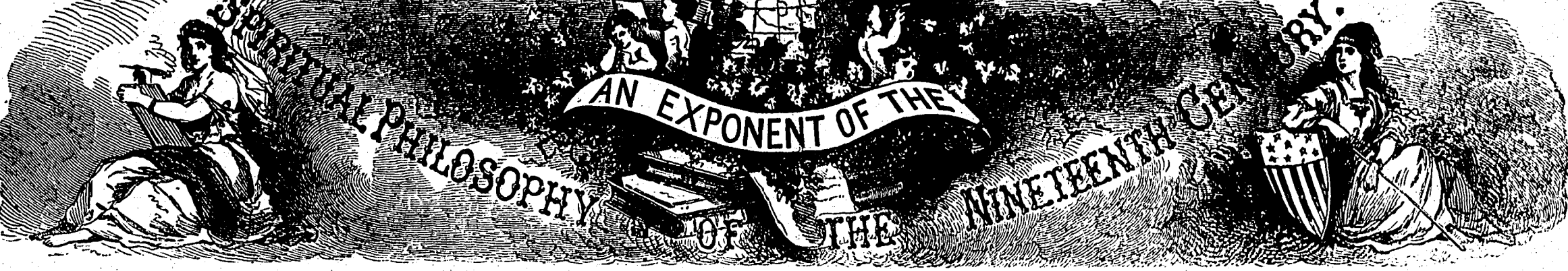


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER,

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

#### CHAPTER IX.

As soon as Edward had arrived home, he met Mrs. Cushing in the parlor. She noticed that he appeared quite happy, and questioned him about his journey. Edward hung his head, said but little, thinking how it would do to reveal to her the whole affair as it had happened. But he restrained himself, turned off the questioning into other matters, and played very shy. The truth was, after leaving Miss Freeland, he had given himself up to profound reflections on the subject; and the first flush of excitement being over, he came in a degree to himself again. Mary seemed to come to him with a renewed power. The thoughts of her, the memory of her loveliness were all again present to his mind, and it seemed to him as if her sainted spirit was near him with a peculiar influence. "What would she say," thought he, "if she could now speak to me? What would she say of this new friend?" At times, he trembled for the possible consequences. What a crisis it might prove in his life! What long years of more or less mixed enjoyment, and—should it be misery, too, added to his lot? He wanted to reveal the affair to somebody, and to no one could he do it more fully than to Willard. He at first told him the main features of it. But Willard enjoined it upon him now to give his closest attention to business. If he expected to prosper in this world of stern reality, he must haul in his imagination somewhat, build no air-castles, plant his feet irrevocably upon principle, and go ahead. The description which he gave of Miss Freeland only satisfied Willard more fully of the necessity of this advice. The matter of a change of occupation from his present calling to that of an artist was discussed between them; but, for some fear expressed by Willard on this subject, it was soon given up, and other counsels prevailed. Horace Goodman had seen enough of his qualities to interest himself for him in some wholesale establishment like his own. A vacancy then occurring in the same store where he himself was, Edward was offered a place there. He accepted at once, and right glad was he to get out of the retail trade. His faculties were better suited, and his prospects for the world brighter. It was so agreeable, too, to be in the same store with Goodman! Much did they commune together, in leisure hours and on Sundays, and the old times were re-awakened with fresh interest. But business now engrossed a great share of his attention; and in the midst of it all was the practical and energetic Thomas, plying his faculties with all the instinct of a thorough-bred man of the world, to gather up wealth and accumulate a fortune. Not a particle relaxed from his tight grip upon sensual and tangible things—a dead enemy to all that was visionary, except the visions of gold that rolled through his mind and made him, at times, the veriest day-dreamer, to put in comparison with his more ethereal brother—this vigilant and persevering man pushed on.

Cushing, also, kept to the line of his reticence. His reformation continued a success. Often were he and Willard together, in reminiscence of their similar fortunes; and it was remarkable how the example of Cushing stimulated and encouraged the effort of Willard, and kept him in the upward path. And the mutual satisfaction they both derived in tracing their recovery, thus far, to the excellent woman who had so providentially been connected with their destinies, was always a bright and joyous thought to both of them.

About three weeks had passed, from the time Edward returned from Woodstock, when a letter was received by him from Miss Freeland, stating that she had heard from her father, and, were it not for sickness in the family, he would be very glad to gratify her by a visit to Boston; but now, the only sister she had, three years younger than herself, had become very ill with an affection of the lungs, and was suffering from severe inflammation and debility. It made it necessary, therefore, that she should not protract her visit, but return to Rochester as soon as possible.

This was a serious disappointment to Edward. He showed it in his manner. He had not told, before, of the expected visit of his new friend to Boston, but now it broke from him by the force of sadness. He said that the lady had talked some of stopping a few days in the city, but now they would not be permitted the pleasure of seeing her.

"Why, Edward!" said Louisa, "why did not you tell us that before?"

"Oh, I thought I would let you be surprised, as I was," he replied.

"Was she coming to visit us?"

"Coming to visit the city."

Edward was now under the influence of concealed affection. He began to reveal a little more of it to Goodman, but kept it chiefly, with the exception of what was made known to Willard, a profound secret in his heart.

We must now pass over about one year from the time of this experience. All the parties, thus far, had continued along in an average prosperity. Willard had gained a sufficient reputation to warrant him at least a thousand dollars a year; Edward's salary was increased to eight hundred; and Thomas went driving on after his own fashion. A letter correspondence had been established between Edward and Miss Freeland; and

after a sufficient acquaintance this way, he felt assured that a visit from him would not only be agreeable, but bring matters to a definite and full understanding. So he proposed to Goodman, during the dull season, a trip through New York State, both to recruit his own health and to drum up some country custom. The cat, however, was too strong and conspicuous for this bag, and the real object of his desire had to be fairly broached. One evening, as he was speaking to Willard about it, this earnest man could hardly contain himself. "Oh, ho!" said he; and, taking the likeness of his departed wife from his pocket, where he always carried it, he got up and showed it to Edward, uttering the ominous words—"You never shall look upon her like again." The effect was electric upon the sensitive mind of Edward. He tried to make penitence of it, but it was no use. The brooding spirit of Mary seemed to overshadow him. However, as things had so far progressed, there was no turning back now, and Goodman himself began to favor the project, remarking, jocosely, that the lady would undoubtedly afford Edward as much benefit as the change of air. \* \* \* In one week's time he was off, to the astonishment of all. Louisa was more agitated about it than any one. She viewed the young man as evidently hallucinated. "Only think of it!" said she; "streaking away off there to Rochester to see that girl! I always suspected him, ever since he came from Woodstock. He never has been the same person. My patience! I declare I will write to him."

"Do not you do it," said Goodman; "let him have it out. Do not for heaven's sake do any such thing! Why, Louisa, you don't know how to manage these matters. I know about this affair, and I favored it."

"What! favored his going to Rochester?"

"Yes, to look up country custom, and recruit himself."

Louisa could not help laughing, and remarked, "An awful sight of custom I guess he'll get! A tough customer I'm afraid he'll find!"

"Stop your joking, Louisa; you don't know anything about it."

Edward was gone, any how. And he was not long in finding a good trade, particularly in the city of Rochester. He found the lady of his fate at her father's house, in a fashionable and retired part of the city, and, at the first sight of her, after so long a time, she seemed to him somewhat subdued from her former vivacity, but still extremely happy and beautiful as ever. His first impressions were favorable. He had meditated all the way how she would receive him, how much she would construe this visit into any more serious intentions on his part, and how he himself should manage his part of the drama. Foster thought he discovered a thoughtfulness which rather added to her dignity, but with the same ease and abandon which had always characterized her. It was in the afternoon that he first saw her. The very first greeting that she gave him established his confidence. He told her that he had come to make a short visit, and to transact a little business by the way, and it sent a thrill of gladness through her to think that one whom she esteemed so highly, and whom she had first met under so singular circumstances, had now come to visit her at her own father's house. The scenes of the first meeting and acquaintance, with kindred topics, were pleasantly reverted to, but, somehow or other, there was a perceptible under-current of thought and feeling realized mutually. That same occasional abstraction, or slight inattention, whatever it was, was now more fully noticed. But Edward was too much elated to dwell long and critically on these peculiarities; he put aside his philosophy, or, rather, it left him; in the realization of feelings which he yielded to at once by the force of her presence and attractions. He felt assured now of another season of recreation and freedom. He put up at a new hotel in the place, and made his calculation to stop a week, at least, and give himself entirely to the pleasures of her company.

I need not state her feelings. She evidently felt now that her time had come. The matter had progressed too far to permit any other conclusion. Edward felt about the same. Still he wanted to see some more of her, and here was the opportunity. Little, however, did he realize that Cupid was so blind; but to any one else than him there might have been seen several things now, which were not fully in accordance with the fine exterior. In the first place, this slight inattention of manner would have appeared to an impartial observer as a vacancy of mind, an evident wandering from the matter in conversation, from an inability to keep the theme of remark, or, as certain philosophers would express it, the result of a difference of sphere in the two minds. And the reserve that Edward so frequently experienced was from a similar cause—a non-affinity between him and his company. This, however, he was not fully aware of himself, and attributed it too much to natural diffidence. He, however, delighted in lively company, and, I suppose, from this same difficulty of not meeting often with those of a kindred make, he more habitually gave indulgence to his lighter and superficial moods. Miss Freeland was evidently unable to accompany him into any very solid regions of thought, and seemed frequently lost in reverie of her own. On the former occasion, at Woodstock, this was not so manifest. Now a more serious occasion seemed to throw both parties more upon their true foundations. There was no lack of animal spirit, of hilarity, of glee, and of rich, enthusiastic sport. This was her contagion; no one could have been in her company five minutes without having the blues driven effectually out of him. Whether they would return again, after repeated or habitual trials, spite of anything she could do—that was the only question.

Occasionally, when sitting together, Edward would get thinking in one direction, and she in another, and there would be nothing said for long spaces of time; then he would start, as it were,

from a felt presence entirely foreign from his state, then lapse into himself again. This occurred so frequently that it became noticeable as a phenomenon.

We must be brief in this part of our story. The young admirer was now under the sphere of her influence, but, as it were, with a vast deal of reserve power pertaining to a region that she could not touch. However, it was more than a match for all his philosophy to analyze or control his feelings at the present time; he evidently drifted in the current of events. The family with which Miss Freeland was connected consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Freeland, one other daughter and two sons. The oldest was a clerk in a bank. The father of the family was a substantial merchant in the place, in good, thrifty circumstances; had a farm in the outskirts of the town, which was occupied by another person, but which was a great resort of the family in the summer; and it was here that Edward spent the happiest of his hours. Very much were the young couple together in the delightful shades and rambles thus afforded; and to say that Edward now passed the Rubicon is stating no more than a natural occurrence. He loved, and he declared his love. Miss F. thought she loved. Thought so? why, yes; isn't this a matter of thought? Of course she loved in a certain kind and degree. But, the truth is, she had not one quarter of the feeling that swayed and captivated Edward. There was something of a singularity in her nature. Persons of such remarkable spirit and life as she was, are apt to be distinguished, I believe, for some more passionate fondness for the other sex. But she had none—at least toward Edward. All her vivacity and sprightliness pertained to the common flow of the feminine nature, without even that anomalous quality which is apt to prevail in such temperaments. Had it not been so, it would have been a better match than it was. But it had not even this adaptive quality. Edward had it to perfection. And, reader, shall I be indulged in a passing remark here? It is true, then, that in a perfectly regenerated state, this propensity, or "organ," to use the phrenological term, so far from being the lowest, will become one of the highest—the cementing bond of all holy and beautiful affections which unite the sexes in their proper relations, and perpetuate usefulness and joy forever. It pertains to the spirit-world as well as to the flesh, and it furnishes an eminent instance of the illustration of the paradoxical truth that the least shall be first.

Well, Miss Freeland had friendship, with a sort of love, and a good deal of kindness. And Edward was so fine a young man, and it seemed so good an opportunity to establish herself in life, that she yielded to his applications.

It should be stated here, that although she had exerted herself to obtain the admiration and regard of Edward, being prompted by a woman's vanity and the manifest power she knew she had, and although she felt an evident satisfaction in his acquaintance, friendship and correspondence, yet when the time came for proposals she shrank a good deal from them. She was seized by a fear she never felt before, and her whole destiny seemed to hang upon this decision. She prayed and trembled and hesitated and questioned and wondered. Oh, there are times when our guardian angels do hover over us—times of danger, times of distress, times of a necessary and gracious warning, when, if we were aware of the source of these notions, and would heed the suggestions thus given us, we should save ourselves much misery. But the blind world is not in general aware of any such ministry, or, at least, how near and real it is, and so we smother the very feelings and thoughts of heaven, under a belief that they are no other than our own, and put them off by a thousand contrary persuasions. Yes, the much elated Miss Freeland now urged many considerations against the union, and even started Edward himself into soberer thoughts of it. He thought it very commendable in her modesty, and argued against them. She thought, and very truly, that she was not a person that Edward would have selected for a wife, had all his circumstances favored a cooler judgment. But it was all in vain; Edward would hear nothing of the kind. He besought her, pressed her, till she yielded her hand.

He had delayed his visit now for two weeks, most of the time being spent at Rochester, during which the whole was ratified and sealed by ever so many declarations, and ever so many scenes of soft and luxurious fancy. After the word was passed, of course there was more attachment on her part, and more freedom. Fears then subsided; confidence came in their place. She—poor thing—beautiful as a butterfly chased and caught by a boy, now gave herself all she could to his desires and attentions. She was kind to him—attached to him—but ah! sad and terrible truth—she never loved him!

I say she never loved him. Let us be careful, however, about that word. It is high, holy, and full of mystery. Of course she had a sort of love, but she misjudged it, both in kind and extent. Strange, is it, that a woman's heart should be so deceived? Not at all. The probability is that women are as often deceived as men. They are generally more correct in their intuitions, or rather have more of them—are more intuitional in their natures than men; but when men have them, they are as correct as women's. Women ought to know, and do know more about love matters in a certain sense; that is to say, the love qualities predominating in them, they are quicker in their detection of love when it exists in others, and more given to it themselves than men are; it is, too, generally, purer in women than in men; but in a world like this, where sense is so predominant over the spirit, and where true love is obstructed in its operations by a thousand checks and expedients and conventionalities; and where marriage is so often a matter of convenience and of worldly policy; and the dread and fear of a single life—often so miserable, and attended with so many privations—prevails so strongly; and where the whole must be established by law of

the land, as well as law of the heart; in such a world, it is no wonder that both women and men get miserably deceived, and are often put to their trumps in a case of such magnitude. Women, too, have not the liberty of men. They have the liberty of refusal, rather than the liberty of choice.

And with all their art in making their preferences known, many a woman has gone to her grave after a long life of loneliness, who might have been the happy partner of another, had she used the liberty which is now denied her, based—I will not pretend to say how much upon propriety and the fitness of things, and how much upon a false and perverted condition of human life. Sure we are that many fatal mistakes are made by the present inequality.

It is admitted, then, that were all things fair and equal, the intuitions of woman would not allow her to err so often as she does. But alas! almost all things are more or less unfair and unequal. Now it was the circumstances that influenced the consent, not the choice of Maria Freeland. She was light and giddy—had no great depth of mind, and not any of that spiritual and tender love which pertains to the inmost of the soul; she was able to exert over so superior a man; thought it a good chance in life; and so was led into the arena. It was her first experience, and a very rich one it proved.

And now let us look a little further on Edward's side. He had riveted himself to her forever—that is, so much of forever as is included in a lifetime, which is quite a little eternity in some folks' experience—and now she must be the central point around which all his chief thoughts of worldly interest must revolve. Let us see how he conducted himself. In the first place, after a charming and entrancing visit of three weeks, he took a very tender leave of his lady-love, and returned to Boston. He told so much of his experience as related to his protracted visit, and the agreeableness of everything concerned, but said not a word about the engagement. Willard eyed him through and through. "Edward," said he, "I fear it is a gone case with you."

"My good fellow, you need not have any fears at all. Do you suppose I should suffer myself to be imposed upon by a lady of this character?"

"Oh, the d—! how little does a man know what is in him! Why, Edward, when I first saw Mrs. Willard, I would have had her at all risks. I knew not fully what was the character of the woman. I concluded, of course, upon a fair, every-day virtue, and I believed in her amiable tendencies; but I was struck—hallucinated with her wonderful beauty. I chanced to get an angel. It was one of those possibilities, designed or permitted, I suppose, for ends that I saw not, but you now see something of the result. By a connection of events every way uncalculated, darkness has been scattered, and light is now streaming in every direction. Under God, I charge it all to her. I confess I feel now, sometimes, that her living spirit has yet some agency in these affairs, but what possible evidence have you of any such result in this affair of yours? Why do you talk so? Nay, is there not something that should make you hesitate, pause and consider, when you know your own tendencies so well, before you permit yourself to venture upon an ocean of boundless uncertainty and danger?"

The truth was, Edward was now under somewhat of a superstitious influence in this matter. His sense of wonder was continually stimulated, and from the very first, that element of mystery which so works in all matters of great importance, and particularly in love matters, was now excited to its fullest extent. Nobody but him, perhaps, would have taken the journey to Woodstock.

Thomas laughed, and Edward himself afterwards felt humbled by it. But the train of events was too well laid to allow of his escape, and it was this sense of destiny that kept up a mystical interest, all along, in the being he had found. It is astonishing how much this faith in destiny sometimes actuates the human will. It does not seem frequently to diminish effort at all, but rather to increase it, under the persuasion that what is to be, must be, and shall be. No one believed in destiny more than Napoleon Bonaparte, yet see what a will it upheld and generated in him! This very faith in destiny leads to an activity of the human will, quite as much, perhaps, in certain persons, as the extreme of the opposite faith.

Edward was very strongly influenced with such a faith. Nothing that Willard could say, and nothing that Louisa or Cushing could say, could divert him from his purpose one iota. Had they known he was already engaged, they would have restrained themselves; but now they could do nothing but caution him. He, however, had returned to his business, and for months everything went on finely. It was now an established fact, to all human appearances, that both Willard and Cushing were reformed and successful men. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing realized in their reunion all that could be rationally expected from the average flow of married life; and, after the broken space in their fortunes, their experience was full of that more serious and settled character which comes so frequently from restored ruins and rebuilt hopes. Cushing became a religious man. He never forgot the strange experience, the almost preternatural awakening of his memory; it was such an opening to him of the Book of Life, as engraved itself upon his mind forever. It was the means of much after instruction to him. After he had got fairly settled and established in business, and his wife, true and faithful to her woman's love, had completely re-established her confidence in his virtue, he had his attention frequently turned to the investigation of such subjects as pertained to man's spiritual nature and immortal destiny. There was an acquaintance of his, to whom he had loaned the book which had been of so much service to him, who had heard of several similar experiences concern-

ing the memory. They mutually set themselves to work to inquire into the causes of such phenomena, and the facts evolved from their inquiries were these: that the soul being a substantial organism, really receives the impressions of all that it has ever experienced in life; that these impressions are, as it were, daguerreotypes upon it with the minutest accuracy; that whatever we have done, spoken, felt, heard or seen, all has had something to do with forming or characterizing the soul; and that this experience is so actual and vital in it, that it only needs the recurrence of similar states to bring it all out again in living reality. At the risk of diverting a little from the mere detail of the events of our story, it may be mentioned here that the truth of this theory is sometimes clearly evinced by extraordinary occurrences, during which the soul seems gifted with a power—or rather with the use of a power which was always latent in it—to take the retrospect of its whole past life. It frequently occurs to persons drowning, but who have recovered to relate their experience. It has happened to them in what would have been their last moments, had no means been taken to resuscitate them, that they have had a strange vision of the past, in which their whole life seemed to float before them in a single view. There is a case recorded of an English captain who fell overboard and was in danger of drowning. After struggling for some time against the winds and waves which threatened to overwhelm him, and endeavoring to approach a small boat which he saw in the distance, he was observed to give out, and then a noise in his ears, a choking, and general numbness succeeded, when suddenly this memory of the past was opened, and all the chief events, history, and experience of his whole life were exhibited before him with a particularity and minuteness of detail which both astonished and astonished him. So also of a case reported of a man who fell from his horse, and who received such a stunning blow as to start out this memory in him, when he saw as in a glance his past life, with the same vividness and accuracy. Also, in Dr. Quincy's writings there is mention made of how the guilty actions of a man's life have been exhibited before him in times of unusual excitement, with the greatest distinctness and accuracy. In like manner, in the well-known dream of Dr. Doddridge, who, after he had been conversing one evening with Dr. Watts, on the immortality of the soul, and querying whether there was not a similar variety of occupation in the spiritual world to what there is here, retired to sleep, and dreamed, among other very remarkable things, that, upon the walls of a white temple, as it were, he saw the record of his whole past life.

Numerous cases of the kind might be given, and there is no fact better attested in the whole range of psychological occurrences than this strange experience which pertains to the memory. In the cases of drowning and of injury, the fact may be well accounted for; and by a variation of the principle, it may be accounted for in every other case. It is, undoubtedly, that at such times the link which connects the soul with the body is somewhat loosened, which lets the man at once into his interior life. And there he sees, as in a flashing panorama, the scenes of his past experience. Years of life become condensed into a moment, and eternity opens this side the grave. Cases have also occurred in severe sickness where this partial separation has probably taken place, and the same results have been experienced.

Now, it was the investigation of such facts as these, to which Cushing was prompted from the remarkable experience which happened to him, that led him to pause seriously in the onward march of his life, and reflect upon its possible connections. "Truly," said he one day to his wife, "it seems as if everything that in any way ever gets into the mind, in some sense remains there, and cannot by any possibility ever get out again. It may be forgotten for a time, but it can be recalled. And there is no such thing as positive and eternal forgetfulness. The soul is as a sort of spiritual daguerreotype plate, constantly receiving the impressions of the fine things of life, and recording them with infinite exactness. I must be, then, forming my very soul—shaping it into beauty or deformity, for eternity, by every act I perform, and every feeling that I suffer to pass through it."

Yes, this was a true and philosophical conclusion, and it wonderfully affected him. How slight, too, was the point upon which all this turned! Had it not been for that apparently irrational and unpromising task imposed upon him of writing the little book, he might never have experienced anything of the kind, and never been led to such favorable results. It shows the importance of such acts, or rather it shows how, on a broad and universal scale, there is nothing small, nothing purely accidental, but that our whole life is woven into a connected tissue by a divine hand, and we are conducted, apparently by the smallest means, to the most glorious ends.

As to Mrs. Cushing, she, of course, participated somewhat in her husband's conversion, and felt more than ever the reality of a religious life. But being of a lighter and more superficial turn by nature, she never became affected to those depths that he did; his was an instance, too, where one who had most forgiven loved most. Louisa's love for Edward had now subsided into a steady and intimate friendship, in consequence of the renovated affections for her husband. But she always preserved a tender regard for him, and in the now evident attachment that existed between him and Miss Freeland, she could feel nothing but a strange and indelible impression of romantic destiny. Whispers of the true state of the case between them had now led to much conversation about it, and in a vague and droll way she would say that Edward was no fool, and if he blundered once, it might be the best thing that could happen to him.

[To be continued in our next.]







It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the paper with the advertisement marked.

**CITIES AND TOWNS OF MASSACHUSETTS.**—As an item of general interest we publish the following table of the cities and towns of this State which have a population of nine thousand and upwards, according to the recent census. The valuation is given as it stood on 1st January, 1880, which time some of them have made a gain.

	Population.	Valuation.
Boston	253,223	\$389,937,000
Worcester	41,115	31,291,250
Springfield	40,687	26,290,000
Cambridge	29,659	22,210,000
Lawrence	29,092	18,680,000
Charlottesville	28,416	26,688,000
Lowell	28,221	18,303,444
Andover	26,708	21,678,000
Springfield	26,706	27,367,180
Weymouth	25,716	21,678,000
Wrentham	21,213	22,330,000
Chelsea	15,841	11,632,400
Quincy	15,722	10,987,000
Framingham	13,374	6,997,333
Uxbridge	13,300	10,987,000
Somerville	14,003	10,987,000
Ware	12,600	10,987,000
South	12,243	15,922,766
Scituate	12,201	12,201,000
Scituate	12,092	6,001,000
Pittsburg	11,260	9,151,672
Pittsburg	10,721	5,370,295
Ware	10,160	5,370,295
Norhampton	9,980	4,553,745
Ware	9,671	3,438,267
Ware	9,075	3,438,267
Waltham	9,011	4,048,602



## Letter from Dr. Willis.

DEAR BANNER—It is a long time since a word from my pen has been seen in your columns—not that I have lost my interest in you or in the cause you represent, but because, during this long silence, I have been busily absorbed in the great struggle of and for life.

On my return from Europe, the 27th of April last, much improved in health, I was shocked to find that, owing to the failure of certain business operations in which I was largely interested, my wife was compelled to break up my New York establishment at great sacrifice.

The shock to me was so great that it brought on a return of some of my worst symptoms, and I was kept prostrate all summer. But, since the 16th of August, I have had no hemorrhage, and have been gaining rapidly in strength. I have still a troublesome cough, that gives me a good deal of uneasiness concerning the effect upon me of the coming winter.

I want, through your columns, to inform my many warm friends throughout New England of this happy change in my health, and of the hope that again cheers me, of being able, I trust at no distant day, to resume my hold upon the busy activities of life.

I wish also to thank them for the many kind expressions of sympathy I have received—some of them taking most substantial form—during this season of my adversity.

Finding that my health was really improving, I felt impelled by the necessities that pressed upon me, to make some effort, after having been a year and a half in a condition of sad invalidism, wholly unable to do business.

Accordingly wrote to the friends in Williamstown, Conn., to know if they wished my services as a speaker. They responded, informing me that the month of October was at my service, if I could take it.

I accepted the engagement with fear and trembling. I went to Williamstown with the feeling that it was extremely doubtful if I were able to lecture more than once. My lungs were so weak that it was with difficulty I could sustain a conversation protracted beyond fifteen minutes. Some of the friends who heard my first lecture told me they feared I would not be able to continue the course.

But my spirit-guides assured me they would sustain and carry me through, and they nobly fulfilled their pledge. I have not spoken with more vigor or with more fire of inspiration for years.

The friends in Williamstown are wide awake. They have a neat, pretty church, with a fine Lyceum room beneath it—and what is most admirable, it is wholly paid for; so that they have no miserably debt hanging over them.

They gave me a cordial welcome, and during my stay with them I came very closely into sympathy with them, and I left them with sincere regret. They are hoping it is only for a brief season. They desire me to return the first of January and settle with them for a time, but I am uncertain what to do. Until recently, I have thought I should return to Europe this fall, but I am so much better in health that I shrink from placing the ocean again between myself and my little family. I am almost certain, however, that I cannot bear a New England winter, and that I shall be compelled to go to some point South, where the air is more genial; if not, I have pledged myself to return to Williamstown, and shall doubtless remain there until I am able once more to resume the arduous duties of my profession in a large city.

I am glad to learn that the sphere of the *Banner's* influence and usefulness is constantly widening. I sincerely hope that the days of its fierce struggles with opposing elements are over, most especially in the financial direction. I have known something of these conflicts, and I have admired the patient, persistent bravery, amounting even to heroism, with which they have been overcome. Ah! could some powerful pen write a faithful history of the *Banner of Light* movement, from its inception to the present day, it would be the most astonishing demonstration of the power of the invisible world to accomplish its purposes against any and all combinations of unfortunate circumstances and opposing forces the world has ever known!

You will remember, Bro. Colby, that the *Banner of Light* opened its folds to the public for the first time, the very week that the triumphant cry went forth from the professors of Harvard University that Spiritualism had fallen in the person of the young man—the Harvard divinity student—whom they designated as their "favorite champion and apostle." You will remember your call upon the prostrate, despairing young man, who, in that hour of darkness and cruel injustice, could see nothing but that his plans and prospects for life were wrecked hopelessly—the hopes and ambitions of years swept away forever. Perhaps you will remember, too, the brave, strong words of courage and cheer you spoke to me.

I have never forgotten them. I have never forgotten how warmly you defended me through that whole trial. I can never forget the steady friendship that has been between us ever since. Somewhere I feel and have always felt a strange sensation of identity with the *Banner*, as if it could not have been an accident that its birth should have taken place just at the time when my Harvard College experience was creating intense excitement throughout New England.

Be that as it may, my interest in it can never cease, and I would it were in my power to increase its circulation three fold. What are the millions of Spiritualists in the United States dreaming of, that they allow the organs of our faith to struggle along for an existence, when so small a number of men from each of them—or from even a third of the number of avowed believers—would give them all that they need and advance their usefulness ten fold? Why, the *Banner of Light* might easily have a circulation of fifty thousand. Why has it not? Is it not because Spiritualists are so strangely indifferent regarding the promotion of their faith?

When we see what persistent, powerful efforts are constantly being put forth by all the Evangelical sects, when we see how they pour out their treasures yearly for the propagation of their tenets, we can but wonder if the Spiritualist faith is less precious to them—if they are less earnest, less sincere. If not, whence comes their strange indifference?

But I am trespassing upon your space to but little purpose. I fear, so I will close by simply stating that when I was in Europe I found Spiritualism steadily on the increase. Everywhere throughout England, France and Italy, even in Rome, where the Ecclesiastical despotism was so severe that not a paragraph, or even a line, could be printed without first being subjected to the right scrutiny of the Inquisition, and where, by public poster, the pains and penalties of that institution were denounced against those persons in whose possession certain books deemed heretical could be found, and where not a Protestant church was tolerated inside its walls—even there I found Spiritualism numbering its votaries by hundreds, and even there I held discourses with distinguished Germans, Italians, Englishmen and Americans. Only a few years ago the scientific men of Harvard really thought they were going to crush out this grand and glorious truth in the persons of a few humble mediums.

To-day it is enthroned with firmly established power in three continents—Europe, Asia, America. So let us never despair. Truth is mighty and will prevail. Men may and do falter and fall; principles never.

Faithfully yours, FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

The *Banner of Light* is issued on an sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

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Room No. 3, Up Stairs.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS D. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

Business connected with the editorial department of the paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

## In Press.

William White & Co. have in press and will shortly issue a new pamphlet, entitled "Social Evils—their cause and cure," by Maria M. King, whose previous writings have attracted the favorable attention of the thoughtful and reading public. It will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most valuable publications of the day.

## On the Waite.

Orthodoxy is obliged to relax its hold, in hopes to get a better one, but it will not avail. Mr. Beecher's disavowal of the Calvinistic dogma of hell, which has frightened whole generations of human beings out of every faith but that of fear, is an impressive and timely testimony to the fact. The people are far ahead of the churches, and the latter are casting about to see what they shall do to lessen the distance enough to come within hall again. But in no manner does the sentiment of distaste for right Orthodoxy manifest itself as strongly as in the visible abandonment of the churches by those who have hitherto maintained and supported them. We always insisted that, so soon as the people left the creeds to fall of themselves, the clergy would come after them, and leave the old, worn-out creeds to rot; and we shall see that they will do it. Mr. Beecher's defection from the Orthodox ranks, on the cornerstone doctrine of hell, is a proof of it.

In fact, our exchanges abound in notices of the unsettled condition of ministers of "the gospel." None of them stay long in a place—that is one symptom. Another is, that disagreements break out more readily than ever before. And a third is, that the people feel far less inclination to put their hands in their pockets to support a minister. The whole edifice is falling down, and ministers are merely warned to stand firm under it, if they would not be caught fast in the ruins. The Amesbury Village, for instance, under date of Oct. 13th, gives a detailed account of the holding of an ecclesiastical council in Amesbury, to grant a letter of dismissal to the pastor of the Congregational Church, Rev. W. F. Bacon, in answer to his request. It was asserted that the relations between Mr. Bacon and his church were every way friendly, yet he was impelled to send in his resignation, though he had held his place but a little while. The council did not omit to express its profound "sympathy" for the church, and to hope it would shortly see better days.

Besides this case, we understand that the pastor of the church located at Salisbury Point intends very soon to resign his place, from simple lack of an adequate support. The "pillar of the church"—in the money line—has recently passed beyond the reach of his old associates in the organization, and support is consequently wanting. Then we observe, from the Boston Herald, that in Salem there is a lack of fraternal feeling between the pastor, Rev. S. H. Pratt, and a portion of the Central Society. He has, at any rate, resigned his office, and his resignation was promptly accepted. This is a Baptist society. One hundred members of the communion have seceded from the Central, and they intend to set up a new church temporarily in Mechanics' Hall. All this does not look like the charitable and loving disposition which Orthodoxy claims to own a patent for, and denies the use of to the purest Spiritualists.

This is getting to be the case on all sides of us. Ministers are leaving their flocks, and flocks are shaking off their ministers. The strength of the old relations is gone, and for the reason that the superstition that was a main element in the bond is weakened and fast being destroyed. We bring forward these facts, not from any disposition to exult over the misfortunes even of Orthodoxy, but because of our unfeigned joy at the prospective freedom of the people. Is it not significant—this revolution in ecclesiastical matters—of a general movement among the people toward a truer and larger freedom—toward their perfect emancipation at last from the yoke of ecclesiastical dogmatism and damnation? It is pretty evident that the reflecting portion of the people have had, all they want of old theology, and now mean to give it the go-by. The huggers, scarecrows, hell fire frights and old monkish machinery of which the poet Dante furnishes such appalling pictures, are fast losing all their force and effect. Mr. Beecher sounds the horn that is to call Orthodoxy off from its old hunt, and will show it broader fields and sunnier pastures, where the lambs will no longer heed the old calls and cries of the shepherds.

## Call for Peace.

The Universal Peace Union of America—Alfred H. Love, President—issues an earnest and impressive Appeal for Peace. They set out with declaring indifference in this crisis to be impossible; and ask if a single heart cannot be moved to pity by the shocking spectacle of two nations murdering one another. The distance of three thousand miles absolves no one from individual responsibility. The appeal is now made to those in power, to professors of religion, to statesmen and public men, to join in an effort to stay this tide of slaughter for the sake of humanity and civilization. The appeal is to Prussia and to France. There is a courage greater than that of resistance. The appeal is also made to every nation to use kindly influences for intervention between the combatants. The people are invoked to choose their own rulers. And it is time, too, to inaugurate a new plan for the settlement of international strife. The Peace Union asks that the reign of right be established by the willing cooperation of the people of all nations. Their language is fervid, and should have its effect upon a receptive and sympathetic public opinion.

## The Public Generally

Are cordially invited to our Spiritual Sciences, "without money and without price." They are held at 158 Washington street (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon.

Attention is called to the questions propounded by mortals, and answered by spirits. See the sixth page.

## Spiritualism—Verification of Spirit Messages.

Below will be found several statements confirming to the reliability of our Message Department:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I am pleased to notice in your paper, of late, numerous verifications of spirit messages. No doubt a very large number of those given through Mrs. Conant would be verified if the friends would consent to have the facts published. Many, from their connection with churches, or high social position, are actually afraid to let the facts come out.

After the lamented death of my son, Howard F. Hale, in Louisiana, in April, 1863, three most wonderful messages from him, through Mrs. York, correct in nearly every particular, were published in the *Banner*.

In the *Banner* of Sept. 21st, 1867, there was a communication purporting to come from Howard M. Burnham, member of the Springfield City Guard, who went as Lieutenant in the regular artillery, and fell in the battle of Chickamauga. Having some acquaintance with the father of the young man (who is Orthodox in his belief, of wealth and high social position), I wrote to him, asking him to write me about the truth of the message. In his reply, he admitted the truth of the more material points, and then closed with these remarks: "I have no faith in these communications, and regret exceedingly that they have used my son's name in connection with them."

In the cause of progression, truth, and a glorious assurance of a happier future, I am  
Ever your friend, D. B. HALE.  
Collinsville, Conn.

We have received from Chas. B. Wagner the following letter, which verifies the communication of Maj. Elliott, together with the printed official report mentioned by him below:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Referring to a communication in your issue of the 10th inst., purporting to come from Major Elliott, I enclose herewith a copy of General Orders, No. 51 of 1862, from Headquarters of the army, Adjutant General's office, Washington, D. C., giving the following official record, viz:

"Major Joel H. Elliott, 7th Cavalry, killed in action with the Indians on the Washita river, Indian Territory, November 27, 1868."

The battle of Washita river was the well known combat where General Custer of the 7th Cavalry was in command of the troops engaged.

Truly yours, CHAS. B. WAGNER.  
San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 10th, 1870.

A few weeks since, while Mrs. J. H. Conant was returning from a picnic at Abington, a gentleman in the cars came forward and asked if he was addressing Mrs. Conant. Being answered in the affirmative, he proceeded to state that, though he was an entire stranger to her, and no Spiritualist, yet he desired to say that he had read the message of Major Elliott, as published in the *Banner of Light*, and could vouch for the truth of its every statement, as he had known him intimately. The sentiments therein expressed he recognized as those entertained by the Major while in the form.

The following letter tells its own story:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I am most happy to announce that the communication from Lillian Worcester, given at the *Banner of Light* Circle Room, Dec. 12th, '67, and published in the *Banner* of Feb. 23rd, '68, was indeed truthful in every respect, and is perfectly characteristic of her early life and her pure young spirit, which so early found its home in the spirit-bowers. The manner in which her form was dressed for the tomb, and which she speaks of in her message, has aroused thought in the hearts of many skeptics, who are earnest to see more of these beautiful phenomena. May God speed the day when the two worlds shall become so truly blended that all may hold sweet converse with their loved ones.

## The Fountain.

We pronounce this the cleverest, most carelessly ingenious, and most put of all the books of Andrew Jackson Davis. With its profusion of illustrations—serious, humorous and comical—it makes a perfect picture-book of the history of progress. For old and young it is equally well adapted, and this is one of the many reasons why it is having such a rapid and wide sale. He discourses in his very happiest vein upon everything that goes with human life and experience. The opening chapter bears the striking title—"The Everlasting O." Then follow chapters like these, each alive with suggestions, yet bearing no adequate hint of the crowded, vivacious, bristling matter that makes the pages of this little book read as sparklingly as a tissue of brilliant epigrams: Beauty and Destiny of Mother Nature's Darling; The Solitudes of Animal Life; The Wisdom of Getting Knowledge; Imagination as an Educational Force; True and False Worship, and others. There is a whole library of good spiritual and practical knowledge compacted between these covers, and we urge all those who aspire to a larger state and clearer views to read "The Vision" without waiting for further invitation.

## The Iron Heel in Washington.

Considerable indignation is felt in Washington, D. C., on account of the order forbidding the newsboys selling newspapers on Sunday. Indignation meetings have been held, at one of which E. S. Wheeler made a speech. He contended that this Government was based upon the most liberal principles, and could not discriminate between classes, colors or creeds. These newsboys had their rights as well as the proudest, and they must be respected. Puritanical ideas and laws must not be allowed a foothold in the national capital, where ideas once established pulsate throughout the land. This crusade on the rights of newsboys, though it might be considered a small thing, might yet be the entering wedge for the promulgation of that system of illiberality which is inimical to the genius of modern civilization. He looked upon these boys as integrals of the body politic, and he called upon every citizen who had at heart the glory of this nation and the freedom of thought to stand by them and frown down these bigoted attempts to abridge their God-given rights.

## A New Periodical.

Rev. Frederic Rowland Young, Minister of the Free Christian Church at New Seiden, Eng., sends us his circular proposing to publish, without soliciting any pecuniary aid, a new "Spiritual Periodical," to be called "The Christian Spiritualist," whose object it will be to maintain that "modern Spiritualism is un-Christian, and therefore morally dangerous." He says that many prominent Spiritualist writers and speakers do not occupy a distinctive position in harmony with absolute submission to the authority of Christ, and as he has long believed that Spiritualism and Christianity, rightly interpreted, are mutual friends, he starts this periodical in hopes to prove them such and make them work together in unity.

## A. J. Davis Interviewed.

A fashion has been in vogue for several years by the daily newspaper men—the penny-almshouses of the press, especially in New York—to interview people on all and every occasion, where there was the slightest possibility of furnishing "something" for the papers to which they are attached. In criminal cases they are especially at home, and parade before the public in the most harrowing light all the minutest details that it is possible to convey by written language. But of late these sensational gentlemen have struck out in a new quarter. They have commenced interviewing mediums. Several aspiring reporters in this city, tried the experiment last year, but they made a great mistake in their *modus operandi*; for they thought burlesque would go down with the public better than truth, not knowing (the simpletons!) that the city contained thousands of Spiritualists, who saw through the flimsy "enterprise" of certain of the daily press. It didn't pay! But the *New York World* reporter has struck out in a new direction. He has eschewed the burlesque plane, and endeavors to be "fair." He has been interviewing Andrew Jackson Davis, at length. There is nothing especially new in Mr. Davis's answers. The points made are elaborately detailed in this gentleman's numerous works. We quote, however, the following as the most interesting portion of the lengthy interview, especially that in regard to our *Leaves*:

REPORTER—O. O. O. O. O. O. No doubt these revelations have in you an objective reality. You do not doubt their genuine character. I never had any conversation with you before these interviews, but from what I have seen of you on the two occasions when we have recently met, I do not believe for one moment you would state what is false. But then I am full in doubt about these things. I may have a way of accounting for them to myself, which it is needless to explain. How can you satisfy another mind of their validity? Having satisfied your own mind that you are not deceived by hallucinations, how can you satisfy others?

MR. DAVIS—Speaking personally, I may say that there is no attempt made to force credence for these revelations. That came to me by that way. I reported that way. Clairvoyance is the phonetics of the mind; it is a short-hand writing, a direct method for the acquisition of truth—ideas. The knowledge that it would take a person a week to acquire by ordinary methods, clairvoyance would discover to him in ten minutes. But it is not the fact of clairvoyance that I should offer as an authority. I should recommend you to see the mediums. We have mediums who cure diseases, who produce wonderful manifestations, who show writing on the arm, and so on. You should certainly see these. We recommend the greatest possible freedom of judgment. The mediums offer external facts. They are the proof-positives between people here and people on the other side. I think we have fewer charlatans now than we ever had—I mean fortune-tellers and mountebanks. We have been sadly disgraced by these creatures. But you know all great religious movements have their fringe of impostors who look at the army, with its struggles and thieves. Perhaps, in this respect, we are no worse off than others.

R.—I think Spiritualism has not yet founded a college or a high school, a hospital, a church, or any other great public institution.

MR. DAVIS—Not yet. We hope and believe all that will come in time. But there is one institution we have, of which I think we are proud, and that is the Children's Progressive Lyceum. That is a real, living institution. We have between thirty and forty thousand children attending our Sunday Lyceums, every Sunday, in this country, and the system is taking root in England. There is a Children's Progressive Lyceum in London, and one in Nottingham.

## Melbourne, Australia.

A letter from the above-named place says: "Spiritualism is making fair progress, and the clergymen are beginning to be alarmed about it; but the more they preach against it the more interest it excites. The Dean of Melbourne delivered a lecture here a short time since, admitting all the facts and phenomena, his only argument against them being 'the devil!' As the majority of sensible people do not believe in that individual, it is considered that the reverend gentleman has 'put his foot in it.' To-night (Aug. 12) Mr. Jas. P. Oliver, a Spiritualist, is to deliver a lecture in answer to the Dean, and I think he will effectually upset the Dean's scarecrow. There is an increased demand here for spiritual literature, which we obtain at the bookstore of Mr. W. H. Terry, 96 Russell street. We are to be favored with a new monthly journal, according to a prospectus issued by Mr. Russell, to be called 'The Harbinger of Light,' devoted to Zoistic Science, Free Thought, Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy.' Thus it will be seen that the truths eliminated by the Spiritual Philosophy are reaching the hearts of the people in this far-off region."

## J. M. Peebles's Lectures.

Political and literary journals, in the West and Northwest, says the *American Spiritualist*, not content with merely commending Mr. Peebles's literary lectures upon his travels in Europe and Asia, compare them to the best effort of Bayard Taylor. We find the following in the editorial columns of the *Fox Lake Representative* (Wis.) of Sept. 9th:

"The closing lecture upon 'Life and Travel in Turkey,' by the Hon. J. M. Peebles, recently returned from a Consular appointment in Trebizond, Asia Minor, was a most masterly effort. We have listened to the 8100 lectures of many of our most noted men in the lecture field, but have never heard a better one. In richness of descriptive oratory Mr. Peebles is fully the equal of Bayard Taylor, who is generally conceded to be unrivaled in this respect, while in genuine, impassioned eloquence, passages of the lecture reminded us of John B. Gough. His final peroration, praying the downfall of Political and Religious tyranny and the uplifting of Human Rights and Freedom throughout the world, was most thrilling."

## Special Notice.

Subscribers to the *Banner of Light* may always learn the number with which their term expires by consulting the figures following the name printed on the paper. Those who wish to continue their papers should bear this in mind, and renew; otherwise, the inference is that they intend to discontinue, and we accordingly erase their names. It seems, however, we are misunderstood in regard to this matter. The question has been asked, "Why was my paper stopped?" etc. Our terms are, payment in advance. Should we deviate from this rule, we could not collect one half of what might be due us at the expiration of six months. It is our earnest wish to retain all our subscribers, and none should feel offended because we suspend the paper when the subscription expires. It is an impersonal necessity altogether. Our mailing clerk understands the rule, and acts accordingly. Seasonable attention to the figures by our patrons will obviate all misapprehension in this matter.

## Albion, N. Y.

We are informed by Henry Armstrong that there is to be a two days' meeting of the Spiritualists at Bardwell's Hall, Albion, Orleans Co., New York, on the 5th and 6th of November. The meeting will be addressed by J. M. Peebles and others. Our friends in Albion have nearly completed an organization for the purpose of holding meetings regularly hereafter. Energy and determination will accomplish the desired end.

## The Year-Book of Spiritualism.

This anxiously looked for work will be issued on Saturday, Nov. 12th. The price has been fixed at a very low figure for a book of its size, namely, \$1.25 in cloth, postage 16 cents, and \$1.00 paper, postage 12 cents. It is richly worth the price charged, and should have a large circulation. Its pages are filled with the best thoughts of our best writers. Send in your orders at once.

## Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

BOSTON.—*Mercantile Hall*.—The consideration of questions (eliciting some forty-one answers from the pupils), singing by Minnie W. and Edna S. Dodge, Hattie Richardson, Maria Adams, and music by Addie Morton, contributed to make up the exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Sunday morning, Oct. 30th. The services commenced with the Grand Banner March. Attendance good.

*Boston Spiritual Conference*.—This organization met at the above-named hall, Sunday evening, Oct. 30th—M. T. Dole, President, in the chair. Discussion was opened by Mr. Campbell, on the question, "Is there any evidence of human existence after death?" He was followed by Messrs. Damon, H. S. Williams, Walcott, Burke, Davis, J. Green, and M. V. Lincoln. Further argument on the question was then postponed to two weeks from that evening (Sunday, Nov. 13th), on account of the concert of the Children's Lyceum, to be held on the evening of Nov. 6th; and George A. Bacon was appointed to open the debate.

II. S. Williams was elected to act as presiding officer, in the place of Mr. Dole (whose term was out, and who declined reelection), and the meeting adjourned.

*Temple Hall*.—Abby N. Burnham, Secretary Boylston-street Spiritual Association, informs us that, on the morning of Sunday, Oct. 30th, an interesting circle was held at this hall, 28 Boylston street. In the afternoon, Mrs. Floyd, of Dorchester, spoke, giving prompt, intelligent answers to many questions asked by the audience. In the evening, Mr. Hodges, of Charlestown, lectured. Attendance good. Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, is announced to speak in Temple Hall, Sunday evening, Nov. 13th.

*Hospital Hall*.—Mr. James Green has assumed the responsibility of opening this hall, 593 Washington street, free; and services are held Sunday forenoon for "individual messages and general instruction from the supermundane spheres." Mediums are invited to take part. Mr. Green is an earnest seeker after truth.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—*Harmony Hall*.—On Sunday forenoon, Oct. 30th, the question, "Are amusements natural methods of worship, and should they be indulged in on Sunday?" was considered by the larger groups at this Children's Lyceum; the smaller giving their attention to "What is the most beautiful insect to look upon?" Marching, well performed, and singing, excellent. Declarations by Misses Cora Hastings, Eula and Emma Willis, Lizzie Montgomery, Lillie Fay, Phoebe Dowling and Minnie Black, and remarks by Mr. J. H. Temple, a graduate from the Harvard Divinity School, concluded the exercises. In the evening, Mr. Enoch Powell, of the same university, spoke at Harmony Hall. Subject: "Spiritualism and Christianity."

CHELSEA.—*Granite Hall*.—This place was filled to repletion on Sunday evening, Oct. 30th, to hear the Rev. W. H. Cadworth (Unitarian), of East Boston, discourse on "The Spiritualism of St. Paul." The lecture gave general satisfaction.

*Silver Wedding*.—On Monday evening, Oct. 31st, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Hartford celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, at their residence, 26 Division street. A large company assembled, and quite a liberal supply of presents was brought. Remarks were made by Dr. A. H. Richardson, J. B. Hatch, of Charlestown, James S. Dodge and Mr. Bothamly, of Chelsea, Dr. John H. Carrier (presentation speech) and others, of Boston; after which, Mr. Hartford replied, inviting his guests to partake of a generous collation. The occasion was marked with happiness, and the time passed to a late hour ere the company dissolved, leaving their good wishes behind.

MIDDLEBORO'.—*Sales Hall*.—Spiritualist meetings continue to be held at this hall on alternate Sundays. Mrs. Clara DeVere and I. P. Greenleaf have spoken there lately with excellent effect.

## "Word and World"—"The Unity of God."

Two of the most powerful and impressive discourses delivered in Music Hall last season have been published together as No. 3 of the "Banner of Light Pamphlet Series," and are meeting with a very wide and deserved sale. They are entitled "THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE WORD AND THE WORKS; or, The Two Bibles of the Nineteenth Century," by Emma Hardinge; and "THE UNITY OF GOD," by Thomas Gales Forster. These lectures created deep reflection in the minds of all who listened to them at the time of their delivery. Together they make a very neat pamphlet of thirty-two royal octavo pages; and will be sent to any address for the very low sum of 20 cents, postage free.

It is not necessary to commend them anew. They will continue to do effective and lasting service for Spiritualism as long as they are kept in circulation. Each is a masterly discussion of the theme treated, and will carry at once conviction and comfort to the soul that is tossed with doubt or tries to hide in infidelity. Give such sterling missionaries as this pamphlet the widest circulation possible, and Spiritualism cannot but gain strength continually.

## Removal of the Capital.

The Convention called of those who favor the removal of the capital of the nation from Washington to St. Louis or some other point in the Mississippi Valley, as near as possible to the centre of population, met at Cincinnati on the 26th of October. Resolutions were passed favoring such a project. Joseph Nudell, of Chicago, Horace Greeley, of New York, G. Stevenson, of Kentucky, William Burwell, of Louisiana, and L. U. Reavis, of Missouri, were appointed to memorialize Congress for the passage of a resolution authorizing the appointment of commissioners to examine the questions of removing and the relocation of the capital, and to report at an early day. An Executive Committee, comprising one from each State and Territory represented, was appointed to take charge of the whole subject call conventions, etc. E. B. Harlan, of Illinois is Chairman, L. U. Reavis, Secretary, and Silas Bent, Treasurer.

## Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan was greeted by a good audience in Music Hall, this city, on Sunday forenoon, Oct. 30th. She gave a brilliant and lively spiritual discourse, in tones that were distinctly heard in every part of the hall; in fact we never heard her speak so loud and effectively before, and the audience fully appreciated the marked change in her strength of voice. It was a rich treat to listen to her inspirations, as she elaborated many fine points in the lecture. Her engagements here is limited, and the opportunity to hear her drawing to a close.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, one of the most indefatigable and talented workers in our ranks, authorized to collect subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*. Her post-office address is 132 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.











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Oct. 29 J. HERRICK MILLER, Sec'y.

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Nov. 5.

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