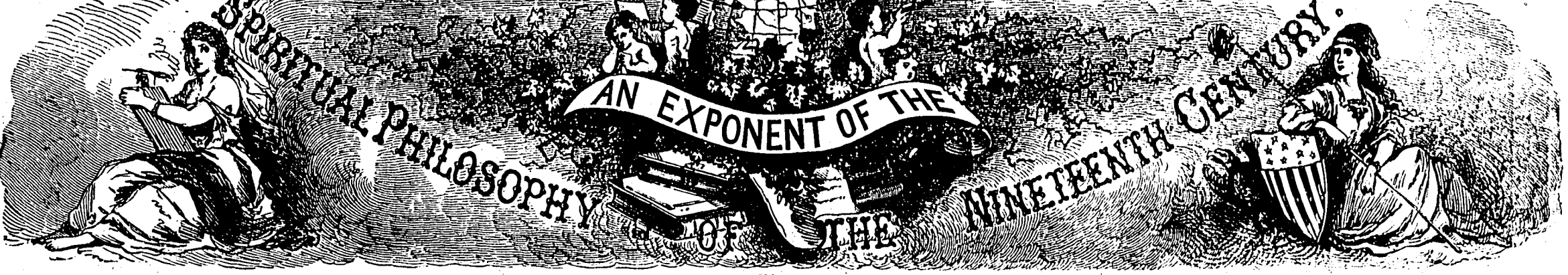


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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

BY GEORGE FARMER.

It was evening—a soft, balmy evening toward the close of a hot and sultry summer in one of our southern counties. The golden harvest moon was rising, pouring its bright beams with lavish effulgence on the world, softening some objects into rare beauty, while it touched others with an almost unearthly pallor.

A fair prospect of wood and water, hill and dale, was spread out in all its picturesque beauty. Rich meadows, skirting a narrow winding river, basked in the moon's bright beams, while on the opposite bank stood golden fields of waving grain all ripe for the reaper's sickle. In the distance could be discerned the village green, and groups of cottages with red-tiled roofs nestling amidst the trees—an unmistakably English landscape, the deepening tints of which told but too surely of the fading, dying year.

Yet none of this rural and sylvan beauty was seen by the beholder and possessor of all the fair prospect before him. John Hemsleigh had sought that deep bay-window recess as a shelter in which the hopeless grief of his despair could be relieved in a flood of blinding tears. His sorrow was no common one. He was not a man to lightly give way to excessive expression of grief. But now his short married life—it had lasted but two years—was being severed by the most inexorable of all causes—his wife, Muriel Hemsleigh, was dying.

The apartment was one of moderate size, paneled in oak to the ceiling, and decidedly what may be called snug. The rich Turkey carpet, the carved, antique furniture, the heavy velvet hangings, massive mirrors, and rare porcelain—all spoke of the wealth of the owner—a wealth which but mocked his present misery, for all his possessions availed him nothing in his sorrow.

Upon a couch facing the window lay a sleeping woman, upon whose face of rare loveliness, Death had plainly set its mark. The features, though somewhat emaciated with sickness, were faultless, and the large, violet eyes, when opened, might be seen to gleam with an unearthly brightness. Her hair, a rich chestnut brown, had been loosened from its bindings, and hung luxuriantly over her shoulders.

The slight stir which she made in waking recalled her husband to her side.

"Can I do anything for you, darling?" he said, bending over the couch, and taking her hands in his own.

Looking at him, her face lit up with a smile bearing the impress of intense and fervent love, she replied, "No, dearest, nothing," and then, noticing his grief, she continued in a somewhat sad and weary tone, "but I wish you would not grieve so much."

At this all his pent up sorrow burst forth in a walling cry:

"Muriel, if you die, you take my life with you. Try to live. Oh! Muriel, my darling wife, try to live!"

There was a thrill of fear and agony in the speaker's voice, a passionate anguish in his face. It seemed as if the awful bitterness of his despair was fiercely racking him. He was just realizing how near his sick wife was to the coming change—a change which is the inevitable fate of all kinds and conditions of men. Friends pass from our midst and disappear in the gloom and darkness of the grave. The voice is hushed in death, and not one word or look of love comes in response to the passionate, yet vain and hopeless longings inherent to the human breast, which is ever seeking, yet ever failing, to lift the Veil of Isis and penetrate the sacred mysteries of the Holy of Holies beyond, where alone can the universal problem of Life be solved in actual knowledge. At least, such were the thoughts which were passing through John Hemsleigh's mind as he had spoken.

His anguish was mirrored in Muriel's face. For a few moments she did not speak. She was possessed with a longing for a renewed term of life for her husband's sake.

"I would live if I could," she said; "for your sake I would live, but it is not to be. I feel I am dying. Oh! my husband, it is hard to part, for I love you, and my love is but intensified by the nearness of the Shadow of Death."

In his agony he bowed his head, hiding his face in the folds of her dress, and smothering his sobs there.

Too exhausted to speak again immediately she suffered cruelly in this his suffering. Presently

some thought seemed to flash across her mind, and she said:

"I have something to say, John," and on his looking up she made a sign for him to take her in his arms. When he had done so, she closed her eyes, and remained for a brief space as if in thought. Then she murmured:

"Yes! I am sure it must be so!"

"What is so, my darling?"

"Why, I have been thinking, John, that God is too good to keep us apart from each other. I am sure he would in his infinite goodness permit me to be near you, to guard and watch over you. Do not grieve, my husband; I will come back to you."

"Would that it were possible," he groaned.

"It is possible," she cried, eagerly, as if she would if she could close the flood-gates of his heart. Indeed, in her face could be read her full conviction of the power of her spirit. It seemed as if the very intensity of her desire rendered it possible.

"Listen, darling," she said; "we know that the spirits of the dead are sometimes allowed to come back to those they have loved. If others have done this, why should not I? Do not fear but that my love for you will conquer all difficulties, and by some means I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence."

I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence!

Such was her promise. All the shadows had disappeared from Muriel's face; her countenance glowed with a radiance of indescribable beauty—the dawning upon her of the sunlight of that other and brighter life. Upon her lips played a smile of perfect peace; her whole being seemed enveloped with a halo of suffused light.

She had sunk back exhausted into her husband's arms, her head resting on his breast. Every now and then a convulsive twitching shook her frame. Thinking she might be in pain, he inquired:

"No; it is all gone. The pain is past," and she again relapsed into silence. Muriel's face bore no trace of suffering now. Death had wiped it away.

After a while she said:

"I have come to feel that death is no real separation, John; it is but a thin veil that will divide us."

"My darling wife, do not talk of dying. You must not go—you shall not go!" he exclaimed, kissing her passionately the while.

No answer was made to his appeal. She was apparently unconscious for the nonce to things immediately around her. She was gazing vacantly into space.

"What is that light, John?"

He looked in the direction she pointed to, but could see nothing.

"I can see no light, darling."

"But it is there. It is getting brighter. Ah! I see some people now. Some one is beckoning to me. They want me to go to them, and oh! they all seem so glad and happy. Upon the forehead of each shines a star. The stars are of different colors, and some are brighter than others. Oh, John, it is heaven that I see."

"I see nothing, Muriel. Oh my love, look at me, and tell me you are not going to die!"

"I must go, John." Then looking round again, "John! there is mother and sister Mary. Yes, I'm coming! I'm coming," and she stretched out her hands toward her unseen visitors. The next moment she was senseless.

John Hemsleigh thought his wife was dead, and called for help. It was, however, but a swoon, from which she soon recovered. She lingered on for several days, and Mr. Hemsleigh was cherishing a hope that she would recover. His hopes were but vain and delusive. On the fourth day, just as the evening was setting in, Muriel Hemsleigh called her husband to her side.

"It would be cruel not to tell you, John; mother and Mary are coming for me to-night. I will remember my promise."

Ah! that promise. I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence. He could say nothing. He simply clasped her in his arms.

Muriel was playing weakly with her wedding ring, which hung very loosely on her worn finger.

"Take the ring, darling. You put it on my finger, and now I am going, you must wear it. I wish that—"

The sentence was unfinished, for her attention was again arrested.

"They've come, John. My mother and Mary."

He bent his face close to her own. He was weeping.

"Good-bye! my dearest husband. Good-bye! But not for long. I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence."

"Muriel! Muriel!" gasped he, holding her tightly to his breast. She did not answer save by a smile. Her spirit had flown.

Three months have passed away, and the snow lies thickly upon the ground. John Hemsleigh is sitting in the same room where we last saw him. He is thinking—thinking of his dead wife and her promise.

Good-bye! but not for long. I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence.

Such were her last words, and he was thinking of them. Was she near him then? It seemed at times as if he could pierce the shadows surrounding him, and could see Muriel's fair form by his side, and hear her gentle voice as in the days of old.

For some weeks after Muriel Hemsleigh had passed away, he had been thoroughly overcome. His hopes appeared just then all wrecked around him. Before his mental vision there ever appeared the impress of his wife's fair face as he

had last seen it. All the old love and tenderness were still there, and the thought that all his hopes and joys had vanished drove him almost to the verge of despair. He felt that unseen powers were wrestling within him—the powers of Evil and the powers of Good—each struggling for the mastery. Oftentimes a black, overshadowing presence would haunt him for days, mocking his misery with derisive jeers, tempting him to end all the turmoil within. But in his darkest hour of gloom and desolation, there came a small still whisper—the voice strangely familiar—and bright gleams of hope pierced his weary and agonized soul. This soft and gentle influence invariably chased away the dark shadows of evil.

Strange things had happened to him during the three months which had elapsed since Muriel's death. At times he thought he felt a hand upon his head. It was a woman's hand, soft, and warm, and gentle. It trifled with his hair in a fashion which thrilled him with memories of the past.

These things perplexed him. He had asked once whether Muriel was with him. No answer had come.

One morning, when the light was streaming into his chamber, he was awakened by a hand being drawn across his brow, and starting up he saw Muriel standing by the side of the bed, as distinctly as he had ever seen her when alive.

He rubbed his eyes to reassure himself that he was awake. He spoke, "Muriel!" Directly the apparition vanished, and since then he had not again seen her. Had it not been that other and stranger things were daily occurring in his presence, he would have persuaded himself that it was a trick his eyes had played him. No. The proofs he daily received of the presence of some invisible being could not but convince him his vision had been a reality.

Flowers had been brought to him by an invisible hand. These flowers he noticed were always those which had been favorites with Muriel. Then came soft caresses, a kiss, and a touch of a hand upon his cheek. He was no longer unhappy, for he felt that the hand which was thus ministering to him was Muriel's.

It was these things John Hemsleigh was thinking of as he sat gazing into the blazing fire which threw fantastic dancing shadows on the wall. For a whole week he had had no intimation of the unseen presence. Had he been deceived? Where were the hands which were usually hovering about him? He began to fear that he had driven the ministering spirit from him. As the shadows deepened he grew more and more restless, fear and hope alternately taking possession of him.

Presently he became conscious of a woman's cheek against his own, and a hand was laid upon his. His longing for an audible sound became intense.

Would his wish be gratified? He waited. Suddenly a nervous trembling took possession of him. An irresistible influence drew him to the writing-table. It seemed as if some powerful but gentle hand was guiding him. He seized a piece of paper and a pencil. His hand wrote the following words:

"I am Muriel. I have returned to you as I promised. I still love you and am ever near you."

He felt that it was not himself who had written the message. Each stroke of the pencil was made by some unseen person who used his hand as an unconscious, passive instrument.

He looked at the paper. What was it? As the probable truth flashed on his mind, he started and trembled. Should he proceed or not? He could not bear to be trifled with! While he hesitated the message was again repeated:

"I am your wife, Muriel. My love has brought me back to you."

"Muriel! my loved wife! Is it indeed you? Let me again feel the touch of your hand!"

Immediately his wish was gratified. He felt a hand and arm thrown around his neck.

Again his hand was controlled to write:

"John! husband! I have come back to you to take away the sting of death! I still live and love you."

"Can you show yourself to me?" he asked.

"Yes; at times I may be able," was the answer written by his hand.

"Can you do so now, darling?"

"Wait! I will try!" was written. The pencil dropped from his hand. John Hemsleigh returned, he knew not why, to the chair in front of the fire. The consciousness of the unseen presence had departed. Yet he seemed only half himself.

He could almost have wept for joy! He was to see Muriel again—the Muriel whom he had so loved! At last he had found the bridge over the yawning gulf of death! Henceforth the union of the spheres would be complete, and the pang of death would be lost in the joys of life.

Soon a strange faintness seized him. He struggled for a moment, and then his head dropped back. John Hemsleigh was now completely unconscious to anything in the room. He could see far away into space; no object obstructed his vision.

Presently he heard a sound as of music. A light began to fill the room. A halo of mist, soft and radiant, appeared over and around the couch, which he now saw plainly. A picture began to form, at first dim, but growing clearer and clearer. A figure was lying on the couch, and another form was standing by it. As the picture became perfect, he saw that the prostrate form was an exact representation of Muriel as he had seen her last, when the spirit had deserted its earthly tenement. The figure standing by him was—yes, it was Muriel herself! Muriel as he had known her in all her loveliness!

She approached him, at the same time motion-

ing him not to stir. She went and knelt down by his side, placing her head upon his breast. He could feel the beating of her heart against his own, and he murmured:

"Muriel! my own, my loved wife!"

Strange as it may seem to you, my friend, the things which I have written are true. I know them to be absolute and demonstrable facts. Yet I do not hope or expect that you will deem me otherwise than mad, until you have had like experience yourself. These appearances, at first subjective, gradually grew objective, and now I see them while I am conscious and in my natural state. Each evening, when alone, Muriel comes to me, takes part in my joys and shares my sorrows. Love's desire has been granted; death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory. I have a joy and happiness that cannot be taken from me. I am gradually becoming conscious of living in two worlds at the same time, knowing and feeling the nearness of both. Thus, hand-in-hand with my angel-wife, we travel along life's path together—separated yet united, dead yet alive. Thus am I content to wait the coming of that time when I, too, shall cross the narrow boundary separating the two worlds, and when Muriel and I shall clasp hands in that brighter and better life to come.

## Foreign Correspondence.

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

BY J. M. PECKLES.

NUMBER FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Look up! master traveler, unless you note something worth the seeing, and come home wiser than you went, I would not give a stag's horn for all your travels."—Old Play.

If the Caliph Omar and the orthodox Theodosius purchased each an infamous immortality by destroying the Alexandrian library; if Abdallah disgraced himself and country by issuing a proclamation for the destruction of the works of Nashirwan and most of the oldest Persian manuscripts; if the Iranian conquerors dishonored their ancestors by ruthlessly destroying the sacred rolls and time-honored documents relating to the history and religions of the Egyptians and Phœnicians; if Pope Gregory VII. revealed a most shameless bigotry when ordering the library of the "Palatine Apollo," a vast treasury of literature, committed to the flames; if the proud sovereign Ytzoatl defaced, buried and burned vast tomes of old Toltec books, scrolls and paintings in Anahuac, what shall we say of those Spanish monks and missionaries, professing the peaceful religion of Jesus, that accompanied Cortez? These Christian zealots, not content to press a murderous conquest for Aztec gold—not to destroy images, relics and sacred temples—actually made great bonfires of Aztec manuscripts, pictures and hieroglyphical paintings. This famous book-burning scene, inspired by demonic fanaticism, and ordered by the Catholic Bishop Zumarraga, has been denominated in history the "great conflagration," because upon this altar of destruction there forever perished in ashes, piles and windrows, and immense masses of Aztec rolls, writings and paintings.

The Roman Catholic Clavigero says "that everything in this country had been painted—painters corresponding to the scribes of Europe." . . . "and the first missionaries collecting a little mountain of these historical paintings and sacred records, fired and reduced them to the ashes of forgetfulness." And when at Marrie, southward from Merida, an antiquarian pointed me to the place where most of the ancient records and writings of the native Mayas were destroyed by that fiery Franciscan monk, Landa. A history of the Mayas by this Diego de Landa, first bishop of Yucatan, is extant in manuscript form in Madrid. That brilliant writer, Brasseur de Bourbourg, making great use of this history, says, "the alphabet and signs explained by Landa have been to me a Rosetta Stone."

FROM MERIDA TO THE UXMAL RUINS.

It is the custom in Yucatan, as in the tropical and torrid latitudes of Asia, to travel by night. Thus doing, one is saved from the fiery rays of a vertical sun.

Awakened in the morning at one o'clock, by request, I was speedily out of my sleeping apartment, and in the office of my hotel. The basket of provisions well filled, the hempen hammock secured, the odd-shaped vehicle in readiness, the three donkeys harnessed abreast, the Indian guide dressed in his best attire, a crack of the whip, and we are away from Merida, to Uxmal and other cities in ruins.

Soon after leaving the city limits the road became rough and winding. Such jolting tried the patience. And then it would be dark too as Erebus, were it not for the million stars that filled and flecked the inter-stellar spaces. Now light dawns in the East—but who are those in the distance? and why are they bearing flambeaux? They are Maya Indians on their way to market. They bound hurriedly by us, swinging torches and firebrands to light their paths. Now their comes a drove of dogs, seemingly piloting a party of Indian hunters. What strange costumes. They are well armed, but have no game. They pass us without speaking.

APPEARANCE OF THE INDIANS.

Ethnology is a most exciting study. These Maya Indians of Yucatan, utterly unlike the Aztecs, are the finest-looking and mildest-man-

nered natives that I have yet seen. There is nothing of roughness and fierceness about them. Their movements are graceful, and their features symmetrical. They remind me, both in the contour of the countenance and complexion, of the second caste Hindoos in India. The majority of them dress in white.

As the morning sunbeams broke by more fully from the East, gilding rock and tree, I got a fine view of the country. Level, stony, light-colored, and rather unproductive, it rests upon a limestone foundation. The forests are neither dense nor grand. The under shrubbery is small and tangled; but the plumage of the birds is beautiful, and their music in early morning absolutely enchanting. The soil is better further south, and sugar-plantations dot the country. On the way I passed vast fields of hemp, called *kenehkin*. The plants bear some resemblance to the aloes, or maguey plant of Mexico. Patches of maize are quite numerous. Maize is the Maya Indian's staff of life.

Now we reach an Indian settlement. Groups gather around me; among them are a few Spaniards, and many half-castes. On a little eminence near this unique Maya village there stands a dreary, dilapidated-looking Catholic church. Everything looks primitive. There are a few ugly stone houses, occupied by Spaniards and Mestizos; but most of the buildings are constructed of poles and mud, and thatched with leaves and straw.

The Indian women are really handsome, their faces having a mild, contented, and amiable expression. Their dresses are neat, and flowing, and their hair full of wild flowers. My Indian guide does not speak a word of English, nor I a word of the Maya language. We can converse only in signs.

YUCATAN HACIENDAS.

Along at considerable distances in this country are vast landed estates, or immense plantations, often ten, twenty, and even fifty miles square. These are generally owned by wealthy Spaniards, who are really feudal lords. They employ each an overseer, called the *major-domo*, who does the trading, looks after the Indian workmen, and attends to all the details of managing the estate. This whole country, so far as I traversed it, seemed exceedingly destitute of lakes and rivers. A spring, or stream of fresh water, is seldom seen. Accordingly each Hacienda has connected with it large tanks and reservoirs, which become filled during the rainy season, commencing usually in April, and ending in October. Just at sundown, Indian women flock to these wells and reservoirs to fill their earthen jars, which they toss upon the left hip, throwing their arm around it, and bearing it to their wigwam homes.

These Indians on the Haciendas all speak the Maya, and they cannot be hired, or driven, to speak any other dialect. Spaniards expecting to do business with them are necessitated to learn the Maya language. Though nominally Catholics, they hold to many of the religious conceptions of their ancestors, who were evidently sun-worshippers.

The Hacienda of Uxmal is said to be about thirty miles square, only a small portion of which is cultivated. Over this vast land-tract herds of cattle roam by day, and beasts of prey prowl by night. Reaching the residence of the *major-domo* (who manages this Hacienda) the second day about sundown, after leaving Merida, I was cordially received into a rather grand and imposing stone building in process of reconstruction. It really saddened me to see the Indian workmen ruthlessly break and put into the walls such finely carved stones and images from the Uxmal ruins, as would enrich and add to the interest of our museums. This gentleman's residence is surrounded by scattering trees, Indian huts, sugar-cane works, and cattle-yards. He was very polite, putting before me at once wine, rum, cigars, lemonade and coffee. Just outside the walls was a steam-engine used in the transformation of sugar-cane into sugar. The boiling, skimming and refining was all done by Indians. The water was drawn from a deep well by ox-power, using windlass and revolving buckets, as they do in portions of Syria and Egypt. Weary and worn, I retire to my hammock, to dream of the Uxmal ruins, only two miles distant.

THE RUINS—THE RUINS OF UXMAL.

Out of my hammock before sunrise—taking a cup of cocoa and a sort of a Maya Spanish breakfast not easily described, I was soon off, and away upon the summit of an eminence that, partially overlooking, revealed to some degree the grim and grayed glories of Uxmal. The term Uxmal signifies "times past." But see! what a sublime spectacle! a vast amphitheatre of ruins; of irregular masses of fallen walls; richly ornamented houses; extensive terraces crowned with old buildings; and one pyramidal structure towers above all the rest! Evidently here was once a large, flourishing and highly-civilized city. The works of art, the unique carvings and the exquisitely wrought decorations, demonstrate this beyond cavil. How still—how deathly the silence! Though the private dwellings of these ancient inhabitants long since crumbled away before the devastating ravages of time, some of the larger public buildings continue to stand like those time-defying monuments of Thebes and Sarnath. Who built them? Who were the founders of this and the sixty other ruined or buried cities that once dotted Yucatan and Central America? Why was ancient Uxmal, covering a plateau, possibly five miles in length and two miles in width, located so far away from river or lake, and the other natural advantages that generally fix the sites of cities? And why were its streets, halls and pa-



lial residences, abandoned to neglect and utter destruction?

What people built Uxmal and the still older cities of Chichen, Copan and Palenque? Pyramids and spacious palaces point back to kingly thrones and strong centralized governments; massive fortifications, as with our mound-builders, to contests between disciplined armies; great public works and towers tell of the slave-labor of aristocratic masters; while elaborate sculpture, temples, idols, ornaments and altars, speak of gods and priests, of faith, sacrifice and worship! Among the religious symbols of this ancient people were the sun, the serpent, the phallos and the cross. Their architecture proves this beyond dispute.

#### WANDERING AMONG THE RUINS.

Experienced travelers soon learn, when reaching a ruin or famous city, to seek at once the highest eminence, to the end of taking in a general bird's-eye view of the situation and more distant scenery. Accordingly I was soon climbing up the eastern side of the Pyramid, by a flight of a hundred or more stone steps. I found the ascent much less difficult than that of Cheops in Egypt. The structure is stone. It has a broad base, and is over a hundred feet from the foundation stones to the platform upon the summit. The sides are steep, precipitous, and dotted with clumps of trees. These people evidently kept fires burning upon the summits of their pyramids. Upon the top of this pyramid there stands a small stone edifice, having several rooms, terribly defaced and dilapidated. The eastern front, facing the sunrise, has two doorways, and pavilions projecting from the facade, supported by symmetrical pilasters. The western front is ornamented with finely sculptured human figures. The head-gearings, plaited girdles and ear ornaments of these images, present a striking resemblance to those worn by the ancient Egyptians. But what a grand prospect! Turn my eye as I will there are mounds, lofty structures, and piles of gigantic buildings, some of which time seems to have touched but lightly.

The building material here used was rubble-stones, mortar and cement, faced with blocks of hewn stone. Some of the blocks are plain; on others there are exquisitely chiseled devices, symbols, serpents, geometrical figures and hieroglyphical characters. The floors are usually of a hard cement. The ceilings are generally formed of overlapping blocks, and beveled so as to produce a smooth surface. This is most generally plastered, and sometimes painted. I did not see an arch nor a key-stone in any of the Uxmal edifices. And these buildings, by the way, were often so arranged as to enclose square or rectangular courts. These, fortified by gateways and guarded by sentinels, would afford a strong defence by night. The Mayas have a weird superstition reverence for these ruins. And further they have a tradition that there are immense treasures buried among them.

Among the more prominent of these splendid ruins, is the Governor's House; but why so named I cannot tell. It is located upon three ranges of terraces, the largest of which is over five hundred feet long and four hundred and twenty feet in width. It is surrounded by a wall of finely-cut stone. The angles are rounded and polished. In the centre is a limestone shaft, carvings of animals, and reservoirs that might have been used for cisterns or granaries. This magnificent structure is loaded from base to moldings with ornaments and elaborate sculpture—squares, stars, turtles and other unrecalled symbols.

Near the pyramid is a grand structure called by the Spaniards Casa de las Monjas—House of the Nuns. Possibly the name may have referred originally to the vestals, whose office work it was to keep the sacred fire burning. This is the suggestion of others, rather than my own opinion. The way of entrance into this building is through an acute-angled doorway. There is a spacious court within. It is difficult to walk all around it, because of the fallen masses of stone. No part of this edifice is perfect. Scarcely one-third of the ornaments that originally decorated the imposing facades remain. They have either fallen or been torn down by vandal hands. On one of the fronts I noticed two huge intertwining serpents, with extended mouths and tasselled heads. These, with lotus leaves, triangles and other symbols, woven into a chaste groundwork, reminded me of Egypt and Phenicia. In these ranges of buildings that enclose the court, are a very large number of rooms. One of these measured thirty feet by twelve. They average about eighteen by twelve, and have ante-rooms. The ceilings are uniform, the roofed-angles sharp, and the walls are neatly finished with a white, hard substance. There are ornaments on some of the walls and a sort of fresco-painting, like those we saw in the ruins of Pompeii. "This architecture," says Mr. Norman, "is not excelled in point of workmanship by the work of any artisans of the present day. The skill manifest is almost incredible." While cornice and molding, while the corridors and exquisitely wrought ornaments, surprised me, still I cannot conscientiously say that they excel the artisans of the present time.

Mr. Stephens, who traveled extensively in Yucatan and Central America, makes this observation:

"There is no rudeness or barbarity in the designs or proportions of these massive structures; on the contrary, the whole wears an air of architectural symmetry and grandeur; and as a stranger ascends the steps and casts a bewildered eye along open and desolate doors, it is hard to believe that he sees before him the work of a race in whose epitaph, as written by historians, they are called ignorant of art, and said to have perished in the rudeness of savage life. If the Casa del Gobernador stood at this day on its grand artificial terrace, in Hyde Park or the Garden of the Tuileries, it would form a new order, I do not say equaling, but not unworthy to stand side by side with the remains of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman art."—*Stephens's Travels*, Vol. II., p. 429.

#### HOW ANCIENT ARE THESE RUINS?

This inquiry, so natural, tests the mettle of archeologists. Influenced by early theological notions, Mr. Stephens ascribed to these ruins—the few that he saw—no very great antiquity. In the expression of this opinion, he certainly committed a more serious blunder than did the celebrated Dupax, who gave to them an antediluvian origin.

In the absence of direct history, the better way to decide upon the age of ruins is to compare them with the remains of old cities of whose age we have knowledge. "Measuring their age by such," says Norman, "the mind is startled at their probable antiquity. The pyramids and temples of Yucatan seem to have been old in the days of Pharaoh." . . . "Let the reader compare these ruins, in their present condition, with the Cloaca Maxima of Rome, constructed more than twenty-five hundred years ago, and there it

stands to this day, without a stone displaced. Compare with the ruins of Yucatan and Central America the conspicuous remains of Babek, of Antioch, of Carthage—shall I not add, of Tadmor, Thebes and Memphis? It is not for any man to place a limit to the age of the American ruins. And further, it is evident to every one who looks at the more ancient of those in Yucatan, that they belong to the remotest antiquity, and are to be measured by thousands of years."—*Norman's Rambles in Yucatan*, p. 178.

Prof. Melgar, of Vera Cruz, showed me an exquisitely sculptured negro dug up from the depths of an old Mexican mound in Tuxtla. This gigantic head presents the appearance of one of the higher classes of Ethiopians. But how came it upon this continent, so long before it was discovered by Columbus? This Mexican archeologist, known to the learned societies of Europe, says, "In my study on the head of Hueyapam, I affirmed that in this part of our country there were communications with the Phenicians who came across the Atlantic; and that they brought with them the negroes and founded Palenque, in Yucatan, whose true name was Nusciam—a house of snakes!"

"Chichen, Copan and Palenque are older than Uxmal. That the Phenicians founded Palenque is proved by the medals there found by Dupax. The Alpha and Omega of said peoples appear in the first volume of Kingsborough's work in the Oxford manuscripts, as well as the types, idols and relics that I added to it. . . . At the base of the pyramid Xochicalco, we clearly see the large serpent. On the top we find the four cardinal points, the three circles symbolizing the Trinity, the plant representing spring, and the three mystic characters resembling O9U, which are unmistakably Phenician; and to be read backwards, making URO, the name of the sun. In this eastern language, Uranus, father of the sun, means brilliant, luminous. The roots U R, fire. These people were fire-worshippers."—*Melgar's Pre-Historic Races of America*, p. 24.

Luckily becoming acquainted with the secretary of a late corps of explorers from Mexico, who had recently traversed Yucatan, he gave me not only valuable thoughts, but the rough sketch of a forthcoming essay or report. After speaking of the crosses engraved upon these temples, he says, "At the termination of two days after our departure from Merida we reached the ruins. There were several well-known antiquarians among us, men who had studied the ruins which strew the banks of the Nile, who had wandered over the plains of Asia, and stood on the spot where it is said the prophet Jonah uttered his fearful imprecations against the city of Nineveh. These gentlemen unanimously disagreed with the deductions of Stephens, and pronounced the ruins of Uxmal to be contemporaneous with many of those of Egypt."

### Banner Correspondence.

#### Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—J. H. Rhodes, M. D., 918 Spring Garden street, writes: A most wonderful manifestation of spirit-power, as well as a proof of Mrs. Thayer's peculiar gifts as a spirit medium, occurred at Lincoln Hall, Sunday, October 1st, at twelve o'clock, near the close of the morning services of the Spiritualist Society. Mrs. Thayer was present in the audience, and as she frequently is, was in the clairvoyant state, and saw the spirit of a soldier present, and while describing it to Mrs. Beal, and also saying to her that the spirit held in his hand a white dove with a black ring around its neck, at the same moment the very identical dove dropped into Mrs. Beal's lap. But the suddenness of its startled flight, frightened the bird, and it flew down the length of the hall and rested on the back of one of the seats, where Mrs. B. soon had the satisfaction of securing it. Some three months since Mrs. B. was at Mrs. Thayer's seance, and two doves of the same kind came to her. She carried them home, and about three weeks ago a strange cat got into the house and killed one of them. Mrs. B. lamented very much the loss, but now it seems a kind spirit friend has partly made the loss good—in the broad light of noonday, in a public hall, well filled with a mixed audience.

As it has been generally known that I have been very ill during the summer, and not able to attend to the sick and needy, I will take this opportunity to inform my friends and patients that by the aid of the angel-world I am again restored, and am ready to treat all who may need my services, either by magnetism, electricity or medical remedies. The Banner of Light and all spiritual books and papers may be found on sale at my office.

#### Nebraska.

ASHLAND.—D. Dayton writes: Pursuant to the call, the Spiritualists of Nebraska met at Lincoln, Sept. 26th and 27th, and organized a society by electing E. Estabrook, of Omaha, President, D. Dayton, of Ashland, Secretary, and Dr. Maxwell, of Lincoln, Treasurer. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"We, the Spiritualists of Nebraska, in conference assembled, do hereby declare that the human mind, with its wants, its moral duties, and its sacred obligations, and conscious of a future existence more clear and tangible by the present ministrations of angels and spirits, do hereby organize ourselves into a State Society; therefore, Resolved, That each Spiritualist in the State is appointed a committee of one to solicit material aid to carry forward the objects of this organization.

Resolved, That we recommend the organization of local societies, where, practicable, to forward the objects of this organization.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Religious-Philosophical Journal, the Banner of Light and the Radical Leaves for publication.

The meeting was adjourned to meet at Ashland on the 11th and 12th of November next, to complete the organization.

#### New York.

ONEIDA.—Mrs. P. W. Stephens (of California) writes: I left California and arrived at Chicago in season to attend the Rockford Convention in June; since then I have been speaking and holding seances for physical manifestations in various places, and everywhere found a general interest in spiritual matters. I shall go to Birmingham and assist my brother (E. V. Wilson), who is to hold a three days' meeting there Oct. 13, 14 and 15. After that I shall be pleased to receive calls for work wherever friends need me. I expect to remain East for a year.

#### Connecticut.

MADISON.—Mrs. L. Emeline Wilcox writes that Mrs. C. A. Delafolie, of Hartford, Ct., is doing much work for the cause of human enlightenment and betterment through her mediumistic unfoldment as a test and healing instrumentality—our correspondent speaking of her excellence from personal experience.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN DARWINISM AND SPIRITUALISM; or, Do all Tribes and Races Constitute One Human Species? Did Man Originate from Apes and Monkeys? Are Animals Immortal? By J. M. Peebles. Colby & Rich, Publishers, Boston.

A pamphlet of thirty-four pages, entering fully into the merits of the Darwinian theory and the examination of numerous authorities. If Mr. Peebles fails to arrive at positive decisions, he presents sufficient data to awaken much thought upon this interesting subject. He is an interesting, pleasing writer. Price, 25 cents.—*Truth Seeker*.

#### THE SECRET OF THE MERE.

I built a hut beside the Mere,  
A lowly hut of turf and stone;  
Therein I thought from year to year  
To dwell in silence and alone,  
Watching the lights of heaven chase  
The phantoms on the water's face.

The world of men was far away;  
There was no sound, no speech, no cry;  
All desolate the dark Mere lay  
Under the mountains and the sky—  
A sullen Mere where sadly brood  
Dark shadows of the solitude.

"It is an evil world," I said;  
"There is no hope, my doom is dark."  
And in despair of soul I fled  
Where not another eye might mark  
My silent pain, my heart's distress,  
And all my spirit's weariness.

And when I came unto the Mere,  
It lay and gleamed through days of gloom.  
The livid mountains gather'd drear  
All round like stones upon a tomb—  
Around its margin rusted red  
The dark earth crumbled 'neath my tread.

I said, "It is a godless place—  
Dark, desolate, and cursed like me.  
Here, through all seasons, shall my fate  
Behold its image silently."  
And from that hour I linger'd there  
In protestation and despair.

For mark, the hills were stone and sand,  
Not strewn with scented red or green,  
All empty as a dead man's hand,  
And empty lay the Mere between.  
No flocks fed there, no shepherd's cry  
Awoke the echoes of the sky.

And through a sullen mist I came,  
And beast-like crept unto my lair;  
And many days I crouched in shame  
Out of the sunshine and sweet air.  
I heard the passing wind and rain,  
Like weary waves within the brain.

But when I rose and glimmer'd forth,  
Ghost-wise across my threshold cold,  
The clouds had lifted west and north,  
And all the peaks were touch'd with gold.  
I smiled in scorn; far down beneath,  
The waters lay, as dark as death.

I said, "Go by, oh goddess bright!  
Thou canst not scatter darkness here.  
In two sad bosoms thou art night,  
In mine and in the lonely Mere.  
Light thou thy lamps and go thy way."  
It went, and all the heavens grew gray.

And when the lamps of heaven were lit  
I did not raise mine eyes to see,  
But watch'd the ghostly glimmers flit  
On the black waters silently.  
I hid my face from heaven, and kept  
Dark vigil while the bright sun slept.

And ever when the daylight grew  
I saw with joy the hills were high;  
From dawn to dark the live day through,  
Not lighting as the sun went by;  
Only at noon one finger-ray  
Touch'd us, and was withdrawn away.

I cried, "God cannot find me now;  
Done now am I with praise or pain."  
Beside the Mere, with darkened brow,  
I walk'd as desolate as Cain.  
I cried, "Not even God could rear  
One seed of love or blessing here!"

"T was spring that day the air was chill;  
Above the heights white clouds were roll'd;  
The Mere below was blue as steel,  
And all the air was chill and cold,  
When suddenly from air and sky,  
I heard a solitary cry.

Ah me! It was the same sweet sound  
That I had heard afar away;  
Sad echoes waken'd all around,  
Out of the rocks and caverns gray,  
And looking upward, weary-eyed,  
I saw the gentle bird that cried.

Upon a rock sat that sweet bird,  
As he had sat on pale or tree,  
And while the hills and waters heard,  
He named his name to them and me.  
I thought, "God sends the spring again,  
But here at last it comes in vain!"

From rock to rock I saw him fly,  
Silent in flight, but loud at rest,  
And ever at his summer cry  
The mountains gladden'd and seem'd bless'd.  
And in the hollows of them all  
Paint flames of grass began to crawl.

Some secret hand I could not see  
Was busy where I dwell'd alone;  
It touch'd with tender tracery,  
Paint as a breath, the cliffs of stone;  
Out of the earth it drew soft moss,  
And lichens shapen like the cross.

And lo! at every step I took  
Some faint life lived, some sweetness stir'd,  
While loosen'd torrents leapt and shook  
Their silver hair to hear the bird,  
And white clouds ran across the blue,  
And sweet sights rose, and sweet sounds grew.

I hated every sight and sound;  
I hated most that happy cry.  
I saw the mountains glory-crown'd,  
And the bright heavens drifting by;  
I felt the earth beneath my tread  
Now kindling quick, that late was dead!

Then down I stole unto the Mere,  
And black as ever was its sleep.  
Close to its margin all was drear;  
I heard the weary waters creep,  
I laugh'd aloud, though all grew light,  
We twain kept dark, in God's despite!

"We will not smile nor utter praise;  
He made us dark, and dark we brood.  
Sun-hating, desolate of days,  
We dwell apart in solitude.  
Let Him light lamps for all the land;  
We darken and elude His hand."

Scarce had I spoken in such wise,  
When once again I heard the bird,  
And lo! the Mere beneath mine eyes  
Was deeply, mystically stir'd:  
A sunbeam broke its gloom apart,  
And heaven trembled in its heart!

There, trembling in that under-gloom,  
Like rising stars that open dim;  
Innumerable, leaf and bloom,  
I saw the water-lilies swim.  
Still 'neath the surface dim to sight,  
But creeping upward to the light!

As countless as the stars above,  
Stirring and glimmering below,  
They gather'd and I watch'd them move,  
Till on the surface, white as snow,  
One came, grew glad, and opened up  
A pinch of gold in its white cup.

Then suddenly within my breast  
Some life of rapture open'd too,  
And I forgot my bitter quest,  
Watching that glory as it grew;  
For, leaf by leaf and flower by flower,  
The lilies open'd from that hour.

And soon the gloomy Mere was sown  
With oiled leaves and stars of white;  
The trumpet of the Spring was blown,  
Far overhead, from height to height,  
And lo! the Mere from day to day  
Grew starry as the Milky Way.

I could not bear to dwell apart  
With so divine and bright a thing;  
I felt the dark depths of my heart  
Were stirring, trembling, wakening.  
I watch'd the Mere, and saw it shine,  
E'en as the eye of God on mine.

As one that riseth in his tomb,  
I rose and wept in soul's distress;  
I had not feared His wrath and gloom,  
But now I feared His loveliness.  
I craved for peace from God, and then  
Crept back and made my peace with men!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

—Good Words.

### Original Essay.

#### THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

Y. R. T. HALLOCK.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Two rather exciting events have transpired here during the week commencing the 17th of September—two storms, the one sweeping over the surface of matter, the other causing no little commotion in the ocean of mind. Both were heralded by the public press, and appropriate "danger signals" were duly given in advance of the expected mischief. The physical disturbance began in the neighborhood of the West Indies; the mental tornado took its rise in Chickering Hall in this much-battered city.

The magician who raised these waters was Professor Huxley, and the wand he waved over them was the "Hypothesis of Evolution." Not of any predetermined intention did he do it. On the contrary, he labored at the outset with marvelous skill to keep them down. He poured the oil of the most delicate sarcasm upon them to keep them from bursting their bounds; for that portion of the daily press of this most Christian city which is wont to refresh us every Monday morning with savory extracts from the Orthodox sermons of the day before, besought him *in prayer*, with tears of ink, not to wreck the ship of faith (with so many of their patrons on board) if he could possibly avoid it. And he did try to avoid it, apparently, and he set about it with a degree of ingenuity which borders on the sublime.

In speaking of the second of the only three hypotheses deemed possible with regard to the origin of organic life, he calls it "The Mitotic hypothesis." He directed his attack against the seventh book of Paradise Lost, instead of the first chapters of Genesis, his reason being that, while theologians, as a body, are not agreed as to what Moses *really* taught, (and some of the more learned go to the extent of denying the existence of evidence that he taught anything whatever,) there is no mistaking what Milton means by what he says. Moreover the hypothesis of evolution goes back only to a "gelatinous mass" (without in the least troubling itself with how it came to be), and traces it onward and upward, until there arises out of it, as we see in that "semi-fluid, homogenous substance which we call an egg, the complicated organization of one of the higher animals."

This, in brief, he tells us, is what is meant by the hypothesis of evolution; that is to say, this "gelatinous mass" is the basis or "common foundation of all life," and by virtue of its own inherent energy is differentiated into all the forms and all the functions of all the life existing upon the globe to-day. Now if this can be well substantiated it will be accepted, Moses or Milton to the contrary notwithstanding. How far the professor has succeeded in accomplishing that, let every man judge for himself. It will be futile for the reputed Christian to quote his sacred book as against that hypothesis, for enough has been revealed in the rock-reading to show demonstrably that, whatever else may be true with respect to this matter, his faith concerning it, which all his life long he has held, in common with the millions who have gone before him, as the very truth of truth, is not true.

Doubtless it hurts, this thrust of the intellect against tradition, and there is rebellion both open and secret. But the dissatisfied ones will have to learn that to refute this hypothesis (if it be refutable) recourse must be had to the same volume whence it assumes to have been taken, and the endeavor must be to show that the teacher has blundered in his reading. If their troubled souls are to conquer a peace in this furious onslaught, they will find it necessary to lay Moses aside for a little season, and apply themselves to the book of life, which is as open to them as it is to the evolutionists, who thrust their tongues in their cheeks when they condescend to notice them. It depends on the correctness of that reading to determine whether man is "born of the spirit," (in no figurative sense,) or is the outbirth of a "gelatinous mass," manipulated by molasses, fish, reptiles, and four-footed mammals, and finally gifted with his stupendous powers of body and mind and through the involuntary ingenuity of the illustrious head of that numerous family—the anthropoid ape!

It may be as this hypothesis postulates; but it seems to me that its very foundation is an assumption. That is to say, it is against evidence that life originates in matter, as is assumed by it. In other words, there is nothing in the nature of matter (gelatinous or otherwise) as defined by science, that will rationally account for the varied phenomena which life presents. Life in the evolution scheme is a function merely, and not a fact; whereas, it creates organization, and therefore is not an evolution from it. It is a noun—the name of a thing. What it may be in essence no man can say. I would prefer to name it spirit, because it always appears as an individualized entity; but as that term has a hateful sound in ears polite, let it go. No matter for the name; that it is a thing we know, because it does an infinite variety of things, and it is a necessity of the reason that that which does things must itself be something. It is the formative power acting in matter which determines in every case the shape and character of organization *a priori*. The gelatinous mass which is said to be the matter out of which life was primarily evolved, was itself, by authority of like masses (of which there is a plentiful supply open to observation), a creation of life—an organization, which life, the builder, constructed for its own purposes out of the surrounding material—that is to say, it had a determining cause which was every form of life known to us. In fact, we only see the form, or manifestation; but we are assured that the formative power resides in something other than the material of which the form is composed, because material of like chemical value, so far as science can tell, appears in an infinite variety of forms. That "semi-fluid homogenous substance" which we call a hen's egg, for example, is a potential chicken. To become an active one, it is obliged to await conditions. And the same is true of every other egg or germ. What chemistry manipulates is simply the food it lives upon; and as, unfortunately, the instruments of the manipulator (and he will use no other means of knowledge) are powerless to discriminate the animal from the food, he begins by mistaking effect for cause, and so naturally ends with being an evolutionist of the most pronounced and aggressive type. It being, as I conceive, a necessity of the reason to place the cause of organic manifestation antecedent to the form, and in substance, quite other than the matter used in its construction, I am forced to the conclusion that the hypothesis has no bottom in pure science, and with that gone all is gone.

But the means by which it proceeds to evolve humanity out of its gelatinous mass are directly opposed to the manner by which progress is evolved in modern times. Instead of a perpetual push, as the doctrine of evolution virtually asserts, the power of progress as applied under present observation is a perpetual pull; that is to say, it is man—it is the power of his mind working upon these lower forms of life, that produces or evolves the improved character in animal and vegetable, and the law appears to hold all the way down the scale. The animal organism lifts the vegetable into itself; the vegetable kingdom reaches down for the mineral and improves it by its incorporation. Now, in the light of this well known order of progress it would seem as if nothing but the wildest imagination could conceive of a jelly-fish wriggling through all the infinite forms of infinite time to become at length, by virtue of its own primary impulse, a human being!

True, the disciple of evolution may object to this statement of the doctrine; but if it does not mean this, or as much as this, it has no practical meaning whatever, and can lay no claim to be an explanation of the genesis of man. Its affected novelty would be commonplace; for everybody knows what it makes such a parade of proving, namely, that within certain limits species may be greatly varied and vastly improved; but we do not know that the evolution of form and attributes extends to the possibility of transforming an owl into a turkey, which this doctrine virtually asserts. To my understanding, the evidence introduced by Prof. Huxley as demonstrative of the hypothesis, upsets it. He shows us that a tribe of quadrupeds comprehended by the general term *equus*, struggling upward through eocene, miocene and pliocene time and conditions, has culminated through the force of modern time and conditions in—I cannot but smile as I state it—in HERRING HORSES. Most lame and impotent demonstration of the hypothesis as claimed; but valuable as showing that the limits of the evolution of form and characteristics which we find in the present time has prevailed throughout all times.

With these demonstrative horses the argument closed. It was not shown through what channel the evolutionary force proceeded which produced man. The argument reached the horses; proved him to be a permanent fixture in nature, and there it ended.

New York, Sept. 23d, 1876.

### Children's Department.

#### MOTHER GOOSE.

When nursery lamps are valled, and nurse is singing  
In accents low,  
Tingling her music to the cradle's swaying,  
Now fast, now slow—  
Singing of Baby Bunting, soft and furry,  
In rabbit cloak,  
Or rock-a-bye amid the tress and flurry  
Of wind-swept oak;  
Of Boy-Blue sleeping with his horn beside him;  
Of my son John,  
Who went to bed (let all good boys deride him)  
With stockings on;  
Of sweet Bo-Peep, following her lambskins straying;  
Of James in shoes;  
Of crows, considerate, 'mid the flier's playing,  
Which time to choose,  
Of Gotham's wise men, howling o'er the billow,  
Of him, less wise,  
Who chose rough bridle-kings for a pillow,  
And scratched his eyes—  
It may be, while she sings, that through the portal  
Soft footsteps glide,  
And, all invisible to grown-up mortal,  
At cradle side  
Sits Mother Goose herself, the dear old mother,  
And rocks and cradles,  
In tones which Baby hearkens, but no other,  
Her old new tunes!  
I think it must be so, oh why, years after,  
Do we retrace  
And ring with shadowy, recollected laughter  
Thoughts of that face:  
Seen, yet unseen, beaming across the ages,  
Brimful of fun,  
And wit, and wisdom, baffling all the sages  
Under the sun.  
A grown-up child has place still, which no other  
May dare refuse;  
I, grown-up, bring this offering to our Mother,  
To Mother Goose;  
And, standing with the babies at that olden,  
Immortal knee,  
I seem to feel her smile, benign and golden,  
Falling on me,  
—From "Nine Little Goatskins," by Susan Coolidge.

#### JACK—AN ALLEGORY.

Jack was a dog. I knew him well. He was like other dogs in all those things that go to make a dog a dog; but in many things he was not like other dogs at all. He was not a large dog nor a small one; but of fair size, and well content to be as he was. His color was of many shades, and so mixed that you could hardly tell what to call it. You might think him black, and he was black, as well as several other colors, though not spotted at all. He was of middle age, and so happy in his make-up that though at times he appeared as old as dog nature itself, he was generally as full of play as any puppy.

In his person there was nothing striking, and when you looked at him as he trotted along the street you would not think him much of a pup anyhow, but the dog that was in him made everybody like him.

For convenience he was called Jack, because every dog must have his name, you know; but he did not make much fuss about a name; if others liked to be called Bose or Tige, he did not mind; "dog" was name enough for him, for that was just what he was striving to be; and it was of much more importance to be than to seem to be.

Men often asked whose dog he was. Some said he belonged to this one, others to that; but Jack, by his consistent, every-day life, said: "I belong to the *Canis familiaris*, and seek to be a true dog among dogs, and a worthy friend of man."

Like other dogs he had his own favorite bones to pick, but he never liked to go strolling about his neighbors' yards to hunt up bones of contention. On his part he was in full fellowship with all the dogs of character in the village, and had a way, and a pleasant way, for all. He saw that there were good dogs of every name. While he preferred his own kind, he could walk with Mastiffs, Hounds, or even Curs, if they were true dogs, or he could do them any good. "For," said he, "we are all dogs, all have the same dog nature to elevate and perfect, and why should we be dogmatic and dogged?"

So Jack had his home here and there, and all around, and was dog to all the town. Some would not fellowship him at all; others who would go with him growled and snarled at each other. Certain high-bred parties did question his birth; a hound accused him of not following well; a cur thought he ought to bark in some particular yard; and now and then a mastiff who could invite him home would not eat and drink with him.

These things worried Jack at times, and he was tempted to define his pedigree and publish it to all the village; to organize his forces for a special effort to build up a reputation among dogs, and to limit himself to a particular field of action and influence. In short, more than once he proposed to himself to do as other dogs do. He was inclined to say, "let every dog shake his own paw." But when he reflected upon his own paw, he was made to feel that the favor of man was rather to be sought than the favor of dogs, and he thought he had better suffer wrong than do wrong. He knew that his blood was mixed; that he was part hound, part mastiff and perhaps a little cur; but so much the better; he could sympathize with them all; and who could say that he had not qualities from each. These thoughts increased his faith in the nature of dogs, as domesticated and improved by man, and he renewed his determination to show himself a true dog among dogs and in the sight of man.

He hoped that by being true to his instinct he might be the means of promoting fellowship and good will among all the dogs in the place, and so perhaps he might.—O. O. Wright in the *Living Christian*.

#### COUNTING IN THE KORAK LANGUAGE.

The Koraks are natives of Siberia. Their language is not the most beautiful or the easiest in the world, and their method of counting would seem very difficult to even the best of our little arithmetic scholars. Thus the Koraks count from one—innen—to five—milligen—in simple numbers; then they say five-one—innen-milligen-five-two, and so on to ten, which is meenye-geet k'hin. After ten they count ten-one, ten-two, etc., up to fifteen, and then ten-five-one and so on. But when they get above twenty, says Mr. Kennan, who has written a very interesting book called "Tent-Life in Siberia," their numerals become so hopelessly complicated that it would be easier to carry about a pocketful of stones and count them than to pronounce the Korak words. Fifty-six, for instance, is Nee-akh-kheep-kin-meenye-geet-k'hin-par-ol-innen-milligen. And it is only fifty-six after it is all pronounced. Fancy how long a time and how many syllables would be necessary to enable a Korak boy or girl to "say his table," or recite "twelve times twelve."

Peace, assured and permanent, is the great want of the world; and war a chief foe to its progress, prosperity and salvation.







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**Banner of Light.**

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

**The American Press on Slade.**

The eagerness of the newspaper and religious press of America in jumping to the conclusion that Dr. Slade has been detected in a fraud, on the ignorant, prejudiced and conflicting testimony of Messrs. Lankester and Donkin, shows how deep down is the hatred of Spiritualism; shows that, hereafter as before, truth will win its way slowly step by step, against the banded opposition of all the forces of bigotry, materialism, conservatism, false science and false religion. There is a hearty exultation in the tone adopted by our assailants, as if many nervous fears had been dispelled, and many serious misgivings annihilated.

Even Brother Beecher howls with the rest of the pack. Here is what he says in his Christian Union:

"But in an evil hour Mr. Slade received to his sense a scientific skeptic. Dr. Lankester had plenty of faith, but it was faith in the power of sleight-of-hand, not in 'spiritual power.' He observed that after the clean slate was shown, and before the written message was exhibited, a brief period intervened. During this time Mr. Slade waited for the influence. The slate, meanwhile, rested on his knees underneath the table. The suspicious doctor formed the hypothesis that at this time the message was written. He resolved to ascertain. So, when the 'influence' came, and before the spirits had begun their work, he dexterously seized the slate. The message was found in full upon it. He has written a letter to the London 'Times' exposing the fraud, and Mr. Slade has probably by this time taken himself and his slate to other and less skeptical communities."

And the simple public are expected to believe all these exaggerations and misrepresentations—to suppose that "the slate rested on Slade's knees underneath the table" long enough for a message to be written, and that the hundreds of shrewd investigators, who have been mystified by the phenomena, never once thought of satisfying themselves that the slate was devoid of writing before it was put in position for the very thing in question—and that for some ten years this stupid and obvious "sleight-of-hand" has been practiced, until at last the quick-witted and quick-witnessing Mr. Lankester discovers the trick and proclaims it to a duped and humiliated world! The quiet contempt with which Alfred Russell Wallace dismisses the absurd pretence is as apt as it is refreshing. He evidently has not been shaken one jot in his knowledge of what his senses had reported to him. Sergeant Cox, too, and all the other English investigators stand by their first reports, and repudiate the hypothesis and the assertions of Mr. Lankester as throwing no light on what they themselves have witnessed. Mr. Lankester, as we have shown elsewhere, has proved himself an unscrupulous witness; and if, as the papers state, he declared before the Court that he had seen Slade write the pretended spirit message (an assumption which neither he nor his friend Donkin venture on in their published statements), then we have new evidence that he is not to be believed on his oath.

But the eager, blind-going rabble of uninvestigating persons who pass judgment on our phenomena in stolid ignorance of the mass of tested facts by which they are established and held, will not take the trouble to read both sides of the question. They will receive what Conway, Beecher, and the rest of the "leaders of public opinion," spoon out to them, taking it for granted that Spiritualism has "gone up" once more, since one of its most eminent mediums has been exposed by the clever Mr. Lankester.

No matter. There is a silver lining to the passing cloud. Probably the very sifting and questioning, caused by this affair, will establish more unquestionably than ever the reality of the phenomena got through Slade and other well-known mediums. The elated gentlemen, who now look down with a self-exalting pity on our "amiable credulity," as if their plane of common sense were infinitely higher than our own, will find that they have reckoned without their host in supposing that the great impregnable truths of Spiritualism are affected in the least by these transient misrepresentations and false "exposures." Repeatedly we have had just such outcries before, but they excite more attention now because Spiritualists are more numerous, and the testimony to our amazing facts is getting to be overwhelmingly strong. In England this is known especially to be the case, as the discussion before the men of science at Glasgow fairly shows. When such men as Barrett, Cox, Butler, Wagner, Fichte, Wallace, Barkas, Crookes, Varley, and hundreds of other scientifically trained minds have got full

possession of our facts, we need not fear that they will ever let them go. Truly has Mr. Wallace remarked that there are no apostates among intelligent Spiritualists, since our facts belong to the realm of science.

**Assassination by Slander.**

This was the theme of a sermon preached in one of the city pulpits some Sundays ago, and to which we made reference at the time. We return to it again in order to add some fresh illustrations to what were furnished before. The preacher alluded to took his text from the Psalms—"I have heard the slander of many; fear was on every side; while they took counsel together against me they devised to take away my life." A lie and a malicious motive, he said, determined a slander. Slander in every sense originated in selfishness, and was practiced for purposes of envy, of plunder, or of pure maliciousness. It therefore involved premeditation, and added degrees of guilt to the uttering of falsehood. It might possibly be repeated from mouth to mouth without an intent to injure. Slanderous speech is first spoken in the heart.

It might be to gratify an envy that would de-throne superior powers and virtues; it might be a selfish aspiration that would slander strong men for their strength, rich men for their wealth, brave men for their valor and spirits, and wise men for their position and knowledge; or it might be that sordid satisfaction of the nature that delighted in extravagance and mischief without so much as an apparent motive, but it was premeditated injury, conceived in the heart and born in the soul. It was evidence of depravity. We owed it to the community to forbid the voice of the slanderer to be heard. Slander in business life is becoming alarmingly common, and the injury wrought in commercial circles is incalculable. In every branch of business the habit of defaming one's neighbors is gaining ground. In every walk of life the voice of the base slanderer is heard.

The proverb of Solomon says that "He that covereth a transgression seeketh love, but he that repeateth a matter separateth many friends." It is easy, therefore, to understand what a person means and intends when he makes an accusation of repeating matters. We have before us a message on this subject of slander, given through a medium in Philadelphia. The spirit says that he wears the title of "Black Tongue," until he has earned a better one by his works. Confessing that his were slandering lips while in the form, he says that the evil of slander is one of mammoth proportions. Church, State and communities are poisoned with the miasma. He states that in earth-life he was what may be called a "perfect buzzard"; everything that was evil toward his neighbor his nature "craved, devoured and disgorged." For that reason he was welcomed in the circles where his work was so much relished.

He passed from earth with slander on his tongue, and the evil clung to him afterwards. When he came back he knew just where to go to find kindred spirits. Acting upon and through them, they became greater adepts for the power with which he reinforced them. He spared no pains in blackening those to whom he took a dislike. He reentered the company of his former comrades, and was shocked to hear his name spoken of there in the most virulent terms. Then for the first time he saw the blackness of such a practice. The reflected slander was felt with a greatly increased intensity. He heard a voice above him and behind him saying, "too true, too true;" and looking up he beheld a gentle, loving one whom he had wickedly slandered on earth. This only intensified his anguish. The voice assured him that there was help, if he would consent to accept it; that help was through good work for the future, to atone for the past. That work could be done only through earthly agencies, and it would secure the spirit's salvation.

Therefore the spirit came first to make confession; to begin to undo its errors of the past, both in earth-life and spirit-life. It knows that the road is a long and hard one, but a beginning has been made. In all earnestness it says to others: "Guard your words, from the white lie to the damning falsehood." When he was shown the sorrow he had caused, the hearts he had crushed, and the blasted lives of those far whiter than himself, his anguish became a literal hell. But he hopes in the future to do as much in the reformatory way as he has hitherto done in the opposite one. He says that while on earth he had wealth and position, and others were consequently all the more in fear of him. What he would especially impress on others is, that we are really recompensed according to our deeds.

To denounce the slanderer is by no means the way to remedy his evil. Perhaps it only makes it the worse. Of course there is nothing but patience to meet him with. As the world still goes, untruth will travel many leagues while truth is getting on its boots. But to turn and accuse or even to castigate the slanderer, will do no good. It is only by leaving things to time and invoking the assistance of pure and truth-loving spirits that his malignity can be blunted and his evil speech become of no effect.

**"The West End Medium."**

There now seems to be abundant and conclusive evidence that Mrs. Bennett, known as "The West End Medium," has succeeded in her operations in the materializing line through the aid of trappings and skillful accomplices. The exposure and the proof, according to a further report in the Boston Herald of Oct. 11th, are complete and final. Powers of clairvoyance and some genuine medial gifts were undoubtedly mixed up in the business, and had a natural effect in inspiring confidence in the minds of her patrons.

We have never personally, or through any representative, been present at any of Mrs. Bennett's seances; but we have listened to the testimony of both sides, doubters and believers, well assured that if the case were the result of deception, it must be so through the agency of confederates, and that time would soon disclose how this might be. Mr. Charles H. Foster, the medium, who was present at one of Mrs. Bennett's seances, unhesitatingly declared to us long ago, that he witnessed nothing in the manifestations he could accept as genuine.

Let it be remembered that without the genuine, the counterfeit would have no chance of even a momentary existence. The fact of materialization being granted, the success of temporary deceptions is easily explained. The exposure in this case has been made throughout by earnest Spiritualists, who have thus shown their determination to get at the simple truth.

A new Liberal League has been recently formed in Houston, Texas, Mr. M. O'Regan being Corresponding Secretary.

**The N. Y. Times on the Slade Affair.**

The New York Times, putting on an air of superlative wisdom, and assuming the usual *de haut en bas* attitude of plying superiority which anti-Spiritualists, profoundly ignorant of the whole subject, usually affect toward believers, remarks: "No one can have argued against a superstition without noticing an entire insensibility to the plainest evidence when it opposes a conviction."

What this writer calls a "superstition" is, when we look into the real facts, simply a belief in certain tested phenomena that have forced themselves by repetition, under circumstances the most convincing, upon the senses and the common sense of an investigator. Now it is very true that it is not "argument" that can affect our knowledge of facts; but if the writer means to assert that our reliance upon certain facts would make us insensible to certain "evidences" invalidating or disproving those facts, then nothing can be more opposed to the truth than this affirmation.

So far is it from being true—so strictly do we demand verifiable facts—that we are justified in proclaiming it as notorious that there is no class of scientific investigators more zealous in sifting, re-testing and probing their facts than those who have satisfied themselves of the so-called spiritual phenomena. Almost all the frauds in mediumship have been first detected and exposed by Spiritualists themselves; and they have repeatedly found that in their zeal they have suspected imposture where further experience has led them greatly to modify their opinions.

The Times, like many other of our daily newspapers, will soon find that it has been rather too swift in assuming that "Dr. Slade has been exposed in a transparent trick." There is nothing in the written statements of Messrs. Lankester and Donkin to justify such a conclusion, however ignorantly they may have misconstrued the occurrences of their seance, and made their mere guesses the ground of a serious accusation. There is no confidence like that of ignorance; and these two *saracens* seem to have been densely ignorant of the well-established facts in Spiritualism.

The Times advises the poor deluded Spiritualists to learn what has been done in "legerdemain, ventriloquism, and kindred arts." But is not the writer aware that it is just the most skillful and intelligent of the jugglers who confess that the marvels of Spiritualism are beyond their art? How often shall we have to repeat that Houdini, the most celebrated of the French *prestidigitateurs*, has declared that "nothing in the magic art could account for the so-called spiritual phenomena which he had witnessed"; that Hamilton, another celebrated French juggler, declared that the phenomena through the Davenport Brothers are "inexplicable"; that Rhys, another famous juggler, said of them, "no one has ever yet produced anything similar to the phenomena I witnessed"; and that Professor Barrett, in his recent discourse before the Glasgow assemblage of men of science (Sept. 1876) informed his hearers that Maskelyne, the celebrated English juggler, who has been so often quoted as demonstrating the absurdity of the spiritual phenomena, admits that there is in Spiritualism which no jugglery can touch. To send us to the jugglers, then, to be cured of our belief in supersensual facts is committing us to the very jaws of danger, and confirming us in our "pestilential superstition."

Even if true, Spiritualism has demonstrated its theoretical barrenness, while practically it has been the most demoralizing belief ever spread in the community." So says the Times. Oh, thou of little faith! There may be, then, according to your way of thinking, a law of nature which may be "barren and demoralizing." If it be a fact that man is an immortal soul, and that it is his visible body only which is dissolved, but that he himself may manifest in various ways his survival to friends yet in the flesh, then a stupendous fact like this ought to be ignored, left to rust unused, as profitless, barren, demoralizing! Not so do we construe one of God's truths. We are not quite so faithless in the moral order of things and in that power in the Universe that makes for righteousness, as to accept a creed so infernal as this.

**Conway on Spiritualism.**

Moncure D. Conway is a fair type of a class of writers who, in their assaults on Spiritualism, do not scruple to pervert the truth in order to make it fit their own hostile preconceptions. Dr. Slade, it will be remembered, at the time of the seizure of the slate by his would-be exposers, Mr. Lankester, was holding the slate under the table; but this fact is too directly in harmony with the medium's innocence, and so Conway alters it and charges that Dr. Slade "was about to lay the wiped and presumably clean slate flat on the table." The point will be seen when we state that the writing ought "presumably" to be on the slate as soon as it was put in position under the table, but not when the medium "was about to lay it" on the table. What can be said of Conway's honesty in thus altering the record as given in the letters of the only persons present?

Conway writes: "The Slade tricks are so obvious, so penetrable by the most ordinary tests, that these gentlemen (Messrs. Wallace and Crookes) stand convicted of either culpable negligence or connivance, and in a man of science one sin is as bad as the other."

Now will this reverend person explain to us why it is that in a man of science, any more than in any other man, connivance in swindling, in reference to the most sacred of subjects, should be no worse than an act of inattention or culpable negligence? We do not quite see the point. And what can we say of the sincerity of the miserable maligner who could venture to insinuate that Messrs. Crookes and Wallace could, in the narrow alternative which he supposes, be guilty of "conniving" at fraud?

This is of a piece with his intimation that Mr. Wallace's "character for integrity" had indeed "previously been tarnished": which is simply a cowardly stab in the dark.

Throughout his letter on the Slade affair Conway seems to revel in his misrepresentations. He has the audacity to tell us that "the majority of scientific men have repeatedly witnessed the performances of eminent mediums"; and that "Prof. Tyndall has been especially careful in his investigations." Nothing can be more notoriously untrue than all this. Mr. Huxley has never made an attempt to witness phenomena in the presence of any "eminent medium"; and as for Mr. Tyndall, he admits that his experiences and his efforts in investigation have been of the briefest and most trivial kind.

The simple fact is, that for years Conway, in his letters to the Cincinnati Commercial, has been in the habit of willfully misrepresenting the

state of Spiritualism in England. He has repeatedly asserted that there was not a medium in England the phenomena through whom were not fraudulent; that the whole subject was dying out in England, &c.

To have the lie given to these and other mendacious declarations, by the introduction of the subject of Spiritualism before the great gathering of men of science, at Glasgow, in September, 1876, by Prof. Barrett and others, was, to the dismayed and enraged Conway, an unpardonable offence, and his only course was to rave at Messrs. Barrett, Crookes, Wallace and others, as having fallen "into a disgrace from which they can never recover."

Is it not laughable to see this manipulator of facts gauging the "disgrace" of distinguished men of science like those named above—a "disgrace" which is their honor, and incurred solely by their courageous defiance of popular and scientific prejudice, and by their daring to look facts in the face and to speak their mind about them?

**Mr. E. Ray Lankester a Fast Witness.**

In the following paragraph from his letter of Sept. 30th to the London 'Times,' Mr. Lankester states as facts 'what are obviously mere assumptions on his part:

"It is perhaps hardly necessary that I should point out to your readers the utility of Slade's agent, Simmons, who sits in the ante-room with visitors who are waiting for an interview, and listens to their conversation. In this way he picked up the somewhat unusual name of a deceased relative of a friend of mine, who was at first staggered by the appearance of this name on the slate, but immediately remembered that she had mentioned this name in the presence of Simmons in the ante-room, and that Slade had subsequently, before the seance commenced, conversed with Simmons."

Here Mr. Lankester asserts that Simmons listens to the conversation of visitors. How does he know that? Obviously it is a mere surmise, and yet with the same glib unscrupulousness which he confesses to when he speaks of "stimulating considerable agitation," he converts his mere guess into a positive accusation.

Again, he says that "in this way" (namely, by listening,) Mr. Simmons "picked up the somewhat unusual name of a deceased relative" of a friend of his. And how does Mr. Lankester know this for a fact? Why, because his friend "remembered that she had mentioned this name in the presence of Simmons in the ante-room, and that Slade had subsequently, before the seance commenced, conversed with Simmons!"

What a smile of contempt must here come over the faces of the thousands of readers who have tested Slade's clairvoyance, where no name was mentioned in his or Simmons's presence, and who know that he need not have communicated with Mr. Simmons in order to have the "somehow unusual name" given to him! And what can we think, we will not say of the fairness, but of the honesty, of Mr. Lankester, in thus converting what is obviously, by the fair construction of his own language, a mere flimsy guess on the part of himself and his feminine friend, into a serious charge of criminal collusion? By his own showing he does not scruple to make his own fallible conjectures the ground of a direct, unqualified charge of dishonesty against Mr. Simmons.

And yet this swift and reckless calumniator is the man who has tried to disgrace Slade, first by an absurd, unproved charge of trickery, and then by compelling him to answer before the police-court on his (Lankester's) charges of "vagrancy" and "conspiracy to defraud." Out upon the "science" which leaves a man's moral nature so hollow and corrupt, so full of arrogance and self-assurance! What shall we think of the "stimulated" zeal for truth which, out of a shallow and ignorant investigator, makes a fast, unscrupulous witness, ready to wrong a fellow being in the face of the most overwhelming testimony as to the genuineness of his claims and the rectitude of his purposes!

Mr. Lankester is in favor of treating Slade and other mediums as he would an "elusive wild beast." Let not this man, with his confessed "simulation of agitation," dare to use the word *elusive* again toward another, until he can show his own innocence of an obvious attempt to *elude* the strict truth and to give the force of a positive assertion to a mere surmise, according to his own showing.

During our recent trip to Philadelphia we called on Bro. Rhodes, who keeps the Banner for sale, and had a pleasant interview with him. We found him to be an earnest Spiritualist, and a very pleasant gentleman. As most of our limited time was devoted to witnessing the magnificent works of art from all parts of the world on the grounds set apart for the Grand Exposition, it was impossible for us to see all our Spiritualist friends in the city of Brotherly Love. In the Agricultural Department we had the gratification of beholding "Old Abe," the live Wisconsin war eagle, of whom an account appeared some time since in the Banner. Here we met our spiritualist friend and co-worker, Bro. J. O. Barrett, who is selling photographs of "Old Abe," and a book containing his war history, the proceeds to go toward the support of the Wisconsin "Old Abe Museum of Ornithology." Bro. Barrett is a sincere Spiritualist and a good man, as well as a ready writer. He sadly deprecates, as thousands of other sincere Spiritualists do, the inharmoniousness that exists in our ranks, and earnestly prays, as we do, that the time may speedily come when Spiritualists will live more in accordance with the cardinal teachings of their beautiful philosophy. At the home of Judge Kase, we met Mrs. Thayer, and were informed by Mrs. Kase that the flower medium was giving the most satisfactory proofs of her peculiar development. Jesse Sheppard is also at Judge Kase's, and is giving musical soirées there.

A woman's suffrage meeting was held in Brookline, Mass., Saturday evening, Oct. 7th, at the Town Hall. Hon. William I. Bowditch presided and made the opening speech. Miss Matilda Hindman also made a very pleasing and convincing address. At its close a number of her auditors enrolled their names as members of the Brookline Woman Suffrage Club.

A. S. Hayward writes from Philadelphia, Oct. 9th, that for the past two Sundays the Lincoln Hall Society has been entertained by Dr. Maxwell, formerly of Chicago, now of that city. Lyman C. Howe speaks next Sunday. Maud E. Lord has returned to Philadelphia, and will resume her seances.

Miss Ida Henry and Mr. George Broom were united in marriage by Dr. E. C. Dunn, at Lyceum Hall, Baltimore, Wednesday evening, Sept. 27th—the ceremonies being of a unique and pleasing character.

**Spirit Communion—Verification of Spirit Messages.**

Herewith we present another installment of the many commendations of the contents of our Message Department which it has been our happiness to receive of late. The communications recognized below were all given at our Public Free Circles through the lips of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. Next week we shall print an equal number which have reached us in verification of messages given through the organism of Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin, of Baltimore, and regularly printed on the sixth page of the Banner of Light.

We desire to return our grateful acknowledgments to those of the friends who have felt to allow their names to publicly appear in connection with these testimonials to the truthfulness and value of this important and useful department, to the approximate perfection of which the energies of the Banner of Light have been for many years directed.

It is not and never has been claimed that the avenues opened for returning spirits at the Banner of Light Circle Room, and the home of Mrs. Danskin, are patronized only by the perfected, or that all which finds expression on the page of the Message Department from week to week is to be held as the very acme of revelation. The matter is given by us to the world as we receive it through the lips of these mediums—Mrs. Rudd and Mrs. Danskin—and the world of readers must for itself judge of the merits and character of the supply. It is but our wish to demonstrate the fact of spirit return—not of a spirit, but of all spirits, of whatsoever race, belief, or order of development, who will labor to learn the law of control; not of a certain class of invisible intelligence, but of each and every order of disembodied mind. Consequently manifestors, grave or its opposite, learned or unpolished, pathetic or humorous of utterance, jostle together in the columns devoted to our Message Department, with no apparent aim, but there is still through all a fixed purpose: to embody the one great fact of the possibility of individualized, recognizable return to earthly scenes, for the human spirit after the supervening of the physical change called death.

To those of our new patrons who may be perusing the pages of the Banner of Light for the first time, we would say this enterprise is no untried experiment on our part, but is in harmony with a policy we have pursued ever since the paper was founded; and during its past history hundreds of the messages given through the lips of the now translated Mrs. J. H. Conant have been recognized by relatives and friends yet in mortal life—proof of which can be found in the glad letters avouching the same, which are scattered at intervals along the entire field of the Banner files.

Having boldly confronted the skeptic and doubter, and published, mostly without question, messages of every grade of characteristic—certain that all came in obedience to the law of good—sometimes in the face of sneers from certain quarters whence a better return was merited for our self-devotion and pecuniary outlay, it gives us great pleasure to lay before the reader additional proofs of the utility and reliability of this our special department. Each Spiritualist who reads the letters below ought to feel even more assured of the firmness of the rock whereon he has founded his faith, and upon which he has been enabled to mount to a higher and broader view of life and human conditions, which has at last culminated in a knowledge of continued spiritual franchise in the world to be; and every skeptic perusing them should pause and inquire whether, in view of all this testimony, he be not haply found fighting against reason and the highest intuitions of his inner nature:

RUSSELL KNOX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I notice in the Banner of April 15th a message from Russell Knox, of Russell, N. Y. I can only say that I fully recognize my father in every line of the message. He lost his mind some four years before he crossed the river. He is also recognized by many, very many of his friends in St. Lawrence County. VINCEY C. GOODRICH.  
Plainville, Ct., June 19th, 1876.

ADDIE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I find in the Banner of Light of June 17th a communication from my wife, Addie, who passed over the river in the spring of 1839. In this message, I fully recognize my beloved companion. Well do I remember the rap that came on our door early one morning—that she speaks of—as we lay in our bed. I got up, but found no one there. She said that I would not, as that rap was for her, and it proved so, for she passed on in about two months. With respect,  
JOHN GOODRICH.  
VINCEY C. GOODRICH.  
Plainville, Ct., June 19th, 1876.

SARAH B. REMICK, AND OTHERS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
As it is your request to be informed from time to time of the truth and verity of spirit-messages coming to us through the department of the Banner, I will here state that in your issue of June 10th is a communication from Sarah B. Remick, of South Easton, Mass., who was a near and dear friend of ours, and resided in this place. Her message is fully recognized by her husband and friends, as characteristic of her, and the "cross she bore before her" is fully understood by her many friends, and is a good test of her identity. In the issue of June 17th is one from Harriet N. Holbrook to her son Asa. Mrs. Holbrook was a neighbor and friend that we very much respected. She was a medium, as is also her husband, Dr. Asa Holbrook, of Stoughton. Names, &c., are given correctly, and the message is unquestionably from her.

In the issue of Aug. 19th is a message from Cyrus L.—p. his place of residence not being mentioned, and his full name untold, but everything therein is so exactly and so accurately stated, that it leaves no particle of doubt that it is from Cyrus Lathrop, Esq., a prominent lawyer of this town, who passed away some twenty-five or thirty years ago. I was a neighbor to him many years, and know his history well, and so does nearly every resident of the town who lived in those days. I have read the message to several persons who knew him in earth-life, who readily recognized it as coming from him, every statement made being true to the letter.

In your issue of Sept. 23d is a message from Rev. Arthur Cavenro, of Dover, N. H. My wife was somewhat acquainted with this gentleman many years ago, and although we have never heard of his having crossed over the river, we doubt not the message is from him.

Respectfully yours, N. W. FERRY.  
South Easton, Mass., Oct. 2d, 1876.

JUDSON HUTCHINSON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
There is a message to corroborate in the Banner of Light, June 10th, 1876—Judson Hutchinson, son's. I knew him and the family by reputation, but my brother knew him years ago—says he knew him was bitterly opposed to rum drinking and tobacco; had a large talent for music. He was one of the old Hutchinson family of thirteen children. They were all gifted with the power of song. No doubt they were all mediums; and no doubt also he was a kind of an inharmonious speaker of, and took his life by hanging. The characteristics he speaks of belong to him. His widow resides in Milford—now married to



Dr. Stickney; one brother still resides there—Joshua Hutchinson.

I had hoped some of the family or friends would verify it, and write you, but I felt if no one else did I would.

Please receive \$2 for your Free Circles. My sympathy and prayers go with you.

Yours truly, NANCY R. BATCHELDER.  
Mt. Vernon, N. H., Sept. 17th, 1876.

HANNAH JOHNSON.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I see in the Banner of Light for May 27, 1876, a message, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Ridd, from the spirit of an old lady giving the name of Hannah Johnson, of this place. She says she joined the Orthodox Church late in life, and that her mother lived to be over one hundred years old, and that she herself died a number of years ago. I have made inquiries, and find the message to be true in every particular. I am glad to verify this communication, for it is the first one I have seen in the paper from here.

Yours truly, J. SNOW.  
North Brookfield, Mass., June 11th, 1876.

ANNIE GIBSON.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I read in the Banner of June 24th the communication of Annie Gibson, from Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, N. Y. She wished to communicate with her parents; she said that she was the daughter of Colonel Gibson and Harriet L. Gibson; that she was Annie Gibson, twelve years old.

I have been a resident of New York City over twenty-five years, but had no recollection of ever having heard the name of said fort, or the names of Annie or her parents. I felt inclined to look up this case; went to Staten Island, with the Banner in hand, and found the fort and the names all correct. She died last August. I feel satisfied that the communication was from the spirit daughter of Colonel and Harriet L. Gibson.

JAMES FLAHER.  
160 Broadway, New York City, June 27th, 1876.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I have by experiment proved a spirit-test given by Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd, in the Banner of Light of July 2nd, 1876, concerning the boy by the name of William Thompson, who was killed at the Duneil Print Works in Pawtucket, R. I. I went to Pawtucket, Saturday, Sept. 9th, 1876, where I have relatives and friends. I called on my friend, Mr. Wm. King, and procured his paper containing the message. It being Saturday, I knew the print works closed up at four o'clock, so I went down and made inquiries about the boy. Some of the workmen did not know such a person; but at last I asked a boy drawing water at a well, and he told me he knew him, and said he was killed in the print works. I then exhibited the paper with the message; he read it aloud so that others gathered about could hear it. After he read it he informed me that Thompson's brother worked in Central Falls, on Mill street, at Moran's confectionery store. It is over a mile from him, and was informed that he was in the stable; I found him and asked if he knew a boy by the name of William Thompson. He said, "Yes, sir; he was my brother; he was killed by an accident." I said to him, "I have got something for you to read; will you acknowledge it if it is true?" He read it with much surprise, and said, "It is true; that is my brother."

Providence, R. I., Wm. T. Wood.  
In the Banner of July 29th there is a communication from William Thompson, who said he was killed at the Duneil Print Works in Pawtucket. This has been fully verified, and is correct in all its details. Internally, Wm. FOSTER, Jr., Providence, R. I.

JOHN E. HENRY.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
In the Banner of July 29th you published a communication from John E. Henry, of San José, Cal., after reading which I sent this paper (with the communication marked) to a friend living in the aforesaid place, and in due time got the following:

"Friend Osgood, I received from you the Banner of Light. I see you had marked a piece headed John E. Henry. He was an Irishman, a professional gambler; he went by the name of Irish Hank. Mike Cowell was a police officer; he died suddenly in a saloon. I saw him only a few minutes after he died; Irish Hank was there when he died. He then went to a saloon kept by Mary Farran, and shot himself through the head; no one was in the room but those two. Some thought she shot him, but I think not. I saw him in a few minutes after he was dead, and was on the coroner's jury."

I will only add that I have no authority to publish the name of the friend who furnishes this confirmation of said message, but am ready to give it in a private way to any one who may feel particularly interested.

Yours truly, Wm. Osgood.  
Abington, Ct., Sept. 1st, 1876.

The San José Weekly Mercury copies Henry's communication entire, under the head of "Irish Hank Heard From," and asks certain prominent gentlemen the following question concerning it:

"The message appears in the Banner of Light of July 29th. It purports to have been given at a Banner of Light Circle-Room Meeting through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd, and reported verbatim for publication. The facts are all there; but how they got there perhaps Bishop or Baldwin can explain."

REBECCA COOK.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I write to testify to the truth and correctness of a communication from the spirit of Rebecca Cook in your last Banner. Thanks to the Great Spirit of Love and his instruments, for enabling her to manifest. Most respectfully yours,

MARY A. BRODETT.  
East Lexington, Mass., Oct. 3d, 1876.

Will Prof. Lankester Explain?  
"Upon three separate occasions," says Dr. Crowell, "I have known him (Slade) to take a double slate, or two slates united by hinges, and after I had inspected their surfaces, and rubbed them with my moistened fingers, he has placed a mite of pencil upon one of them, then closed them, and placed the slates thus folded upon the table near its centre, a foot or more from our united hands, and in each instance both of the inner surfaces were covered with writing, and signed with the name of a friend in spirit-life. All these things took place in daylight, in a room thoroughly well lighted, the rays of the sun streaming upon the floor."

"As I have now shown," says Mr. A. R. Wallace, "that Prof. Lankester commenced his letter with an erroneous statement of fact, it is not to be wondered at that I find the rest of his communication equally unsatisfactory." Prof. Lankester is evidently an unreliable witness. He has shown it in more instances than one; and his pretended exposure is an admitted failure in spite of the *Jo Pears* of the newspaper press, jubilant at the report that Slade has been caught. Wait awhile, gentlemen! He laughs best who laughs last.

We received during his recent visit East, a pleasant call from Col. Bundy, of the Religious-Philosophical Journal's staff, Chicago, Ill. He was looking well and hearty, and seemed to be alive with business tact and energy.

There is a lesson of true philosophy in O. W. Wright's attention, on our second page, to which the attorney of the adult reader (as well as the more youthful) is called.

### A Voice from Thomas R. Hazard.

On our third page the reader will find an exceedingly valuable array of classified phenomena which the fearless and unflinching Spiritualist whose name heads this paragraph has met with in the presence of various mediums. The Providence Journal has shown an extremely liberal feeling by allowing space in its columns to give to the world the testimony which the Harpers have refused—while they have endorsed the course of G. W. Curtis in endeavoring to heap disfavor and ridicule on the mental and physical manifestations which form the ladder vouchsafed to the present age whereby all honest seekers after light may climb up, if they will, out of the ditch of distrust into which the blind guides of a blind faith have precipitated them. Those who are wont to cavil at the frank and kind-hearted way in which Mr. Hazard is accustomed to treat the media into whose presence he comes, will do well to remember that he is a keen observer of facts, and that the precaution of the silk cord, spoken of in his article on Mrs. Hull's mediumship some time since, was as perfect a test condition as any more laborious and complicated arrangement could possibly have been. One of the chief points of value connected with these phenomena recorded by him, is the fact that they came incidentally, and were received without the recipient's seeking especially for any manifestation whatever. The article deserves a wide reading.

### Again Postponed.

Dr. Slade was brought before the Bow-street police court, London, on Tuesday, Oct. 10th, on a charge of vagrancy or conspiring to defraud, the complaint coming from the astute Prof. E. Ray Lankester and his worthy assistant, Dr. Donkin. This was the second appearance of Dr. S. on this same complaint, but, as before, the consideration of the matter was at once postponed—this time till Oct. 20th. It looks as if the principals, who swore out the complaint, are afraid to push the matter to settlement. Is it then proposed to keep Dr. Slade in England, by the strong hand of law, on bail and without trial, in order that his engagements in Germany and Russia may be forced to go by default?

### Removed to New York.

PROF. S. B. BRITTON, M. D., has removed both his Office Practice and his family to No. 232 West 11th street, where he should be consulted hereafter; and where also he may be addressed by all who require his professional services. Patients from abroad, who may be disposed to avail themselves of the Doctor's skill, and his agreeable and effectual methods of treatment by the use of Electricity, Magnetism and other Subtle Agents, may obtain board conveniently and at reasonable prices.

### The Spiritualists of Tennessee

Meet in a three days' convention in Memphis, Tenn., the 27th, 28th and 29th of Oct., for furthering the interest of Spiritualism. Dr. S. Watson, Hon. J. M. Peabody, Dr. McFall, of Nashville, and others, will be present.

These are halcyon days in Jewry. The children of Israel are finding a land of promise in England. Never has their new year opened more auspiciously for them. They are at the top of the tree in most things. The Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, was born a Jew, and is proud of his ancient Hebrew lineage. A Jew holds the high office of Master of the Rolls. Another one, well known here as a secessionist, is among the leaders of the bar. Jews are at the head of the world of finance. Among those prominent in London social life, whose forefathers hailed from Judea, are Frances, Countess Waldgrave, a brilliant leader in the politico-fashionable world, her father's name was originally Abraham—was the famous singer Braham—and Mr. Hayward, the critic of the Quarterly. The Duchess of St. Albans is also of Jewish descent, being daughter of Mr. Bernal Osborne, whose name was originally Bernal, and so is the future Duchess of Richmond. Marriage with Christians is now permitted. A brother of Lord Hardwicke is married to a Rothschild, and another of that family married a Fitzroy. What have Christians to say to this?

William Wade, stationer and general agent for newspapers, periodicals and magazines, 826 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, keeps for sale the Banner of Light, where our down-town friends can procure it every Saturday, the day of its issue.

Mr. Hazard desires the reader who may peruse his article on our third page, to add the words "It is fine in quality and of a bright auburn color," at the end of the paragraph under the head "Materializations," closing with the words "have in my possession."

J. William Fletcher—as will be seen by a card in another column—will begin a series of public sances at his parlors, 7 Montgomery Place, Sunday evening, Oct. 15th. Mr. Fletcher is well known as a trance medium, and no doubt the sances will be of interest.

Dr. Witheford, the de-materializing medium, we are informed, leaves Chicago the 11th proximo to fill an engagement with the Spiritual Scientific Association, New York, under whose auspices he will give parlor sances to the public of physical manifestations and materializations.

S. S. Marsh writes from Limestone, N. Y.: "The Banner of Light is the best paper in America, and ought to have half a million subscribers. No Spiritualist or liberalist can afford to do without it."

Mrs. Weston, after an absence of three years in California, has returned to this city and taken house 86 Dover street, for the accommodation of boarders. See advertisement.

Lottie Fowler writes us that she is to visit Chicago first, and then come to Boston. She is probably ere this well on her way from Europe.

The Centennial Commission has voted to close the Exhibition on the 10th of November.

Dr. J. R. Newton will be at Walnut street House, Cincinnati, until further notice.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS ABROAD.—The Japanese Government, intending to introduce music in its European Schools, their foreign experts have selected Geo. Woods & Co.'s Boston Trade Parlor Organs, over all American and European instruments, as most thoroughly constructed and likely to withstand the climate.

### To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I see by your advertising column that Dr. Cornell Smith wishes to dispose of his establishment here. This may be very well for him, for his health requires a change; but those of us who know him intimately, and who have been benefited by his curative powers, very earnestly protest against his leaving us.

Few know with what assiduity he has devoted himself to making the lamp and the halt leap for joy, and to the demolition of the various ills to which poor humanity is subject. The many, the prolonged, the severe cases of illness to which he has more recently given his best energies, warn him that the large business he has built up for himself by years of honest toil, may in a moment be swept from him into the grave; for I say that his income is almost a fortune every year, and that he has accomplished this desirable result by his genuine abilities and faithful discharge of his duties, is no exaggeration.

I am very glad to know from him personally, however, (and this is in keeping with his every exhibition of honesty of intent in all his dealings,) that he will not dispose of his place and business except to some one who has not only healing powers, but a character absolutely above reproach. He has one of the finest houses in the whole city, and when he considers how that by long years of labor he has brought about the many favorable results which now honorably surround him, he naturally looks upon them as his own petted child, which he could not bear to see maltreated. When, however, the right person comes, he will find everything in the most perfect order, in the way of bathing and other rooms, and patronage, and once highly respectable as well as remunerative. Such a person would be warmly welcomed (provided of course Dr. Smith persists in his present design,) by all Dr. S.'s friends. The Dr. further informed me last evening, that any purchaser of his place he would give a month or two of gratuitous service, so that his method of doing business could be fully acquired.

G. L. DITSON, M. D.  
Albany, N. Y., Oct. 5th, 1876.

### To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

George W. Curtis, on Spiritualism, in his first article, and his rejoinder to your review, reminds me of the Irishman's cellar window. Patrick was a mason, and was building his cellar wall, and had left an opening for a window. His carpenter, passing by, says, "Pat, why do you make such a little window? It will let in no light of any use." Says Pat, "Arah, sir, be jabers! ye do n't understand me plan at all, at all! I don't make that place to let in light, sir, not a blither on it, sir! I put that hole there to let out the darkness, sir! Can ye see now, sir?" So of the window of Mr. Curtis's Intelligence upon Spiritualism: It let out the darkness within. A Scripture text reads thus: "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Matt., vi. 23. If Patrick was as successful in letting the darkness out of his cellar as Mr. Curtis is in letting it out of his prejudices, he made a good hit.

### Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

TEMPERANCE HALL, 488 Washington street.—Spiritualist meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. Good sances and speakers always in attendance. F. W. Jones, Chairman.

ROCHESTER HALL.—A large and attentive audience greeted the Lyceum, on Sunday, Oct. 8th. One of the pleasant features of the occasion was a harmonica solo rendered by Mr. Dearborn. It was beautifully executed and elicited an enthusiastic encore. Readings and recitations were given by Miss Lizzie Thompson, Mrs. M. W. Whittier, Helen M. Hill, Jessie Kimball, Willie Phillips, Clara Rosevelt, Lizzie Bond, Ella Cary, Etta Parr, Martha Cross, and May Potter. A song by Nellie Thomas and brief addresses by G. Fannie Allen and Prof. Carpenter added to the interest of the entertainment.

JULIA M. CARPENTER, Cor. Sec'y.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Geo. A. Fuller, after a short vacation, has again entered the lecture hall, and will speak at Sherborn, Mass., in the Town Hall, Sunday evening, Oct. 15th, and at the Convention at Washington, N. H., Oct. 20th, 21st and 22nd. Would like to make further engagements.

Mrs. Dr. Clara A. Field would be glad to make engagements to lecture. She may be addressed at No. 53 Langrange street, Boston.

The address of W. F. Jamieson will be, till further notice, Mazonia, Minn.

The noted medium and healer, Dumont C. Dako, M. D., is now in New Haven, Ct.

To LET—Splendid new rooms, suitable for office purposes—in a highly eligible location—furnished with all the modern improvements: gas, water, and steam-heating. Apply at the Banner of Light Counting Room for further particulars.

### Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents.  
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THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 5 cents.  
THE RATIONAL-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 3 cents.  
THE LITTLE BOUQUET. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.  
THE CHURCHILL. Published in Boston. Price 6 cents.  
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 10 cents.  
THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents.  
THE MEDIUM AND DAYBOOK: A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price 5 cents.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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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.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—For Diagnosis send lock of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. 12w\*.Au.19.

From the Station Agent at South Royalston, Mass. Gentlemen—Although unsolicited by you, I cannot refrain from adding my testimony to the many already given in favor of your WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the spring of 1868 I was most severely afflicted with a hard dry cough, with its usual accompaniment of night sweats, completely prostrating my nervous system, and producing such a debilitated state of health that after trying medical aid to no purpose, he gave up all hopes of ever recovering, as had also my friends. At this stage of matters I was prevailed upon, through the influence of a neighbor, to try WISTAR'S BALM, though with no belief whatever in its truly wonderful curative properties, and before using two bottles the effect was almost magical. My cough entirely left me, the night sweats deserted me, hope once more elated my depressed spirits, and soon I had attained my wonted strength and vigor.

Thus has this Balm, as has often been remarked by persons conversant with the above facts in this vicinity, literally snatched me from the yawning grave. You are at liberty to use this for the benefit of the afflicted.

Very respectfully yours, BENJ. WHEELER.  
50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, 50 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

THE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCES have engaged the services of a remarkable Medium to answer SEALED LETTERS for the public. Enclose \$1. Repeated \$1. Address Society, P. O. Box 2872, New York, or 40 Broadway. O.T.

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Mr. and Mrs. HOLMES, 614 South Washington St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. F.19.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIDGES, is also a Practical Physician. Office 121 West Eleventh-st., between 5th and 6th aves., New York City. J.1.

Dr. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. S.30.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth-st., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. S.30.

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have assigned a suitable Room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where those so disposed can meet friends, write letters, etc., etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MOITSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to subscribe can address Mr. Moitse at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RIDGERS, 98 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 sales above, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Center streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. RIDGERS.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, Bookellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

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

MAN FRANCISCO BOOK DEPOT. At No. 319 Kearney street (between) may be found the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, Planchette, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Moore's Nutritive Compound, and all the other works published by Colby & Rich. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT. LEON'S BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., all the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD H. BAKER, Bookeller, No. 110 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. A. R. BAKER, 55 Franklin street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. B. T. C. MOHRAN, 2508 Jefferson ave., St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a supply of Liberal and Reform Works.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. MRS. M. J. REGAN, 620 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

LONDON, ENG. BOOK DEPOT. J. BURNS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. No. 84 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia. W. H. TERRY, and Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT, will for sale all the works on Spiritualism, LIBERAL AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich. Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

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We have the largest and best-selling Stationery Pack- age in the World. It contains 18 sheets of paper, 14 envelopes, pencils, penholder, golden pen, and a piece of valuable jewelry. Complete sample, with elegant gold-plated sleeve buttons, and ladies' fashionable fancy vest, and a pair of gloves, all for 25 cents. A box of assorted jewelry, \$1. Solid Gold Patent Letter Watch free to all agents. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y. Oct. 14.—3w\*

### SPIRITUALISTS' HOME.

MRS. WESTON has returned from California and taken house No. 80 Dover street, near Washington, Boston, and is prepared to accommodate the true-living public with rooms by the day, week or month. 4w\*—Oct. 14.

### DR. J. R. NEWTON

WILLIAM STREET HOUSE, Cincinnati, Ohio, until further notice. Oct. 14.

MRS. J. M. CARPENTER, 31 Indiana Place, continues her successful practice as a Clairvoyant Physician. Examinations and prescriptions for persons at a distance by lock of hair. Terms \$2. N. B.—Please send P. O. order to insure safety. 4w—Oct. 14.

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PHYNO-ELECTRIC MEDICAL COLLEGE. GIVES full instructions by correspondence and Diplomas legal everywhere for \$25. Address Prof. W. NICE, 14 N. E. Washington, No. 99 W. Main street. Oct. 14.—5w\*

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MISS H. A. POLLARD, Healing and Writing Medium, 20 Dover street, Boston. 4w\*—Oct. 14.

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