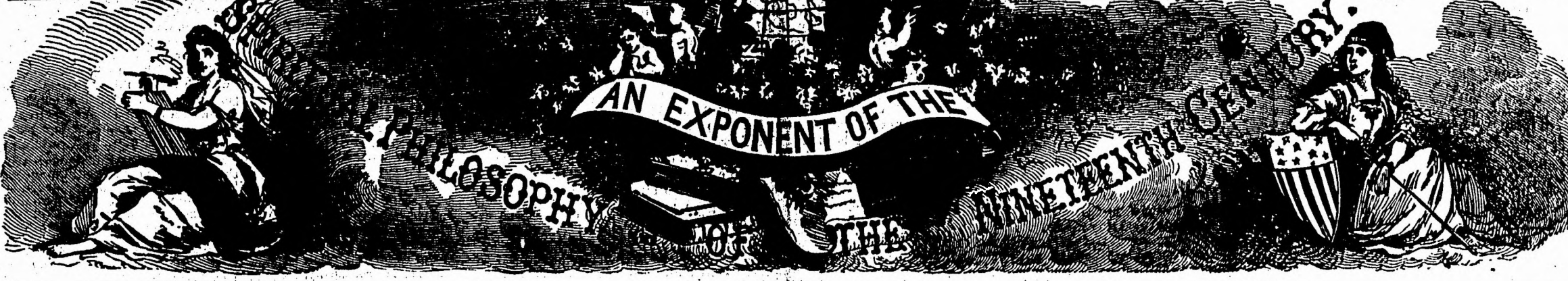


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Original Essay.

THE CELL THEORY, AND ITS RELATION TO VITAL MAGNETICS.

BY G. E. TAYLOR, M. D., F. T. S.

The intimate relation that exists between man and his surroundings, only comparable to the slowly forming crystal, and the conditions under which it shapes itself from the outer world, is so striking that one can no longer conceive of him as separate, at least so far as his physical body is concerned, from the earth on which he moves and has his being.

This homogeneity, or unity of organic and inorganic nature, has been so ably set forth in the works of modern biologists, that it would be almost presumption in an article like this to descend more fully upon it, were it not our purpose to show that a just comprehension of their remarkable discoveries is necessary to a correct understanding of what we propose to advance.

And it is not until we give due consideration to the weighty arguments brought to bear by such men as Darwin and Haeckel upon the phenomena of spontaneous generation and the origin of life that we shall be able to realize this unity, and that the most ancient ancestors of man, as of all other organisms, were living creatures of the simplest kind imaginable, *organisms without organs*, like the still living Monera. We are aware that the unreflecting mind, the mind accustomed to accept everything as a special act of creation, will probably smile at the idea that he is descended from a formless little lump of mucous or albuminous matter like the still living *Protomæba primitiva*; that a kernel or nucleus formed in this little lump of albumen in a purely physical manner, and that finally the Monera became a cell, and that the further development of the human race was only a question of time. But if he will reflect that in just such a manner was he himself evolved from the formless void, and in a much shorter period, the impossibility of such a thing may not be so striking, after all, and he may become reconciled to the truths that scientists have culled from the great book of nature by dint of close observation and persevering research. Whether or no, there is no disguising the fact that man, as well as every other animal and plant, is, at first, nothing but a simple cell, by a multiplication of which, forming a cell-community, or a republic of closely connected cells, all forms are the result.

Having in this brief outline established what will be scarcely disputed by any one who has read the authors we have mentioned and who has carefully weighed the evidence advanced by them, it is now our intention to consider the important part a correct knowledge of the "cell theory" plays in the treatment of disease.

In his "History of Creation," and in an endeavor to account for the formation of living organisms, Haeckel makes the following profound observations: "Every crystal individual, during its formation, like every organic individual, must submit and adapt itself to the surrounding influences and conditions of existence of the outer world. In fact, the form and size of every crystal is dependent upon its whole surroundings; for example, upon the vessel in which the crystallization takes place, upon the temperature and the pressure of the air under which the crystal is formed, upon the presence or absence of heterogeneous bodies, etc. Consequently the form of every single crystal, like the form of every single organism, is the result of the interaction of two opposing factors—the inner formative tendency, which is determined by the chemical constitution of the matter itself, and of the external formative tendency, which is dependent upon the influence of surrounding matter." Both these constructive forces interact similarly also in the organism, and, just as in the crystal, are of a purely mechanical nature and directly inherent in the substance of the body.

Thus far we have proceeded in company with these distinguished seekers after truth, and no one who has candidly investigated their claims to be heard, will deny them the merit of having far surpassed their opponents of the tele-

logical school of thought, who, contenting themselves with a mere denial of the facts laid before them and sneering at these new discoveries in biology, have not advanced their own theories by the addition of a single new argument. Indeed, so ignorant are thousands, nay, millions, of what we have written above concerning man's origin, that "if even now," as Haeckel justly observes in his admirable preface to his *Evolution of Man*, "we say that each human individual develops from an egg, the only answer, even of the most so-called educated man, will be an incredulous smile; if we show them the series of embryonic forms developed from this human egg, then doubt will, as a rule, change into disgust."

But leaving these considerations entirely aside, we would seriously ask, how often do men care to inquire into such subjects, to know if such things be true, and if so, whether they may not be, from a psychological point of view, such facts in nature existing that may render the results of such research as valuable as *proofs* as they appear to be subversive of man's immortality? And here we would again ask the question, how many open a book upon Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene or Science, after their day's toil is over, with the object of attaining self-knowledge? The lack of instruction on the simplest facts of physiology is as woefully apparent among the mass of mankind as a correct knowledge of human germ history is among writers on such subjects. Many of them are as little acquainted with the process by which man is evolved from the bosom of Mother Earth, as they are of the manner by which he shuffles off this mortal coil and slinks to slumber once more in her maternal embrace.

It may be said, though, that such topics are only fit for physicians. And yet it will not be denied that man should think for himself. On almost everything else but the welfare of his soul or his body, he does so; but for two of the most important things that concern his mundane existence, he prefers to support certain classes of men to do his thinking for him, and as a consequence, the temple in which he lives is the sufferer from a score of diseases, both material and spiritual, to which he never would have been subject had he only dared to shake himself loose from such abject dependence.

And it is only by a study of his lowly origin, if anything in this vast and majestic creation can be termed such, that man can ever arrive at such a knowledge; it is only by imitating these great benefactors of their species, who, fearlessly regardless of the anathemas of churchmen, have by patient toil and unwearied labor unveiled the mystery of life to enable us the better to enjoy an existence the more glorious and beautiful, because based upon truth stripped of senseless superstition. For who can deny but what man's sojourn in the realm of Nature would be happiness itself, were he only to live in accordance with her teachings; did he only recognize that by a close adherence to the strict laws of health, the ills that afflict us would be things of the past, and forgotten. But alas! this can never be, while the greed of gain and lust of power predominate, while States give protection to corporate bodies who, stern in their Orthodoxy, and intolerant in principle, teach a jargon of science based upon impossible theories, and make themselves hated by persecuting others.

When will the old-school physicians cease adding science after science to their curriculums, and, under the pretence of scientific medicine, prove themselves naught else but a band of experimenters in the ills that flesh is heir to? When will they cease practicing, and commence to cure their fellow-creatures? When will they cease bickering among themselves? Not until they do so can they ever hope to command the respect and confidence of mankind. Let us ask, in all sober earnestness, what progress has the medical faculty made in correct diagnosis, therapeutics and knowledge of the ultimate causes of disease for the last forty years.

We know that great stress is laid upon the importance of diagnosis. "Study diagnosis," is incessantly urged by the conscientious professor, but he might as well tell a student to study darkness itself, unless he were to teach him the correct method to cure when that diagnosis is successfully made. How admirable this is in theory and how miserable in practice is sufficiently exemplified by the most honest-minded among them declaring that they drug because they know no better, and that their diagnosis is very often the result of mere guess-work.

Not till physicians become thinkers for themselves and emancipate themselves from a slavish adherence to the principles enunciated by such fossilized antiquities as Galen and Celsus and laid down as laws not to be departed from by their teachers, will they become worthy of the honorable name that they bear. Not till they cease maintaining that diseases are artificial productions and not natural phenomena, not till they look upon disease as a natural life under conditions which produce illness and threaten the body with danger, not till they recognize the influence of man's external surroundings in their relations toward disease, and not till they thoroughly estimate the relation which each molecular portion of him bears to the other, and we might say, to the whole which goes to form the entire organism, will they be able to arrive at an approximate knowledge of their profession.

It cannot be too often repeated, and should be treasured up in the memory of every medical student, that only by a study of the causes of man's existence upon this plane can he hope fully to grapple with disease, whether bodily or mental. In the words of the eminent Platonist, Dr. Alexander Wilder, "He is yet a stu-

dent upon the threshold of his profession, having its principal knowledge yet to acquire. He must learn how to minister to a mind diseased, as well as how to prescribe for the ailments of the body, to distinguish between the fanciful and the philosophical. To do this he will have to study nature upon the psychological side." And to do this thoroughly, completely, he must not confine himself to the study of mere textbooks; he must investigate for himself, think for himself, shake himself free from prepossession, dive fearlessly into nature's innermost recesses, and, like the great philosophers we have quoted, Darwin and Haeckel, by daring much attain ends worthy of himself and the humanity he claims to work for and to heal.

What study, then, can be more interesting than that of the human cell, the origin of that mighty masterpiece, the human form divine. Think of it for a moment, and if our fancy lead us astray remember that it has been from time immemorial the theme of sages, philosophers and poets: How the rounded form, the flashing eye, the tempting mouth, the lovely woman, the strong-armed, intellectual man evolved through countless ages from such a small beginning: Think of the positive and negative currents animating each tiny molecule, and, like silent workers, building such forms from out of the airy nothing to people vacant space. Think of such an origin for all the marvels of this universe. Its starry orbs, its azure blue, its rushing ethers, countless globes, this wondrous earth, its living millions with their endless inventions, hopes and joys, and loves and fears, and when you have done all this, ask yourself seriously if the protoplasmic cell does not play a more wonderful part in the history of creation than any told of miracle.

Few have ever given a thought to this, we are sure, and fewer still have ever supposed that in the healthy man or woman resides a power which, whether the result of an inner formative tendency, or derived from the external formative tendency, is the best curative agency that has come under our notice, when used with proper skill. This power is no vain chimera, no delusion, but is a solid fact upon which, in conjunction with mineral electricity, we may hope to build the medical school of the future, and whether as animal magnetism, hypnosis, nerve aura or psychic force, is the true fount to which coming generations will resort for the cure of their bodily infirmities. Thanks to such men as Du Bois Reymond, Mantoucel, and other bold investigators in the field of electrical physiology, it is incontestably proved that living tissues, notably the muscles and the nerves, are traversed by electric currents; and Althaus in his able work upon Medical Electricity states that life is not possible without a continuous disturbance of its molecules, and as every disturbance of its molecules is accompanied with a liberation of electricity, the existence of electric currents in the animal body appears a necessity.

With such statements before us, without counting the immense amount of testimony that could be cited, it is easy to conceive that a healthy human being, the currents of whose cells were in perfect working order, would give out a life-giving element, when projected by a spirit of benevolence, and exercise a salutary influence in the cure of disease. This is based upon the fact that each protoplasmic cell is a living battery, with its positive and negative current, only instead of being charged with zinc and acid these living batteries are sustained by carbon and oxygen—carbon being furnished by the food that we eat, and oxygen by the atmosphere. To keep up this supply and maintain this electric force, do we eat and breathe as long as life lasts. The celebrated French savant, Dr. Tony Molin, says: "The electric currents of the cell are the sole source of all vital phenomena, and there can be hardly any doubt but what they are the life itself." While this statement may be open to some objection in the present state of our knowledge, it cannot be denied that they nourish the cells, and cause them to absorb the substances necessary to their proper nutrition.

We are aware that such theories are sneered at by the thoroughly well-trained Orthodox physician; but when he tells us what part of his drug effects the cure in his own method of treatment, we will be satisfied to give him a hearing. It must not be thought, for a moment, that we have no scientific basis for our theory. There cannot be a greater error in existence. The electric physician, to be a good one, must be profoundly skilled in anatomical knowledge. He must know where to direct his current, and how to; he must certainly never injure his patient by such shocks as are only too frequently given by uneducated Allopaths, who, by virtue of their diploma, are permitted to dabble in every form of cure, though consummately ignorant of all. He must know how to moderate his shocks—in fact never shock—and always remember that to be a good electric physician, he must know how to use as little of this life-giving power as possible; just as, in order to be a good therapist, he must use infinitesimal doses. And it is just as necessary for the physician who employs vital magnetism to have a correct knowledge of the art he professes. If he aspire to eminence—and if the number of cures he will effect by this method of treatment be a criterion, he will be eminent indeed—he must study medicine, anatomy, physiology, and the sciences; not that they are indispensable to any doctor, but because education is one of the best tools a man can work with. "Knowledge is power," and no profession can become respected without it. To be truly successful, and shed lustre upon any science, this is absolutely necessary. If vital magnetism be a real potency, and any one who knows its power is aware of the tremen-

dous influence it exerts upon some systems as a curative agency when all other means fail, it is requisite to know how to use that power and direct it, so that it may exert a specific influence in the cure of disease. There is nothing in nature to equal it when properly employed; not even electricity or mineral magnetism, directed by the most skillful hands. Nor must it be forgotten that above all other agents it is the readiest at hand, besides possessing the special property of being localized without the slightest injury to the tissues, or without the slightest disturbance of any other part of the body except where it is intended to go by the operator.

The laws of its diffusion are based upon mathematical rules, and being regulated by the will, no accident can arrive. In this lies the great distinction between animal and mineral magnetism. While they are in reality one and the same, there is a profound difference between them. That which proceeds from the human operator being under the influence of the will, he can perceive the slightest change that it produces in his patient, can in a moment change its properties, and in the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, augment its force and its abundance, and even so modify its nature as to cause the most important changes in a diseased mind or organism. And this influence of the will in animal magnetism is not alone exercised at the place of its production, that is in the cerebral cells, but from the moment it commences to circulate in our nerves and tissues, the instant it has traversed the epidermis, and that it is projected from our bodies, it becomes a material force, obeying fixed laws, and comparable, under every circumstance, to mineral magnetism, forming its concentric waves, which become stronger, then weaker, till they entirely disappear.

Whether undulating or diffused, it will be found by the student of Vital Magnetism to possess distinct and remarkable properties which give birth to different and remarkable phenomena; phenomena which it is absolutely essential to know if one would really possess the key to the common ailments of life.

It must not be supposed, while advocating our favorite theories, that we wish to disparage those of any other school. Remoteless in our hatred of intolerance and wrong, we try to keep within bounds, and render homage to the theories of others. We war not with men, but with false principles, and especially those we consider detrimental to human progress and happiness. Every conscientious physician will acknowledge that there is a mighty need of reform in Therapeutics, and that the human race will soon require at the hands of the faculty something more definite than the fashionable remedies that are daily prescribed.

A reform is needed, and that reform must come sooner or later. Let us have it, then, from that body which ought to be most capable of effecting it. I mean our medical men. But let them remember they must go back to first principles; they must base their therapeutics upon the simplest of remedies, cure by the simplest means. The frightful tendency to add new drug after drug to our dispensatories—and even the Homeopaths are almost as guilty—will only bring dire confusion to the mind of every young medical student. Few men could pretend to say that they remember all the characteristic effects of the drugs used by the Homeopathic school. Still less could an Allopath give definite reasons for the employment of those that he uses in his own practice. With this ever before us, we must do as the great biologists have done in their research for the origin of life—we must look for the commencement of disease in the alteration of the positive and negative currents that give vitality to the protoplasmic cell, and we might say, to the whole which goes to make up the human organism. Our constant aim must be to restore the balance of nature's disturbed equilibrium by a proper application of natural forces: fresh air to give oxygen, good food to give carbon to the exhausted cells, and vital magnetism to sustain nature in her efforts to restore. Nor must the law of *similia similibus* be forgotten. It is as applicable here as it is throughout the whole range of medical practice; but not till we cease pretending to be the guide and rival of nature, and have thoroughly investigated the properties of the mysterious forces with which she silently works in the upbuilding of man—not till we bow down before her in reverence and imitate her teachings, may we be said to merit the name of a physician.

THE ONCOMING EDEN OF GLORY!

BY (THE LATE) PROF. WILLIAM DENTON.

We travel not back for the Eden of old,
Bright garden so famous in story,
But forward, to gain with the noble and bold,
The oncoming Eden of Glory.

Its gates are aye open, and no cherub stands
To guard with a flame sword its portals;
But angelic hands are outstretching their hands
To welcome some timorous mortals.

On low-bending trees hang ambrosial fruits
Mid leaves for the sick nations' healing;
And paradise birds, breathing music like lutes,
Are heavenly secrets revealing.

There famishing spirits, unfed by a crumb,
Who secretly pine in their sorrow,
Shall banquet with gods in that Eden to come,
Unhindered by thoughts of to-morrow.

The weary soul there on a flowery bank lies;
Peace beneficent he claims for a mother;
The sleep of a baby steals over his eyes,
And angels think dreams for their brother.

There Love, like the sun, sheds his beams upon all,
And soul-buds expand into flowers;
Spring brightens to summer, but winter and fall
Breathe not on its amaranth bowers.

We travel not back, then, for Eden of old,
Bright garden so famous in story;
But forward, to gain with the noble and bold,
The oncoming Eden of Glory.

Most of our comforts grow up between crosses.

[From the Evening Star, Washington, D. C.]

A Strange Story.

OLIVE HARPER'S EXPERIENCES IN A NEW YORK HOTEL.

In the latter part of April, 1873, I went to the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, which is situated at the corner of Broadway and Prince streets, and was assigned to room 242. This room fronted on Prince street, and was about ten feet wide by fifteen long, with an alcove for the bed adjoining the main hall, while a narrow hall led from the main hall to the room by the side of the alcove. I am thus particular in describing the room because it has a direct bearing upon the story I shall relate.

The room had but one window and beside that was the fireplace, and both together took up the entire wall space. An old-fashioned bureau stood by the window on the left hand on entering the room. A stationary wash-stand, with a movable gas-burner above, was placed between the bureau and the door leading into the little hall. A rather faded Brussels carpet covered the floor, and a small oval marble-topped table stood in the centre of the room. A couple of easy-chairs and two plain chairs also stood about. On the right-hand side of the room was a wardrobe near the foot of the bed, just outside the alcove, and between that and the fireplace was a lounge. This completed the furnishing of the room.

I had arrived from a railroad journey and was very tired, but in superb health. I never was one likely to indulge in vision, and while I distinctly understood that I am not a Spiritualist, and do not believe in spiritual manifestations in any way, I relate what I have to say just as it happened, leaving the explanation to any who may explain it.

I arrived, as I have given this room. I had my dinner served in the room, and then until nearly midnight writing letters, and then calling the bell boy, and giving him the letters. I closed and locked the outer hall door, and then the inner one, and after looking at several photographs of friends, I left them and my writing material on the table, and went to bed, first assuring myself that there was no possibility of any one entering the room by the window. There were no transoms, only a sort of window-blind set-work over the head of the bed for air. I left the gas turned up slightly, and the little table by the side of the stationary wash-stand, where I had drawn it for the sake of light, there being no other burner in the room.

Being very healthy, tired, and not troubled by a bad conscience or digestion, I went to sleep almost as soon as I was comfortably settled in bed, and I do not know how long I slept. Suddenly I awoke, and sat bolt upright in bed, and saw two men in the room. The light was bright, and they were seated at the right-hand side of the room at the foot of my bed. One was on the sofa, and the other on a chair, and the little marble-topped table was between them; and on this table they were playing euchre. I heard no words, but knew it was euchre, because I understand that game fairly well myself.

Having no watch, I sat rather reeling, on the sofa was a delicate-looking man, like one in poor health, and he was dressed in a light suit of clothes. He had thin, reddish hair and straggling beard. His forehead was unusually broad and high, and the rest of his face was so thin that the pointed beard gave him a peculiar look. His hands were long and thin, and his left wrist was misshapen, as if it had once been broken and badly set.

The other man was stout, dark, with piercing black eyes and eyebrows, which seemed to stand out straight. His hair was straight and thick, and very black and shining. His moustache was thick and drooping. At one corner of the mouth—I can't remember which—was a little scar like the letter V in shape, and his face and chin had that peculiar blue tinge that some dark men have when newly shaved. He was handsome, withal. He was dressed in dark clothing. They played out one hand and had played one trick on the next, when a noise in the room seemed angry and quarreling, though I heard no sound, and in an instant the dark man quickly drew a knife and stabbed the other in the left breast. The knife penetrated to the very hilt. He shivered a little, his eyes closed, and he was dead. Then the other rose and lifted up the inert right arm and drew it forward, and clasped the hand around the handle of the knife, and pushed the table closer until it was right up to the foot of the bed, in such a position as would keep the arm from falling again. Then he gathered up the cards, put them into his pocket, took up his hat, and in an instant the whole scene had disappeared, and I fell back in the bed and knew no more until morning.

I might give a long description of my terrors and work up a thrilling tale; but as I am simply narrating facts, I must say that I was not frightened. I was more surprised than anything else, and the whole took place so suddenly that I had not time to get frightened until it was over, and when I awoke in the morning it had almost passed from my mind, as I thought it but a dream. But when I rose and went into the room, I saw that the table stood by the side of the lounge and all my photographs and papers were on the bureau. Still I did not attach great importance to that even, as I had walked in my sleep some when I was young, and in the press of business the next day I went entirely out of my mind.

That night I was roused in precisely the same manner as before, and I saw the same thing precisely. In the morning the table stood by the sofa again, and all the things that had been on it were on the bureau. This surprised me a good deal, and I must confess to feeling a little "crawly" about it; still much occupation during the day almost effaced the impression before night. The third evening I spent with some friends, and returned at about 11 o'clock, and almost immediately retired, to go through exactly the same experience; and then in reality I began to feel uncomfortable and not to care about going to bed. I determined to fix things so that nobody could move that table. I did not believe in supernatural agency, and I took a rope that had been around my trunk and tied that table fast to the leg of the bureau, and tied more knots than I could have untied in half an hour, piled some things on the top and went to bed, leaving the gas fully turned on. I awoke next morning after having seen the unwilling witness of it all again, and the rope lay on the floor and all the things with it.

I declared to myself that I would not sleep in that room another night, though I did not think spirits had anything to do with it. I called a chambermaid and asked her if she could not sleep in the room with me. She said that was against the rules, but that she would speak to the housekeeper. So Katy did, and the housekeeper came down. I had a conversation with her, and asked her if any one had ever complained in any way of that room. She hesitated, and finally said that a sick lady once had insisted on being changed to another room, but did not offer any explanations. I did not either, but decided not to give up without one more trial, and this night I determined not to fall asleep at all, and so I sat up reading, or rather

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 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.

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SPIRITUALISM is the Science and Philosophy of the Universe as viewed from the Spiritual Standpoint; and it is identical with Spiritualism.—SPRINT S. B. BRITTON.

Seances with the Berry Sisters and A. H. Phillips.

Mr. George F. A. Illidge, late of New Haven, Ct., now of Detroit, Mich., attended the Banner of Light Free Circle on Tuesday, the 16th inst., and made a brief visit to the editorial rooms: During the conversation Mr. Illidge stated that on Sunday evening, the 14th, he attended a seance of the Berry Sisters, at their residence, No. 1 Arnold street, with highly satisfactory results. The Misses Berry were entire strangers, and knew of him only through a brief correspondence in reference to visiting New Haven, some months ago.

There were fifteen in the circle, exclusive of the mediums. Miss E. Gertrude Berry sat at the head of the table, next to Mr. Illidge, who held her right hand, her left being held by another gentleman, while Miss Helen C. Berry sat at the foot, her hands being likewise held by gentlemen on either side.

"As soon as the light was extinguished," said Mr. Illidge, "I was fondly caressed by a small, velvety hand, which rubbed my forehead and stroked my eyes. Meanwhile I firmly held the hand of Miss Berry and conversed with her without intimating I was being touched, until fully satisfied that she was not the person touching me. I was suffering from a headache at the time, but had not mentioned it to any one.

At the time I felt the spirit-hand, a zither lying on the table was played on; a bell was rung at intervals and the crank of a small hand organ vigorously turned while it floated over the heads of the sitters. After an interval Miss Gertrude sat at the foot of the table and Miss Helen sat next to me, it being the custom of these mediums to change their seats and not at any time to sit together.

It was while seated by the side of this lady, with hands interlocked, that I witnessed a manifestation which I consider one of the grandest phases of spirit-phenomena. Previous to Miss Helen's taking her seat by my side she had said that there was a young lady standing by me, trying to materialize and make herself known. I remained quiet, determined to guard against imposition, should it be attempted, and let matters take their natural course, having first failed to obtain the name from the medium. Within five minutes after Miss Helen had seated herself by my side I felt the presence of a large man, who seemed to press up against the back of my chair and centre his weight on me. I mentally asked the name, and promptly received from the spirit the name of a familiar spirit-friend who purports to be constantly with me. Just at this juncture Miss Helen asked if I felt the pressure of some one between us. I replied in the affirmative, without enlightening her as to the identity of the spirit. The medium and myself then conversed freely on matters pertaining to her mediumship, her left hand meanwhile being in my right, and her right hand in that of a gentleman who, I noticed, was as fully on the lookout as myself. Suddenly I was affectionately caressed, my forehead again rubbed with apparently the same small, velvety hand which I had felt when sitting with Miss Gertrude; my face was patted, my hair smoothed, and other marks of affection bestowed, Miss Berry and myself meanwhile conversing. Suddenly I felt a face in close proximity to my own, and cannot accurately describe the sensation I experienced on turning and beholding an illuminated face with eyes closed and a hand holding an oblong spirit-light, which was passed to and fro in front of the spirit-face so that it would be still more illuminated and perceptible. Clearly and distinctly the name of the spirit was given me. I said, "Please come closer." The face, still illuminated, drew very close to me, passing the spirit-light slowly across its visage, and then like a flash disappeared. It was the face of a dear spirit-friend always with me, in no respect resembling that of the medium. This was the spirit Miss Gertrude had been trying to materialize, and her appearance was in fulfillment of a promise made some time since. Immediately on dematerializing she wrote me a note with her name signed, and placed it on my left hand—the one furthest from the medium."

The following is a copy of the note shown us by Mr. Illidge: "You must sit for me and I will repay you. I am glad you came to-night; sit often, if only for fifteen minutes at a time."

"This note," continued Mr. Illidge, "was but a link in a chain of evidence pertaining to Spiritualism, which only those acquainted with the facts can appreciate. I witnessed much else, but you have not time to listen to the narration; spirit-lights several inches long and spirit-hands floated through the air, rested on my head, on the table in front of me, struck the wall by request, lifted musical instruments from the table and wafted them to the sweet strains of their music over the heads of the sitters. A gentleman was raised to the top of the table, and other marked phenomena occurred. The illuminated face of a boy, purporting to be the son of a lady who sat next to me, was also distinctly seen.

I am generally very skeptical in regard to dark sciences, but this was the most convincing and satisfactory one I ever attended. I am fully persuaded the Misses Berry are honest, and are excellent mediums, and I trust they will be the means of accomplishing much good. They are young, courteous, and at all times willing to prove their reliability, and give investigators ample opportunity to be convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena occurring in their presence.

On Monday, the 15th, I also had a remarkable sitting with Mr. A. H. Phillips, the slate-writing medium, at 30 Worcester Square. I took my own slates, and between them was written the name of the spirit-friend who had shown herself the night before. Mr. Phillips did not touch the slates, neither was there any pencil used. In like manner I received, on the medium's slates, several communications from the same spirit, together with communications written inversely, and in the regular way, through Mr. Phillips's hand, while he was at times looking at me and talking. Loud rappings were also heard in different parts of the room, and many answers to questions given in this way."

Mr. Illidge left last week for a business trip through the New England States, after which he will visit the South and return to the West. Previous to going South it is his intention to get Miss Helen C. Berry to accompany him to New Haven, where his family now are, and hold one or more seances at his house. Should she go, New Haven investigators and Spiritualists may expect a feast in the way of spirit-phenomena.

17021
 Connecticut conspicuously fails to even convict its murderers, but its laws are enforced with herculean strictness. It is more dangerous in that peculiar State to go chiselling on Sunday morning, than to kill a woman on Sunday night.—Philadelphia Record.

A bevy of Connecticut bigots at Foxon, ignorant that the old "Blue Law" of 1702 had been so amended in 1882 as to lose its disgusting feature against travel on the Sabbath, had twenty men, women and children who were riding, that day, through the limits of their narrow-souled hamlet, arrested under that statute and kept in a farmer's barn yard, exposed part of the time (so says the report) to a drizzling rain, for all day till evening—greatly endangering the lives and health of the parties, who finally escaped at night by paying a fine. The Hartford Times, as usual when there is a chance to speak a word for freedom, rebukes this action of the "petty tyrants of the New Haven suburb" in unmeasured terms, intimating that the parties so arrested should at once take measures, as is their legal right in the premises, to punish the men who have committed this flagrant outrage against their personal liberty. It goes further, and demands the repeal of even the amended statute, in the following burst of noble indignation:

"It is high time that disgraceful old law was repealed altogether. It does not belong to this time of day. It better belits that other October, of the year 1853, in which John Calvin, the developer of this Connecticut blue-law type of theology, had Miguel Servet burned at the stake, for 'heresy' against the monstrous Calvinistic form of dogmatic theology."

Vindicated.
 It is not our desire to meddle, as a journalist, with politics per se in any way—neither do we wish to see questions introduced into the political field which would tend to distinctively array any one body of religious belief against another at the polls: Still we felt it our duty in the premises to urge the Spiritualist voters of Ohio to cast their ballots solidly against the "Republican theological-political zealots of that State as a rebuke they would understand for the insult offered Spiritualism in the persons of its media by the passing by a Republican Legislature of the truly infamous "Russell Law."

The returns of a great Democratic victory in the Buckeye State show that our advice has been followed, and we have been triumphantly vindicated in the course we adopted.

Read what our correspondents say, on the eighth page of this issue, regarding the Ohio election and its lessons. The next work to be done is to secure the repeal of this utterly obnoxious "Russell Law," or obtain at least its amendment by the striking out of that portion trenching on the rights of the spiritual mediums: Let Ohio Spiritualists (and others, as requested by Arthur M. Dent, M. D.) bend their energies untiringly in this direction, and success will be assured.

The Chattanooga Meeting.
 Our columns for some weeks past have contained the announcement that the First Spiritual and Liberal Society of Chattanooga, Tenn., was to hold a Grove-Meeting near that city, commencing on the 13th and closing on the 28th day of October, 1888; and further that this was an epoch in the South—a grand rally of Spiritualists, the first on that side of "Mason and Dixon's Line." The Evening Telegram of New York City for Oct. 23d, thus refers to the enterprise:

"SPIRITUALISTS IN THE SOUTH.—It is reported that at the present moment the town of Chattanooga, Tenn., is brimming over with Spiritualists, who intend to hold a revival meeting. Previous to doing this it is necessary to organize an encampment and to get together a cash capital of fifty thousand dollars. With such a sum at their disposal the Spiritualists ought to be able to make a very good show, for rumors abound that the believers in this faith are to hail from all parts of the United States. No one section will be exclusively represented, nor will merely a few sections. Spiritualists North, South, East and West will have the opportunity of demonstrating everything that can be demonstrated in favor of their convictions. We hope that they will have as good a time as they ought to have, and that they will prove sound of their doctrines as are susceptible of proof."

Dr. SOMERBY HENRY, whose announcement as a psychometrist and magneto healer will be found in our advertising columns, is one of the oldest mediums and workers in the Spiritualist ranks. Among other results of her mediumship that have been made public was a psychometric reading of the materialized spirit of Dr. S. B. Britton.

The services of Baldwin's Band have been, we are informed, secured by the Committee for the E. S. Wheeler Reception on the 31st.

A Visit to the Tomb of Washington.

On Tuesday, Oct. 16th, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Bacon, of Washington, we boarded the steamer W. W. Corcoran, to pay a visit to Mount Vernon, the old homestead of Gen. Washington. The atmosphere was cool and bracing, and we enjoyed the occasion very much. As we steamed out into the river the first noticeable sight was the embankment now being thrown up by the United States government to fill the malarious flats, and at the same time to deepen the channel of the river. Several huge dredging machines are in constant use, and the work seems to be progressing.

A few miles further down we stopped at Alexandria, a quaint old city, memorable on account of the death of Col. Ellsworth, who was shot in the early days of '61, after tearing down a Confederate flag which floated from the Marshall House. We were informed that the city had made no progress since that day, and was still enjoying its Rip Van Winkle slumber. Certainly the quiet, sleepy look of its streets, and the easy movements of the few inhabitants we saw, impressed us with the truthfulness of that information.

A few miles further down we came to Fort Washington, a huge pile of masonry situated on a high bluff, and commanding the approaches to Washington. A short stoppage prevented more than a hasty glance, and further steaming soon brought us to the wharf at Mt. Vernon.

After a few minutes' walk we found ourselves before the tomb of Washington, a plain, unpretending brick affair, but built according to the specifications left by the General, who desired it to be of brick and as unpretentious as possible. His remains are deposited in a marble sarcophagus to the right, and those of Martha in another on the left. The vault, containing the remains of over thirty relatives, has been securely locked and the key thrown into the Potomac. The tomb is connected with the office of the superintendent by a bell, which is so arranged that it will announce the attempt of any one to enter the vault.

We then proceeded up the rude pathway to the mansion. There is nothing particularly noticeable about it, and, without its early recollections, it would pass for the residence of any wealthy planter prior to revolutionary times. Situated on an eminence, it commands a view of the river for miles on either side. The estate formerly comprised ten thousand acres, but now consists of two hundred. On entering the mansion we were shown the old brass knocker on the hall door; the key of the French Bastille, presented to Washington by Gen. Lafayette; a chair in which Washington had often sat—and many other interesting relics. In the music-room of Miss Custis, the General's adopted daughter, was the original piano he had presented her.

The chamber in which Washington died is kept in as nearly the original condition as possible, the bed, wash-stand, and various articles of furniture being the same that he was wont to use. On the wall hangs a framed copy of the *Mercantile Advertiser*, published Dec. 21st, 1799—one week after his death. The tribute to the dead patriot is most touching. Tradition says that after his death, Martha selected the room just above his, and for eighteen months lived there, solitary and alone, "communing with the dead."

The various States, through Ladies' Committees, have undertaken the furnishing of the different rooms. The library is consigned to the care of Massachusetts, and we were sadly disappointed at its meagreness. Some half-dozen books, none of them original, are all that our State can show. We would suggest to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association that the various garments and relics of Gen. Washington now on exhibition at the National Museum would look to better advantage if displayed in his old home. *Verbum sap.*

We then visited the kitchen in which the State dinners were prepared, and were delighted with the sight of one of those high fireplaces, so beautifully described by Irving: "deep, dark, mysterious," large enough to cook food for a regiment; the brick floor still to be found in many of our New England homesteads, and the heavy rafters with their hooks suggestive of fitches of bacon and hams.

We are indebted to the personal attentions of Col. J. McH. Hollingsworth, the Superintendent, who very courteously escorted us through the spacious grounds and conservatory, and finally on parting, presented us with a cane cut from a tree in the immediate neighborhood of the tomb; he also presented Mrs. Bacon with two miniature baskets made from cherry pits—let us hope from that "veritable cherry tree."

L. C.

Arrival of Gerald Massey.

Gerald Massey arrived in New York last Sunday, a passenger on the steamer *City of Rome*, which also brought to these shores Henry Irving's dramatic company and other distinguished persons, among them Miss Emily Faithful, there being in all 400 cabin passengers.

Mr. Massey has set out upon a tour around the world, with the intention of lecturing in all the principal cities on his route, and we have no doubt his reputation and the result of a dozen years of assiduous study which he has given to the subjects his lectures treat upon will command large and deeply interested audiences of the most intelligent classes in all places he may visit.

The subjects of Mr. Massey's lectures are given below, for the delivery of one or more of which he may be addressed at the office of the *Banner of Light*, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston:

Charles Lamb; the most Unique of English Humorsists.
 A Plea for Reality; the story of the English Pre-Raphaelites.
 Non-Historic Nature of the Fall of Man, and what it meant as Astronomical Myth and Psychological Fable.
 My Personal Reason for being what I am termed "A Spiritualist."
 Man in Search of his Soul during 20,000 years, and how he found it.
 Non-Historic Nature of the Canonical Gospels indubitably demonstrated by means of the Mythos now completely recovered from the Sacred Books of Greece.
 "Why does not God Kill the Devil?"—Now Friday's Crucial Question; or, the History and the Mystery of Evil.
 The Coming Religion.
 The Man Shakespeare, with something new.
 The Life, Character and Genius of Thomas Hood.
 Robert Burns.
 Charles James Napier, the Conqueror of Seinde.
 Old England's Sea Kings—how they lived, fought and died.

THE AMERICAN EXPOSITION.—Monday and Tuesday nights, Oct. 22d and 23d, were called "Workingmen's Evenings," and on the first-named over eight thousand persons availed themselves of the reduced price to visit this magnificent display of the combined fruits of the mechanical and agricultural arts. Large excursions from the country are in order every day. The Fair will positively close on Saturday evening, Nov. 3d, as originally advertised; and those in this vicinity who intend to visit it (as all should) will do well to bear the fact in mind: Remember, also, that it is held in the New England Institute Building, end of Huntington Avenue, Boston.

Tributes to the Memory of Prof. Denton.

The following we cull from the columns of the papers named, as worthy remembrances of an industrious student, eloquent speaker and fearless man:

"The unexpected news now comes that Prof. Willam Denton, the geologist, and lecturer on Spiritualism, met his death, with the hundred thousand others, in the volcanic outburst and earthquake in Java. Prof. Denton, who was well known in Hartford and Boston, and in New York and Washington, was an author as well as an eloquent lecturer, and he has produced in 'The Soul of Things' (8 vols.) one of the most remarkable works of this century. His explorations into the boundless and uncertain realm of psychometry had included many specimens of fragments from meteoric stones; and the revelations obtained from these, as given through his various psychometers, were of such a generally corroborative and wholly astounding character, that he was writing a book on that particular subject. What was given him indicated that most of these meteoric specimens came from larger fragments of what once constituted a peopled planet, rather smaller than this globe, and which had in the measureless lapse of time lost its atmosphere with its water, become uninhabitable, and finally cracked apart and burst asunder—the fragments following one of the meteoric streams that have orbits outside of the earth's; more or less of these fragments being drawn every year to our globe. The psychometers (one after another in different cities) even traced back the fragments to a time when people lived on the last planet, and described them and the scenery there! A psychometer, it may be necessary to explain, is a sensitive man or woman—or child—who, on placing to the forehead a bit of coal, or a fragment from the wall of Jerusalem, from the Colosseum, or from Niagara, or almost anywhere, seems to trace out the history of that fragment, and gradually to recall the scenes which have passed before it. It is a letter, the psychometer 'gets into' the real character of the one who wrote it. It is a wonderful law—or a wonderful fact, whatever it is. Its reality has been demonstrated over and over again." Prof. Denton has been for two years engaged in scientific explorations in Australia, New Zealand and China.—*The Hartford (Ct.) Times*, Oct. 18th.

"A cable despatch announces the death of Prof. Wm. Denton, who is well known as a geologist and lecturer. He has been traveling for the last two years, accompanied by two sons, Shelley and Sherman, engaged in lecturing and in scientific exploration in Australia, New Zealand and China. He was supposed to have been in Java at the time of his death, and it is probable was a victim of the earthquake in that country. Nothing has been received except the cable message announcing his death, and that the boys would start immediately for home. It will probably be a month and a half before they arrive.

On January 8, 1823, at Darlington, County of Durham, England, he first saw the light of sunrise, and the world knows how poorly he was born. Will it ever know how richly he died? The life of the man, written by the hand of a friend and a defender of the faith which he represented, is before us. We have looked in vain through its pages to find one point of material success which the world calls 'filthy lucre,' but one passage familiar to all the world tells the story of his life. 'The spirit in the end will have its way.' In his corporeal state he had visited nearly every portion of the civilized world. How far his spirit has traveled or whom it has permeated is not for us to know. He was a toiler in the vineyard, and the talents that were given him are not buried. How far mankind may differ from him in belief, they cannot deny his integrity of purpose or the generosity with which he bestowed upon the world, rich and poor alike, the wealth which his intellect had accumulated and stored. He knew the crust of the earth, and he had penetrated into the depths of the loaf, and whatever he gained of its riches he unspareingly gave to those who were unprovided with his resources. He who was so poorly born, and who had begged his way in every port, has gone out into the mist of the other shore. Yet he had ships at sea and in every port laden with sparkling gems, and he has strewn the earth with the brightest of his jewels—Virtue, Faith, Generosity and Knowledge—and his spirit has become an essence that perfumes with its fragrance the finest senses of remaining mortality."—*The Natick (Mass.) Bulletin*.

Cleveland Items.

We are informed by Miss Tillie H. Lees that "The Good Samaritan Relief Society" of the above-named city has, in active preparation a Fair to which its managers expect to invite the attention of the public next month. The whole enterprise is under the efficient supervision of the worthy President of the Society, Mrs. P. T. Rich. The object of this Society has been changed for a time from its specialty—benevolent work—and the funds obtained in time to come will be applied to the procuring of a Lyceum hall for lectures, meetings, etc., either by building or purchase. Any contributions, either toward the forthcoming Fair or toward the Building Fund, will be thankfully received by the friends in Cleveland.

The "Moral Education Society" in that city reopened its meetings in September, after a three months' vacation. The election of officers for the coming year occurs in October.

On the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 17th, a pleasant gathering convened at the residence of J. B. Hatch, Jr., on Winter Hill, to do honor to the presence in this city of Mr. Thomas and Miss Tillie H. Lees. The exercises of the evening comprised remarks by J. B. Hatch, sen. (who presided), Miss M. T. Sheehamer, Mr. Lees, Mr. Smith and others; a practical exemplification (by request) by Miss Lees of the wing-movement manual as used at the sessions of the Cleveland Lyceum; singing by the *Banner* quartette, also by Prof. O. F. Langley, Mrs. Carrie Hatch and Mrs. Nellie M. Day; the partaking of heartily supplied refreshments; and the expression of good wishes, at parting, for the future both of the visiting Western friends themselves and the warm-hearted host and hostess of the evening.

THE FOREIGN FAIR, held under the auspices of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, at its Building on Huntington Avenue, Boston, still continues to call together a full attendance, while the large collection of foreign industrial products continues to hold its own, notwithstanding the steady drain made upon it by eager purchasers—commerce doing its best to duplicate the articles as fast as sold. As a conveniently bestowed "object lesson" to the young and a cheap system of foreign travel for the old, this Fair offers great advantages to the public, which are evidently well appreciated.

McARMOR'S AMERICAN NEWS-READING-ROOMS is a new institution established at 8 Haymarket, London, England, which is likely to prove of great advantage to all visiting Europe from this country. It has reception and sitting-rooms; an office for supplying tickets, giving information and supplying everything a traveler is supposed to want. Its proprietor, Mr. Charles McArmour, also publishes "America, a Continental Guide for American Travelers."

W. J. Colville writes from London, Eng.: "There is little or no persecution of mediums going on here now, and the cause is advancing steadily all over the country. While some of the old workers rest from their labors, others and new people are being brought in full of enthusiasm."—*See notice of the London Convention*.

Washington (D. C.) Items.

On Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 18th and 19th, it was decidedly warm in the metropolis—the mercury marking nearly ninety. The bright moonlight and balmy spring weather brought out many of the citizens, who crowded the parks in the early evening.

On Saturday we received a flying visit from our highly-esteemed editorial co-laborer and talented lecturer, Thomas Gales Foster, Esq., whose residence is at present in Baltimore. It did our heart good to clasp his honest hand. We understand that he contemplates removing to this city. If his health permits he will speak for the Washington Society the coming winter—at least occasionally.

We are pleased to learn that the Spiritualists here are alive to the importance of continuing their spiritualistic meetings, and contemplate engaging, beside Bro. Foster, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, N. Frank White, Hon. Warren Chase, and other well-known lecturers.

On the occasion of our birthday anniversary, Oct. 12th, Gen. John Edwards gave a private entertainment to a few select friends, which was a very enjoyable affair. A spiritual seance was extemporized, the principal medium being Miss Hattie Helmick, but fifteen years old, a gifted instrument in whose presence spirits talk in the air, not using her vocal organs at all. "Billy the Bookblack" (who controls at the Bliss circles) spoke, as also did John, son of Gen. Edwards, the mother of Mrs. Edwards, "Skye" (an Indian) and "Tottie" (a child of Mrs. Limeburner), who passed away in infancy. Flowers were taken from a bouquet in a distant part of the room, and placed in the lap of Mrs. Edwards by "Neollita," her little Indian control; and Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, entranced by his guide, William Penn, pronounced a very beautiful address, appropriate to the occasion.

We have had the pleasure of witnessing the manifestations of spirits through several resident mediums, which were of a very satisfactory character, and have been warmly welcomed by hosts of friends, for which we return our most grateful thanks. L. C.

Worcester, Mass.

Hon. Warren Chase writes as follows, concerning matters spiritualistic in this city:

"The Lyceum in this place, although small, is under excellent management, and doing a good work for the children that attend it, and the spirit manifested by those who keep it up is worthy of imitation in many other places, and sure of its reward. It is strange that Spiritualists can so generally neglect these important institutions, which give the children who attend them such advantages over those that attend the sectarian Sunday schools. An advantage is seen everywhere where these schools are kept up. The society here is in a flourishing condition; the meetings have been largely attended, and steadily increasing since opening for the season the first of September, many new faces appearing each week. Some startling and very remarkable manifestations, with promises of others still more remarkable, are occurring in this city, but the spirits do not yet wish them given to the public. In due time they will add more conclusive evidences to the vast amount on hand."

Paine Hall.

On Sunday evening last the union services conducted under the auspices of the Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum (J. B. Hatch, Conductor), and Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 (Benjamin Weaver, Conductor), of this city, in honor of Mr. Thomas and Miss Tillie H. Lees of Cleveland, O., proved a success in every sense of the word. The exercises by the children were finely rendered, the music (both vocal and instrumental) was excellent, and the remarks of the adults were well-timed and appropriate. We shall speak more fully of the occasion next week.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord in Troy.

W. H. Vashburgh writes, Oct. 16th, from Troy, N. Y.:

"Mrs. Maud E. Lord is awakening quite a revival here, and the desire to see her is very great. She had two large audiences Sunday last, and a meeting is needed for Thursday evening, Oct. 18th, on which occasion she will address the people and close with a descriptive seance. Mrs. Lord is one of our grandest mediums, and is doing her work nobly. The press treats us here with far greater respect than ever before. The *Evening Times* gave a fair report of her Sunday afternoon lecture. The signs of the times are encouraging."

In the *Medium and Daybreak* of Oct. 8th Mr. Walter Howell gives an account of his first year in America, comprising his experiences in the various cities and at the camp-meetings. In closing he states his view of the present aspect of Spiritualism in this country as follows:

"There seems to be a growing interest in Spiritualism. The seed sown by angel-hands begins to spring up here and there. The human mind, like a garden, begins to feel the spring-time of thought. As the sunlight and warmth of a diviner wisdom and love descend upon us, we behold the ice-bound rivers of the soul melting and the darkness of a spiritual winter passing away. Thank God, the operation of angels in the work of human redemption is not confined to the organizations called Spiritualists, alone. Through every intuitive mind, on every impressible organism, angel-fingers strike the living lyre and breathe celestial air. Then let us take courage. The sunlight of a new day already tips the hills with gold, and a dead humanity responds, like the statue of Memnon, to the morning light of the new age."

John Hotchkiss, whilom publisher of the *Fox Lake (Wis.) Representative*, now proprietor of the *Randolph (Wis.) Radical* (a sprightly paper, by the way, as was the *Representative* under his fearless management), takes occasion, in a recent issue, to "show up" the Fay-Bradford combination (who were operating in Portage), in good shape, and gives the spiritual press the credit of having repeatedly done so in the past.

We are informed by its President, Capt. Holmes, that the Boston Spiritual Temple will give a social entertainment whereat J. Frank Baxter and others will participate, at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Thursday evening, Nov. 1st, commencing at 7 o'clock. Good speakers, good music and a good time. All are invited.

In the verification of the spirit-message of Mrs. Susan P. Fay, printed in our columns Sept. 29th, Mr. Fay is made to say that he recognizes it as coming from his first wife, but he now requests us to say that it should have read "second wife."

W. S. Butler & Co., 90 to 98 Tremont street, Boston, have an advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, to which the attention of the buyers who go to make up the fall trade in this city and vicinity is respectfully directed.

Read what Charles Ware has to say, seconded by Capt. A. P. Planchette, concerning a spiritual standpoint. Ware has been a Spiritualist for many years, and Planchette is a Spiritualist, also. Ware is at hand, and will be given in our columns next week.

WM S

W. S. BUTLER & CO.,
90 to 98 Tremont Street.

Latest styles Trimmed Hats Cheap
at W. S. BUTLER & CO.'S.

COTTON UNDERWEAR.

Chemises, Gowns, Drawers and
Corset Covers reduced in price.

CLOAK ROOM.

Have you seen the Satin Rhadames
Circular, fur-trimmed, for \$12.50,
and Newmarket garment, with four-
ragers, at \$10.75?

Also the Brocaded Dolman, fur-trim-
med, at \$20; worth \$30. Plush
garments for \$25, \$30 and \$40.

Holland Window Shades, best Springs
and Fixtures, made and put up, at
95c.; \$1.50 charged at other estab-
lishments.

Turcoman Cross Stripes for Portieres,
50 inches wide, 85c.

Fur Trimmings at less price than at
any other establishment in New Eng-
land; if not as represented, money
will be refunded. Muffs and Collars
in every Fur to be had, such as Coney,
Hare, Silver Hare, Chinchilla, Smyr-
na, Lynx, Beaver, &c.

W. S. BUTLER & CO.,
90 to 98 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.

Oct. 26, -2w1s

PREPARE TO ESCAPE

"FIRE FRIEND,"

BY having a **SHIELDON FIRE ESCAPE** at your command in your own room, you will feel safe, knowing that any man can arrange the Escape and descend by the *hand alone*, and by strict living the carrier, rescue half a dozen in case of accident, which experiment has been proved by an exhibition. This Escape will stand all competition until people can *grow wings* to fly out of a window and alight safely on the ground. For evidence of its superiority, read the following recommendation, which was freely given by F. W. Sanborn, dealer in Fire Appliances in New York City:

"**Mrs. SHIELDON:** I am free to say that your Escape is **UNEQUALLED** for simplicity, safety and quick handling, and is the **BEST** for *Nurseries, Hospitals, Orphan Asylums, Schools, &c.*, **BECAUSE IT IS THE SAFEST!**"

It can be enclosed in a cabinet, which makes a convenient window-seat; and by upholstering, can be made to look as elegant as one chooses to have it.

This Escape is on exhibit in the *Woman's Department* of the Industrial Exposition, Boston, Mass. The **SHIELDON FIRE ESCAPE** can be manufactured cheaper than any Escape in market. For further particulars, address **ELLEN H. SHIELDON, Q.-M.-General's Office, Washington, D. C.** Oct. 27.

Extraordinary Offer!

In order to place

DR. YORK'S POSITIVE BLOOD PURIFIER

(Independent of "Agents") into the hands of the suffering direct, I have concluded to offer it for a short time for half price. It is the sure cure for all diseases arising from impurities in the blood, and will not cause eruptions to appear upon the surface of the body, but will expel the impurities (not matter) from the system in a natural manner. For each price, 50 cents per box; present price, 25 cents per box, or 10 boxes for \$1.00. We aim to enclose 4 cents per box to pay for the postage. Address **DR. JAMES A. BLISS, 29 East Newton Street, Boston, Mass.** Oct. 27.

DR. HARGROVE'S

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