomena: the most convincing have come when we have been most passive and unexpecting; when all aggressive skepticism has been hushed, and we have been expecting and exacting nothing.

The correspondent from whom we have quoted commends to our notice the suggestion of some one that the materializing medium "should be nailed up in a box and placed in the cabinet." This suggestion is of a piece with the objections that have been raised the last thirty years at every step in the production of the phenomena of Spiritualism. The objector assumes that he ought to be the judge of conditions, rather than the spirit supposed to be operating. In total ignorance of the modus operandi and of the nature of the subtle conditions required, the objector, instead of going through that process of patient and long-continued investigation by which such men as Varley and Wallace have arrived at their knowledge, would make a short cut to certainty by demanding a condition, which the operating "force" refuses to submit

to under the circumstances. Old investigators can only reply to those who carp at these refusals to meet their conditions, "Take the same pains that I have taken, and give the same time that I have given, and you may arrive at the same knowledge. If you do not consider the truth worth the trouble, then go on and try to undervalue and discredit it. It is truth nevertheless."

Centennial Re-organization.

The Centennial year of the Great Republic bids fair to be memorable in a very different way from that which was counted on. Instead of being the occasion for countless self-congratulations and the indulgence of our national conceit, it promises rather to be a time of general upsetting of what is hollow and false, in society, in politics, in religion and in business, and of renovation, re-organization, and, in fact, of revolution. There was need enough of it, Heaven knows. Shoddyism had become so strongly entrenched in our life, rulling it from centre to circumference, that there was really no hope but in a general breaking up and throwing down of these shams, and in the exposure of falsehood and hypocrisy wherever it has set itself up as supreme.

Painful as the disclosure may be, it is a far better way of celebrating the hundredth national birthday than for us all to get together and indulge in a general self-glorification. The gods have clearly sent these things to us in order to take down our measure of conceit and set us to thinking of things that are of real importance. It is time we had the vanity taken out of us. We are not the greatest nation on earth, though we are a great one beyond a doubt. But of late years we have fallen into evil ways. We are worshiping power in whatever form, and more especially in the form of money. Our republican heritage is threatened with being put in power for mere material delights and shows; and that is a danger we can ill afford to encounter, for it cankers and honeycombs all.

Now it is perfectly evident, or at least it ought to be, that actual progress is better for us as a people than stopping to brag over past progress. When we do that we clearly prove that it is not progress at all, but something very different. With all our good qualities and characteristics—and it cannot be denied that they are many and valuable—we are not yet so well off in them as that we can afford to indulge in much glorification. We are by no means out of the limits of our republican experiment yet. And what have we really got to show for it? Are the political parties more pure and jealous of freedom in all its aspects than they were at the beginning? Are the churches any more charitable, and do they tend to greater freedom of conscience than in the days of our colonial theocracy?

If the year proves to be a stone set up for a new departure, as we sincerely believe it will be, all will be well, and it will give cause for rejoicing to the latest posterity. We have worse enemies and more treacherous to overcome to-day than our fathers had one hundred years ago. There is a battle raging between the unseen powers of the air, in which the future of this nation of ours, and therefore of the human race, is very closely bound up. They are fighting with us and for us. It is no foreign foe that we contest, but the one within. There is bigotry, pride, authority, power, the idolatry of money, all these to be overcome, and let us celebrate the Centennial in the most fitting manner by waging a vigorous war with them. All falsities are to be overturned. Their day has come, and it may be told by the stir and excitement which their continual exposure begets.

Mr. Crookes's Late Discovery.

We publish in another column the testimony of a Harvard professor to the interesting character of Mr. Crookes's recent discoveries, seeming to prove the motive power of light. Mr. Crookes is the well-known London chemist who has tested and testified to the genuineness of the phenomena of materialization, supposed to be produced by spirit-power. It happened that in the course of his experiments in this direction, while endeavoring to secure evidence of the movement of inert matter poised in a vacuum under the influence coming from a medium, he detected mechanical movements due to the action of light, which led to the production of his radiometer, a little instrument which not only demonstrates the conversion of light into mechanical motion, but by the addition of electrical attachments forms by far the most perfect photometer or light-measurer, which has hitherto been produced. Professor Tyndall was present at Mr. Crookes's recent lecture on the subject, but whether he pronounces the discovery "intellectual whoredom" or not, we have not heard. It is evident that Professor Cooke, of Cambridge, looks upon Mr. Crookes's discovery as one of great scientific interest. At the conclusion of the lecture above alluded to, Mr. Crookes remarked, "that all the results he had exhibited had been obtained in consequence of his examination of an anomaly (Spiritualism) contrary to all ordinary experience. Anomalies were of the utmost value to men of science; they were gateways leading to new researches, and to the establishment of reputations." Professor Tyndall had to sit and swallow it all.

The Twenty-Eighth Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated in London, Eng., April 6th, at Cambridge Hall, Newman street. Thomas Slater presided. The services took the form, among other characteristics, of a testimonial to F. A. Hudson, the spirit-photographer. Mr. J. Burns exhibited, by means of the oxy-hydrogen light, a large number of spirit-photographs; music and singing added interest; speeches were made by the Chairman, by "M. A. (Oxon)," Mr. Shorter, Mrs. Kimball and Mr. Linton; and Col. Greek presented the testimonial to Mr. Hudson, the donee acknowledging the gift—fifty pounds—with a few words full of grateful feeling.

Franklin, whose mind was fertile with great truths, wrote as follows:

"There seems but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth: the first by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbors—this is robbery; the second by commerce, which is generally cheating; the third by agriculture, the only honest way, wherein a man receives a real increase of the seeds thrown into the ground in a kind of continual miracle, wrought for his innocent life and his virtuous industry."

An old writer says: "The religion first taught as Christianity—not the Christian religion—has ever since that time 'peopled earth with demons, hell with men, and heaven with slaves.'"

A Noble Request.

At a time when the elements of discord appear to be so thoroughly aroused among the friends and adherents of the Spiritual Philosophy and phenomena, it is pleasant to us to note any event looking toward the incoming of the era of good feeling, and we therefore take great pleasure in citing the following action—pleasurable to us in a double degree in that it evidences not only the kindly spirit so much to be desired generally, but also shows an appreciation of our own past labors, and a disposition to strengthen our hands for future efforts for the spread of spiritual truth. This is one of the marked instances in which our spirit co-workers have raised up friends to assist us, since this paper and its public free circles were almost simultaneously inaugurated. Among those friends who have risen in our time of need, no name shines brighter in our remembrance than that of James L. Randall, Esq., whose decease at his residence, Brookvale, N. Y., at the advanced age of 68 years, we announced some time since through a memorial article from the pen of Leo Miller. Mr. Randall, wishing to give a final witness of his affiliation with the spiritual movement, and his confidence in the efficiency of this paper, left to Colby & Rich, its publishers, the sum of \$1,800, for the purpose of aiding them in supporting the Banner of Light public free circles, and in advancing the highest interests of the cause in such manner as might seem best to them. This notable offering we have received, and we shall endeavor faithfully to discharge the duty which its reception so solemnly posits upon us, returning our thanks, and those of the spirit-world—to the realities and rewards of which our brother has ascended—to the generous testator.

The following extracts from the obituary sketch furnished us, at the time of his transition, by Leo Miller, will serve to acquaint the reader with the character and life work of the deceased: "Mr. Randall was for twenty years a firm and consistent believer in spirit-communion, and in the city of Binghamton, where he has mostly resided during his life, he was the principal pillar in supporting the new religion. His purse and his house were ever open, as many speakers and mediums who have labored in Binghamton and been entertained beneath his hospitable roof can testify. And in all his zeal for the spread of Spiritualism he had the hearty sympathy and co-operation of his intelligent and estimable companion, who yet lingers upon the shores of time, ready and willing to welcome the 'boatman pale' who shall come to transport her to her husband's side in the Summer Land. \* \* \*

In compliance with the wishes of the deceased, the house, the coffin, the hearse and carriages were decorated with evergreen and white—'emblems,' as he said, 'of everlasting life and purity.' He further desired that, whoever should speak on the occasion, would talk to his friends and neighbors about the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, and accordingly the writer, who was invited to officiate, selected the last verse of the first chapter of Hebrews as the foundation of his discourse: 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?' The large concourse of neighbors gathered at the funeral testified to the worth of the man, and such expressions as these were heard to fall from the lips of disbelievers and believers alike: 'Mr. Randall was a good man.' 'He was an honest man.' 'He was one of the best of neighbors.' 'If he is not saved, who among us will deserve to be when we die?'

So passeth from earth one of the best men it was ever my pleasure to know."

Mrs. Thayer, the Flower Medium.

Mr. Peter Black, of 297 Columbus avenue, Boston, has allowed us the perusal of several private letters received by himself from a gentleman resident in Philadelphia, Pa., in which the experiences of the writer at the flower sances of Mrs. Mary B. Thayer are fully set forth. He unhesitatingly endorses the party thus corresponding with him as a reliable and painstaking observer, whose testimony is worthy of all acceptance. From these letters we make, with full permission, the following extracts:

"My wife and myself recently attended a sance at Mrs. Thayer's. I must admit I was very skeptical as regarded the manifestations through her mediumship, but I must say that I saw during the sance not the slightest grounds for me to build a suspicion upon. The members of the circle were all my intimate friends and acquaintances, seekers after the truth. My wife and another lady searched Mrs. Thayer, the door was locked, and the key kept by one of our party. We barricaded the door with chairs, piled three in height, and then at the conclusion of the circle the table was found to be covered with flowers; I do not think I exaggerate when I say it would have taken a flour barrel to have held them. A lady and gentleman opposite me received a wreath of smilax over a yard in length and as thick as my arm. I received a calla lily, and within the lily was a canary bird. I also received a test in this manner: My brother, who passed away during the war (in front of Fredericksburg), has always announced his presence to me by rapping similar to drumming; as I felt and heard the drumming under my hands, Mrs. Thayer, on the other side of the circle, under influence, said, 'There is a soldier here; he wants you to sing "Rally Round the Flag," which was his favorite air,' and when we did sing, the raps kept perfect time to the tune."

The writer expresses himself as follows in the course of a subsequent letter:

"I have just attended a complimentary sance held by Mrs. Thayer. When the gas was lighted I had before me on the table a pair of ring doves. To me the test was excellent, for this reason: My brother William (the volunteer whom I mentioned in a former letter to you as having died in front of Fredericksburg) and myself in our young days had a pair of doves, one of which I have stuffed now, the only birds we ever had. After having announced his presence by his peculiar drumming, and Mrs. Thayer, under influence, saying, 'There is a soldier present,' what more natural or convincing to me than the bringing of the birds, the identical kind we possessed in our boyhood? I have been informed by reliable parties (though I was not present myself) that at another sance by Mrs. Thayer, a Guinea pig was brought; several persons who attended have told me concerning the conclusive tests which were then given to them."

"Mrs. Glasby told us that her guide (an Italian painter) said that at another sance we attended he would bring her a white dove from Italy; and strange to say, at my end of the table (Mrs. G. was at the other) a beautiful white dove came, and endeavored to fly. On returning home, Mrs. Glasby, who was much disappointed in not receiving it, was controlled, and her guide told her he had conveyed it into the room, but had lost control before he could reach her at the other end of the table. At a subsequent date, Mrs. Thayer was at Mrs. G.'s house, when she was controlled and the white dove came. Some time since, while Mrs. Thayer was at dinner at Mr. Glasby's, she asked Mrs. G. to hold both of her hands, and a white hyacinth came; during the afternoon a red one came, and in the evening, when Mr. G. came home, while he was talking to her a purple one came, which he says was cold and wet with dew. These parties testify that Mrs. Thayer had not been out of their house from eleven o'clock in the morning, and this was eight o'clock in the evening."

Paraffine mold phenomena of a most remarkable character are reported as taking place recently in Manchester, England, through the mediumship of Dr. Monk.

Swindling the Indians.

We have no sentimental desire to speak of the Indians as innocent and guileless creatures, yet it is not to be denied that in the hands of designing and conspiring legislative rings they are as helpless as children. The persistent attempt to rob the Indians in the Indian Territory of their 23,000,000 acres of superior land, estimated to be worth \$10 per acre, or \$230,000,000 in all, is the crowning piece of iniquity. There are only some two hundred men engaged in this nefarious scheme, which they have made to take the form of a railroad enterprise, declaring that the Indians, with their land claims, stand directly across the path of civilization and progress. On this pretext they propose to deliberately rob them. Now these Indians, who own their reservation lands by virtue of a solemn surrender of them by the government in return for others which they ceded, are ripening fast for an intelligent citizenship, and never deserved the protection of a powerful government more than now.

To show in another instance how surely civilizing influences operate on the Indian to rescue him from his condition of alleged barbarism, there are the 8,000 Chippewa and Ottawa Indians whom the government, in 1855, made citizens of Michigan, granting them land for establishing homes—eighty acres for each head of a family, forty for every single person over twenty-one years of age, and forty for each family of orphan children. This land was to be inalienable for ten years. All these Indians have done well on it, and made advances in civilization, abandoning their roving habits, and settling down to habits of regular industry. The same success has attended similar experiments in Canada. In that Dominion it is notorious that they have never had any trouble with the tribes, which is owing to nothing but the honest manner in which they have dealt with them. We, on the contrary, have regarded the Indian as only fit to rob and then murder.

Our churches make a great mistake in looking after money as a source of prosperity, says the Merrimac Valley Visitor. The churches richest in money are the poorest in faith. We do not believe it is on record that a very wealthy church ever had a great revival. Give a church a million dollars, and you will find orange blossoms in the desert quicker than the grace of God with the people. There is no way in which a church can be starved so surely as to feed it on legacies. The money from the dead is as palmed as the hand that gives it; rank smells it with the odor of the grave; and noxious ever will it be, with the rottenness of dead men's bones. Look about and see if this be not so among the parishes of New England.

Christ did not ask rich men to help him; he did not stand beckoning, by some old ruins, to the wealthy, saying, "Come, build us up;" he did not creep to the sides of death-beds, and when groaning sinners ask "What shall I do to be saved?" suggest, "Have you remembered the church in your will?" What did he do? He said to the rich of his day, "Go to, and howl!" "Woe unto you!" but he bent down on the other hand and said, "Blessed are the poor!" He walked with them—the despised, the widows, whose two mites were their all; the fishermen who had not enough to pay their taxes till he wrought a miracle in their behalf; the crowd that followed for the bread he gave them. These were the ones he taught; these the men and women he made pillars in his church; these the called, upon whom he bestowed spiritual gifts and marvelous powers; and such have been his chosen ever since. When God wants anybody to do his work, nine times in ten he feels way down to the bottom of society, and brings up those who have been washed in the water of affliction, and scoured clean in the grinding sands of poverty, that their light can shine out and their beauties and virtues become known. Such have been the apostles, the disciples, the revivalists of all the centuries; such the men who have laid the corner-stones of churches in humility and truth, and built their towers and spires by sufferings, sacrifices and martyrdoms, which corner-stones have afterwards been removed by rich and learned heretics, and which turrets have rotted down beneath the offerings of profligates who would carry heaven's as Philipp, King of Macedonia, captured cities, by asses loaded with gold.

Under the head of "Banner Correspondence" there recently appeared in this paper a statement purporting to come from Mrs. M. Symonds, No. 1005 Wilcox avenue, Chicago, Ill., in which the curative powers of Dr. H. Thomas Lee, of 420 Madison street, Chicago, were highly extolled, and it was given the credit of saving her "from an untimely grave." We regret to say that we have since been put in possession of facts going to show that in this instance we have been most grossly imposed upon. We have received letters from Mrs. S. E. Simons (also her husband, Capt. A. Simons)—the "y" and "d" having been placed in the name by the imitator of Mrs. S.'s signature who prepared the article sent to us—wherein Dr. Lee is denounced in the plainest terms. Dr. Lee did indeed give her two or three treatments, she reports, but he did not benefit her thereby to any marked degree, and though she placed her case in the hands of another physician she is still unable to work, and is therefore far from cured. The account of her restoration, forwarded to us as if written by herself, she brands as a falsehood and a forgery. She states (as also does her husband) that through the similarity of handwriting between the original of the letter we published (and which we caused to be shown her by a representative of this paper in Chicago to whom we recalled it for that purpose) and a prescription given her by Dr. Lee—although the account makes her say she was cured without taking any medicine—no doubt exists in her mind that that individual wrote the false certificate of cure himself for his own benefit. Any one in Chicago desiring to know more of the matter can call on Capt. and Mrs. Simons. For ourself we can cherish nothing but sentiments of the severest condemnation for a person who, claiming the high development of spirit mediumship, yet deigns, for the purpose of compassing a mere advertisement, to descend into the depths of such malignant misrepresentation concerning a suffering patient, and such willful efforts to deceive the public.

Mr. Carson, of Melbourne, Australia, mentioned in J. M. Peebles's "Around the World," page 57, called recently on our translator, G. L. Ditson, M. D., at Albany. He proved to be a genial gentleman, to whom the most extensive travel has imparted liberal views of all lands and customs. Mr. Carson has accomplished much for the advancement of Spiritualism in Melbourne.



Message Department.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGES GIVEN AT THE BATHING PLACE...

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER.

In the earlier days of Mrs. Danskin's medical tuition by the spirit of Dr. Rush...

On one occasion, however, she received so distinct an evidence of the superior knowledge and wisdom of her preceptor...

One Saturday evening a gentleman called on me to know if he could have a clairvoyant examination the next day...

My interest was aroused, because outward appearances indicated perfect health. I was about to refuse, as I supposed he merely wished to test Mrs. Danskin's power...

Dr. Rush entranced Mrs. Danskin as he entered the room, and gave a description of his condition that seemed to me entirely erroneous.

I asked, "How can this be possible, with so fair an exterior?" The answer from Dr. Rush was, "His mental equilibrium is never disturbed."

The patient assured us that he had never known a day of physical health; that the diagnosis was in his understanding, perfect.

Esther Tichenor.

I was of Morris-town, New Jersey—the widow of the late R. Tichenor. He was of Richmond, Virginia. I was in the eighty-fifth year of my age.

It was said, if you walk upright, die in your right mind, be not defiled by filth and sin and corruption, you shall enter into those "beautiful abodes" of which Jesus spoke.

The picture is not colored too highly; it is faint in its comparisons; but thus let it be. If I were to speak more fully, you would almost lose your confidence in one whom you ever thought truthful and honest.

Farwell; let memory hold me, not as decrepit with age, but as youthful in elasticity.

Mary Miles, of Fairfield, Connecticut.

My name was Mary Miles, of Fairfield, Connecticut; at the beautiful ripe age of seventy-nine I passed from earth.

No fears, no doubts, no shadows of the hereafter clouded my mind, for I had learned this much: that when our allotted time in this world has run out, then physical death must follow.

Now I have told you of my existence, just as I know and feel, therefore take what I have said, measure it, weigh it, and accept it or reject it.

John Rie.

John Rie was my name. I was from Dumfriesshire, Scotland. For thirty-five years I was a resident of Morrisania, but when the grim monster came, I was living on St. Mary's street, Mon-

rose, and felt as if some one else could have filled my place much better than I did.

I was thirty-seven years old, and had a right, by the calendar of time that's allotted to man, to have staid here longer; but as I did not, so be it.

They used to sing, "This world is all a fleeting show, for man's delusion given," and so is this one in which I am; it's a regular topsy-turvy place—and if it was yourself that could raise the curtain and look over here, you'd not be so pleased as you are.

I would rather be than not to be; but as I am not, I must try to be content and master all the ills of this life which spread out like a panorama before me.

I feel the want of intellectual unfoldment. I feel that I am not competent to compete with those that surround me; and now tell me to whom I must pray—the winds, the sun, the moon or the stars?

If I was an eagle and had wings, I would soar away, but I cannot; what must I do?

I'm a regularly self-willed person. The one who stepped in before me was more submissive, consequently I suppose that his condition will be better than mine.

Cornelia Van Ness Roosevelt.

My name was Cornelia Van Ness Roosevelt. I was the widow of James Roosevelt, the daughter of Ex-Governor Van Ness, of Vermont.

It was in February, on the 13th of the month, that I, Cornelia, gave up the pleasures and frivolities of this life to be an acceptor of that beautiful life which we are taught belongs to the truthful and honest.

As a woman, as a wife, and as a daughter, I performed all the functions of my life with truthfulness and honesty; and when the shell broke asunder, and the spirit was bid to enter into those upper courts, I took my place with pleasurable delight, and all things, to my unfolding soul, are beautiful.

Believe, and through belief let the mind soar upward to this home of the ever-living, and you, like me, will have the place that is prepared for you.

The privilege of this speaking makes me bound with joy that I can bear the glad tidings to those I've left behind me; that the grave holds me not; that I am an inheritor of life eternal. Farewell, friends.

Tonda, of Schoharie.

Here I come stumbling and blundering around like a fish out of water. Tonda, of Schoharie. I'm a dead man, indeed! I'm a murdered man.

How is it with justice? The scales stand before us. As we look at them we find that money again is in the ascendency; let a poor woman go forth and steal a basket of coal or a loaf of bread, she is immediately dealt with according to what you call the laws of your land.

How is it with justice? The scales stand before us. As we look at them we find that money again is in the ascendency; let a poor woman go forth and steal a basket of coal or a loaf of bread, she is immediately dealt with according to what you call the laws of your land.

And now, brother, console yourself that I start out for a good purpose—to see you and greet you, and to give you that thought you needed; but you see, dear brother, that the devil triumphed over the flesh.

Every word which I have spoken is as true as gospel preaching! God knows it, and so do I. I'm not dead in sins, I'm only dead in the flesh; when that's said, all's said.

Richard Moore.

I was conversant with creeds and with the principal religions of the day. I died because the spirit could not stay longer in the decayed old matter which it was carrying around.

In those courts of which we have read so much, and of which we have been told so much by the religionists of the day, I did not find all things that were presented in accordance with what I had been told.

Now, to those whom I have left behind, cherish in your minds that I am, comparatively speaking, satisfied.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE ROOM.

The following Spirit-Messages were given through the mediumship of

MRS. JENNIE B. RUDD.

at the Public Free Circles held at 415 1/2 Oliver. In order to make repairs upon old Building, the Sances have been temporarily suspended. They will be resumed on Tuesday, September 20th.

Question and Answer.

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

QUEST.—What is the cause of so much poverty and crime in the land, and how can it be prevented?

ANS.—The question, Mr. Chairman, embraces a great deal, and in order to answer it satisfactorily we must go over considerable ground. What the world calls evil is only undeveloped good.

We look around here in your city to-day, and see your drams-shops; we hear of theft, we hear of murder, and we hear of various things that the world calls crime, and we see the poor beggar tottling through the street, asking perhaps for a crust of bread, and we ask if there is a God, and if that God is all wisdom and all goodness and all love?

It was in February, on the 13th of the month, that I, Cornelia, gave up the pleasures and frivolities of this life to be an acceptor of that beautiful life which we are taught belongs to the truthful and honest.

As a woman, as a wife, and as a daughter, I performed all the functions of my life with truthfulness and honesty; and when the shell broke asunder, and the spirit was bid to enter into those upper courts, I took my place with pleasurable delight, and all things, to my unfolding soul, are beautiful.

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Now, to those whom I have left behind, cherish in your minds that I am, comparatively speaking, satisfied.

therhood of God and the brotherhood of man, then on earth there will be less crime and poverty.

Charles E. Dowd.

Good afternoon, sir, [to the Chairman.] This is a new place for me, I am a stranger. I've only been a few weeks in the spirit-world. I went away, I think it was on February 20. I am pleased with my new home and its surroundings, although I find things very different from what I expected, more real, and less unreal.

I would like to talk with friends left behind; maybe some will be surprised to see my name, yet I thought as I met some friends here and they told me of this general post-office, that I would like to send a letter. Coming so far from home it would be more satisfactory.

Anonymous.

I have heard many times the words, "There is rest in heaven; there will be rest for me," and when I went out from this old body I thought I was going out for rest. I thought I was going to heaven. I was not aware that I was called a particularly hard man.

I remember once of going for rent to an old lady, and she could not pay it. I told her she must leave. She turned on me a look I shall never forget, and said, "May you be without a home in heaven."

I had not been there long before I met the old lady, and I said, "Your words were true. I have no home in heaven, I have no resting place." And the answer came, "As you did unto others so is it done unto you."

I find that every dollar which I received for rent from houses kept—I asked no questions what for—I find that for every dollar that came from the dram-shop for rent, some one steps up and says, "You ruined me." I answer: "How can this be? I never knew you!"

Norman Milton Barnard.

The spiritual element was one which, when I was on earth, was ever near to me. I lived in it, basked in its sunshine. It was sweet; it was pleasant; I enjoyed it; but many times I understood it differently from what those around me understood—there seemed such a beautiful blending, to me, of the old Spiritualism with the new.

Being obliged to work, and having, at the same time, the spiritual light surrounding me, it was hard sometimes for me to do that which I knew was right. It was hard for me to unfold my inner being while the outer was laboring, and while the body was racked with pain; yet as light came to me in my last days, and the spirit-world was open, as I lay upon my bed and saw my loved ones that had gone before me, there seemed to be a new unfoldment of the spiritual, and it was to me so beautiful, so grand, so true, that I said, "Thank God for every pain I thank God for all, for it makes it all the brighter!"

I have no palace home—I would not appreciate it did I have it; but I have a dear, good mother in spirit-life, and I have a dear, good one whom I loved as a daughter, who was to me as a daughter. My home is bright, surrounded with a beautiful landscape. I have pictures on the wall that remind me of dear ones left behind; the flowers bloom brightly, the birds sing sweetly, and I feel the presence—not of a personal God, but I feel a godly presence, an angelic influence around me.

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Say, mister, do you think it's any use to make a fuss? [You might as well make the best of it.]

That's what I think. Now if you get up here and find out you ain't got anything but a bank of thistles, what the devil is the use of fussing over it? If I've got any thistles up here I'm a goin' to pull 'em up. I s'pose I am a rough old fellow. I used to drink rum, I'll own it—been most d—drunk; don't know as I am any worse off than this man was [alluding to a spirit who preceded him.] for I never found out I had n't got a place to live in if it wa'n't so good. I never refused to halve my loaf with any poor man or poor woman. I never refused to divide my drink with 'em; never refused, if I had ten cents, to give five of it for 'em to have a glass of cider. Some of 'em called me a pretty good feller. I s'pose a good many said I was a pretty poor one. Pretty poor for myself, I know.

I never had much learnin'—book learnin', as you call it. I managed to get round the world arter a fashion. I ben round consid'able, fast and last. I s'pose I was one of that kind they call a lazy feller—hangin' round and doin' little or nothin', but since I got up here I found two or three that said, "Well, you gave me a lift when I was down with you; now come on here, and I'll help you." I have n't found out that I did n't have anywhere to lay my head. I believe it's because they want to make a fuss.

My experience in spirit-life is, what you sow that shall you reap. If he's got his garden full of thistles, let him go to work and pull 'em up, and plant flowers.

I come down here to find out how they do it. I want to be benefited by comin'. I s'pose you don't like to have me swear, do you? [We can just as well dispense with it.] That's so, every time. They used to tell me it was a kind of a part of me. I aint got much of a sermon to preach, but I want to tell you this: If you've got any work to do down here, do it, and do it well, for there aint so much difference between up here and down in your world, arter all. It's about one thing—"Root, hog, or die"—in either place, and you've got to work out your own salvation. You can't hang on to anybody's coat-tails and be dragged into heaven. That's all I've got to say. Thomas C. Collins.

Henry C. Wright.

Chairman—I have n't got a great deal to talk about to-day, but I listened to the question that was asked. If I had been answering that question, which comes home to the hearts of us all, I should have said that the first thing to learn was how to live—to obey the God within you, and to love our brother man. I believe that if we were more like little children we should learn more of God. I always found that when I obeyed the God that was speaking in me that I was all right. Now, I think the answer of that question is, "Obey the God within thee; learn how to live;" and soon there would be a change in all mankind. I say when I obeyed I always felt good; when I obeyed the God within me I was sure of pleasing one man, and that was Henry C. Wright.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Samuel Cooper, Beech Hill; Lillie Bowen; William Brandel; Sarah Wheaton; Patrick Cannon; Ella Rogers; Hannah Miles; George Wallace; East Orange, N. J.—E. D. D.; Capt. Allen Hubbard; Mary Ann Teasdale; Wm. Kemp; Hattie Rowland; Philadelphia; Louis Baudry; Baltimore; Anna Maria Rhoads; Brooklyn; Margaret Thompson; Philadelphia.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE B. RUDD.

Thomas Cushing Tolman; For Haverfield, Vt.; Mary Paulina Chase; Charlotte, C.; of Pawtucket, R. I.; Old Father James; Morning Star.

Capt. Redon Brown, of Baldwin, Me.; Hannah Johnson, of North Brookfield; Topsy, the Flower Girl; Fannie A. Conant; Bridget McEneaney.

John Lewis, of New Orleans; Mary Johnson, to John Robert Johnson; Daniel Hill, of Hingham, Mass.; Grandmother Pierce; Tom Wilkinson; Adeline Augusta Anthony, of Hingham, N. J.

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Pearls.

And quoted verses and few lines long. That on the stretched fore-finger of all time, sparkle forever.

FAITH.

The steps of Faith. Fall on the seeming void, and find The rock beneath.

Uttered out of time, or concealed in its season, good breath of evil.

SEVERE FOR BEST.

And the light shall be in the music. And the gates that open the day shall to their beats like the stars.

Blessed are they who long for home, for they shall come home.

THE SPIRIT'S SENTENCE.

When the spirit's sentence away. And the dawn is a fairy bark. In the sea of the dark.

They go for the fastest way to heaven that would serve God without a doubt.

THE SPIRIT'S HOME.

Does all that made us human fade away. With this dissolving day. Nay, rather do on the blessed isles.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the name of that Divine Philosophy which has unfolded to my vision "a new heaven and a new earth," I would ask the honest, earnest and enlightened Spiritualists of the present hour...

When we knew that the loved ones who had passed from our sight could return to our homes, could mingle with our thoughts, could make us realize that it could be as the grave it could not...

A little later on in the movement did not those whom the angels had fashioned for the work stand upon our rostrums and pour forth inspirations that came with the force and the brilliancy of the lightning's flash...

If we wish to bring spirits, unenlightened and undeveloped, into our movement, and give them a power that will in time grow irresistible, we have only to keep up the antagonisms of the last year or two...

If we wish to restore Spiritualism to its natural, healthful and legitimate influence over the minds of men, we must keep distinctly before our people the promise of our angel friends...

Shall there not be an effort made to bring order out of chaos? To substitute peace for discord, and to make our movement once more the bright harbinger of a new life to humanity...

Materialization in Washington.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: During the past week some of us, at least, have been favored with an opportunity to witness the phenomena purporting to be materialization.

On this, her first visit to the nation's metropolis, she was attended only by a young lady friend, and came unheralded by flaming advertisements, seeming to rely mostly upon coming events to demonstrate the genuine character of the manifestations...

A description of one seance will apply to all except in a few unimportant particulars. At the appointed hour Mrs. Wilson presented herself and announced that she was ready for business...

Four thicknesses of court plaster were then placed over the mouth of the medium, covering it from nose to chin, rendering impossible any exercise of the vocal organs until removed...

Soon after she entered the cabinet perhaps five minutes, a voice from within the cabinet was heard directing alterations in the arrangement of the circle, or the light on the mantel...

The first voice heard from the cabinet was loud, clear and unmistakably masculine, totally dissimilar to that of Mrs. Wilson, who had for discussions half an hour before, in a free and animated discourse, and thus gave frequent opportunities to the investigator to note the different tones and inflections...

Though strongly disposed to linger, Ben's face withdrew from the aperture, but his voice was yet heard in conversation with others both within and without the cabinet, and other faces present noticed themselves. One was that of a soldier of the 25th Ohio regiment, who claims to have passed away from Liberty Prison in 1862...

Next followed the less distinctly formed face of a woman, with dark hair worn in a bow on each side of the forehead, and what was deemed to be dark eyes and eyebrows. This was announced by Ben as a speciality for a gentleman in the audience...

The next face was that of an unmistakable American Indian, with long black hair and swarthy beard. He talked but little, in the deepest guttural, however. Some having expressed a wish for a lock of his hair, he proposed to gratify them if he could, and called for something with which to cut it. A pair of singularly constructed scissors were handed to him, which were objects of close scrutiny by him for some time...

On the last evening, among others already named, appeared a pale, sallow face, with gray hair and white beard, giving the name of Samuel F. B. Morse, of telegraphic fame. His voice was that of a very old and feeble man, consonant with the appearance of the face before us...

On every occasion the tying of the medium's hands was carefully and securely done, and on one occasion, that part of the programme having been

entrusted to some representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association, who were present in force, it was done with such brutal severity, that, after two and a half hours, the wrists were found so much swollen that the party who performed that job was not only unable to untie, but also failed to be able to cut the cords so deeply imbedded in the swollen flesh...

EVANS'S "SOUL AND BODY."

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Very rarely are we favored with a book which logically and scientifically presents quite uncommon, suggestive and instructive facts and conclusions, pertaining to disease and its cure. Such a one has been furnished by W. F. Evans, entitled "Soul and Body."

Few men equal Mr. Evans in competency to discuss and elucidate the alliances, the reciprocal actions and the interdependencies of "Soul and Body," and to ascertain the most fitting appliances and effective methods for removing disease. Gifted constitutionally with mental powers both acute and comprehensive, having had a collegiate education, and long been a careful student of many prevalent systems of medicine and theology...

Which those who learn through such a faith—which is a possession not at all like anything we are accustomed to designate by the word faith—are not an intellectual conviction, but a susceptibility of perceiving "the evidence of things not seen" and of laying hold of and appropriating "the substance of things hoped for."

Mediumistic power and skill in healing the sick and comforting the mourner, are probably more efficient in extending belief of the beneficiaries of spirit agency than any other manifestations of spirit agency. And this book is well adapted to teach the world that spirits are finite, and work by natural laws, and that our sick ones need to learn and conform to the conditions under which spirits can operate whenever they seek relief from that source.

We know not whether Mr. Evans is willing to be called a Spiritualist, and shall not claim him as such; his own experiences, we believe, seldom bring him into conscious converse with individual personalities in spirit-life; usually when in the illumined state he absorbs knowledge, through sensing the operations of impersonal forces. His explorations, however, are in a region toward which Spiritualism is leading the masses, and his reports of discoveries are helpful to all who are seeking knowledge of spiritual forces and their proper applications and beneficent workings.

"The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors." REPLY TO A. E. GILES.

The readers of the Banner will recollect that a criticism appeared in its columns several weeks ago upon the above-named work from the pen of A. E. Giles, which, as several friends have suggested, requires a notice from me. I have concluded to write a brief reply. I will notice his objections very briefly in their order, as follows:

1st. I have "prefixed the honorable title of Sir to the name of Godfrey Higgins." In doing this I have followed the example of other writers. Mr. Taylor, a celebrated author of the same country, calls him "Sir Godfrey Higgins." If he was not entitled to this distinction by the laws of caste, I suppose it was conferred on him as a mere title of honor, as the people of this country often attach the title of Esq. to a man's name who never held the office of "Squire, or any other office."

2d. "Typographical errors in the third edition." This is true, but he will find them corrected in the fourth edition, now out.

3d. Bro. Giles thinks the work would be better with an index. That may be; but some of its readers have suggested that a work with forty-five chapter headings must have its character and contents so well indicated as not to need an index.

By L. M. Child, uses the following language: "Pausanias, the Roman historian, says," &c. Pausanias is called a Roman by one of the greatest historical writers of modern times. In the original manuscript of "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors" he is called "the renowned historian," and not the Roman historian. The copyist had been reading the work above-named, and this may account for the change in the name.

Bro. Giles guesses my age is about sixty-five. But he over-guesses. I have several years yet to live before I reach that age, and nearly thirty years to sojourn on this planet if I attain to the age my mother reached before she quit the mortal form. This, however, I do not expect, nor very strongly desire.

A brother in California writes: "For thirty years I was a church member, and a slave to creeds, and often had I struggled and prayed to find my way out of the theological darkness in which I was engulfed, when a friend put into my hands 'The Sixteen Crucified Saviors.' This was my great deliverer. It contains just the light and information I needed. And now I thank you—a thousand times I thank you for writing that book. And oh! how I wish that thousands and even millions now in my condition could read that work." K. GRAVES.

A New Book. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: COLBY & RICH, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, have just issued a work of some one hundred and twenty pages, bearing the following title: AN EPIHOME OF SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRIT-MAGNETISM; THEIR VERITY, RELIABILITY, PRACTICABILITY AND LAWS.

Believing that the time has arrived to make Spiritualism practical, and a blessing, also that the majority of persons in and out of the church desire it to be a truth but dare not as yet, for fear of being deceived, let go the old usages, they fear the new to be true, have endeavored in this treatise to reach this class of minds, also those who have no definite idea concerning what Spiritualists as a body believe. Some have supposed the spirit-world to be a field of flowers, and that no imperfection could enter there; others have been informed that there is a class of invisible intelligences who, under the guise of spirit-friends, are deceiving us; and still others are disturbed at the conflicting views entertained upon different "issues," said by some to be "Spiritualism proper." If Spiritualists or other religious denominations have "pet schemes," or impractical "hobbies," that will not stand the test of sound reason, the sooner they are overthrown the better for the cause and society.

I firmly believe that Spiritualism has an important work to perform in this age of skepticism, doubt and hypocrisy, and that Spiritualists to command the respect of the world must as a body confine themselves more to facts and principles and less to speculative undemonstrated theories and personalities. It may be said that I am assuming much, but it cannot be said that I have attempted to assert authority.

A Voice from the Past. The enclosed letter from Judge Edmonds, received by me nearly twenty three years ago, in reply to one from myself inviting him to deliver a public lecture in Boston on the subject of Spiritualism, may be of sufficient interest to the readers of the Banner to induce you to give it a place in its columns. The lecture was given in the then largest hall in the city, the "Melodeon," and being the first public appearance of Judge Edmonds as a lecturer upon the subject in New England, attracted a very large audience.

DEAR SIR—On my return to day from Philadelphia, where I lectured on Sunday, I received yours of Saturday. I approve of your arrangements, and will be with you on the 6th of December. You speak of an audience of three thousand, &c. Pray take no pains on that subject. Please merely to give notice that I am coming on that day, and at what place. Leave the rest to take care of itself, and avoid all the usual means resorted to to get up a large meeting. Let us show the weight of the cause in itself, and as respects me avoid the practice of mutual adulation, somewhat too common in New England. Forget me and remember only the cause, and all will be well. Do not, I entreat you, be offended at my plain speaking, for not only do I dislike the use and parade of flattery, but for the sake of the cause and to make rather Christ entering Jerusalem on foot, than Cesar with the Senate at his heels. Let me come then quietly, do my duty simply, and retire as quietly when it done. I mention this because at Philadelphia there was a tremendous excitement in spite of everything. There were at least five thousand people who came to the meeting and were unable to find entrance to the room, which was literally packed an hour before the appointed time. I attach a good deal of importance to having music at the meeting—vocal if practicable.

Truly yours, J. W. Edmonds. Mr. John S. Adams. Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting. The committee have leased the property of the grocery stand to Charles E. Reed of Greenfield; Mr. Leach of Fay's Mounts the meat market; W. E. Dudley, of Montague, will have charge of the boats on the lake, and of the stables. It is expected that free fishing will be allowed. The lake is full of black bass, pickerel, catfish, trout, perch and other kinds, having been stocked for five years past, and no fishing has been thus far allowed. Prof. Denton has been engaged as one of the speakers, and others are soon to be announced. A large number of people are preparing to go to the lake early, and erect tents and cottages, with a view to making a good long visit to that beautiful summer resort.

New Publications.

SPRIT-INVOCATIONS, or Prayers and Praises, publicly offered at the Banner of Light Circle from Free Meetings, by more than one hundred different spirits of various nationalities and religions, through the vocal organs of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant, compiled by Allen Putnam, A. M. A list of the supplicants for an index to its contents. It is hardly necessary to say anything more of its character. Whoever craves the silent but ready assistance of aspirations already framed, whether in easy in heart and would call down invisible strength from on high, whoever feels the heavy weight of the affairs of this life and sighs for the lifting of the burden, whoever would expand his thought and enlarge his vision in all that relates to genuine religion, will find in these pages sustaining food for all hours, fresh breath for his tired spirit, eagles wings on which to fly upward, and steady support for his secret aspirations. It is an invaluable little book, and we are very sure it will now prove serviceable in a new sense from the which gave value to its vocalized contents. Published by Colby & Rich.

ACHSAL, by Rev. Peter Pennot, is a capital story of New England life, and told in the most effective way. It is called "A New England Life Study," which it is in every sense. Rev. Pennot is of course as much a fiction as the book itself. Deacon Sterne is the character of the story. Just such a deacon as the young Murray could serve up if he were obliged to do it. The young clergyman had drawn up great skill and even with power; there is an old maid who lacks not one of the peculiar qualities of her guild; there is an aunt who is addicted to prying into everything; while Achsal, the real heroine, is one with whom all hearts will fall instantly in love. No popular story has been put out in many years, in this country, that promises to have a run equal to this one. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

TRANSCENDENTALISM is the title of No. 4 of the Free Religious Tracts published by the Free Religious Association. It is lectured by the late Theodore Parker, which has never before been published. It is in its distinguished author's most vigorous vein of thought and expression, and will be apt to excite pretty lively thinking, with more or less emotion, in the minds of all who may read it with open and receptive minds.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I ask space in your columns for the enclosed Resolution, passed unanimously last evening by a large company of ladies and gentlemen, at the residence of Mrs. Chase on 11th street in this city.

This Mrs. Powell came here a few days ago, and has given several so called seances for spirits, as is known as the production of flowers by what is called among the number of mediums "to test her mediumship." The result was the discovery of a second pocket in her dress filled with flowers. Last evening we tested the matter again, and found a large quantity of flowers concealed under an article of furniture immediately in the rear of her chair.

Such transactions deserve perhaps greater severity of treatment than the passage and publication of resolutions, but the audience requested that the punishment be limited to those steps only. I trust the publication of this resolution may serve to keep Mrs. Powell from pursuing her deceptive practices, and that she and her confederates (if she has any) may seek some more commendable method of procuring a living. Truly thine, J. C. SMITH.

Washington, D. C., April 13th, 1876. Resolved, That inasmuch as we have on two occasions detected Mrs. Emma Powell endeavoring to get in gross frauds connected with her pretended mediumship for the production of flowers, we deem it our duty to notify the public of the facts, and do hereby denounce her said fraud mediumship as a fraud.

"J. R. B." to D. D. Home.

Having entertained only the kindest feelings toward so famous a medium as Mr. Home, I was unwilling to believe any charges against him until compelled by Home's pen to do so; of the miracle circle I know nothing; as to Mr. H. I was certainly right. Not having read Mr. Home's life, I was not aware that Mr. H. is at present a renegade, not from Spiritualism but from Catholicism; and I am greatly delighted to learn from Mr. H.'s letter that he does not intend to charge Spiritualism with a tendency to promote insanity, nor to utter any more attacks against other Spiritualists. Having abandoned his Catholic position that mediumship is diabolical, let him also abandon and repudiate his personal philippics on Spiritualists, and then perhaps Spiritualists generally may be disposed to overlook the charges against Mr. Home which come from various sources, and to exercise a charity which would as heretofore.

General Custer has, by direction of the President, been relieved of his command as brevet brigadier-general, and ordered to his regiment in Dakota.

Minnesota—Liberal Spiritualist Convention. The Spiritualists of Minnesota are invited to meet in Mass Convention in the city of Minneapolis, on Thursday, June 16th, 1876, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Several of the best trance speakers and mediums to be found in the United States will be present, and a feast of reason and love of truth will be exhibited. It is desired that they bring with them Liberal of every name and kind, are invited. By order of Committee, GEO. W. SWERT, Sec.

A TIMELY BOOK.

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