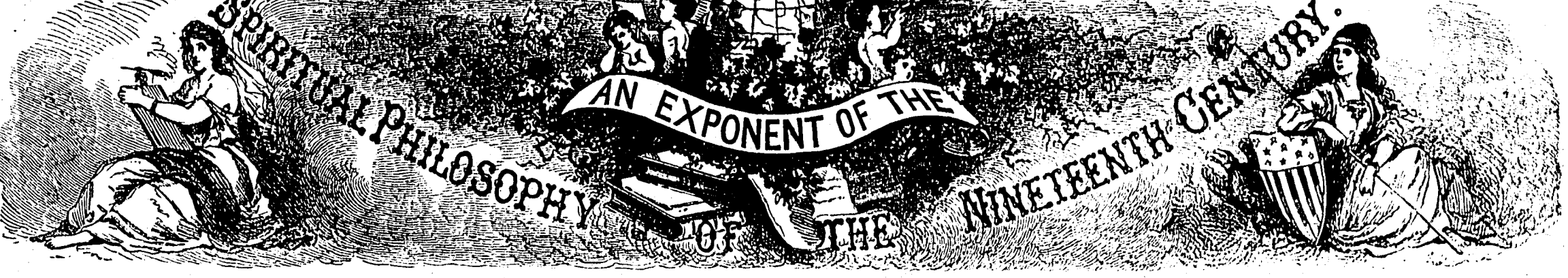


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Foreign Correspondence.

Travels in the Lands of the Aztecs and Toltecs.

BY J. M. PEABODY.

NUMBER THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

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

WERE THEY CIVILIZED?

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

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

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

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

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

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

HUMBOLDT'S TESTIMONY.

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

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

"WHY STUDY THE PAST?"

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

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

THE AZTEC MUSEUM IN MEXICO.

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

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

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

THE CALENDAR STONE.

Passing from the Museum across the Plaza, around the west corner of the Cathedral, you come face to face with the Calendar Stone, an astronomical monument so interesting to European savans that Baron Humboldt, in his "Researches in America," devoted a hundred pages to the divisions of time, and other resemblances it bears to the Egyptian, Babylonian, Phenician, Persian and Chinese methods of time-keeping and astronomical calculations.

This circular-sculptured stone, twelve feet square and three feet thick, a sort of grayish trapezoid porphyry, originally weighing some thirty tons, and more than twenty-five miles from any quarry of its kind, and now walled up against the Cathedral, was discovered in December, 1790, in the Plaza near the site of the old Aztec temple. It was deeply buried, by an order of Cortez. It seems to have been the settled purpose of the Spanish conquerors and clergy alike to destroy every hieroglyphical record, every tutelary deity, every historical painting, every choice work of art on the country, and all that they might the more successfully engraff into the religious dogmas of these Indians the Catholic dogmas of Rome.

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

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

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

THE SACRIFICIAL STONE.

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

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

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

WHO WERE THE IDOLATERS?

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

CHAPULTEPEC AND ITS CYPRESSES.

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

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

THE CASTLE AND MAXIMILIAN.

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

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

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

TACUBAYA.

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

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

HOW CATHOLIC SPANIARDS MAKE VIRGINS.

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

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

PUEBLA.

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

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

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

THE PULQUI HACIENDAS.

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

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

THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

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

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

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

THE PYRAMIDS OF PAPANTLA, XOCHICALCO, TUSPAN AND TEOTIHUACAN.

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

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

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

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

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

* Norman's Yucatan, p. 126.

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

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

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

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

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

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

Mexico is the great staple of the poor masses, but everywhere there are thrust before you meats, gravies, spices, tortillas and chile, or red pepper, baked in hard. Why so much stimulating food eaten in all tropical lands?

DEPARTING FROM MEXICO.

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

To-morrow I start for Vera Cruz, Campeachy and Yucatan. My bill! "It is not safe to go now," said the hotel proprietor. Why so? "Because the *provinciales* will tear up the rails and rob or murder you." No matter; I cannot die out of the universe, nor away from where there's work to be done for humanity. I shall go.

The spring day was delightful. All went well till reaching Boca del Monte station, when confusion and surprise were perceptible in every face. Men talked hurriedly, women turned pale. "What?" "Where are they?" "Is the cattle still raging?"

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

The bridge repaired and rails replaced at Atoyac, we were on our way again the next day. The country was full of soldiers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Reviewer.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Old Truths in a New Light.

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

Indexes: Magic, Hermes's Prophecy, Elementary Spirits.

BY ALFRED E. GILES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In his Rationalism in Europe, vol. 1, p. 19, Lecky remarks that the "philosophy of Plato, by greatly aggrandizing the sphere of the spiritual, has been accompanied by a tendency to magic." But the modern Christian world has been grossly ignorant both of mythology and magic. Dr. Nathaniel Lardner, one of the most learned and candid defenders of Christianity during the last century, remarks (N. Lardner's works, vol. 4, p. 463) that "few of us, now-a-days, know what magic means." Yet Plato, in the First Alcibiades, had defined Zoroaster's magic to have been nothing else than the worship of the Gods; and it was claimed that they who were skilled in it could disenthral themselves from their bodies and hold converse with the immortal gods. In Higgins's Anacalypsis, vol. 1, p. 80, the author affirms that the religion of Abraham and that of the Magi were one and the same. But after Christianity had ascended the throne of the Caesars, and clothed itself in purple and fine linen, it defiled many of the sacred rites and phrases of other religions; for the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other. Henceforth Magic, Magi and Magicians were used by Christians as opprobrious terms. Thanks to the Universal Living Spirit, to the apostles of Free Thought everywhere, and to Modern Spiritualism, the gates of heaven and the portals of the sky are now more widely than ever before, open to honest seekers for truth and righteousness. While the telescope has peered into the boundless concave, and brought unknown stars and planets to our view, clairvoyant vision has also in the ethereal spaces caught glimpses of living beings unclothed of bone and flesh. Neither do we have to ascend into heaven to bring them down, or to descend into the deep to bring them up; but they are nigh us in our homes, in our walks, in the country and in the city. If we ride afar in the desert, they are by our side; or if we walk lonely on the shore of that vast ocean we must cross so soon, they accompany us. It is noteworthy that Spiritualism is again revealing to human observation races of spiritual beings whose existence, formerly known to and acknowledged by the most enlightened nations, has been denied, and now is often scouted at by Protestant religionists. That whatever is, is right, or legitimate to its producing causes, we firmly believe; but we sometimes query whether the ecclesiastical Christianity, which, after having for many centuries dominated European thought by its dungeons, racks, fires, gallows and the sword, yet continues its sway over Europe and America, will in future ages be looked upon as a sun bright with excess of light, or as a black and sulphurous cloud, lurid with fire from the pit. Was it of this church religion and its baleful influences that Hermes, centuries ago in the golden days of Egyptian civilization, mournfully prophesied:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hyde Park, Mass., May 29th, 1876.

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

A Singular Seance with Charles H. Foster.

In the course of a recent visit to Charles H. Foster, at his pleasant rooms in the Parker House, Boston, where he is doing such excellent service as a test medium, in demonstrating the verity of spirit communion, we were informed by him of a seance just transpiring in his presence whose peculiar characteristics had excited much interest even in his own mind. A visitor (who subsequently proved to be John Adams, of Dorchester, Mass.), called on him, and requested to know his terms for a sitting. "Five dollars," was the reply of the medium. "I am a materialist; I do not feel able to pay so much, but I am very anxious for a sitting," said the visitor; "won't you give me one for three dollars?" In an instant the air became vocal with raps, which sounded out a powerful "yes," on chairs, table-top, etc. "Be seated," said the medium, at once acquiescing in the decision of the invisible workers.

Complying with the invitation the visitor produced two sealed letters for consideration, which missives had come into being under the following circumstances: The father of Mr. Adams, a firm materialist, had written and sealed them—no other person being aware of their contents—and had left an injunction that in case of his decease they should be submitted to "some one of those people who assume to hold intercourse with the spirit-world," for answer; after the reply was given these letters were to be opened, and if the statements made by the medium were found to be in consonance with the contents of the same, the fact was to be regarded as a test of the possibility of such communion. The father had subsequently passed from earth-life, and the letters (which had never been opened), were now brought to the trial.

The name "Ira Adams" was at once given through Mr. Foster. "That's my father," said the visitor. "He will tell you where he died," responded Mr. F.; "Died in an insane asylum" was the message delivered—the son acknowledging it to be correct. Mr. Foster then proceeded in the matter of the letters, taking one (which proved afterward to have no date) in his hand, and speaking rapidly:

"My dear son John: The best advice I can give you is to be economical, just and charitable," adding some other words concerning the embodying of the Golden Rule in his daily walk in life. The second letter, which was written at a different period, was next treated, and advice was stated as contained therein concerning his (Mr. A.'s) family affairs. This letter was written March 14th, 1869, and the medium gave the date accurately, and also stated that letter No. 1 had no date. The missives were then opened in Mr. Foster's presence by Mr. Adams, (himself ignorant of their contents, since no human eye had perused them save that of his deceased parent at the time of their preparation,) and the answers given through Mr. F. were proved to be correct in every particular. The visitor acknowledged himself satisfied, and left the room deeply impressed with what he had witnessed.

A Medium for the Russians.

Under the above head the following article appears over the signature "Viator" in the London Medium and Daybreak of a recent date:

"I see that the scientific committee of the University of St. Petersburg have abandoned their proposal to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, and that Dr. Slade intends to visit the Russian capital for the purpose of giving seances. I think this is a good opportunity of calling the attention of those who are interested to the mediumistic powers of one who has never yet appeared in public. For a purpose of this sort, I imagine her services might be obtained, though she is of a very retiring nature, but she will readily submit to any tests which can be devised, provided they be conducted in a civil manner. I allude to a Mrs. Hull, of Portland, Maine, U. S. I and two or three other skeptics attended several of her private seances, and witnessed nearly all the phenomena described by Prof. Crookes. Though her dark features are very wonderful, she is principally a materializing medium. The fully developed forms come into the room and out looks off their hair, &c. This can be done in any room, by stretching a shawl across the corner, so as to make a dark cabinet for the medium to sit in. She generally sits on a hassock, with her feet exposed, her hands holding her forehead, so as, when she is entranced, she will not come to grief by falling on the floor. Both male and female forms come completely into the room. I and my friend had our heads completely covered with the gauze which one young woman seemed to draw out in yards from her very person. The gauze was quite unlike anything I ever saw before, for when the dim light shone upon it it seemed composed of a mass of snow spangles, and yet it was quite hard to the touch.

There is no good my boring you with the details of our experiences, but will conclude by saying that there was no deception in Mrs. Hull, or object in deceiving, and that if any one is anxious to be brought into direct contact with the denizens of the other world, he has only to pay Mrs. Hull a visit, and if he is lucky enough to be admitted, he can see all these things."

Co-operative Journal of Progress.

We have just received No. 1, Vol. 1, of a fine sixteen-page paper bearing the above title, and published at No. 4 Couriers-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., which is to be the official organ of the American Co-operative Union. The title speaks plainly of the purposes to which its columns are to be devoted, and we need only to mention the fact that Prof. J. R. Buchanan—who is truly a gentleman extensively known both in America and Europe, not only as an able editor but as an accomplished author, scientist and scholar, an ardent and unselfish reformer, and one who dares to publish truth as fast as he discovers it—is its editor, to insure the public that its work will be well done.

Spirit-Photography in Philadelphia.

J. H. Rhodes, M. D., our agent in Philadelphia (918 Spring Garden street), informs us under a recent date that Jay J. Hartman, the spirit artist (whose card appears on our fifth page), has established himself in that city, and has commenced work in good earnest. Dr. Rhodes has had several sittings with Mr. H., at one of which he received, in obedience to his mental request, the likeness of his first wife—who passed from earth-life twenty-three years ago—whose picture he recognized as hers beyond shadow of doubt; he earnestly recommends the artist to the attention of the Spiritualist element in that locality.

Gaylord, a shining member of the noble army of "Spiritualist expositors," is now reported by a correspondent as on a rampage in Minnesota. As usual in such cases, the church people fondle him tenderly, but our informant assures us that he failed to influence any of the Spiritualists in his vicinity—Richmond, Minn.

An Important Statement.

We copy from the columns of the Boston Sunday Herald of June 4th, the following editorial, which bears testimony the most explicit in favor of the paraffine mold phenomena:

"Some years ago two dear friends of the writer, this died of consumption. Near the last stage of his illness the older of the two visited Cuba and the Isle of Pines, in the hope that the mild climate of the Antilles might bring relief. The other had arranged to make the same journey, and the writer, who was then in a Southern city, corresponded with both with a view to bringing them together in Cuba. But the sudden death of the younger of his friends prevented the accomplishment of this purpose, and a few weeks later the other, soon after his return to his home in Cambridge, also died. But although they failed to meet in this life, if Spiritualism is true, they have met and joined hands on the other side, and in token thereof have sent to their common friend, the writer of this, waxen molds of their clasped hands. They came through the instrumentality of the newly developed medium at the West End. Upon a finger of one of the hands is the impress of a ring resembling one presented by the writer to the younger of the two persons above referred to. The size and shape of this hand, as well as of its companion, correspond very closely to the writer's knowledge of the mortal hands of his two friends. For further identification, the molds were taken to Foster, the great test medium now stopping at the Parker House, who said they were from the hands of the two friends in question, unhesitatingly selecting their names from a mass of other names written upon slips of paper. At a subsequent visit to the West End medium a mold of the same hand, with a ring, clasped with a hand, represented as that of a nearer friend of the writer, was presented to him.

To the ordinary observer of this phenomenon perhaps the strongest evidence of the supermundane origin of these molds is the apparent impossibility of withdrawing two clasped hands of flesh and bone from a fragile mold of paraffine without shattering it. The artist in Providence House court, who is often called upon to take plaster casts of these molds as well as of masks produced in the same manner, declares that it would be impossible. Moreover, he says they bear the unmistakable impress of human hands, not of inflated rubber gloves, and are strongly suggestive to him of the hands of the dead, of which he is often called upon to take casts."

"The Orphan's Rescue."

And "Life's Morning and Evening," as well as "The Dawning Light," have been reduced in price, as will be seen by the publisher's advertisement on our fifth page. These magnificent steel plate engravings, copied from Joseph Sted's celebrated paintings, have often been noticed in our columns. Their present prices should be considered by those who do not possess them, who love the beautiful in spiritual art. We hope that all such, as far as their means may permit, will extend to the artist and publishers a substantial "benefit" in the form of a flood of orders. Pictures like these are magnets for good thoughts and influences, rendering homes more attractive even to "angel visitors."

Colby & Rich have on hand and for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, a few copies of the pamphlet embodying that masterly reply to Prof. John Tyndall, which was put forth some time since by Epes Sargent, Esq. For perspicuity of style, condensation of facts, and cogency of argument this brochure has no superior, while its price places it within reach of all. Send for a copy.

Rev. Robert Collyer has made a handsome contribution to the Thomas Paine bust fund, and sends his "kind regards to the Radicals." This worthy enterprise deserves the assistance of the Spiritualist and Liberal element throughout the nation.

J. M. Peabody, recently lecturing in Memphis, Tenn., and Knoxville, Ind., is now investigating the mediumship of Mrs. Stewart, of Terre Haute, Ind. He is to be among the speakers at the Annual Meeting in Sturgis, Mich.

A Liberal League, with nearly fifty members, is now in successful operation in Darlen, Wis., embracing some of the finest minds in the town. President, Dr. Crosby Carleton; Secretary, Daniel Rodman.

A valued correspondent in a private note to us recently, says: "I am more and more pleased with the Banner. It is worth more to me than all my other papers."

Mrs. Corn M. Bland has been lecturing on temperance with great success at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., recently.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal is received for sale at our counter every Saturday.

On File for Publication:

Interesting reviews, essays, etc., by writers of merit, viz.:

"The New Religious Movement; Response to J. E. Bruce, M. D.," by J. Hamilton Dewey, M. D.; "The Great Tongue," by Prof. S. B. Brittan; "The Conflict of Opinion"—a lively essay on a profound subject—by J. Dille, Esq.

"Jehovah," by J. Dille, Esq.

"The Evidence of Immortality from Spiritualism," by Rev. E. R. Sanborn;

"The Mission of Modern Spiritualism," by R. W. Hume;

"Holding Forces," by Lois Walsbrook;

"Skepticism—Its Four Forms: Honest and Knaveish, Timid and Brutal," a trenchant essay from the pen of Prof. J. R. Buchanan;

"Mrs. Thayer, the Medium," by J. Wm. Van Name, M. D.;

"Early Methodism," by Giles B. Stebbins;

"Spiritual Evidence not Governed by the Arbitrary Laws of Science," by Alex. S. Davis;

"Psychometry, or Soul-Reading," by Mrs. A. B. Severance.

THE PERSECUTION OF SPIRITUALISTS IN PARIS.—When the medium, Mr. Firman, was recently imprisoned during the persecution of Spiritualists in Paris, Mr. O'Sullivan visited him, and in a private letter said: "I want to see Firman yesterday. The life is pretty hard. He has to weave some chair-bottoms and to go to prison; sleeps in a place with three others, with only rough, worn blankets. All sorts of riffs and in the prison about eight hundred in number. When not in the work-rooms they are crowded in a narrow, open court, rain or shine. The food impossible, but he can buy his own, eating in public, surrounded by envious eyes. No special indulgences now allowed for gentlemen prisoners. Firman can make two chairs a day, and get one centime (1-10th of a penny) for each, and half of that is retained, for some reason or other. The superior accommodation for gentlemen (called the *pistole*) was suppressed, through operation of a new law, only two or three days before Firman went in. Titled men there have to share the common lot. Not even allowed to wear their own linen. Firman bears up bravely enough, but could not help at first turning his back to the wall and trying to hide his tears of mortification and feeling. But we cheered him up. We have a permit to go four times in an afternoon, and a permanent permit for twice every Sunday and Thursday.—*The Spiritualist*, London, England, May 19th.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ROCHESTER HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum. Holds its sessions every Sunday morning at Rochester Hall, 73 Washington street, commencing at 10 1/2 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor; J. M. Carpenter, Secretary.

THE LITTLE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Held at this Hall, No. 3 Winter street, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., and 2 1/2 P. M., by many of the best test mediums and speakers in the city. Good music provided. All are invited to attend. L. L. Barrett, Secretary.

RAYMOND HALL.—Spiritual Meetings are held at this Hall, 172 Main street, (near South Street), Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The exercises consist of speaking and tests by different mediums. Admission free.

TEMPERANCE HALL.—Mediums Meeting every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., and 2 1/2 P. M., at 488 Washington street, at 10 1/2 A. M., and 2 1/2 P. M. Mrs. S. A. Barker will give test seances every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 P. M., W. Jones, Chairman.

BOSTON.—Rochester Hall.—The services at the session of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, at this Hall, Sunday June 4th, partook of a memorial character, and the meeting proved to be one of the most pleasant occasions of the year. The hall was crowded to repletion, and the groups were filled with the bright faces of happy children. Flowers everywhere in the greatest profusion, and appropriate decoration of flags and banners, made the hall attractive and beautiful. The exercises consisted of singing and reading by the children and songs by the Washington Quartet, a finely rendered invocation by Dr. Crocker, recitations by Mabel Edson, May Potter, Georgia Pratt, original recitation by Lizzie Thompson composed by D. H. Carter; song by Mr. Seales; piano solo, White Kemp; recitations by Harry Bates, Lizzie Bond, Ernestine Edmonds, Johnnie Balch, Bertie Kemp, and Ella Carr; song by Quartette; song, Nellie Thomas; address, H. C. Lull; reading, Helen M. Dill, and song by the Quartette.

Mrs. Nelson presented a beautiful basket of flowers to Mrs. Harrison, the Guardian, accompanying the presentation with some well-timed words of encouragement and cheer, which were responded to by the heartiest thanks of the recipients. Mrs. Anna Dearborn also presented Mr. and Mrs. Hatch with a charming floral basket, with a few parting words to the Lyceum, as she is about to sail for Europe. Remarks were made by Dr. Crocker and A. E. Carpenter, closing one of the happiest of the many joyful occasions of the past season. JULIA M. CARPENTER.

Complimentary Benefit.—On Wednesday evening, May 31st, Rochester Hall was well filled with an appreciative audience convened to bear practical witness of the esteem in which Miss Lizzie J. Thompson, the talented young student of rhetoric, is held by the members and friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, for which organization she has accomplished so much in the past. Made up of a good orchestra of Master's hands, a song by Miss Shaw; a recitation (from Macbeth) by Carrie B. Osgood; a melody by Miss M. J. Pierce and C. A. Pierce; humorous song, by Mr. Johnson; duet by Misses Stone and Hastings; reading, by Lizzie J. Thompson; songs, by Miss May M. S. Loomis; and an amusing sketch, entitled "The Quail Family," in which the characters were well sustained by Edwin D. Strickney, H. B. Dicks, Lizzie T. Kendall, Lizzie J. Thompson, Benjamin S. Weaver, M. Florence Holt, W. J. Thompson, and Edith C. Smith. The program of the evening being devoted to dancing till twelve o'clock. The interest of the occasion was heightened by a beautiful recitation, in the shape of the readings, on the part of Miss Lorette Webster, the popular elocutionist, and Charles W. Sullivan.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Dr. H. J. French, trance medium, will visit San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, June 20th, and receive calls to lecture on the line of read. Address Sacramento, Cal.

C. B. Lynn will speak at the Minnesota Convention in Minneapolis, June 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th. He will accept engagements in Minnesota during June and July to speak on either religious or secular themes. Keep him at work.

Amanda Harthan, M. D., can be addressed for the present at 1011-Side Home, Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

We are in receipt of information from the officers of the Society of Progressive Friends and Spiritualists of Osceola, Wis., that Mrs. M. A. Fulkerson, of Osceola, Wis., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light at that place, and has given such satisfaction by her inspirational discourses there during the months of March, April and May, that she has been further engaged for June and July. The Society earnestly recommends her to the attention of Spiritualists and Liberals throughout the West.

Robert Cooper's address is now No. 23 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

J. Madison Allen has returned from a very successful and pleasant tour in the far South. His last lecture was delivered, by special invitation of the Capt. and many passengers, on board the steamer Shercock (plying the Mississippi and Ohio rivers between New Orleans and Cincinnati), and in the vicinity of Cairo, Ill. He will remain in New England a short time only, as he designs returning westward. Parties desiring to secure his services may address him during June at Matfield, Mass.

Frank T. Ripley closes his engagement at Baltimore the last Sunday in June, and would be glad to make arrangements to lecture or give test seances during August and September. Address him at 42 North Stricker street, Baltimore, Md.

To Correspondents.

Nonpayment is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve return communications not used.

H. S. HENDERSON, N. C.—Received, and filed for examination.

The First Grand Union Picnic

Of Spiritualists for 1876 will be held at Highland Lake Grove, on the line of the New York and New England Railroad, in Norfolk, Mass., on Wednesday, June 28th. Drs. Gardner and Richardson will be happy to meet all their friends, both Spiritualists and Liberals, on that occasion. The grove is the finest in New England, and is fitted with especial reference to the convenience of large parties. The auditorium, dining halls and rest-rooms, are all superior to those in any other grove in Massachusetts. Speaking, dancing, boating, etc., will be the order of the day.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CAMP-MEETING of Spiritualists will be held at the above grove, commencing July 19th, closing August 9th. For particulars in regard to the running of picnic trains see Banner of Light next week.

H. F. GARDNER.

A. H. RICHARDSON.

First Spiritualist Picnic for 1876.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston will hold the first out-of-door gathering of the season at Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, on Tuesday, June 13th. This grove is too well known by the public in regard to the facilities for enjoying a day's recreation to require any commendations. For beauty of scenery, accommodation for boating, dancing, and in fact everything to make one happy, it cannot be surpassed. As this in all probability will be the only Spiritualist picnic that will be held at this attractive spot during the season, it is confidently hoped that all will embrace the opportunity. Able speakers have been invited. Savage's band will provide music, with C. D. Smith as prompter, for those who may wish to join in the dance. Cars leave Old Colony depot at 8 1/2 A. M., also at 12 M. Children under fourteen years, forty cents. To be obtained of the committee.

J. B. HATCH,

Conductor C. P. L.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, minimum each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.

Payments in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Heating and Plumbing, office 200 Joralee street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. My 20.4w

DR. FRED L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. My 20.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.

Thousands acknowledge Mrs. MORRISON's unparalleled success in giving diagnosis of disease by look of hair. And thousands have been cured with vegetable remedies, magnetized and prescribed by her Medical

Diagnosis by Letter. Inclose Lock of Patient's Hair and \$1.00. Give Age and Sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada.

127 Specimens for Epilepsy and Neuralgia. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, P. O. Box 2510, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. Take Grove Hall and Dorchester horse cars. My 13.13w

Epou, N. H., May 3, 1876.

Dear Sir—Having received great benefit from the use of PERUVIAN SYRUP, I am willing to add my testimony to the thousands of others constantly sounding its praise. During the late war I was in the army, and had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was confined in Salisbury and other Southern prisons several months, and became so much reduced in health and strength as to be a mere skeleton of my former self. On being released, I was a fit subject for a Northern hospital, where I remained some two months, and then came home. My physician recommended and procured for me several bottles of PERUVIAN SYRUP, which I continued to use for several weeks, and found my health restored and my weight increased from ninety pounds to one hundred and fifty, my usual weight, and I have been in my usual good health ever since; and I can cheerfully recommend it in all cases of weakness and debility of the system, whether arising from an impure state of the blood, dyspepsia, or almost any other cause, believing it will in most cases give entire satisfaction. Yours truly,

GEO. S. BIXBY.

Mrs. J. W. DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 100 W. 56th st., New York. Ap 22.10w

DR. R. P. FELLOWS'S warrant cure for Spematorrhea should be in the hands of all who are suffering from this complaint. It is an outward application, and has been prescribed for over eight hundred cases without a failure. Terms very reasonable. Address Vineland, N. J. My 27.4w

Mrs. DUBREUIL'S successful Magnetic Physic. 25 years' experience. Central Magnet. No drugs used. 113 W. 11th street, New York. My 27.4w

MR. and MRS. HOLMES, 611 South Washington St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. F. 19.

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 18 West 21st street, New York. Ap. 1.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 21 East Fourth st., Address Box 82, Station D, New York City. J. 1.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Ap. 1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. PHIL. 374 West 32d street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. My 27.—4w

BUSINESS CARDS.

The consumption of Opium is largely on the increase. An abnormal and vitiated state of the system craves an abnormal and vitiated remedy. What an amount of suffering might be saved by renovating the health by the timely use of Campbell's Quinine Wine, the great tonic. All drug gists have it. 2w June 10.

DR. E. D. SPEAR, So much celebrated for his remarkable cures, follow and residence, 897 Washington street, Boston, Mass., may be consulted on ALL diseases (from charges, or by letter, with Stamp, References: The medical in New England and elsewhere who have been treated by him at different times during the past 31 years. Medical Hand Book free sent by mail on receipt of ten cents. 20w Nov. 27.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MOORE, the well known English lecturer, will not be in future as agent, and the subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to see so much in our paper, Mr. Moore at his residence, Warwick Cottage, 104 Ford Road, Bow, E. London, Eng.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RHODES, 908 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale above, and the National Light at fifteen shillings per year, and all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. Rhodes.

HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT. A. ROSE, 36 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light and a full supply of the National Light and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAM S. HIGGINS, Bookseller, 42 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT. J. E. BAZAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., All the Spiritualist and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT. MRS. M. J. REGAN, 521 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. A. J. DAVIS & CO., Booksellers and Publishers of standard books and periodicals (Harmonia Philosophica, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 21 East Fourth street, New York. 11—Nov. 1.

MAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT. At No. 319 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Works, and a full supply of the Banner of Light, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

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TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by all or part cash. When the money sent is not sufficient to all the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D.

Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by the amount of each order.

All Books published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Catalogues of Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

MISS C. W. KNOX, Business Medium, 3 Spear street, Boston. Take Circle Sunday evenings. June 10.

MRS. MARY DANFORTH, Healing Medium, No. 129 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass. 1w—June 10.

DR. STEVEN'S "NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH" for sale at this office. Price \$1.25. June 10.

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PUBLICLY OFFERED AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, ROOM FREE MEETINGS, BY MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED DIFFERENT SPIRITS, VARIOUS NATIONALITIES AND RELIGIONS, THROUGH THE VOCAL ORGANS OF THE LATE MRS. J. H. CONANT.

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Author of "Little Marvels of Nature," "Natty, a Spirit," "Spirit Works Real, but not Miraculous," &c.

Mr. Putnam has with skillful hand arranged in this volume, in comprehensive fashion, many living groups of those who, with an elevated and dispassionate mind, and with the powerful heart with spiritual fervor, from the spiritualist's capability to minister to the devotional side of human nature, can draw ample proof that he is a true seer. The weary of heart will find in his book beatitudes of strength, sent out in a higher power, from the heart that so kindly best the popular life's sadness. The sick, and many from its demonstrations of the divine possibilities within, drink of the waters of spiritual healing, and receive the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit. It is a true record of the certainty of a realm with the departed, a consolation which nothing earthly can take away. The history of the human soul, the onward, the onward power of the future state, the gradual but certain evolution of the human mind, the glorious culmination of progression under the great law of the Infinite, and the sure triumph over all and in all of the eternal side of Truth, are here acknowledged and set forth in earnest, frank and generous words, many leading mind to their day and generation, the walls of which were once differing earth conditions have fallen at the touch of the great Angel of change, and who have become blessed by the development of a nobler and nobler life, and who are now the prophetic of what mankind shall yet be when the Kingdom of that Truth shall come, and its will be done on earth as

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

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

OF MEDIUMSHIP. BY MRS. CORA L. VANCE.
Price 25 cents, postage 1 cent.
For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No.
9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower
floor), Boston, Mass.

Spiritual Phenomena.

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

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

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

I now pass on to the materialization séances given by Nelson and Jennie Holmes at their rooms, No. 116 South Washington Square. The fact that these people have been advertised as frauds wherever the English tongue is spoken will not deter me from reporting the wonderful things I saw and heard there; and I also propose to review a little bit of history, showing how innocent people are sometimes wronged, and how very difficult it is to have justice done them. Almost every one is acquainted with the incidents connected with a recent *exposé* of these people as charlatans and impostors—how a woman named White made an affidavit that she had been hypnotized by the spirit-form of "Katie King," at the rooms of these people; that Robert Dale Owen, who had written articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* describing the circumstances of these occurrences, became satisfied he had been duped, and the bubble of spirit communication was supposed to have been effectually pricked, when he published a card retracting his commendation of the mediums, materializations and messages. I had supposed, with the rest of the world, that all this was true, and consequently was greatly surprised when in the course of my investigations I was invited to visit these people, and assured by a very reliable and intelligent gentleman that I would see most marvelous exhibitions of occult power; which invitation I accepted. I found the place and surroundings such as poor people in humble circumstances would naturally be in, and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes very accommodating and agreeable people. Mr. Holmes went into a box covered with lead netting, which was looked by a gentleman who had brought his own lock and key, he keeping the key during the evening. This box was within an enclosure or cabinet constructed for the purpose, and which was subjected to the most critical examination. The door of this cabinet was closed. An aperture about fifteen inches square was covered on the inside with a black curtain drawn across it, and Mrs. Holmes was seated in front of the cabinet, and in full view of all present. After a few moments spent in general conversation, a face of rare and delicate beauty appeared at the aperture and announced Katie King. She called several persons to her, talked with them, and allowed them to take her hand. She then said she would try and come out into the room. In a few seconds we heard the door slowly open, and a petite form of the most exquisite proportions appeared, with flowing robes of snowy whiteness, with long sleeves reaching to the floor, displaying an arm worthy of the best artist the world has produced, the girdled waist disclosing a bust of the same rare workmanship. She glided into the room, and throwing a richly wrought lace veil from over her face with outstretched arms, she stood a realization of a poet's wildest dream of female beauty. The face was of marble whiteness, and with the exception of a strange odor of grave-clothes and coffin, seemed as tangible and life-like as any one in the room. Mrs. Holmes asked if any correspondent might draw close to her. She bowed her head, and I stepped to her side. She laid a delicate hand on my head and whispered "God bless you," then vanished as quickly as she had appeared among us.

Then came a stalwart form, dressed in a full buccanier costume, with red coat, cap and top boots, sash and belt, carrying in his hand a large silver trumpet. This apparition called himself John King, said he lived three hundred years ago, was by birth an English nobleman, by profession a pirate, and was the father of the gentle maiden whose sweet blessing still lingered in the air. John did his talking in stentorian tones, and flourishing his trumpet he disappeared with in the cabinet. Afterwards several other apparitions appeared. Two were recognized by visitors; others unknown.

It was in its essential features, the same manifestation of occult invisible faces that Mr. Owen gave with graphic and artistic grouping in the *Atlantic Monthly* some time since, but public interest in which was lost through the reports of fraud having been committed—reports so circumstantial in detail as to leave little doubt of the truth of them. From that moment a cloud settled over these mediums; and from that time to this, although Mr. Owen retracted his retraction, and J. M. Roberts, a gentleman of character and position, after a thorough investigation of the matter, putting the mediums under the most crucial test at his own house, and superintending the construction of the cabinet at their own residence, has announced it to be his conviction that the *exposé* was a wickedly combined conspiracy to ruin these people. Not one of the newspapers of Philadelphia printed these oft-repeated statements made by him, notwithstanding they have heaped columns of abuse upon them.

The way Mr. Roberts became interested in this case was in this wise: He happened to be at the Holmes circle, at their rooms, the same night that the woman, White, was exposing them at another gentleman's house, showing how she had represented the scenes at the Holmeses, pretending to be a spirit. The manifestations had never been better, nor did they vary in any way from the usual appearance upon that night. This fact led Mr. Roberts to believe that there must be some mistake somewhere, and, in spite of the overwhelming verdict rendered against them by an indignant community, he went quietly to work to unearth the secret of the apparent wrong doing of these people. After a year of patient endeavor, spending his own money and time, he was convinced to be his conviction that no fraud was committed by Mr. Holmes or his wife in the matter of the claimed materialization of spirit forms; that the woman who was employed by unscrupulous parties to make the charges, and having lived in the house with these people for many months, she was enabled at a small expense to get up a

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

[From the Figaro, San Francisco, Cal.]

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

The account of a spiritual séance held recently in New York, which we copied from the New York Herald, has created so much interest and controversy that we have determined to give the readers of Figaro some more insight of what is being done at spiritual séances. Let us first premise that the subjoined report of what occurred is not overdrawn, but that it is, on the contrary, strictly true, and can be substantiated.

We attended a private séance given by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, a materialization medium, at her residence, 831 Howard street, on Thursday evening, April 20th, when the paraffine cast of a hand was successfully produced under the following circumstances: The medium was securely tied in the cabinet, each hand being tied to the rounds of her chair. The cabinet was then examined outside and in, and pronounced free from any possible means of ingress or egress, except through the door facing the audience, which was closed, looked and buttoned, with the medium alone in the cabinet. After a half hour of materializations of hands and faces—of which more anon—the door was directed to be opened and the paraffine was called for and brought in from an adjoining store, where it had been undergoing the melting process. A small tin pail containing hot water, and the melted bodies of two sperm candles, and a common washbowl half full of cold water, were placed on two chairs in the cabinet. The cabinet was again examined, and the medium was found to be tied in the same way, but in a trice so deep that even respiration seemed suspended. The door was closed, and materializations went on again. Hands, arms, faces, as before, and even partial bodies, appeared at the aperture of the cabinet in that peculiar luminous light in which these manifestations are made—many of them forming dimly at first, and slowly, out of the darkness of the cabinet, and disappearing in the same gradual way.

A number of these ghostly faces bore so close a resemblance to the faces of friends known in life, that members of the circle, and even the writer, recognized them, and spoke their names. Some of the apparitions whispered the names of persons present, and answered questions in monosyllables. Others answered questions in pantomime by shaking or nodding the head for the negative or affirmative. The whole of this portion of the manifestations partook of the miraculous, and seemed impossible for human agency to perform.

Again the door was ordered open. The light was brought, and the paraffine cast of the lower portion of a map's hand, the fingers and part of the palm, was found floating in the bowl of water. The cast must have been taken from a hand evidently twice the size of the medium's, who is quite a delicate woman. It was explained by a "spiritual voice"—for there is a great deal of talking done during the manifestations—that owing to the size of the pail (a mere tin lunch pail), it was impossible to put a full-sized hand in the melted paraffine, therefore a cast of but a portion of a materialized hand had been given. The cast was very perfect, with the exception that the paraffine on the top of the middle finger had settled a little. The hand was left with the medium, and the séance adjourned.

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

The Centennial—Practical Information.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have been here a week—long enough to get some partial idea of the Centennial, and some knowledge of the situation of visitors.

I do not propose at present to essay the task of description, and even the lengthy and many letters in newspapers are but partial and imperfect glimpses of the vast and varied collection gathered from many lands, and grouped in fine and grand array beneath seventy acres of roofing, with room for fifty thousand people not to be at all crowded. Mile after mile one can travel up and down broad aisles and passageways, and see on either side the products of human skill and power, the highest material achievements of races far apart—

From farthest Ind, to each blueCraig
That beetles o'er our Western seas.

It is cosmopolitan indeed! Pagan and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Heterodox, Materialist and Spiritualist, meet and mingle on most fraternal terms, gaze and wonder, animated by like emotions, compare and discuss, agree and disagree, in most friendly manner and spirit—a dim foreshadowing of a coming day when men shall meet and confer, compare and learn in like spirit touching religious things, and so get broader views of spiritual realities.

But I must stop and turn to the main object of this epistle, reserving description to another letter I may soon write. For the present, then, I will say, let all who can visit the Centennial, and they will find all description or ideal below the grand reality of this greatest of all World's Fairs.

For the help of those of your many readers all over the land who may come here, I want to make a few practical statements of facts as I find them, touching accommodations, costs, &c. I have read

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

I get excellent board and lodging at two dollars a day, to which another dollar for car fares, admission fee, lunch, &c., may be added, and one can cover all these expenses at from \$16 to \$25 per week.

At the Centennial grounds lunch rooms give good fare at the usual prices. It is well to go early and come away by about 3 to 4 p. m. before the crowd overfills the cars at a later hour, and I find no trouble in riding to and fro in less than an hour.

The question of opening the exhibition on Sunday is being warmly discussed here. A large meeting in favor of opening, filled and overflowed a great hall, last night, and the speakers were men of note and weight. The pious class of aristocratic Christians (?) who ride to church in their coaches Sundays, the thoughtless bigots and the "unco-righteous" preachers want "the Lord's day" kept; the intelligent working-people, the liberal clergymen, the friends of innocent and instructive occupation of a part of the Sunday favor opening, and I think and hope that the financial needs of the Centennial Commission will be the irresistible argument that shall emphasize and enforce the demand of the people. I stay here up to about June 15th, and hope to write you again. Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

Philadelphia, Pa., 30th May, 1876.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC for June—H. O. Houghton & Co., publishers, 101 Nassau street, New York, Boston—Is received. Mark Twain discourses characteristically upon "The Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut." Henry James, Jr., contributes the opening installment of "The American," a new novel; Prof. Felix Adler tells the story of Buddha, "A Prophet of the People," in a way which can give but little comfort to the stiff schools of New England Orthodoxy, but which embodies most incontrovertible facts, and clothes them in the diction of a prose poem; Mr. Howells describes "A Shaker Village;" Charles Francis Adams treats of "The State and the Railroad;" Mrs. Remond's "Old Woman's Gossip" is of marked interest; and T. B. Aldrich, Paul H. Hayne, Adelaide A. King, George M. A. Winslow, Edgar Guest and H. W. Bah, furnish choice pieces. The enterprising publishers also give to the people Whittier's Centennial Hymn, with music. The July number will contain Gen. Howard's article on the Battle of Gettysburg; a sketch of Oriental travel, by Charles Dudley Warner; a paper on the Centennial Exhibition, by W. D. Howells; poems by J. R. Lowell, T. B. Aldrich, and others; and various short stories, sketches, &c.

"THE GALAXY for June—Sheldon & Co., New York City, publishers—has come to hand. The following table of contents demonstrates that it is fully determined to merit the approbation of its readers: "The Pre-Raphaelites in England," by Justin McCarthy; "Have we a National Character?" by Col. Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A.; "First and Last," by Mary Alice De Vere; "Madcap Violets," Chapters XVII, XVIII, XIX, and XX, by William Black; "The Lady and her Lover," by C. P. Cranch; "The Display of Washington Society," by Gail Hamilton; "Eulonia," by Barton Grey; "Peloponnesian Madness," by Ely Van de Warker; "Souvenirs of a Man of Letters," by J. H. Siddons; "Mrs. Vanderdyck," Letters from Roger Floyd to Lord Stanhope, Miss E. W. Olney; "War Memoirs," by Gen. G. A. Custer, U. S. A.; "American Women Abroad," by Lucy H. Hooper; "Brazil and her Emperor," by John Codman; "Miss Wilson," "A Tale of Salem Witchcraft," by G. H. Pierce; "A New History of the United States," by Mario A. Brown; "Ad Musam," by H. S.; "Drift-Wood," "Scientific Miscellany," "Current Literature," and "Nebulae."

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 233 Washington street (corner School street), Boston, furnish us with the June numbers of SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED and ST. NICHOLAS, which may be found at their counters. In these centennial days visitors to Philadelphia will do well to peruse the illustrated article "Old Landmarks," which leads off the pages of the first named magazine; "Feds and Tables," etc. (illustrated) is further continued. Admirers of (Gabriel Courney" and "Philip Nolan's Friend" will find instalments of these serial tales; and "How America was Named," "An Uncle College" (both illustrated), "Some Experiments in Cooperation," paper No. 2, by Charles Barnard, an article on "Charlotte Cushman" and her life-work, choice poems, and the usual departments, make a fine display. ST. NICHOLAS continues T. B. Aldrich's translation of "The Cat and the Countess" (illustrated in silhouette), for the appearance of which its young readers have no doubt been counting the days; "A Frog and his Neighbors" is a sketch in which much useful information set off by quaint engravings is to be found; "The Boy Emigrants" continues to be worthy attention, and a likeness of its author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, is much added; "National water for the decoration of the little ones to which we cannot now refer. The frontispiece, "The Maid of Domremy" (Joan of Arc), is a charming conception.

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

THE HERALD OF HEALTH—Wood & Holbrook, publishers, 13 and 15 Light street, New York City—for June is received. Among other articles of interest, Hiram Corson, M. D., writes of "Ice and Ice-water in Scarlet Fever," and T. A. Bland, M. D., continues his "Notes of Travel in Yankee Land."

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, for June. From his home, in Memphis, Tenn., Samuel Watson, the fearless and indefatigable missionary of Spiritualism in the South, continues to send out regularly this fine and readable publication. The number before us leads off with the "Inner Life Department"—spirit messages, Mrs. Annie C. T. Hawks medium—and follows the same with articles severally entitled: "Elementary Spirits," "The Christian Christ, or the Universal Religion," "The Spiritualism," "The Coming Church," "The Christian of Spiritualists," "The Double," etc., etc.

We have received from S. R. Wells & Co., 77 Broadway, New York City, THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH and THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for June. As previously announced, the first-named publication will hereafter be merged with the Journal. In the "parting word" to its readers, it assures them that the same grave questions considered in its pages will hereafter be treated of in an "appropriate department in the Phrenological Journal, and are cordially invited to a perusal of that, and exhorted not to abate one jot of their interest in health reform." The Phrenological Journal has among other points of interest this month highly valuable articles (illustrated) on "The Matter of the Pacific States," "How to Teach," and "Socrates, the Ancient Sage," (the last by T. A. Bland, M. D.)

RECEIVED: AYER & SON'S MANUAL FOR ADVERTISERS, N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, No. 73 Sanson street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

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

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

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

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

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

What is the difference between payment in a note at one day's sight and payment in silver? One is a one-day's note, and the other is a ten day's wonder.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

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

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

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"Speak truly, and thy word shall be as gold." "Be true, and thy life shall be a great and glorious creed."

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

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

The climate of Chicago beats the world. Yesterday blue-birds, and even swallows, were seen about the city, and around to get enough money to take their winter clothes out of pawn.—*Chicago Times.*

The greatest prayer is patience.—*Buddha.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Sultan has Abducted. He Ottomano things better. Philadelphia Bulletin. Oh, let him rest Aziz. He's Effended his people long enough.

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

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

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

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

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

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

According to Geo. P. Howell & Co.'s American Newspaper Directory there are published in the United States 782 daily papers, 80 tri-weeklies, 135 semi-weeklies, and 5392 weeklies.

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

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

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

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

Buddha's COMPASSION.

The famished tigress howled in vain;
No prey to stay her hunger-pain.
We seen on all the burning plain.
The savage mother, wren and fawn,
Heard, wild with woe, her weak weak plaint,
Then leaped for joy. She saw a saint.
For Buddha, pitying her despair,
Is hastening to the tiger's lair.
In answer to her piteous prayer
"Come me and feed your young," he said,
Great Buddha's blood was fiercely shed,
Great Buddha's heart the tigress fed.

Independent.
An exchange suggests that "the revelation of confidential letters is the meanest of crimes. The thief who fleches your purse steals trash, but these destroyers of reputation, who steal and pry, and read and expose, the *Marriage* and *Heaps* of society, are worse than the *Fragins* and *Sykes*."

Spiritualist Convention.

There will be held at Toulboro, Louisa Co., Iowa, a semi-annual Convention and Grove-Meeting of the Iowa Association of Spiritualists, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 16th, 17th and 18th, 1876. Prominent lecturers and mediums are expected in attendance. A good meeting and pleasant reunion is anticipated. Applications will be made for reduction of railroad fare.

JOHN WILCOX, President.
MRS. W. SKINNER, Secretary.

JUST PUBLISHED.

DEATH.

In the Light of the Harmonical Philosophy.
BY MARY F. DAVIS.

A whole volume of philosophical truth is condensed into this little pamphlet. "The truth about Death," says the author, "never breaks upon us until the light of the spiritual world shines into the deep darkness of the material mind. Until this higher revelation is given to the understanding, the outward fact of Death strikes one with the awful force of Fate." The reason here referred to is the truth which unravels the origin and development of human life on both sides of the grave, which the pamphlet brings out clear as sunlight to every one who will candidly receive the following truths as stated:

Universal Unity of Things;
Nature Without and Within Man;
The Absolute Certainty of Death;
The Soul's Supremacy to Death;
Degrading Teachings of Theology;
The Infallible Teachings of Nature;
Harmonious Views of the Cosmos;
Man, the Highest Organization;
The Reality and Experience of Death;
National Interference through Spirit-Culture;
The Soul and its Relations Identical;
The Last Scene of All.

Under these headings Mrs. Davis has developed with rare faithfulness and pathos the pure principles of true Spiritualism. The work is a most dignified and instructive treatise, and the doubtful a firm foundation and a clear sky. Paper, 15 cents; flexible cloth, 25 cents; cloth, 30 cents; cloth, gilt 50 cents; postage, 5 cents. Agents and Publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

A TIMELY BOOK.

Spiritualism Defined.

An Epitome of

Spiritualism and Spirit-Magnetism,

Their Verity, Practicability, Conditions,

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