

NO. 10.

BENEDICTION.
 Out of the primal darkness of the earth may a light of light and truth, by God's love, be a guide to you, until not only the past but the future shall be revealed, and you stand face to face with all the nations of the earth, made pure and white, and clean in the love of the All-Father.

It is positively certain that prehistoric Egypt was greater than the Egypt of history. Evidences continually accumulate to show that most of the ancient splendor of Egypt must have been far antecedent to any dates to be derived even from hieroglyphic readings, or from the disintombing of the records of the pyramids, borrowing her most ancient streams of life from the far sources of the Nile. Downward from Africa the stream of civilization must have swept, where the waters of the Nile inundated the earth and made it fertile, and thence spreading out by many ramifications into Europe, across Phenician civilization into Greece, and into modern Europe. Yes, trace the lineage of learning by my thread of tradition rather than by actual men. Such are those splendid

...the southern ...

Literary Department.

NO FICTION: GHOST, OR WHAT?

[The editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* is in possession of the name of the author of the following singular narrative, and of the place at which it happened, and has every reason to be satisfied of the entire bona-fides of the writer, a clergyman of the Church of England.]

Early in January, 1879, clerical duty called me into the north west of England. In the midst of a heavy fall of snow, my family and I took possession of the official residence provided for us. It was an old, stone house with one story; roofed, in part, with ancient stone slabs, in part with modern slates; and standing in a garden bare of trees. A wide passage ran back from the entrance toward the kitchen, where there were two doors; the one leading into the yard, the other into the larder, which was, in fact, a roomy cellar at the foot of a flight of very old stone steps. The five bed-rooms all opened on a square landing.

"How about the roof?" I asked of a man in charge.

"All right, sir; everything has been carefully seen to; and, when the thaw comes, I'll warrant you'll not be troubled anything to matter."

In a few days we had shaken down; and the verdict on our new home was, "Not grand, but decidedly cosy." A tall, solid, fleshy, rosy young woman had undertaken to be our one servant. Sparring of words was she, but not sparing of work.

"The incarnation of stupidity and stolidity," said my son Primus.

"The very thing for us," said his mother.

The girl's name being Stillwell, soon became corrupted into Stillwater; or, for short, Still. It was splendid skating weather. The low-lying meadows were flooded to the depth of a foot or more, and one glided along over acres of smooth, green, transparent ice. Every day we sallied forth, my three boys, their sister and I, to take our fill of enjoyment in this icy paradise. My wife had the weak habit of going to tuck up her boys after they are in bed. One night their voices sounded so angry that she ran up in haste to see what was wrong. On entering their room she found the two elder boys sitting up in bed, hurling injurious and derisive epithets at some person or persons unknown.

"Let me just find out who you are, and you'll get such a good licking as you'll remember," announced Primus, gazing wrathfully at the ceiling.

"Oh! you blooming idiot! I wish I'd your boots; I'd throw them at your head! Bo off! I'm taking a sight of you," shouted Secundus, nose and fingers upturned in the same direction.

"Are you both mad?" inquired the stern, maternal voice.

"It's that fellow, mother, that I told you about. He's on the roof again. Just listen to the row he makes."

"Nonsense!" said his mother; but she stood listening for some time.

"Oh! you coward,"

"Ah! you funk," proceeded from the two beds. Not a sound above.

"I have heard no row on the roof," remarked mother, with dignified emphasis, and having performed the usual ceremony she departed, and came and told me of the whole affair, concluding with, "I wonder if it can be rats."

"Not a doubt of it."

Next morning the boys were full of their nocturnal visitor, and declared that, no sooner had the drawing-room door shut, than the scrambling and tramping began again.

"History tells of a certain cat that wore top-boots, but I never heard of rats adopting the fashion," I remarked.

"Rats, father? Why, we know the sound of them well enough; and they run between the ceiling and the roof. But this is unmistakably boots, with plenty of hobnails in them, too, on the outside of the roof. We expected every moment to see the fellow's legs come through plaster and all. I think I may be permitted to speak with authority on the subject of boots and roofs in conjunction."

He certainly might, for he had perambulated the roofs of all the out-houses at S—, to the great detriment of the tiles and slates.

"Well, then," continued Primus, "I am so sure that it was a boy of my size in hob-nailed boots that I feel as if I had seen them. I could swear to them."

"Come out and have a look," was my reply. There lay the white mantle, smooth and glistening in the sunshine, and untrodden by so much as the foot of a tom-cat. The boys looked at each other in amazement.

"I do not care," said Secundus, defiantly, "I shall always believe it was a boy."

"It's the rummiest thing I ever knew," slowly remarked Primus.

"If Boots comes again the only thing you have to do is to wish him a good-night, and to cover up your ears," was my recommendation.

That evening, just as we were about to begin prayers, we were all startled by some tremendous blows on the cellar door. My wife, thinking there must be some one at the back door, told Stillwater to go and see who could be knocking in that outrageous way. The girl did not stir.

After a moment she said, "It's the cellar door."

"Impossible!" said her mistress; "go quickly and see what it is."

We heard the unlocking and relocking of the yard door. When the girl came back, she said there was no one there. Presently, while I was reading, there came more loud blows, as if struck by a heavy fist; and unmistakably against the cellar door. When prayers were ended, we went to make acquaintance with our mysterious captive. On opening the door, there was nothing to be seen but the flight of steps. My wife and I exchanged glances which said very plainly, "A sweetheart." So, as the youth appeared shy, I gave him an encouraging invitation to come forth and show himself.

No reply. "I am determined to know who you are," said I, nobly plunging into the abyss, the boys at my heels. Nothing whatever to be seen, and not a corner in which anything bigger than a mouse could hide. The window? It was tightly closed up for the winter, and was, besides, blocked with snow. I was certainly mystified; but I sent the young ones off to bed with an assurance that wind, in a old house, was capable of making the most extraordinary noises; and, in illustration, we all in turn shook the door; not, however, producing anything like the previous effect.

"It must have been at the back door," said my wife, with a searching look at Stillwater.

"No! It's the cellar door that does it," quietly replied the girl.

"How can it make that noise of itself?"

"I do not know."

"Did you ever hear it before?"

"Yes; this evening, when Miss was at the piano."

We decided that we must watch Stillwater. In the course of the night we were awake by the agreeable sound of "Drip, drip, drip," in one corner of the room. My wife put a basin beneath, with a towel in it, to deaden the sound. Presently "drip, drip," again, just outside the door, which we always kept open.

"There's a sudden thaw, and we're in for it," said I; "let's go to sleep. It won't hurt the floor-cloth." But there was no going to sleep, for the drip came faster than ever, until it increased to a little stream. There were no matches in the room, but I managed to find my bath, and to set it, with a blanket inside it, under the spot whence the sound came.

When, at breakfast, I announced the sad news of the sudden thaw, there was a chorus of exclamations: "Why, everything is as hard as iron!" etc. The mother, meanwhile, was directing her handmaid to dry up the water which had come in during the night. The girl stared. When she came into the room again her mistress asked her what she had done with the wet blanket. She stared more expressively, and was mute.

"Don't you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. But there is no wet blanket, and no water to wipe up."

Upstairs went mistress and servant; and in two minutes back came my wife, looking quite bewildered.

"There's not a trace of water anywhere," said she; "and yet, after you were asleep, I heard it drip fast upon the counterpane, just at my feet."

Our delighted offspring settled it that mother had been dreaming; and Primus irreverently hinted that I had generously lent my bath in order to escape my morning's shudder. When Tertius was being tucked up that night he asked, "Who was that—person who came and looked at me after I was in bed?"

"Stillwater, I suppose."

"Oh, no! It was an old woman, and she had a funny cap on."

"You dreamed her, dear."

"But I hadn't been to sleep. And I turned my head to the wall, and when I looked for her again she had gone away."

"You must have been half-asleep. Now go to sleep quietly, and finish the dream."

The next night Primus began, "Mother, I wish you would tell that old party not to come into my room without knocking. I had just got into bed, happened to glance across to the drawers, and there she stood, coolly looking at me. I was disgusted, and turned my back upon her. Presently, I looked out of the t-til of my eye, to see what she was doing, but she'd cut."

"You do not know who it was?"

"No. She looked like one of the charwomen—Boots's mother, I dare say. These people are cool enough for anything."

My wife called to Stillwater, to ask if Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had been in that evening. She was answered that no one had been.

"Then you must have been half-asleep, although you did not know it, and have dreamed."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it seemed very real. And at any rate I'm half-asleep now," murmured Primus.

Night after night we were roused by the voice of this or that child. Their mother always went to them, and always found them sleeping peacefully; though a minute before there had been sobbing and moaning. It was bitterly cold, and I persuaded her not to go at the first call. Then there was whimpering on the stairs. One night we had both been lying awake for some time, listening to what seemed like cautious steps, first on the landing, and then in our room itself. We had tried to persuade ourselves that it might be mice. But not there were distinct steps as of a person walking. Yet, though we followed the sound with our eyes, we saw nothing. Suddenly there was a howl of anguish, like the cry of a large animal in pain. It thrilled us with horror, for it came from our daughters' room, though it was not possible for it to be their voices. When we reached their bedside they were calmly sleeping; and were not even roused by our entrance with the light. I made quiet observations next day, both inside and outside of the house.

"If you please, ma'am, may I have my sister to sleep with me?" said Stillwater to her mistress.

"Are you afraid to sleep alone?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"Then why do you wish it?"

No answer, only a very earnest look.

"Why! Stillwater, you look as if you had seen a ghost," said her mistress, laughingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I have," she replied very quietly.

"And what did it look like?"

"Like Mrs. X—, just as she was of afternoons."

"Come, come! she ought to have been all in white, you know."

"No, she was not in white. She had on the same sort of cap she always wore, and the same dress and white apron."

"I hope you asked her what she wanted."

"No, ma'am; I lay still and looked at her; and then I sat up and looked at her hard; and presently I could not see her."

"It was no doubt a dream, and you will probably never have such another."

"No! I am sure it was not a dream. Besides, I have seen her twice before, when I was walking about."

"Out of doors?"

"No, ma'am; in the house. One afternoon, toward dusk, she came and looked at me through the window. I wondered how she could be there, and I looked at her for a good little time."

"And then?"

"And then she was not there. And I went to the window and looked out, but she was gone."

"What was the use of going to the window, when you knew she was dead?"

"I don't know. She looked just as if she was alive. The other time I was kneeling down on the rug, making your fire burn up. She passed straight before me."

"Oh! nonsense. She would have set fire to her clothes."

"Still looked injured; but quietly persisted—"She did, ma'am. She passed straight between me and the fire."

"How could she do that? Really, Still, for a sensible young woman, you are very full of fancies."

"It was not fancy, either of the times, ma'am. I did see her, I did indeed. I hope you will believe me."

"Yes! I quite believe that you think you saw Mrs. X—. You may have your sister to sleep with you."

Now it is not a pleasant thing for any man

still less for one of my profession, to confess that he has been "creepy" on account of certain inexplicable things. But as this is a perfectly true account, I am compelled to acknowledge that it happened to me again and again, during the time of my dwelling in the Old Lodge. And I also declare that my wife and I were perfectly well in health, and that we had never before been the victims of similar terrors. Furthermore, though we spoke of the noises, we at first abstained from mentioning our sensations to each other. After an hour's sleep I would be aroused; as if at the command of some person, unseen indeed, but certainly in the room. Then a small thing, say a marble, would be gently dropped, more than once, on the carpet, close at my bedside; sometimes on the floorcloth just outside the open door. Then the marble would be gently rolled on the boards of the room and up against the skirting board. It was an immense relief when, one night, we encountered each other's eyes as we lay listening, and both made a clean breast of our terrors. Yes, nothing short of that would do. We agreed that the first sufferer should wake the other. But my wife found it not always possible to carry out this determination.

"What did you hear?" I asked her once.

"The chest of drawers was dragged over the floor," she replied; "I am thankful you spoke to me, for I have for some time been trying to wake you, but was not allowed. In fact, I have been kept perfectly motionless."

I had heard precisely the same sound, yet the drawers did not appear to have been actually moved. The sounds were so distinct that we always connected them with some special article. Of course I tried in every way to account for the mystery; but, after a time, I could only resign myself to lie awake and wonder. The nights were bitterly cold.

On one occasion, when there had been a persistent dropping of nuts in a corner of the room, I jumped up, in desperation, and held the light close to the spot. In a second the sound was behind me. I whisked round, but—tapping in every direction, without a second's intermission. No sooner did I look toward one spot than the dropping of nuts was at the other end of the room. It was as if some mischievous elf were enjoying himself at my expense.

Our boys had gone to spend a day or two with some friends; and their mother, not liking the look of the empty room, had closed the door in passing; giving it a push to make sure that it was fast. That night we heard the door shut with a tremendous bang. Even had it been left open there was no wind to move it.

Another night, when we had been awake in the usual way, there was an agreeable variety in the entertainment. A delicate, flute-like sound proceeded from the closed dining-room. Again and again, a distinct and long-sustained musical note, as of some small pipe. Then the fifth of that note, then the octave, repeated many times; then the seventh and octave, over and over again. We were greatly puzzled. The piano was not in that room. And the sound certainly suggested a wind instrument of sweet tone.

I went down early next morning, and found, to my surprise, a concertina lying on a table. I lifted the handle, and there came forth a long-drawn note, the very note I had heard in the night. My wife called out to me from upstairs:

"That's it! That's it! What is it?"

Without attempting to disentangle her speech, I held up the concertina.

"Oh! that is Phil's. He must have left it behind. But it was the very note; there is no doubt of it."

We locked the thing up in its box, and put it inside a bookcase; and next night we were treated to a repetition of the musical notes, only muffled.

It was not only during the night that the noises were heard. For instance: I was reading by the fading afternoon light, when a chair on the other side of the room seemed to be moved from its place; so that I instinctively turned my head to see who had entered the room.

Again, I was about to go down the cellar steps, in the afternoon, when I heard a heavy plecting pan dragged along the stone floor below. I quite thought some one was down there; but, as usual, there was no one to be seen, and the pan was in its place.

At eleven o'clock A. M., my wife and I were on the landing. The girl was telling her mistress that she had heard Mrs. X—'s voice the evening before. Her mistress told her she was giving way to fancies.

"But Mary Jones heard it too. She had just brought in the eggs, and stood listening to the singing in the drawing-room. Then I heard Mrs. X—'s angry voice again on the stairs, and Mary said, 'Who's shouting?' I said I didn't know, and she said, 'It must be the missis. Lor! how angry she is to holler like that; doesn't she like 'em to sing?'"

"In an old house like this," began my wife, "there may be many noises caused by—"

Suddenly, a noise, as if a shower of small pieces of the ceiling came down sharply on the floorcloth, caused mistress and maid to start back in affright, and involuntarily to look up. There was not a crack to be seen. Then the two pairs of eyes searched the floor in every direction; their owners, cautiously standing within the shelter of two doorways. Not a morsel of any kind could they discover.

"What was that, ma'am?" inquired Stillwater, fixing her sleepy gaze on her mistress.

"I cannot tell," was the only reply that occurred to that intelligent lady.

One morning, the post brought me orders to "move on." Instead of grumbling, I hailed them with delight. For we seldom got a decent night's rest, and my wife's nerves were beginning to be weakened by the constant strain upon them.

The Old Lodge had been for many years in the charge of Mrs. X—, who had borne the character of a highly respectable old lady, with the drawbacks of being somewhat misanthropic and very avaricious. I am perfectly aware of the ridicule with which some stories of this nature are generally received. I can only repeat that I have related an absolutely true experience, for which I am utterly unable to account.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

Coleridge, when lecturing as a young man, was once violently hissed. He immediately retorted: "When a cold strain of truth is poured on red hot prejudices, no wonder they hiss."

It is impossible to disguise the fact that the Vegetable Compound, prepared under the personal direction of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, with the superior science and art of modern pharmacy, is the most successful medicine for female debility and diseased menses.

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIENCES OF
PROF. J. W. CADWELL, MESMERIST.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light.

I gave my first public séance in the city of Boston with H. G. Eddy, on Sunday evening, Oct. 17th, 1880, under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, in Mercantile Hall, on Summer street. This hall was used by the Spiritualists for lectures and the Lyceum, previous to its being destroyed in the great fire that laid a large part of the business portion of the city in ruins. The entire receipts of the evening were given to the Lyceum; it afforded a good opportunity for the children, who were admitted free, to witness experiments in mesmerism and spiritual manifestations; and as there was a very large audience of ladies and gentlemen present, it enabled me to advertise for the ensuing week better than could have been done in any other way. A reporter of the *Evening Traveller* attended, and gave a favorable notice of the entertainment of nearly half a column in the next day's issue. The same and all the other dailies gave many highly complimentary notices also, before I closed my public and private séances in Boston. On our opening night there was a Mr. Wolcott present, who had been a very active Spiritualist and a firm believer in physical manifestations until he attended one of H. Melville Fay's séances and detected fraud in some part of his performance. Having seen one fraudulent person who claimed to be a medium, he, like many others, supposed, therefore, that all mediums were impostors; and he loudly condemned us before witnessing the phenomena, much more than afterward. As he found fault with the way the committee tied the medium, I invited him to perform the service, and the Eddy still more securely if possible. When he had done so, some one announced that a well-known sailor was present, and asked if he might be allowed to assist in the tying; and I invited him up to do the best he knew how with some pieces of rope which were yet unused. He came on the platform with a self-assured air that he could tie firmer knots than any one else. After the committee, Wolcott, and the sailor, had tied to their heart's content, I closed the door, and instantly a hand appeared at the cabinet window, and manifestations, nearly like those described in the last number, took place. After the cabinet séance I found a number of good mesmerist subjects among the volunteers that came forward, and entertained the appreciative audience with interesting experiments in mesmerism until a late hour.

I had intended to commence in Boston a week earlier, but some one had made a mistake in the date when I engaged the hall; and while waiting for it I gave several private séances in the parlor of "The Spiritualists' Home," 64 Hudson street, kept by Mrs. Weston. As I boarded there for many weeks, I came in contact with several highly-developed mediums for various phases of manifestations, some of whom I will mention in a future number.

The Sunday night before commencing my séances at the Spiritualists' Home, I attended one at the house of Mrs. Mary Hardy, who then lived on Poplar street. There were some thirty to forty persons present, most of whom, myself included, received wonderful tests of the presence of our spirit friends through the lips of Mrs. Hardy, who was one of the best trance mediums I ever had the pleasure of meeting. It was here I first heard of T. W. Lincoln; and it was séances of this kind, I was assured by those present, and many others afterward, that he and his friends invaded at every opportunity, for the sole purpose of breaking them up; and I was advised by those who knew that I intended to give private séances during the week, to keep him out if possible.

I gave three or four séances in Mrs. Weston's parlor before I saw Lincoln; but there was more or less talk about him every evening, by the thirty or forty people who attended. He—with three or four of his companions—came in one night, and was pointed out to me by some one who knew him. I was called aside on some pretence and advised not to allow him to act as the committee. I was more anxious to have him as the committee than any other person, for I was certain that no honest skeptic could act as such without being convinced of the fact that there was a reality in spirit phenomena.

I called on those assembled, as I had on previous evenings, to nominate some one to tie the medium, and Lincoln's name was at once called by one of his comrades. He was a dark-complexioned, short, thick-set man, of about twenty-five, and he came forward and tied Eddy as tightly as I had ever seen him, with I think only two or three exceptions. As soon as he finished tying he returned to his seat, and as I was closing the cabinet door I asked the usual question as on previous evenings—if the committee had tied the medium so that he could not untie himself or slip his hands out of the ropes. I was so confident that no one could, that I threw Lincoln off his guard for a moment, and he replied that any child five years old could untie himself if tied in that way. I had nearly closed the cabinet door, and I opened it wide at once, saying that was not the kind of tying we wanted; and I demanded that Lincoln should untie the ropes. He then declared that Eddy was tied securely; and was anxious that we go on with the séance.

I gave him his choice, to untie the medium or leave the room, and he reluctantly untied him. I was not sorry, for it cut him off from all right to interfere again. Although I did not close the cabinet door, and although Lincoln said that a boy five years old could untie himself from similar tying, he exhibited his true animus by boasting afterward that he had to untie the ropes, as the spirits could not (?!) He, with some of his friends, attended the séances in Mercantile Hall several evenings, and so annoyed the people that I was obliged to employ a policeman, at one dollar per night, to keep order; and as I was there twenty-five nights after the annoyance commenced, I had to pay that number of dollars, for no other reason than that we might not be disturbed by him.

H. Melville Fay had been in Boston a short time previous, holding "séances" at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Beals, at No. 223, Washington street, and, as I subsequently learned, taught Mrs. Beals's son-in-law, a young Englishman by the name of E. T. Carbonell, how to tie and untie slip-knots; and he had gained quite a reputation for being a "partially developed physical medium." Carbonell came to me one day, and wanted me to hire him to sit with Eddy in the cabinet. I asked if he would allow me to test him. He reluctantly consented, and

I accompanied him to his room at the residence of Mrs. Beals. I used only one short rope, and in less than forty-five seconds by the watch, tied him in the manner I have described in a previous number for tying mediums. I said that if he got out in as many minutes as I was seconds in tying, I would engage him.

After over twenty minutes of fruitless effort in trying to untie himself, he came out of his cabinet with badly inflamed wrists, and I pronounced him—no medium for me!

Carbonell, as before stated, had learned of Fay some slip-knots (which I will explain in good time), and when I refused to engage him, himself and Lincoln commenced practicing in Carbonell's room, for the express purpose of becoming exponents of spiritual phenomena. My "experience" in the tying of Carbonell can be found in an article from me in the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 4th, 1880.

About this time I closed up my private and public engagements of nearly six weeks in Boston, and advertised for three nights in Waltham, Mass. One day I called at the residence of Mrs. M. A. French, a well known test medium, who asked me where I was going when I left Boston, and I answered that I should commence a series of entertainments in Waltham on the next day evening. She was instantly controlled by a spirit, who asked how long I was going to stay there; and I answered, three nights, and possibly a week. "I know how long you will stay," said the spirit; and I asked, "How long?" She spread out the fingers and thumbs of both hands and held them up before me, and after lowering them held up one hand, with the fingers and thumb still spread apart. "That long," she said, and the controlling spirit left her in a moment. I will pass over a few weeks' time, to say that when I again met Mrs. French—who I understand is now (1882) doing a successful business as a test medium in Washington, D. C.—she was immediately entranced by what claimed to be the same disembodied spirit; and he asked me how many entertainments I had given in Waltham. As the hall was previously engaged, I had to lose one or two nights each week, and I could not answer correctly at once, and I replied, "Ten or a dozen." "I know how many," said the spirit; "it was just as many as I said you would." I had forgotten that she, or the spirit, had ever told me. The same movement of the hands was made as on the previous interview, and I then remembered it distinctly. Taking out my diary I counted up the number, and to my surprise I had given just fifteen séances in Waltham. A spirit, or an intelligence which claimed to be a human spirit, that had survived the death of the body, must have known how many, for there was no probability then that I should remain in that town more than a week at most. I have had too many predictions of future events come true to believe for a moment that it was merely guessing; and sufficient evidence to convince me that in the life to come, there is a degree of knowledge attainable far beyond that possessed by those who are yet in the form. Truly mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, all that awaits us in the immortal life.

Death is not the end of man. The body may go down into the grave, and the earth may cover it from mortal sight; but all that is worth preserving will live on with new, or at present undeveloped powers. Through the golden gates ajar we can catch glimpses now and then of the possibilities that await every disconsolate child of earth. I have just returned to my hotel from a revival meeting here in Valatie, N. Y., which I am told has been running for five long weeks. And on this blessed Sabbath-day evening of Oct. 15th, 1882, I have heard a sermon on "The Wrath of Almighty God." A large congregation filled the Opera House, where I am to lecture this week, and they were assured by the preacher of "a gospel of glad tidings" that every man, woman and child who did not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ would soon be in the fiery flames of hell, companions of drunkards and devils, from which there would be no escape. If those who are redeemed through faith in Christ sing while their children wail, forever lost, then mortals lose instead of gain by the change from earth to heaven. Affection, love, sympathy—all that is worth preserving—is to wither at the touch of the hand of death and vanish on the brink of the grave. The bare thought of such a heaven should fill every good man's soul with sorrow. If what I have to offer does not fill some soul with loftier aspirations, it were far better that I write not at all.

During my second week in Waltham, I saw an advertisement in one of the Boston dailies that "Carbonell and Lincoln" were to give "A Grand Exposure of Cadwell and Eddy" on the evening of Nov. 23d, at Mercantile Hall, for the benefit of the editors and reporters of the daily and weekly papers of that city. I went to Boston and called on Carbonell, and asked if I would be allowed to attend and take a friend with me. He said it was to be given under the management of the Clerk of the Mercantile Library Association—the one who had charge of the hall—and he gave me a note requesting him to let me have two tickets. As Carbonell expressed some doubt about my getting them, and as I wished to have some evidence of the fact if they were refused, I called on a prominent Spiritualist and well known physician, Dr. Dillingham, who at present (1882) resides on Indiana Place, to accompany me, and he willingly agreed to do so. In the Doctor's presence I presented the note, and was told that I could not have the tickets. I maintained that it was to be an "exposure" of myself, or so advertised; I had a right to be present to defend my reputation; but he declared that he would not give me any. In the presence of Dr. Dillingham I offered him five dollars apiece for two, but I could not get them. "The Doctor tried in vain to convince the man that I ought to be allowed to attend," but he was immovable, and we left the hall without the tickets. The "exposure" was given as announced in Mercantile Hall, on the 24th of the dailies of Nov. 24th, 1880, containing one-fourth to one-half column describing the performance; none of them, however, saying anything that harmed me in any way. Most of them frankly admitted that the mystery attending our cabinet manifestations had not been explained nor in any sense exposed. "The *Banner of Light* of Dec. 4th contained a full report, pronouncing the exposure a complete failure."

My first séances in Waltham were given in Rumford Hall, the largest hall in town, but as it was engaged for the immediate future, I changed to Union Hall. On the day preceding my last séance in that place, it was thoroughly filled, and, according to Carbonell and Lincoln, would have been more so. Cadwell and Eddy were engaged for the following night. We were engaged for a second séance that evening in Boston, which Carbonell and Lincoln were to give. They were to give a "grand exposure" of "Cadwell and Eddy." Until that night, I

TO BOOK PURCHASERS.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

We do not read anonymous letters or communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for perusal.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM is as broad as the universe. It extends from the highest spheres of angelic life to the lowest conditions of human ignorance. It is as broad as Wisdom, as comprehensive as Love, and its mission is to bless mankind.—John Pierpont.

Notice to City Patrons.

Thursday, Nov. 30th, being appointed by the legally constituted authorities as Thanksgiving Day, the *Banner of Light* establishment will remain closed on that date; in consequence of which our city patrons can obtain their papers at the Counting Room on Wednesday morning, Nov. 29th. Parties contemplating the insertion of advertisements or other notices in the *Banner* for Dec. 2d, should send them to the office on or before Monday morning, Nov. 27th.

"The Reign of the Dead."

This is the last one of Mr. Savage's discourses in Unity Pulpit, in this city, in his series on "The Modern Sphinx and some of her Riddles." Beginning with an illustration of a cloud and then of the globe, he affirms that we are compelled to say of ourselves that we have each one of us been created and molded by the world which is dead. He confesses himself appalled with the thought that he had so little to do with making and placing himself in the world, the living forces of the present having so much less to do with it than the forces which now belong to the past. What a difference it is in our cases, with which we had nothing to do, between our having been born in this nineteenth century and in the middle ages, or in ancient Rome or ancient Babylon. Yet we had no choice of the period in which we should live and play our little part. The dead world, says Mr. Savage, decided it for us.

And so, too, with our surroundings, whether we are born of intelligent or ignorant parents, of Christian or pagan, and be trained to use our reason or to bow before the sayings of tradition and inherited opinions. We are mere automatons, played upon by the forces of the past and the influences of the present. Most of us, says Mr. Savage, have inherited our liberal opinions quite as truly as the Orthodox have inherited their narrower ones; and we may not be entitled to claim one single particle more of merit for simply taking what was offered us, than they for taking what was offered them. To this observation we should add our own—that spirits have already asserted through mediums that each generation's new advance in religious thought has been made possible on the earth-plane by the overbrooding presence and influence of the translated generation which immediately preceded it, and which was more liberal than its predecessor, and so on interminably back into the past.

The great fact of inheritance cannot be successfully disputed; the inheritance not only of our physical qualities but of our political, social and religious ideals. We are recipients of impulses from the dead world, says Mr. Savage, which propel us this way or that; but, he adds, the great majority of men never wake up to enough of individuality to become a propulsive power on their own part, to help on and change the direction of opinions. He says he is appalled when he thinks how rigid is this dominance of the dead world over the living; and he asks himself if anything like individual freedom be not a delusion and a phantasm. The force in our lives to which he gives the name of the Reign of the Dead World is what science calls the Law of Heredity; a law that touches everything and holds everything in its grasp. But there is another force to which is given the name of the Law of Variation:

This law makes us in a sense free. It sets aspirations to work within us, so that we perpetually feel the impulse toward the ideal of something broader and nobler. We feel, says Mr. Savage, that it is possible for us to arouse ourselves and react upon those forces which are perpetually acting upon us. It is possible for us to modify the surroundings that are all the time at work modifying us. It is possible for us to make our home different from what it was when we entered it, better than it was. The law of variation, then, is antagonistic to the law of heredity. If individuals, or churches, or societies, or nations ever become any better, it will be because of this law of variation or change. It is this process of change, says Mr. Savage, that the whole weight of the dead world, the whole power of heredity, the power of custom, of tradition, tend to repress and make impossible. Hence the contest, which, however, is carried on only by advanced and superior minds. It is admitted that it is essential that a new thought, idea, or custom, should prove itself to

be right and sound, before it can claim to be so. And that is the peculiar office of heredity, or conservatism. Still, says Mr. Savage, with a larger sense of the truth, there must be a certain toleration of new ideas, customs, and methods cultivated in us, in order that we may permit the new idea to live long enough to put itself to the test. We must show at least so much of tolerance for new customs and ways, giving new thoughts, new ideas, new plans in every department of life a chance to show for themselves whether they are right or wrong. But in order to do this we must learn to keep our thought fluent and flexible, capable of change. Our minds are treated by us as fluent and flexible for a little time, but by-and-by we run our brains into the mold of a certain political, social, or religious ideal, and then it becomes worthless for taking a new impression.

People who know the least are the most positive, and have the most fixed opinions. The shallower a man's brain, says Mr. Savage, the quicker he will make up his mind on any great question. We must learn, then, how to keep our minds fluent, and to wait. He characterizes it as treason to human welfare to allow our mere sentiments to stand in the way of that which is better and higher; and we shall be helped in this matter, if we remember wherein resides the power of sentiment. Sentiment is not evidence; it is not truth, nor logic; it only means memory, association, time. But these precious sentiments of ours can grasp themselves, if we do but give them time, about new truth as well as the old. Well and truly does Mr. Savage say, we have no right to bind ourselves so securely to the past by these tender ties of sentiment that our movements shall be crippled, and we unable to lead on to the old to something grander and better.

His reasonable conclusion, therefore, is that we must have enough of tolerance and power over our thinking, of power over our feeling, to recognize the fact that the old can grow and progress only through change. We must recognize every new growth as tentative. We must give it an opportunity to manifest itself, to show what it is, and repress it only when it is valueless, or encourage and develop it when it shows itself worthy. And he closes his intelligent discourse with the prayer of the New Dispensation, as follows:

"Father, we are thy children, and it is thy hand that leads us; thy hand that was in the past, thy hand that is in the present, thy hand that consecrated the old, thy hand that introduces the new; and we ask thee that we may devote ourselves to the earnest search, neither for the old nor the new, but for that which is true of both, and thus help to build up a temple out of the proved blocks of right, a temple in the courts of which our fellow-men may walk, and toward the lofty domes of which they may lift up their eyes in worship. Amen."

A Fire in the Rear.

Dr. Park, of Andover, in a recent discourse in Boston, urged the ministers, who listened to his frantic appeals, to rally in defensive cohorts around their old creeds, and, in effect, yield not another inch to the rising tide of free inquiry which is now sweeping around them. He was an exemplar in this instance of New England Orthodoxy at bay; and it is surprising to see from how many directions the destructive forces seem to be brought to bear upon his position.

As an illustration in point, the example of the daily and weekly secular press of the country can be safely adduced: In proof of which we here summarize an editorial appearing in the columns of the *Waterbury (Ct.) American*. Its writer is moved to say that when he hears much of the current denunciation by the ministry of the cultivation and expression of unfettered thought in the churches of to-day, he is reminded of Matthew Arnold's quotation of Dr. McCosh, the Princeton Scotch theologian, who observed that, for his part, he did not pretend to understand "all the ways in which an infinite God might rule the universe," with Arnold's addendum—"this is a tremendous admission for Dr. McCosh to make." The *American* thinks the advocates for strengthening the creeds would probably be surprised to be charged with a lack of reverence, yet it would like to know if they are not really guilty of it when they claim to know so much about what they in reality know so little. They are not satisfied to leave the words of Jesus where he left them; but they demand that every one shall accept their system of dogma on pain of being cast out of the synagogue, on the assumption that it contains all the truth.

Such dogmatists, in the opinion of the *American*, do not read aright the signs of the times, especially here in New England. It admits the fact that New England Orthodoxy to-day welcomes more liberality in the interpretation of the hard doctrines of past creeds, and honors those in the pulpit who in a certain sense lead the movement in this direction. It confesses that many of what used to be current Orthodox doctrines have yielded to this new expansion of thought. It looks around in vain to discover traces of belief in infant damnation, the indiscriminate damnation of the heathen, or the test of Christian character that held that a man ought to be willing to be damned eternally for the glory of God. And it observes with perfect truth, that repudiation of these horrors is now allowed to have been made in the spirit of reverence which held them to be aspersions on the God revealed in the New Testament.

The one unanswerable answer to all protests and queries respecting the old dogmas was, of old time, that man is not wise enough to sit in judgment on his Creator. But the free inquirers of the present age—and the churches of this day and generation have a goodly share of them within their ranks—accept the challenge, and turn the argument. "Such minds," says the *American*, hold that "we know but little of the universe or the plan of its maker." Therefore "it becomes us not to shut ourselves up to man-made schemes of theology." We now see through a glass darkly. Why, asks the *American*, should we do violence to the ideas of right and justice implanted in us, and subscribe while we protest, and narrow down the divine power and goodness to suit man's interpretation of this verse and that in the Bible, antagonized largely by its general spirit as breathed in a thousand other verses. It says that man had better leave this debatable ground as it stands. Our interpretations at best are faulty. The problems are too much for us. All is at best but indefinite, and therefore no definite belief should be insisted on. Whittier says with clear insight of the truth:

"The wrong which pains my soul below,
I dare not throne above."

Prof. J. R. Buchanan lectured in Boston, on Sunday evening last, in Dr. Miner's church, his theme being "Moral Culture the Basis of all Success." An abstract of his remarks was put in type for this issue, but for lack of space we are obliged to defer its publication till our next.

Dr. Brittan as an Art Critic.

We congratulate the *Newark Daily Advertiser* on the accession to its columns of a musical and dramatic critic who, long ago, wrote upon such topics with a discrimination and force that did not fail to command attention. In the extended notice of the recent entertainment given by the Newark Press Club, at the Park Theatre in that city, we recognize the facile pen of a writer whose style has long been familiar to our readers. It seems, from our standpoint, that "The Owls" are fortunate in being represented in New Jersey by so experienced a journalist as Professor Brittan, who during his forty years of actual service has contributed more or less to every department of journalism.

Dr. Brittan disclaims a knowledge of the science of music; and yet he has, from time to time, attracted no little attention by his musical criticisms. It is at least evident that his aesthetic taste and judgment in matters of art have been cultivated by long and careful observation of the genius and efforts of inspired authors and distinguished artists. The discrimination displayed in writing on such themes, if not wholly referable to this source, may perhaps be partially attributed to his *mediumship* and the fact that he is often made conscious of the actual presence and inspirational influence of several of the great poets, musical composers and other artists who have departed this life.

We should hazard nothing in assuming that the Doctor's capacity to write, with intelligence and vigor, on such topics is established by clear and convincing evidence. When Jenny Lind came to this country and gave her concerts at old Tripler Hall, in New York, Professor Brittan was employed to write the critical notices for all the daily papers in the city of Albany, where he was previously well known to the public as the pastor of the Green-street church; for his opposition to the Mexican War and the Death Penalty, and as Chaplain of both houses of the Legislature. So much interest was excited that thousands of excursion tickets on the Hudson River steamers were sold, including admission to the concerts of the Swedish Nightingale.

At a later period, M. Jullian, the great French leader, came to the United States with his mammoth orchestra of one hundred and thirty instrumental performers, and at least half-dozen of the greatest solo instrumentalists in the world. Mr. Brittan, in his journalistic capacity, attended one of the earlier concerts given at Castle Garden and prepared an article for the press which at once attracted attention. The great orchestral leader was so much pleased with it, that he sent the author of the same a ticket to admit him to all his concerts in this country, wherever they might be given; and he further directed his manager to send Mr. Brittan, from time to time, as many complimentary tickets as he might be pleased to accept for his friends.

We have only space for another similar illustration in this connection. Many years ago, when Ole Bull was at the zenith of his fame, Dr. Brittan wrote several articles for the press on the genius and art of that eminent violinist. These articles were translated into the Norwegian language, and went through the journalistic press of that country. We recall the fact that one of those articles, entitled—"If our memory is not at fault—" *THE SOVI IN THE STRINGS*, was declared by Ole Bull to be the finest thing that any American journalist had ever written of himself and his music. The man of the magical bow, whose inspired soul breathed through the responsive strings of that celebrated Cremona—recognizing a truly appreciative spirit—immediately sought a personal acquaintance with the author of "Man and his Relations." They became warm friends, and the last time that Ole Bull gave a grand concert at the Opera House in Newark, he was the guest of Dr. Brittan.

We copy the following general observations on the relations of genius and art, from one of Professor Brittan's critical articles, elicited by a discussion of the claims of a prominent English artist:

"The great musician not less than the true poet must be born. He can neither be made by wise masters nor by severe studies, unless Nature has furnished the requisite materials. Germany, and it often does, exhibit itself without the discipline of education; but in such cases it is liable to run wild in its luxuriance, or become delirious in its revelry. It is only when genius and application are properly combined that we witness their legitimate triumph in a profound comprehension of scientific principles and in the development of the most accomplished art. It is especially when observing the career of persons who thus unite these great elements of power, that we are made to realize the full force of the Latin proverb: *'Palma non sine pulvere.'*

The truth is confirmed by our observation of men, that no one gains the palm who idly rests the chances of success upon the possessions he has inherited. Many a young man, endowed with rare natural gifts, has made the fatal mistake of presuming that little or nothing more was necessary to secure the highest eminence. Such men, by neglecting the proper discipline of their faculties, forfeit their right to the powers conferred upon them; and, in the end, having disappointed the hopes they had inspired, sink into merited oblivion.

Great minds and really noble lives are not so numerous that we can afford to overlook the just claims of such persons to public consideration. When one has fairly achieved an honorable distinction in some department of science, art, or productive industry, the common civilities of modern society suggest the proper recognition of their presence; and the justice of their claims to our respect and gratitude. But the world is full of mere pretenders to a knowledge of science and art. Thousands fancy they have some honest claims to respect, who yet regard this life as nothing better than a game of chance, and pay the spurious coin of their pretended virtues and unscrupulously gamble in the common necessities of human existence. The learned professions are infested by a crowd of scoundrels whose immeasurable self estimation is their principal hold on public confidence. People who really know the least are often the loudest in the assertion of their claims. They go on and prosper so long as the public is pleased to take them at their own valuation of themselves; but their limited success does not indicate the yet smaller measure of their merits. What is reputation among such hollow pretenders, but an airy bubble, that floats on the uncertain current of popular impulse? The first breath of fearless criticism is the trumpet that summons them to judgment. Once rupture the balloon that upholds the worthless ballast of their claims, and they suddenly collapse and disappear."

Our readers will find much additional and most convincing evidence of the author's versatility in his new book entitled, "The Battle-Ground of the Spiritual Reformation."

"WHO HAS THE TRUTH?" an able address delivered by Mrs. Milton Rathbun, before the American Spiritualist Alliance, Sunday, Nov. 12th, will be given our readers next week.

The card of Miss Helen C. Berry, physical medium, will be found on our seventh page. Read what correspondents say of her in other pages of the present issue.

Good Work against the Regulars.

While the *Banner of Light* has in the past studiously avoided the treatment of questions of politics as politics, within its columns, there have been several occasions—notably in relation to the "God-in-the-Constitution" question, and the Allopath protective laws—in which it has felt that justice to the truth demanded that it should express its convictions firmly. Our readers will bear us witness that we have so done; and while the necessity continues, we shall ever protest against such overt acts, either of theological or medical bigots, against the liberties of the people.

It is with particular pleasure, therefore, that we chronicle two victories for the cause of free medicine in Massachusetts, which were won at its late election: victories outside of party lines altogether, as the citizens in each case worked steadily for the preservation of their constitutional rights, and did not ask the particular views in politics espoused by the two gentleman candidates, but were governed in the defeat of one and the election of the other by the particular principles and sentiments regarding Doctors' plot laws which the twain respectively entertained.

The facts are these: Two years ago, when a bill to compel the citizens of this Commonwealth to employ a "Regular" or none, when a physician was needed, was before the Legislature, (unsuccessfully, however, to the honor of its members be it said,) A. E. Pillsbury, Esq., a lawyer of marked ability, managed the case in behalf of the proposed measure with so much zeal as to give the impression that he fully believed in the necessity for such a statute, and would vote for it if he ever got the opportunity. He was nominated for a seat in the Senate, on a ticket that usually carries the Sixth Senatorial District by a large majority; but the opponents of medical tyranny did not care to have so strong an advocate of it in the Legislature, and so they voted against him, and he was defeated!

The same influence asserted itself in Ward 14, in Boston, where Horace L. Bowker, well known for his energetic opposition to any such proscriptive law, was nominated for Representative on a ticket that was sure to be in the minority—but he was elected by a large majority: running far in advance of his ticket. Thus one candidate failed of election because of his "Doctors' law" proclivities; while the other was lifted above his party strength, and borne on to victory, because he opposed all such Allopathic plots.

If the people in all parts of the State would adopt a like course, and improve every opportunity thus offered to practically manifest (irrespective of political lines of belief) their disapproval of these "Doctors' plot laws," and the men who sanction them, the diplomatized M. D.s who year after year are importuning the Legislature for a law giving to them the monopoly in medical practice in Massachusetts would be speedily "shown the door" by both parties at the State House.

Portable Electricity.

An interesting test was given at No. 159 Beach street, Wednesday afternoon of last week, by the Electric Storage Light Company, of which Col. H. S. Russell is President, of the workings of the Faure electric accumulators or storage batteries. As is known to all who have given electric lighting their attention, the present difficulty in furnishing incandescent lighting cheaply lies principally in the fact that dynamo machines of large power must be employed to furnish the current required during the hours in which the lights are used, and the difficulty of conducting quantity currents of low tension over long circuits. The Faure system of storage permits of the charging of the accumulators from dynamo machines at any convenient time. The storage batteries are then available for use whenever required and wherever the lights are to be used and connected with the wires. With this system it will be possible to keep a reservoir of electricity, to have its contents replenished when required from a dynamo through the transmission of electricity upon wires, and not only light the house, but possess the means of having power for serving machines, etc., at hand among other purposes of application. The advantages of the electric lighting system are obvious: Freedom from smoke and odor and an immunity from danger by fire, as well as in providing a constant, steady, soft and brilliant light. In Wednesday's test, after the construction of the accumulators had been described, they were connected successively with "gauge" of Maxim and Edison incandescent lamps and a Weston arc light, in all cases giving excellent results. Their applicability to the purposes of furnishing motive power, heat and energy for working telegraphic and telephone lines was also shown. With twenty cells a gang of twenty-five Edison "B" lamps of sixteen-candle power each was lighted; with thirty cells thirty-five Maxim lamps of twenty-five-candle power each were run; twelve cells ran a two horse power motor; and the same number heated a carbon rod white hot. The accumulators or storage batteries are simply wooden boxes containing lead plates, isolated from each other and coated with red oxide of lead, which are then filled with weak acid and connected with a dynamo machine by which they are charged with electricity. They may then be connected to supply electricity—and their contents used for lighting or other purposes, by an independent system—their electrical energy being available for use at any time whenever and however desired, in quantity to suit; available in the same manner as a water tank in a residence, to be used until empty or refilled from any primary current, whether furnished from central station or dynamo. This is a brief description of the storage of electricity and its system in use. Its future promises to be an important feature in systems of Electric Lighting, Telephony, as well as in Telegraphing, and a means of attaining a sub-division of power advantageously.

J. Frank Baxter in Providence.

Mr. Baxter lectured in Providence, R. I., last Sunday; in the morning on "Spiritual Cycles," in the evening on "Witchcraft." An abstract of his remarks furnished us is unavoidably laid over until next week.

In Dr. Brittan's new book—"THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION"—the author again uncovers that Damascus blade which he wielded with such surprising effect in the Brittan and Richmond Discussion, thirty years ago. Time has neither tarnished "the sword of the spirit" in his hands, nor diminished the intellectual muscularity with which it is still wielded on the same old Battle-Ground.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Sunday morning, Nov. 19th, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes delivered an able discourse before the above society on "Spiritualism as a Religion and a Science." She stated that "Facts are all the human mind is capable of reasoning upon, and as facts are but factors of the whole truth, it is therefore impossible for the mind to receive the whole of truth. The asking of questions indicates there is more to learn. The mind has been kept imprisoned to prevent the asking of questions; now conscience and reason are united, questions formerly suppressed are put forth, and the mind is reaching out for more."

The religion of Spiritualism requires more personal study than any other, because of the investigation it invites of the facts presented, these not being accepted until a comparatively thorough examination has been made. Its unpopularity forbids its acceptance until proven by the facts. Some religions are made up of forms and ceremonies; they do not draw out the mind to the labor of investigation, but accept what is offered by authority. The tiny ray at Hydesville has grown as a fact for thirty-four years, until the whole world has heard of its message.

Spiritualism has its hold on—not popular with—the world. The Spiritualist has obligations to fulfill to himself, to his physical; his religion is to keep in good health, purity of the body, and an avoidance of pernicious habits that drag down. He is taught to cultivate the mental, as art, genius, poetry, astronomy, etc.; even mysticism studied becomes science. Physical strength and mental strength harmoniously develop into the flower of our being—the spiritual.

The evening discourse was upon "Inspiration Direct and Indirect." Inspiration in literature is dependent on the moods of the writers. The Scriptures denote the mental and spiritual culture of the times when the different writers lived. Writers in poetry and in prose require their peculiar mood or condition of mind to express themselves. The latent forces of the mind are opened by circumstances; the force is there. Direct inspiration, as in Spiritualism, often lays dormant until the family circle has developed it, and the medium is found in its midst, as in the case of Achsa Sprague, who commenced in her mountain home the inspired work which she so faithfully fulfilled, and though passed on has not ceased her work; and Mrs. Richmond, who is among the inspired of the living present, from whom four of those grand developments of life here and hereafter. Reference was also made to another class, of whom were Phebe Cary, Shelley, Poe, Burns and Byron. For us to appreciate and enjoy the labors of such we need be in a similar mood to their own. Such musical geniuses as Mozart, Haydn and others, depend on their state of feeling for composing. Some require quietude, others excitement, to become receptive. Parents should watch the aspiration of the child that it may be placed where the bent of the mind will act most freely and most readily for their usefulness in life. The inventor waits for an inspiration to develop his mechanical appliances; the sculptor, the painter, the artist, depend on indirect inspiration for the development of their work. The inspired question of the child is beyond the power of the parent to answer. Our home influence should partake of the best of the inspirations of our lives. We should have charity for all, specially for our mediums and speakers. Their power is felt over all the land, and its result is observed by many thoughtful minds.

At the close of the morning session a resolution of thanks to Mrs. Byrnes and her controls, and a recommendation of the lecturer to other societies, was, on motion of Jacob Edson, Esq., passed by an unanimous vote.

Capt. H. H. Brown speaks for the Temple on Sunday, Nov. 26th, morning and evening.

Investigating the Insane Asylums.

It is time the terrible mysteries of these institutions were uncovered, and the light let into the portentous darkness which has so long enshrouded them. The grand jury of the county of New York were reported, late last month, to be engaged in the work of investigating such institutions as came within their reach, and in due time we hope and expect to obtain the result. As the *New York Herald* editorially observed, they could not be at better work. And it well observes additionally, that people who are really insane and are unable to be cared for except in the public institutions, deserve the utmost kindness and consideration; while those who are not insane should not be compelled to remain in the asylums for an instant, or even to go there. It ought not to be necessary, in an age calling itself civilized, to make such commonplace statements as these, but frequent abuses of power render it both necessary and proper.

The bare fact of an investigation by a grand jury is sufficient evidence of a wrong state of things in relation to the asylums. In New York there is a public board specially provided for the supervision of asylums for the unfortunate insane, but the *Herald* says its members, who receive each five thousand dollars a year for performing their duties, pay more attention to politics than they do to the asylums. It says they are so busy in another way that they may not know that sane men and women sometimes get into the asylums easily, and have a great deal of trouble in getting out again. If the grand jury visit the asylums, with serious intent to make an investigation, the *Herald* urges them to try and discover whether anything is ever done to judges who commit alleged insane persons without proper examination, and whether physicians who merely for a fee certify to the insanity of any one whose relatives have reason for wanting him out of the way, have any practical check put upon their villainy. And it would have them still further ascertain how any person entirely sane can remain in the asylum for months and years without the attendant physicians knowing his true condition.

Mr. Joseph Cook has returned to the States, been "interviewed" by a Chicago reporter—and did a great deal of talking. He is a regular automatic talking-machine, similar to Edison's, and just about as sensible. He "swings around the compass" in his utterances with such volubility that the reader loses the sense of his remarks in the multiplicity and incomprehensible conglomeration of his words. He is of opinion that there is an independent political party coming into existence, in which prediction we perfectly agree with him. Bro. Cook's wants are multifarious. Among other things too numerous to mention, he wants "an aggressive, omnipresent church"—which he will not get. Take him as a whole, this traveling lecturer is a perfect enigma.

Rev. Dr. Bartol on Sunday last replied to Rev. Dr. Ellis in his recent paper on the Bible, read before the Unitarian Club. Dr. Bartol shows the "petrified" and exoteric view of Dr. E. to be wholly erroneous, and holds that the only true aspect from which the Bible can be looked at is that it has an esoteric meaning capable of expansion to meet the wants of man. "The Holy Spirit," he declares, "is not a strait-jacket, but a wind blowing where it listeth—and lifting up to blow everywhere!"

W. H. Allen, a powerful magnetic healer, is located at the Hotel Van Rempelart, Suite 1, 219 Tremont street, Boston.

The Dawning Light.

The Italian Government is gradually but surely curtailing the secular power of the Papacy. It is determined to be a free nation. In this it is unquestionably right. Progress otherwise in that country would be a dead letter. The late decision of the Court of Appeals, affirming that the jurisdiction of the national tribunals extends within the walls of the Vatican, is the most serious encroachment on the independence of the Papacy that has been committed since the City of Rome was occupied by the troops of Victor Emmanuel. France, too, is throwing off the papal yoke, and asserting her dignity as becomes a great nation. Creteilism is going to the wall, in fact, everywhere. This world has been too long fettered by theological dogmas; too long has it been the abode of strife in consequence of the false teachings of theological bigots who have ruled the people, through their fears, with a rod of iron.

Modern Spiritualism has come to disenchant the benighted ones and lead them out of darkness into light; it has appealed to their inner consciousness, and they are shaking off the shackles one by one that have encumbered them so long; they are learning that the law of Love is more potent than the law of Hate; they are learning, also, that they have been worshipping the Fast too long, and are determined to worship it no longer; they are heeding the messages of love pouring down upon them from the heavens above by those of their kindred who have passed to spirit-land; they receive these messages with grateful hearts, knowing that they are true, notwithstanding the asseverations of the priesthood to the contrary. All over the civilized world the teachings of our divine philosophy are taking deep root, and in God's own good time the nations which have slumbered so long upon the couch of superstition and bigotry will awaken to new life, and bask in the sunshine of true religious liberty.

Was Hawthorne a Spiritual Medium?

It is universally admitted that Mr. Hawthorne, the author, was a man of genius, and that nothing from his pen is unworthy of preservation, consequently the announcement that the notes of his partially completed story, "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," would be published in the *Century* before Christmas, is a fitting complement to the publication in the December number of the *Atlantic* of the only other story which Hawthorne left in an unfinished condition. The *Atlantic* story is titled "The Ancestral Footstep," and resembles "The Scarlet Letter" in the subtle power with which crime is traced through successive generations in the changes and tribulations of its manifest destiny. The central figure is the American descendant of an old English family who visits the ancestral home as the one to whom the title to the old property rightly belongs; but the story does not culminate in the restoration of the title, though it is within the power of the American descendant to claim it. In the broken outline, so far as it is printed, one traces the same weird power which characterizes Hawthorne's great romances, and which seemed to be the spirit that possessed him whenever he took up his pen. He once said to his intimate friend, Rev. W. H. Channing, the Christian Idealist, that "when ever he began to write he felt this demoniac (spirit) power at his elbow, as if another party controlled him, and that it was impossible for him to resist the spell that came upon him," thus proving that one of his spirit friends, who could readily get en rapport with him, impressed the writer with the ideas he—the spirit—wished to convey to the people of earth, similar to the method practiced to-day by spirits who desire to communicate with mortals through sensitive persons known as mediums.

Dr. Newman on Spiritualism.

We give in the present issue two accounts from leading daily journals of New York and Washington, bearing on the recent utterances, made from his pulpit and elsewhere, by this celebrated preacher—words which show that he who speaks there has a mind of his own, and proposes to use it in his capacity of a public teacher.

This eminent divine answers the question, "Do the Dead Return?" in the affirmative. In his opinion, the doctrine is not only "clearly taught in the Bible," but it is as clearly demonstrated by modern scientific observation in our own time. Dr. Newman has himself had remarkable illustrations of the receipt of direct intelligence from the spirit world. The good Doctor, having less orthodox lumber in his head than some of his brethren, and no pile of infernal compost about his moral premises, does not see Spiritualism as "a putrescent heap." It required the lurid atmosphere of Andover and the ethical optical appliances of the Phelps Observatory to give the subject this superlative aspect. We commend Dr. Newman's views, as printed elsewhere, to the careful perusal of all thinking minds, whatever their present system of belief.

"The Everlasting Gospel."

In another column will be found an advertisement of a new book bearing the above name. It is a large octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages, and is introduced to the public by J. M. Peabody, who in a preface says that the lectures and messages it contains were written and delivered in public by Mrs. Magdalena Kline, a trance, clairvoyant and inspirational medium. Mrs. Kline was born in Germany, has encountered many hardships, and knew nothing of Spiritualism until the gift of mediumship came suddenly unto her. She was soon after controlled to write good English, though she of herself was ignorant of the language. Mrs. Judge Rose, of Van Wert, who has known Mrs. Kline for twenty years or more, three of which she was an inmate of her own house, testifies to her reliability and uprightness, and states that through her she has received the most convincing proofs of the truth of Spiritualism. The book contains one hundred and thirteen lectures, of variable length, some of them in verse.

The doors of the *INSTITUTE BUILDING* on Huntington Avenue, Boston, were finally closed at midnight on Saturday, Nov. 18th, and the highly successful FAIR of 1882 was at an end. The attendance during the day and evening was very large. At a meeting of the Executive Committee the following Committee on the Conduct of the Fair of 1883 was chosen: John M. Little, Chairman; James L. Little, John F. Wood and F. W. Griffin. Messrs. John M. Little and John F. Wood were authorized to proceed to the South and West, as they may deem expedient, relative to furthering their plans for the Fair of 1883.

Our "Message Department" this week is very interesting—containing as it does a report of the extraordinary "Children's Day." Special attention is invited to the "Controlling Spirit" who presided over the "God's Poor Fund."

The Religion of the Future.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke in speaking of this topic admits that the forms of Christianity have changed, and will probably change still more—in the direction of greater freedom, elasticity, reasonableness, and practical morality. It will not offer to the race a creed or a ritual, but make its principal claim upon the moral and social life of its every adherent, proclaiming love as the rule of duty. Man is a religious being, who does not live by bread alone, but needs to worship some unseen power. Religion continues to be as interesting as ever to the race. Instead of its being displaced by science, religious questions largely engage scientific thought. Tyndall, Huxley, Clifford, are much engaged in discussing the questions of prayer, miracle, creation, providence, and freedom. Nothing will take the place of religion. Science can no more become a substitute for religion than religion can become a substitute for science. The deepest power which moves this world is faith in another world. Man is so great that, unless he can lay hold of the infinite, he soon tires of the finite.

The essentials of Christianity, said Dr. Clarke, are whatever has been received by all Christians, everywhere, and at all times. This definition excludes all special forms of creeds and churches, ritual and worship, for none of them have been so received. That which remains is: faith in God as a father, in man as a brother.

Aged Destitute Couples.

We have thought for a long time—as we have assisted such people many times—that the people of Boston who possess the means to do so, should have an institution wherein aged destitute couples could be cared for, instead, as now, living (or hardly living) upon precarious charity. We already have homes for old men, and others for old women, but for the needy husband and wife who have grown "aged and gray" together, there is no retreat offered by any of our institutions. They must consent to a separation, or remain outside of them all. One of our contemporaries cites Mayor Green's opinion on this head. His Honor says we are worse off in this respect than many of the smaller country towns, and he cordially favors the project of establishing a home where old couples can be admitted together, to pass their declining days. The idea is one that is well worthy of the consideration of our philanthropic citizens.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

(Matter for this Department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.)

Mrs. Carlisle-Ireland, of Boston, who was disabled by paralysis in May last, is now much improved in health, and has commenced her professional labors again.

Dr. S. A. Wheelock informs us that the Spiritualists of Cambridge, Mass., will hold a meeting in Peilham Hall, Hyde's Block, Sunday evening, at 7½ p. m., Mrs. Fales being the speaker.

C. B. Lynn's address during December will be 1208 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The *Gauche Leader*, published at Burton, O., speaks in high terms of praise concerning the lectures on various themes recently delivered there by Dr. J. M. Peabody.

Miss L. Barnicoat, of Chelsea, addressed the Spiritualist Society of West Duxbury, Mass., Sunday, Nov. 12th, and at the close of her lectures gave psychometric readings and descriptions of spirits clairvoyantly seen by her to be present—all of which was very satisfactory to the audience.

Mrs. Clara A. Field lectured for the Springfield Society of Spiritualists on Sunday, Nov. 19th. Societies can address her for engagements at Hotel Van Rensselaer, 210 A Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

In consequence of the recent fire in the house No. 19 Essex street, Miss Jennie Rhind has removed to 33 Boylston street, between Washington and Tremont streets.

W. J. Costello will close his engagement in Chicago at the end of this month. He will lecture in the Temple, Indiana avenue and 25th street, Sunday, Nov. 26th, at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., and for the last time in Chicago, on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30th, at 10:45 a. m., on "The Future of America." A grand musical and literary entertainment will be given as a farewell benefit to Mr. Costello, in the Temple, Wednesday, Nov. 29th, at 8 p. m. Mr. Costello will lecture in Hershey Hall, 83 Madison street, Chicago, Sunday, Nov. 26th, at 3 p. m., for the last time. Choice selections on grand organ by Miss Russell. On Sundays Dec. 3rd and 10th and intervening days he will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich.; Sunday, Nov. 17th at Alliance, O.; Tuesday, Dec. 19th, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wednesday, Dec. 20th, Brooklyn, N. Y., returning to Boston in time for reception, Friday, Dec. 22nd—his public services commencing Sunday, Dec. 24th.

Mrs. F. M. C. Moseley, lecturer on temperaments, heredity, etc., arrived in this city Oct. 31st. On her way from Michigan she was taken sick with malaria fever, which confined her for seven weeks. She has addressed audiences several times in this city, her last lecture, on Heredity, being given Sunday evening in Paine Memorial Hall. She is now in East Bridgewater, and will visit towns on the Cape. Mrs. M. has been in the reform lecturing field for nearly twenty years.

Dr. G. H. Gear spoke during October for the Cincinnati (O.) Society of Spiritualists. He has located in Chicago, Ill., for the winter, and is attending the Rush Medical College. He will resume his work in the lecture field in the spring, and is open for engagements for the spring and summer. Will return to New England in April. Parties wishing his services can address him 104 Winchester Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. S. Dick lectured in East Braintree, Sunday, Oct. 22d; in Quincy the 29th; in Dover, N. H., Nov. 1st and 2d; in Peabody, Mass., Nov. 5th and 12th. She will answer calls to lecture and give platform tests, also attend funerals. Address care *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

Ellen M. Bolles, Eagle Park, Providence, R. I., will answer calls to lecture wherever her services are desired.

Jennie B. Hagan spoke in Brockton, Mass., the first two Sundays in November; in South Hanson, Thursday evening, Nov. 16th; in Bridgewater, Mass., Sunday, Nov. 19th. Will make engagements for Sundays and week evenings. Address South Royalton, Vt.

Meetings in Haverhill.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: Last Sunday was a very entertaining day to the Spiritualists of Haverhill and Bradford, Mass.—rendered so by the presence of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, who occupied the platform morning and evening, giving a highly interesting narrative of her mediumistic life, the phenomenal features of which have already become so widely known.

The audience was large in the morning, and the hall was packed in the evening, indicating a deep interest in the speaker—in her account of the workings of the spirit power first manifesting itself while the subject was a graded infant, and developing into something of wonder as years advanced. It was a story full of interest and most agreeably told.

In addition, she gave two sances while in the city, which were of great satisfaction to those who attended upon them. E. P. H. Nov. 20th.

RUPTURE CURED.—New method. Send for circular. Dr. House, 126 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham, medical, test and business medium, has removed to No. 2 Davis street, Boston.

Chas. E. Watkins, the Psychic, "En Route" East.

After thirty days' sojourn in the Forest City, with the most astonishing success of any medium who has been here the past ten years, Mr. Watkins started East, Tuesday, Nov. 21st, stopping two days at Willoughby—holding a successful public sance in Bond's Hall, and giving private sittings at the Powell House, enjoying the hospitality of its landlord, who, by the way, is a firm Spiritualist (travelers spiritualistically inclined will make a note of this). His next stopping place was Unionville, then Geneva, where he expects to hold a public sance Sunday, Nov. 26th, in brother N. S. Caswell's Hall. He will be at Ashtabula Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 28th and 29th; Andover, Thursday, Nov. 30th; Warren, Dec. 1st and 2d, expecting to hold a public sance in Alliance; Sunday, Dec. 3d, and remain one day for private sances; from there on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad to Oil City, Titusville, Corry, Jamestown, thence to Westfield, Buffalo, Lockport. Friends on line of Lake Shore and New York Central Railroads wishing Mr. Watkins to stop over will please address THOS. LERS, 105 Cross street Cleveland, O.

Fact Meeting.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

At our Fact Meeting, Horticultural Hall, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 25th, will be exhibited some marvelous specimens of independent slate-writing. The famous slates which were written upon while the family seales and in the presence of a large audience at Lake Pleasant, Oct. 25th, 1881, and for which the sum of fifty dollars was then offered, can be seen at that time, also slates written upon in the Chinese language, telegraphic characters and many others, with messages upon them very interesting, considering the conditions and circumstances under which they were written, all of which will be freely and fully explained to those having any interest in knowing about them.

All persons possessing slates which have been written upon without the aid of human hands are invited to bring them and describe their experience in regard to this kind of phenomena. Mr. J. Frank Baxter will be present, and, in addition to relating facts in his spiritual experience, will entertain the audience with some of his own well-known and popular mediums will be present on this occasion. Yours truly, L. L. WHITLOCK.

Dedication at Michigan City.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

On the night of the 8th inst. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond dedicated a hall for the use of the Spiritualists of this place. She lectured three evenings to crowded houses, her discourses being well spoken of by outsiders as well as by the friends. The hall was built by Mr. Walter O. Leeds—one of the "solid men" of our city—in the third story of his fine residence, and he has kindly donated the same for the use of the First Society of Spiritualists, which was organized Sept. 10th, 1882, with Samuel Eddy as President. Yours for progress, ERNEST KIMBALL, Sec. Michigan City, Ind., Nov. 14th, 1882.

Fair.

The Ladies' Amateur Dramatic Club will hold a Fair in the Ladies' Aid Parlor, No. 1031 Washington street, commencing Dec. 12th and continuing through the week. Mrs. Maggie J. Folsom and Mrs. Maud E. Lord have been chosen as candidates for a gold chain that is to be given to the one who receives the largest number of votes. Mr. John W. Day (of the *Banner of Light*) and Mr. Eben Cobb (Conductor of the Eagle Hall meetings) are chosen as candidates for a gold chain that is to be given to the one who receives the largest number of votes. The ballot-boxes can be found at the *Zenith* office and at Mrs. Maggie J. Folsom's office until the Fair opens.

There will be a short entertainment each evening, besides many other attractions, and several prizes are to be given to the holders of season tickets, which will only cost fifty cents each. They can be had at the *Zenith* office, or from Mrs. Maggie J. Folsom, Mr. Eben Cobb, and of the President, Mrs. Hattie E. Wilson, No. 15 Village street.

Refreshments will be served in the hall day and evening, admission through the day ten cents; evenings fifteen cents.

Donations.

IN AID OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE CIRCLE MEETINGS.

Received since our last acknowledgment: From Eben Snow, Cambridge, Mass., \$2.00; B. L. Robinson, McLean, N. Y., \$1.00; A friend, England, \$5.00; Mrs. B. Huling, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., \$1.00.

Funds Received in Aid of Charles H. Foster.

Amounts previously acknowledged: \$431.25 M. D. Bell, Malden, Mass.; \$1.00 J. T. Sandy Hook, Conn.; 2.00

Read Dr. Carpenter's liberal offer on the seventh page.

See Dr. Stillman's advertisement, page 11.

Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society holds meetings at 120 Broadway, between South street and Gallatin place, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Speaker engaged: Cephas J. Lyon, for November, Seats free, and every one invited. Children's Lecture at 8 o'clock p. m. Conference meetings—John L. Martin, Chairman, every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, H. W. Benedict, President.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation having secured the Church edifice formerly occupied by Rev. Dr. Fulton, on Clinton Avenue, between Myrtle and Avenue A, will hold religious services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Able and instructive sermons will be given, and all are cordially invited to attend. Hon. A. B. Dailley, President.

Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity.—Removal. The Friday evening Conference meetings will be held in the lecture-room of the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton Avenue, between Park and Myrtle Avenues, at 7½ p. m.

The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Monday evening at Compo Room, 4th street, corner of Broadway and 7th. Charles R. Miller, President; W. H. Oom, Secretary.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first and subsequent insertions on the seventh page, and fifteen cents for every insertion on the eleventh page. Special notices forty cents per line, *Minion*, *Condensed*, and *Condensed* type. Business cards thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion. Notices in the editorial columns, large type, inserted matter, fifty cents per line. Payments in all cases in advance. *Agate* type or cuts will not be inserted.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date where on they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis will be at the Quincy House, Brattle St., Boston, every Wednesday and Thursday, from 10 till 3, till further notice. O. T.

J. V. Mansfield, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 100 West 50th street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. O. T.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW F. H. MAUNDERS, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN AND TEST MEDIUM, No. 101 Court street, Boston. 1w—Nov. 25.

PROF. BEARSE, Astrologer, 299 Meridian street, East Boston, Mass. Your whole life written—your future told—your health, wealth, business, marriage, disease, and all financial and social affairs. Send age, stamp, and hour of birth if possible. Nov. 25.

MISS O. W. KNOX, Test, Business and Medical Medium, 5 Boylston Place, Boston. Nov. 25—1w.

Thanksgiving! CROCKERY AND GLASS.

THE subscribers desire to call attention to their importations in this line, which include desirable varieties for the table, sideboard and kitchen, from a single piece to match old sets to the largest lots.

FAMILIES and HOTELS

Replenishing will find attractive varieties of Dinner Sets, Dessert Sets, Tea Sets, Ice Cream Sets, Salad Sets, Table Knives, Carvers and Forks, Goblets, Wines, Celery Vases, Nut Cracks, etc., etc.

Wholesale and Retail.

JONES, McDUFFEE & STRATTON, Cor. Federal and Franklin Sts., BOSTON.

N. B.—Our stock of Falcen Lamps and Ornamental Pottery and Glass was never more complete than this season. Inspection invited.

Boston and Gila River CATTLE COMPANY.

Capital...\$200,000.

200,000 Shares, Par Value \$1.00 Each.

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The property is located in Graham County, Arizona, and Grant County, New Mexico. The business has been in successful operation for nearly three years, and for the purpose of increasing the number of breeding cattle, a limited amount of stock is now offered at par.

ONE DOLLAR PER SHARE.

We guarantee not less than TEN PER CENT. on the par value of the stock per annum.

Quarterly statements made to all shareholders of record from the Boston office.

For particulars and Circulars, send to

JOSEPH E. MANNING, Treasurer,
No. 40 Water St., Room 23, Boston, Mass.
Nov. 18.—10w1s

SICK POOR.

DR. CARPENTER will forward by mail to the afflicted poor suitable remedies for any disease for \$1.50 per month. This liberal offer is positively only for the benefit of persons limited means, and is not to be used for the purchase of any of our medicines. Free diagnosis of any case forwarded on receipt of lock of hair, age, sex, and \$1 for medicine. Address: A Tremont street (Box 1), Boston, Mass. Nov. 25.

MISS HELEN C. BERRY,

PHYSICAL MEDIUM.

SEANCES every Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 8 P. M. sharp, at 18 Arnold street, Boston. Arrangements for Private Circles can be made and seats secured for sances at 157 Washington street, Room 1. 1w—Nov. 25.

RUPTURES.

CURED in thirty days by my MEDICAL COMPOUND and improved ELASTIC SUPPORTER THUSS. Send Stamp for Circular. Address: CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS, Smithville, Jefferson Co., N. Y. (Mention this paper.) Nov. 25.—13w

COMPILATION OF THE LECTURES

Given by the Spirit-Band

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. MAGDALENA KLINE,

AND WHICH IS CALLED

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

VOL. I.

A work which has long been promised to the world, was desired and anxiously looked for by thousands who have lived and gone from earth, and which is now being given through the mediumship of Mrs. Magdalena Kline, in lectures, containing Revelations from the Higher Courts, upon the God-Head; also a part of the Universal and Covenant Laws; Evolution; the Origin and Creation of Man; the Plan of God with Man; the Plan of Redemption and the Regeneration and Transformation of Mankind from the Lower Nature to the Higher and Divine together with Teachings and Preparatory Lessons by the Angels for the benefit of all, etc. It is a work for the world.

This book—Vol. 1st of *The Everlasting Gospel*—contains nearly five hundred pages, filled with rare and grand lessons upon the present and future life, which should be learned by the whole human family.

It is not claimed that this volume—or others which are to follow—contains all of *The Everlasting Gospel*, for all that is Truth, and which enables mankind to free themselves from Error, is in its place and degree, a part of *The Everlasting Gospel*; nor is the Bible to be denied or set aside, for this volume contains many quotations from both the Old and New Testament, as an evidence that it should be studied and compared with any given text as *The Everlasting Gospel*.

Large 8vo. Cloth. Price \$3.00; postage 14 cents.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

SAN FRANCISCO.

BANNER OF LIGHT and Spiritualistic Books for sale.

ALBERT MORTON, 210 Stockton street, Nov. 15.—1st

Important Announcement.

ISSUED NOV. 11th, 1882.

BATTLE-GROUND

OF THE
SPIRITUAL REFORMATION.

BY
S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.,
Editor-at-Large.

"Truth is the naked sword of the Spirit."—Author.

"Take the bright sword that flashes from the skies,
Oh! Man, and smite the hosts of Despotism."—*Spirit of Shelley*.

"He that is first in his own cause seemeth just;
But his neighbor cometh and searcheth him out."—*Solomon*.

The Author in his elaborate Introduction presents a graphic outline and dramatic representation of the great Religious Movements of the world from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time. He passes in rapid review the progress and triumph of Christianity under Constantine, the conquests of the Arabian Prophet in founding the religion of the Koran, the war inaugurated by Peter the Hermit for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre, the founding of the Spanish Inquisition, the Protestant Reformation under Luther, Melancthon and Calvin; and he concludes with a more extended treatment of the great Spiritual Reformation of the Nineteenth Century, which is shown to be by far the greatest religious movement in the entire drama of human history, during the last two thousand years. In referring to the present Reformation the Author says:

"It is something far more significant than a resolute protest against the corruptions of the prevailing religion and the arbitrary dogmas of ecclesiastical councils. It is not, in the highest sense, a rude conflict with hoary errors and gigantic wrongs. It is not a mere life with the agents of despotic authority. It takes form in a new Philosophy of Science and a more profound philosophy of human nature, covering the entire realm of our relations to all things visible and invisible. The Battle-Ground of this Spiritual Reformation is not limited by geographical and national boundaries. It does not stop at the lines which separate the races and the nations. It is a life with the modern civilization. Spiritualism is a silent but irresistible power in the Church and the world. It humbles the proud and exalts the lowly; it strengthens the weak and rebukes the worthy; it defies the Pope and his cardinals; the schools of science are dumb with astonishment; it overpowers all real and imaginary traditions, and promises to make the conquest of the world!"

The following brief summary briefly indicates the principal themes embraced in this masterly, life-giving and defense of the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism:

"The Poets and the Spirits."

"Philosophy of the Inspirations of Genius."

"Religion of Faith and Faithless."

Rev. Dr. John Hall and the Logic of the Pulpit."

"Scientific Evidence of Spiritualism."

Wandering and crying in the Wilderness."

"Modern Spiritualism."

Rev. Joseph Cook treats the subject."

"The Spiritual Controversy."

A Modern Samson Pulling at the Pillars."

"Religious Intolerance."

Prof. Henry Kiddle and his Critics."

"Opposition in the Provinces."

"Strike, but hear!"

"Science Versus Dogmatism."

Review of Prof. Winchell—University of Leipzig."

"The Spiritual Agitation."

Rev. Joseph Cook's Lectures Reviewed

Pearls.

And quoted tales, and jewels five words long,
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

NOBILITATE TO THE LAST.
And when at last the summons came,
Stanch at his work he stood:
Strong in the strength of duty done,
He dropped, but with the harness on.

Upright simplicity is the deepest wisdom, and per-
verse craft the merest shallowness.—Barron.

WISDOM.
Reader, attend I whether thy soul
Sours fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs his earthly home,
In low pursuit;
Know prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's foot. —[Burns.

The morning is a rose, the day a tulip; night is a
y, and evening is another morning.—Richter.

THE MAJESTY OF GRIEF.
Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equal, sedate;
Confiding, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to command
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the
end. —[André de Verc.

Temperance gives Nature her full play, and enables
her to exert all her force and vigor.—Addison.

AN OCEAN PICTURE.
Night shades the sea. I know not what the hour;
A crystal light shines from the hyaline;
No wanting moon pours out her rays divine;
No beam foretells the sun's approaching power,
Caught from Aurora's fony-tinted shrine;
One lightning-arrow from Apollo's line
Tells of the August golden-meteor shower.
Grand comes Orion from the steel-blue sea,
And with twin tracks of light the ocean laves;
And yet what phosphenes in alchemy
Transmutes to gold the night of ocean eaves!
It is the diamond dawn that gloriously
Pours her ethereal glow upon the waves,
While pale Orion bids his hounds flee.
—[J. H. Noyes Stickney, in Transcript.

He that discovers himself, till he hath made himself
master of his desires, lays himself open to his own ruin
and makes himself prisoner to his own tongue.—
Quarles.

Form-Materializations.

**A First Experience with Materializa-
tion.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Being resolved to see and hear for myself the
manifestations said to be produced under the
mediumship of Mrs. J. R. Pickering, of which
I read in the Banner a few weeks since, accom-
panied by a young companion I went to her
residence, 37 East Concord street, on a recent
evening. My companion, a perfect stranger in
Boston, had never heard of materialization,
and had not the slightest idea of any such
thing being expected. Nor had I ever been
present at any circle where any cabinet or other
accessories were used. We were shown into an
upper room, where were assembled a dozen or
more people, chairs being placed in two rows
facing a corner of the room which had been
transformed into a cabinet. The arrangement,
with which no doubt many of your readers are
familiar, was a very simple one, and afforded no
possible means of egress or ingress save from the
front a distance of four or five feet from the
nearest row of chairs. The curtains, of plain
black material, were lifted on all sides, afford-
ing a view of the wall on both sides covered
with the same paper as the rest of the room,
and an ordinary cane-seated chair. At eight
o'clock, twenty visitors being then seated in
the room, the medium was introduced and
stepped at once into the cabinet. She remarked
only that the room was warm, and looked pale
and weak; a slight figure simply clothed in a
dress of black with a line of lace edging, collar
and cuffs. The curtains were dropped, and a
rope stretched across the end of the room, six
or eight feet being thus enclosed, and the room
lighted only by a small kerosene lamp placed
behind a screen of black cloth, causing the
cabinet and its vicinity to be in comparative
darkness, though at no time was it too dark in
the room to see the figures on the dial of a
watch.

We waited in silence a few moments; the
music-box, on a stand near the cabinet, but not
touching it, having been wound, played its little
tinkling melody, and at the request of Mr. P. a
few sang softly some of the familiar hymns we
all know, about the sweet by-and-by, or the
gathering at the river. Whilst all eyes were
directed toward the cabinet, from it, without
rustle or any apparent effort, came a shadowy
form with extended arm and beckoning hand.
The figure seemed to be recognized by some one
in the front row of seats, who went up to the
rope to greet it. A thrill went over my com-
panion, which I could also feel, but no word
was spoken between us, and her expression
was one of half-credulous, half-amazed atten-
tion. For twenty minutes, form after form ap-
peared, pointed to one after another in the cir-
cle whom they wished to attract, and in all
save one instance they seemed to meet with
recognition from those who advanced to meet
them; but to us who sat there it was, of course,
only a strange thing to see, but of no particular
personal interest.

Then, while a few voices were singing, ap-
peared a new form, which no one of those who
had been in the room before seemed to know.
It reached over and beckoned to the back row,
signifying in answer to a question from Mr. P.,
that its visit was to a lady there. Being dressed
in deep mourning, and a stranger, naturally all
eyes turned to me, as being the one indicated,
as I confess, I thought might well be. So, at
the request of some one near me, I arose and
said, "Is it I?" Instantly the figure shook its
head, and reaching away over pointed to my
companion and vanished. The young lady was
frightened, and reluctant to go alone to the
rope, but signified her willingness to go with
me. We stepped to the front, and in a moment
there glided or floated toward us the figure.
It came so near we could easily have touched it.
Indeed, when it held out both hands to my
friend in eager greeting, she started back, and
only thus avoided being touched by it. The
figure stood a moment motionless; face to face
my friend and it gazed each at the other, when
the former, with a quick movement of surprise
and recognition, exclaimed, "Why, Aunt Mary!
is it you?" The figure bowed, and half-extend-
ed its hands, and vanished, or rather retreated to
the cabinet. We turned to go back to our seats,
but were desired to wait a moment, and as we
turned again the figure stood before us. It
pointed upward, waved its hands, seemed an-
xious to make my friend understand something
which she could not, and retreated wringing its

hands slowly and with drooping head. While
my companion stood face to face with it I ex-
amined it coolly and dispassionately, as I might
not otherwise have done. It was a woman of
sixty or sixty-five, of large figure, dark eyes,
hands unmistakably those of an old woman,
hair covered with a white cloud, of material
somewhat like tulle, but less sheer in tex-
ture. I have never seen the Aunt Mary whom
R. recognized so perfectly, but could not help
marking the similarity of likeness in the two
faces looking in each other's eyes.

The test seemed to me more remarkable than
if it had been a manifestation to myself; for
my companion was utterly unprepared for any
sight, supposing only that we were to listen to
a lecture on Spiritualism.

I tell only what I have seen for myself; but
in view of my personal experiences during a
few weeks past, and all the evidences of pro-
gress and growth and the continual prayer and
effort which is being made to throw more light
on the subject, I cannot help feeling that a
time will come when the law which governs
these things will be understood.

Then, the story of the Epiphanies, of the
Risen Lord and all the history of the Bible,
which half the world rejects or slurs at, will be
clear and simple, and the thinking world be
prepared for a higher revelation of the will of
the Great First Cause than has ever yet been
given. Let Spiritualist and medium court in-
vestigation, and lead lives so pure and true and
helpful, that men, "seeing their good works,"
shall glorify their Father which is in Heaven.
Then, to be a Spiritualist, will be to be fore-
most in all that is best and noblest in the
world, and to be able indeed "to wrap the
drapery of one's couch about him, and lie down
to pleasant dreams." INQUIRER.

Greenwood, Mass.

"A Remarkable Case."

Under the above caption the Montreal Daily
Star of Nov. 6th reprints from the Peterborough
(Ont.) Daily Evening Review of the Saturday
previous the following interesting account of the
development of the spiritual in connection with
the loss of the material sight, resembling in
many particulars the celebrated Mollie Fancher
phenomena at Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"Physicians, in the course of their practice,
meet with many strange cases; but it is not
often, if ever, that they meet with a case of
such a phenomenal character as that of Miss
Winnie Tracey, who is at present ill at the Oriental
Hotel. She is confined to her bed, is to-
tally blind and partially deaf, yet she can dis-
tinguish the color of any object placed in her
hands, can tell the value of a piece of coin, can
distinguish persons by touching their hands,
and can tell the time of day to a minute.

Miss Winnie Tracey, whose home is in Barrie,
came to Peterborough and found employment
in the Oriental Hotel dining-room on the 8th of
October. On the 18th of October she became
indisposed, and on Saturday, the 28th, she was
attacked by convulsions and lockjaw. Her suf-
ferings continued until Tuesday night, although
Dr. O'Shea, who is attending her, did all that
medical skill could do to relieve her. During
that time she remained conscious, but was
speechless, and could only communicate her
wishes to those who were attending her by
signs or by writing. Her hearing was also
affected, although she was not altogether de-
prived of that sense, and on Sunday her sight
began to fail. Remedies were tried to relieve
the lockjaw, but without avail, until Tuesday
night. A fly blister was applied to her neck,
and five minutes after it was removed the jaw
opened. The convulsions also ceased, and she
was enabled to converse, although she could not
speak loudly, but her sight did not return and
her hearing was not entirely restored. At present
she can see nothing, can hear a little, and can
talk.

On Tuesday night the strange gift which Miss
Tracey's sickness seems to have brought to her
was accidentally discovered. Dr. O'Shea was
standing beside the sick girl's bed, with others,
and she was talking of dying, as she had con-
cluded that she could not live. While talking,
she incidentally remarked that it was ten min-
utes to one o'clock, and the doctor on looking
at the clock, found that she had told the exact
time. A few minutes afterwards she said, casu-
ally as before, that it was six minutes to one,
and the doctor, finding that she had again told
the time correctly, thought it strange that she
could do so when there was no timepiece in
such a position that she could see it, even if she
were not blind. He questioned her shortly
afterward as to the time, and was answered
correctly. This led to the discovery of the phe-
nomenon which we have mentioned.

On Thursday afternoon a Review reporter called
to see the sick girl, and was taken to the room
by Mr. McIntyre. A gentleman who is staying
at the hotel accompanied them, and in the room,
besides Miss Tracey, there were her mother and
Mrs. McIntyre. The girl was lying in bed, and
her gaze was abstracted, as though she was
thinking intently, until spoken to, and then she
would rouse up. Her eyes looked natural, but
on a hand being passed quickly and repeatedly
past them, they did not move, nor did her eyes
close when a finger was placed so close to her
eye that it almost touched it. However, in or-
der to make deception impossible, she allowed
herself to be blindfolded, and tests of phenom-
ena were made. The third gentleman who was
present reached his hand to her, and, having
felt it, she said: 'I have not felt this hand be-
fore; this gentleman is a stranger to me, but he
is staying in this house.' A glove was then
handed to her, and she said: 'This is a glove,
a kid one; it is of a brown color—a dark brown';
which was an accurate description of the glove.
It did not seem strange that she could tell the
article was a kid glove, but that she could tell
the color of it was certainly remarkable. A
piece of colored paper, red on one side and white
on the other, was handed to her, and, without
making the least mistake, she said: 'This is
paper; this side is white and (turning it over)
this side is red.' Other pieces of colored paper
were placed in her hands, and she told the color
of each of them correctly. A small pocket-
diary was then placed in her hands, which was
ruled with red lines and had printed date lines
on each page. 'This is a book,' she said, run-
ning her fingers up and down on the page, 'of
white paper; it has red lines across it, and there
is printing here,' she continued, as her fingers
rested on the printed date. A small scribbling
pad was then handed to her by the reporter,
and she described accurately the different col-
ors on the binding. 'There is writing here,'
she said, as her fingers touched a line of par-
tially obliterated lead pencil writing, 'but I
cannot make out what it is.' No further color
tests appeared to be necessary, and she was
then asked what time it was. She paused a few
moments, and replied slowly, 'It is twenty min-
utes—It's a quarter to three.' By the town

time at the moment it was fifteen minutes to
three. 'Oh, dear, I'm tired,' said the girl, as
she composed herself on the pillow, and it was
not thought right to disturb her any further
then.

She had previously been tested by Mr. Mc-
Intyre and others as to telling who persons were
by touching their hands. Four or five persons
at the bedside crossed their hands, and held
them out to her in such a position that she
could not tell by the voice to whom a particular
hand belonged. But she did not try to do that.
Merely taking each hand in turn in her own,
she told to whom it belonged, and when a
stranger's hand was given to her, and she was
told his name, she could tell any time after-
ward who he was by feeling his hand. Money
was handed to her, and she told the exact val-
ue of the coin.

Dr. O'Shea, when called upon, did not try to
conceal anything about the case, and seemed
impressed by the strange nature of it. When
asked if he had ever met with such a case be-
fore, he replied that he had 'met with cases of
convulsions, but,' he added, 'I never saw any-
thing like the apparently supernatural gifts of
this girl.'

The girl is about seventeen years of age, and
her mother says that, although she was sick
once before with scarlet fever, nothing of a phe-
nomenal character was ever noticed about her
before.

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

Having heard that Miss Tracey's sight and
hearing had returned to her, and that previous
to that she had made even more wonderful man-
ifestations, a reporter called to see her again
Saturday morning. The reporter found the
girl apparently much improved. She appeared
a great deal stronger, and her eyes were bright,
and had an altogether different look from what
they had on the occasion of the previous visit.

'I am glad to see that you have recovered
your sight,' said the reporter. 'Yes,' she re-
plied, 'I can tell you the colors now without
feeling them.' She then proceeded to tell the
following story concerning the recovery of her
sight: 'I was lying on the bed,' she said, 'when
an angel, which had been with me all the time,
touched me on the hand, and called me three
times. "We are going to leave you, Winnie,"
said the angel, "and you will not see us again
until you are with us in heaven."'

The girl here stated that she was directed by
the angel to get up and kneel down by the side
of the bed on which she "had suffered so much,"
and repeat certain prayers of the Church, when
her sight would be restored; she did as direct-
ed, in the presence of several witnesses, and re-
covered her powers in that direction. The
printed account concludes as follows:

"Was it this angel that told you the colors,
and the time, and the other things you told
yesterday?" asked the reporter. 'Yes, it was
the same angel,' she replied; 'when I touched a
color it would tell me what it was, and it told
me the time. When Dr. O'Shea brought in his
cousin, I could not see him, and never knew
him, but the angel told me who he was.' Again
was her statement confirmed by Mrs. McIntyre
and the doctor, in so far as they said Dr.
O'Shea's cousin did call to see her, and although
his name was not mentioned, she told at once
that he was a cousin of the doctor. 'On Mon-
day evening,' she said, in answer to a question,
'I could not see any one, and it was then the
angels first came to me, and they stayed with
me until I could see last evening, and then they
said "good-by" three times, and have not re-
turned. I cannot tell anything now, only by
my ordinary sight.' 'Do you know what the
other doctors who came with Dr. O'Shea said
about you?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I know all
they said; the angel told me.'

While the reporter was in the room, Dr.
O'Shea came in and told the girl that a physi-
cian wished to see her, mentioning his name.
'I don't want to see him,' she said, with a
touch of anger in her voice. 'Why not?' asked
Dr. O'Shea. 'Because,' she said, 'when he was
here the other night he took you down the hall
outside and told you that I was shamming. He
said for you to stay out of my room and he
would come in and tell Mrs. McIntyre to go out,
and would then threaten to cut off my hair, and
I wouldn't speak.' 'That is just what he said,
and I never mentioned it to any one,' exclaimed
Dr. O'Shea.

Further conversation took place and the re-
porter left the room. Dr. O'Shea states that
the girl told him exactly what passed between
him and Dr. McCrear, Dr. O'Sullivan and others,
and that she had also told him exactly what he
thought of her case while he was in his office
alone. Mrs. McIntyre states that the girl's
mother fainted on Friday, and that a moment
after the girl said that some one of her family
was sick, and also that on Friday a gentleman
and lady, who were total strangers to all in the
house, came up to the girl's room, and, having
felt their hands, she told them that they were
man and wife, which they indeed were, al-
though none of those present knew it at the
time.

This is the girl's story and her explanation of
the phenomena. She conversed very intelli-
gently, without hesitation, and used good lan-
guage. Many gentlemen who saw her on
Thursday and Friday were astonished, and
whether her statement will enlighten them or
not, it is now given.

Report of a Mass Convention held at
Essex Junction, Vt., Nov. 3d, 4th and
5th, 1892.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Convention was organized on the morn-
ing of Friday, Nov. 3d, by the election of Mr.
Lucius Colburn, of Bennington, Vt., President,
and Mrs. J. Stevens, of Essex Junction, as Sec-
retary, assisted by Mrs. N. J. Gould, of West
Randolph. Mrs. Colburn is a fine medium, and
has been holding successful seances with us for
several weeks, and filled the office of President
to the universal satisfaction of the Convention.

We held three sessions each day, and all were
well attended, and very harmonious. We had
an excellent choir, and many fine solos were
rendered by Miss Truax and Miss Williams, of
Essex Junction, and by Mrs. Ela, of South Wal-
lingford. This is the first appearance of Mrs.
Ela at our meetings, and we do not believe the
friends will now allow her to be absent. She
has a very sweet voice, of remarkable volume,
and it is finely cultivated. She has held im-
portant positions in New York City church
choirs. The Convention is indebted to her for
much enjoyment.

Each session was opened by an hour's confer-
ence, participated in besides the regular speak-
ers by Dr. Gould, Mr. Barber, Messrs. Richard-
son, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, and others, and
proved to be an interesting and instructive
feature of the meeting. Mrs. Crockett, of Dur-
ham, gave us two very interesting addresses.
She is one of our old Vermont speakers, and be-

cause of her harmonious principles and methods
of thought a favorite.

Mrs. Morse-Baker also gave us two addresses.
The one on "Truth," Sunday morning, was
very much admired. She is rapidly making
friends in this section: an indefatigable worker,
and was of great assistance to our meeting.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith was ill and able to
give us only one address, and that on Sunday
P. M. It was entitled "The Great Unchurched,"
and, like all her addresses, was a marvel of
power, a deep and practical lecture, showing
how Spiritualism was only one of the many
factors now moving to liberalize human thought
and supply the needs of the great unchurched
portion of humanity. She showed that in some
respects Spiritualists need to be reformed, and
urged speakers and mediums to educate them-
selves, if they would keep the platform and the
sacred abodes of the times.

Capt. H. H. Brown, whom we almost claim as
one of our home speakers, so often has he been
in our Conventions, and so closely has he en-
deared himself to us, gave us two addresses,
though he left on Saturday morning a sick-
room to come to the Convention. His first was
upon "Bible Stories in the Light of Spiritu-
alism," in which he traced the identity of our
phenomena and those of the Bible, but drew an
entirely different philosophy from them.

Sunday P. M. he spoke upon "The Philosophy
and Necessity of Evil." It was a grand, prac-
tical lecture. We cannot report it, but wish
all might hear the practical lessons contained
in it.

Sunday evening short addresses were given
by Capt. Brown upon "The Ideal is the Real";
by Mrs. Crockett upon "The Mission of Spiritu-
alism," and Mrs. Morse-Baker upon "Some
Hints to Practical Work." Mrs. Baker, Mr.
Colburn, Dr. Gould and Dr. Branson exercised
their test powers to the pleasure and benefit of
the friends present. Resolutions of thanks
were passed to the railroad officials for free re-
turn tickets, to the landlord of the hotel for the
free use of the hall, and to Mr. Barber of Essex
Junction, who, as a "committee of one," had
arranged for the meeting.

During the intermissions a Local Society was
formed at Essex Junction, with Mrs. E. P.
Child as President, Mrs. W. J. Bonch as Vice-
President, and Mrs. J. Stevens as Secretary
and Treasurer.

Mrs. J. STEVENS, Secretary.
Mrs. N. J. GOULD, Assist. do.

November Magazines.

St. Nicholas commences with its November num-
ber a new volume, and celebrates the opening of its
tenth with a fine display of attractive features, prom-
inent among which are the first chapters of a new se-
rial by J. T. Trowbridge, the most popular
writer for boys in America, entitled, "The Thimble
Brothers' Tide-Mill," a historical novelette of boy
and girl life, by Frank R. Stockton, "The Story of
Viteau"; and "Torpedoes—Don't Anchor," an inter-
esting and instructive article, with illustrations by
J. B. Woodward, from instantaneous photographs, show-
ing the effects of explosions under water. Of poems we
have "The Queen's Gift," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe;
"Times and Seasons," by W. J. Linton and others, be-
sides several "jingles." The present number supplies
a fine entertainment for Christmas, "The False Santa
Claus," a play consisting of dialogue and music, the
latter adapted to familiar airs and the whole easily
produced by following the directions accompanying it.
The engravings are many and very fine in sub-
jects and interpretation. Published by the Century
Company, New York. For sale in this city by W.
Williams & Co., corner of Washington and School streets.

THE ELECTRICIAN reaches us this month with
double its usual number of pages, the great interest
felt by the public in all electrical matters, especially
in the development of the electric light, calling for the
publication of many articles that could not otherwise
be given. The contents are deeply interesting; the
illustrations many and very fine. Williams & Co.,
editors and publishers, 115 Nassau street, New York.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRER for November re-
ports the proceedings at a large and enthusiastic
meeting in the open air at Leicester, Oct. 4th, in de-
fiance of compulsory vaccination. Resolutions de-
claring that the Compulsory Vaccination Acts had
failed to prevent or mitigate smallpox, but had brought
"untold misery into the homes of the people," were
carried with acclamation, Conservatives uniting with
the Liberals in their support. The remaining contents
of this month's Inquirer show that the people are rap-
idly becoming conscious of the iniquity of compelling
parents by law to poison their children, and are deter-
mined, as soon as possible, to put a stop to it. E. W.
Allen, publisher, 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, Eng.

WILFORD'S MICROSCOPIC contains numerous argu-
mentative papers upon various theories and investiga-
tions of modern science in their bearing upon the reli-
gious thought of the age, of which those possessing the
most interest to our readers are "Spiritual Things are
Substantial," by J. H. Hoffer, Esq., "A Materialist in a
Chasm," by H. W. B. Myrick, "Electricity, the Motor
Power of the Solar System," by B. T. Kavanaugh, and
"Principles of Terrestrial Magnetism," by Prof. W.
H. H. Musick. Hall & Co., Publishers, 23 Park Row,
New York.

NATIONAL ANTI-COMPULSORY VACCINATION RE-
PORTER this month reviews at some length "The
Swedish Smallpox Statistics Fraud," and exhibits
"The Real Truth of the Matter." Several cases are
given of fines and imprisonment imposed on parents
who refused to vaccinate their children, and of parents
who submitted to the law, but lost their children by
death as the result of doing so. Published by G. F.
Poole, Cheltenham, Eng.

THE PEACEMAKER.—The current issue of this
monthly contains a great variety of articles advocat-
ing the establishment of a system of arbitration for
the settlement of disputes, the abolishment of the
death penalty, the education of the Indians, etc.
Published by the Universal Peace Union, 813 Arch
street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER gives reports of ob-
servations made at Princeton, N. J., of the comet, pro-
nounced the most magnificent celestial spectacle that
has appeared for a quarter of a century, and an inter-
esting account of it by Prof. C. S. Hastings, with much
other information for students in astronomy. Con-
ducted by Wm. W. Payne, Director of Carleton Col-
lege Observatory, Northfield, Minn.

THE PRIMARY TEACHER for this month contains its
usual variety of useful helps for those engaged in ed-
ucating the youngest of pupils. N. E. Publishing Co.,
16 Hawley street, Boston.

Says Dr. Alice Stockham: "To be a suc-
cessful physician a woman must be a lady, a
womanly woman. Noaping of masculine habits,
dress or foibles will conduce to success. She must
have an affinity for the work, feel at home in the
sickroom, with a desire and tact to relieve suffering,
devoid of any morbid sensibility at sight of pain, offensive deformities, and
ghastly injuries and operations. She must be
born to command, firm in purpose, and quick to
execute, at the same time have dignity and
self-control. Nothing must escape her observa-
tion. She must be able to reason from cause
to effect, strong in convictions, but slow to give
an opinion. She needs a love for scientific re-
search, and the ability to apply herself to study."

A good liquid glue, it is asserted, can be made
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Miscellaneous.

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monizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness
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Use Dr. Graves's Heart Regulator. It acts promptly.
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Oct. 14, 1892.

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wants of Humanity; The Moral Tendency of Spiritualism;
Bible Doctrine of Angel Ministry; The Three Pillars of
Spiritualism; The Birth of the Spirit; Arose Indolence Are
we Deceived? Religious Misconduct.
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THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.

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By J. O. BARRETT.
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Prof. Kiddle on the Situation.

Prof. Kiddle on the Situation.

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[From the Voice of Angels.]

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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

Even the birds appreciate the modes of travel invented by man. Thousands of migratory birds are coming southward from Canada, making the trip in the rigging of Lake Ontario steamers on a free pass.

"A grand explosion of gas on the western limb of the sun," is what a Detroit astronomer declares he witnessed recently.

The daily press records that in Homer Bronson's garden in Waterbury, Ct., was buried the arm he lost last August. He complained that the arm felt tired and cramped, but he experienced instant relief when, without his knowledge, the arm was exhumed, and re-interred in a different position. Three times the severed limb has been moved to give relief to the sufferer, and each time successfully.

Mr. S. C. Hall, well known in spiritualistic and literary circles in England, who is now eighty-two years of age, recently delivered an address two and a half hours long, which he repeated entirely from memory.

The wife of President Gonzales of Mexico is studying medicine and surgery in Chicago.

A statue has just been unveiled at Darmstadt in memory of Louise Büchner, sister of Prof. Dr. Ludwig Büchner. Fräulein Louise Büchner is very well-known in Germany by her writings and her good works.

The Middleboro' News issues a supplement, which it calls the News, Jr.

On dit that "halloo! halloo!" are beating crimson tamborines at sunset on the steps of City Hall, New York, as an inducement to sinners to join the "Salvation Army." Here is what they sing:

"He's a jolly good Saviour,
He's a jolly good Saviour,
Which nobody can deny."

Jennie Turner has been appointed notary public by Governor Cornell of New York, the first appointment of a woman to that office in that State.

The Philadelphia Library, hitherto under very strict punitic control, now opens its doors on Sundays, as an experiment, or rather as a temptation, as some might say, for the people of that city to "break the Sabbath," by indulging in the "unholy" practice of visiting it. This they seem to be doing with much freedom, even the staid and somewhat conservative *Ledger* wishing the new enterprise success.

The old blue laws of Connecticut were revived at New Haven on Sunday night, Nov. 19th, when the Norfolk Jubilee singers and attendants were arrested for violating a law enacted in 1788. The bigots who began the suit have not seen the end of the matter yet, however.

Southern States are moving in the direction of a world's fair in 1884, to be held under the auspices of the National Cotton Planters' Association.

The two hundred and sixty-second anniversary of the arrival of the Mayflower in Provincetown Harbor was commemorated in that town on Sunday last.

INDIA RUBBER AND FISH MONOPOLIES.—Quite a "stir" is being made in the articles above named; but it is not at all probable that the articles composing the "rings" will appeal to the General Court for a law protecting their monopolies—certain of the druggists and "Regular" doctors do at times for a law to protect them from competition in prescribing and dispensing medicines, etc.

The *Valley Visitor*, printed in Newburyport, Mass., states that "Forty-eight heads" of cabbage were required for a dinner—beside the other "fixings" for a boiled dish—for a family of six in ward one. It goes on to explain that this was not on account of the remarkable appetites of the members, but that "the summer's drought dwarfed the growth of the cabbage to the size of a tea-cup."

Theologians are dreadfully exercised in consequence of Blind Faith taking a back seat in the public mind.

BIGOTRY IN CANADA.—A bookseller in Toronto has had copies of Paine's theological works confiscated at the Custom House by order of the authorities of Ottawa.

Gov. Long drops into historical reminiscence and poetry in his Thanksgiving proclamation, concluding with the usual "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." "It is a beautiful proclamation," says the *New York Sun*, "but we doubt whether it has as much meat in it as will be the one that will be issued Anno Domini 1883, and signed BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Governor." It is an attested fact that a spiritual medium in Boston said eleven years ago that Gen. Butler would be Governor of Massachusetts ere he passed to spirit-life.

A "Salvation Army" convert in Pennsylvania has become violently insane. [Credul papers please copy.]

A mechanical discovery recently made by Mr. John Rae, of this city, tends to correct the popular delusion that heavy bodies in motion move most readily down hill. While experimenting upon a screen he was making for Schieffelin & Co., the druggists, he found that when it was set at a slight inclination and set in very rapid vibration longitudinally, light particles thrown upon it traveled down to the lower end, while the heavy ones jumped and scrambled up hill to the highest place.

If you wish to fully enjoy yourself on an evening visit the Howard Athenaeum on Howard street, Boston.

The daily papers have it that "ghosts" are haunting a mine near High Bridge, N. J.; that groans and cries are heard in the shaft at night, and that a thorough investigation has failed to discover the source from which the noises emanate.

Attention is called to the "NEW ENGLAND SYNDICATE AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY'S" advertisement, which appears upon the twelfth page of this issue. This Company's officers come to us well recommended by several leading business men and bankers, and its plans recommend them selves to the public.

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Be Sure and Read This.

For several weeks past attention has been called to the forthcoming publication of one of the very best, cheapest and most compendious expositions of the Spiritual Philosophy and explanations of the Spiritual Phenomena ever offered to the public. The work, entitled "Genesis," is the very finest effort of the illuminated brain and facile pen of the great French author, Allan Kardec. Allow me to assure all who read this notice that there is not to my knowledge a more valuable treatise in existence than Allan Kardec's "Genesis," which is a perfect summary of the highest teachings on Spiritualism received during a period of several years through the mediumship of a large number of the very best French and other mediums.

Allan Kardec gave his entire life for many years to the discovery and dissemination of spiritual truth; and for keenness of observation, painstaking literary ability and extreme perspicuity of style, he has very few equals in the literary world. The original French manuscripts have been put in my possession by warm friends of the spiritual movement, who have spent much time in Paris, and have enjoyed close personal acquaintance with the gifted author. These kind friends have themselves generously remunerated me for the great amount of time and application necessary to complete a translation of a work consisting of between four and five hundred closely printed octavo pages. In making this translation I have received invaluable assistance from one of the finest French scholars in Boston, and after its completion have gone over it thoroughly—my guides inducing me to make such corrections and alterations as were necessary to transform the highly idiomatic style of the original into clear and correct English.

I have no hesitation in pronouncing it at the present time an excellent and thoroughly faithful, free translation; not an idea has been changed in any instance, though whenever the original style of composition was incapable of literal rendition into English, sentences and paragraphs have been entirely re-written. As the work now stands it is without exception the fullest elucidation of the Spiritual Philosophy yet offered to the public. A large part of the volume is composed of choice communications from exalted denizens of the spirit-world; the remainder is devoted to a most careful and searching analysis and explanation of the doctrines taught by the spirits.

In this work Allan Kardec has far surpassed all his previous efforts, and has effectually cleared up the mystery which has long hung over the history of the progress of the human spirit. The ground taken throughout is consistent, logical and sublime. The ideas of Deity, human free agency, instinct, spirit-communication and many other equally profound and perplexing subjects are incomparably grand. The iconoclasm of Kardec is reverential; his radicalism is constructive; his idea of the divine plan of nature is a perfect reconciliation of scientific with religious truth; while his explanation of miracles and prophecy in harmony with the immutable laws of nature, carries with it the unmistakable impress of unusually exalted inspiration.

This splendid work will be issued as soon as five hundred names have been sent to Messrs. Colby & Rich, the publishers. The subscription price is only \$1.25; after the work is out no copy can be sold under \$1.50. As nearly two hundred subscribers have already been obtained, I confidently trust to three hundred of my personal friends and others to send in their names immediately, that the work may be brought out without any further delay.

In the interests of truth, I remain the friend and well-wisher of all,
W. J. COLVILLE.

Spiritualist Meetings in New York.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in the Metropolitan Hall, 55 West 34th street, at 10 o'clock. A. M. Henry J. Newton, President; Hon. E. C. Cobb, Secretary.

The Independent Association of Spiritualists and Liberals hold public meetings every Sunday morning and evening at Froisher Hall, 22 East 44th street. Speakers: Mrs. Susan W. Fletcher, for November; Mr. J. William Fletcher, for December, who will give tests of spirit presence after each lecture. The *Banner of Light* is on sale at all our meetings. Alfred Weldon, President.

American Spiritualist Alliance.

The usual Sunday conference of the Alliance was held on the 19th inst. Mr. A. A. Wheelock delivered the opening address on *The Relations of Spirit-Power to the Present and Future Needs of Individuals and the Race*.

The reality of spirit-existence and influence the speaker considered to have been proved. Spirit is co-extensive with the universe, underlying the whole of physical nature and its phenomena; and no human being is exempt from its influence. The Materialist looks only on the outside of things, ignorant of the fact that every person is a trinity, of body, mind and spirit; and that primarily man is a spirit. Hence he is to be studied—first as a spirit, next as to his mind, and then as an animal. His external existence is entirely subsidiary to his inner or thought-life. The spiritual teachers who confine their instructions to the merely phenomenal era. They are "blind leaders of the blind"; and cannot by their teaching lead their pupils to build up a noble manhood or womanhood, which requires the progressive development of the mental and spiritual nature.

They take a very narrow view of the scope of Spiritualism who would confine it to merely receiving messages from departed relatives and friends. This kind of Spiritualism rises very little higher than that of old, which revealed simply a code of laws written upon stone, coming with a "Thus saith the Lord"; now it is often merely, "Thus saith my grandfather"; and is, therefore, to be believed. Let us observe the phenomena; but let us strive to learn the laws underlying them—the *why* and the *how*.

The science of Spiritualism is to be studied, as well as the phenomena. Science is our only knowledge; but wisdom, which is our only Saviour, must come from the spiritual realm, above the mental; for the realm of knowledge is not necessarily the realm of wisdom. The relation of spirit power to the individual has reference to his life as a spirit; and as an individual he must strive to understand for himself the principles of his being, not depend on what some disembodied spirits has told him. A proper reception and comprehension of spirit power by the individual, will promote the progress of the race; for it must promote that universal beneficence which is now a much-needed element in human life.

The speaker referred to the phenomenon of

materialization, by way of illustration. He deprecated in the consideration of this phase what he termed the "egotism of ignorance." Observers should calmly view the phenomenon, and study the conditions necessary for its production, instead of quarreling with each other as to the fact. It was an established fact that the mental state of the circle always determined the nature of the phenomena presented.

At the close of the opening address, remarks were made by Mr. H. J. Newton, Mr. F. F. Cook, and the President; and Mrs. Gage and Miss Billings again favored the audience with a beautiful illustration of their musical mediumship.

At the next meeting, Judge Dailey, of Brooklyn, is to deliver the opening address.

HENRY KIDDLE, President.
New York, Nov. 19th, 1882.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society, New York City.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:
Your readers will be interested and gratified in learning that our monthly meeting, held at Mr. Kiddle's residence Saturday evening, 18th inst., was a success. In response to a touching appeal made by our gifted teacher, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, the friends contributed to the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Barnard \$38.60.

The meeting was largely of a social nature. Occasionally the flow of conversation and exchange of greetings would be checked by music or the humorous recitations by our talented young elocutionist, Marshall P. Wilder.