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JESSIE GRAY.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

The winter passed quickly away. Spring came again with its mantle of green, its singing birds, its music of rippling waters rejoicing in their freedom, its buds and all its sweet promises of a rich future. Dalton was beautiful at this time—it was one of the prettiest villages in South-eastern Ohio, a rough, hilly region, where the New Englander feels at home, and through which the beautiful Ohio winds its way to pay tribute to the Father of waters.

Mrs. Selden was one of those quiet, home-loving women, who make everything attractive around them, but never care to be found away from home. Her garden was her greatest pleasure, and this spring she was busy every day, pleased with the thought of seeing "the children," as she called them, in the garden once more. All Carrie's favorite plants were carefully tended—mignonette, heliotrope, and lemon verbena were in great profusion, and with her own hands she watered and weeded the strawberry bed. "For never was there a child that delighted in strawberries and cream like our Carrie," she would say. "If it will not be too much trouble, Mr. Perry, she said, one day at breakfast, 'I wish you would order a few tea-roses from Hirt's, when you go to Cincinnati. I know you are very busy when there, and I would not burden you with the commission; but Carrie will be so disappointed to find all her tea-roses dead, that I want to replace them before her return.'"

The good lady was delighted, a few days afterwards, to find such a collection of the rarest of Hirt's roses brought to her door, together with a variety of other choice plants. She did not once suspect that the journey to the city was made purposely for the plants, nor could she know half the pleasure which her commission had given. The house was growing more beautiful every day—inside, fresh paper and paint, and the tidy housewife's busy hands were making all things brighter. Rooms were thrown open to the sun, the heavy winter draperies were exchanged for snowy muslin curtains, while grape-vines and wisteria, trumpet flower and honeysuckle were growing as fast as they could to shade and share the household joy. For the first time since his husband's death, the pale face of Mrs. Selden, that had looked so sad and wan in her widow's cap, began to wear a smile. She invariably said, "The return of the children," or "When the children come," never speaking of them separately, till Mr. Perry began to feel almost as if Mrs. Bond must be right, and that mother and son were in the "plot," as in his mind he chose to term it. The very thought made the whole place, in all its bright, spring beauty, dark with the shadow of a great fear. He dared not look forward to the future. Had one like the angel of the Apocalypse vision offered to unravel the scroll, he would have said, "Nay, Lord!" for he knew that, with his present weakness, he should be "as a dead man" were he to see his fears made real even in a distant future.

Not far from Mrs. Selden's place was a beautiful little homestead of five or six acres of orchard and lawn, with an old-fashioned garden. The house was a one-story wooden building surrounded by shrubbery; a narrow foot-path, with tall, stately poplars on each side, led directly to the red door which opened into rooms glistening of paper, paint or carpets, but exquisitely neat, and white as soap, water and sand in a housewife's hand could make them.

Mr. Burrell, an old revolutionary soldier, lived there with his aged wife and a granddaughter. Mrs. Selden had been very kind to the good old couple who had been feeble all winter. They had little beside the homestead, but they lacked no comfort which their kind neighbor could supply. As spring opened, they grew more feeble and died within a week of each other, the old gentleman passing over the cold river first, as if he would prepare the way for one whom he had so tenderly guarded for fifty years. The granddaughter returned to her father's home and the old house was deserted.

One morning at breakfast Mrs. Selden remarked that she supposed the place would sell readily, it was such a beautiful spot. "I wonder who will buy it," she said. "Carrie used to say, 'Auntie, when I am an old maid I am going to buy Grandpa Burrell's house; he says he'll sell it to me; and I will keep house and invite you and Mr. Perry to tea every day.' 'But you'll marry,' I said, 'and build a new house, and make a beautiful spot of the old place.' 'No,' said she, 'I'll not marry unless I can marry the best man in the world—and that is Mr. Perry—and he's too old and too good and too learned for me. He will marry some great dignified lady like Mrs. Hall, the preceptress, or Miss Hannah More, or Mrs. Somerville that I read about the other day, who can write books as big and learned as those Mr. Perry reads.' Wasn't she a strange child? and yet the most warm-hearted, loving one I ever knew. Take another cup of coffee, Mr. Perry."

"No, I thank you. The Asa was expected in New York on Thursday. I think we will have letters to-day."

Mrs. Selden's face brightened, and her thoughts ventured at once to the poultry yard, where certain spring chickens were fastening, which she intended should do their share of welcome to the "children."

Mr. Perry went down to the village bank. "He's too old!" How the words haunted him! "How absurd for me to hope!" And just then he passed the bookseller's shop where the last Lady's Book was opened and exposed for sale in the window. The engraving was December and May—an old man, white-haired and bent, was by the side of a fair, young girl, kissing the white, jeweled hand, while her face, with an arch smile upon it, was turned one side, as if she said, "Is n't he a foolish, old soul?"

Judge Perry was out of humor, and wished all Lady's Books in the bottom of the Dead Sea. Nevertheless he went on his way, and, finding the Burrell Place for sale, he paid the price, and, signing the deed, walked home again with the papers in his pocket, thinking he would take a survey of the property, a matter which, contrary to his usual caution, he had neglected before purchasing. As he walked back and forth under the shadow of the old trees, the hope revived. The words of the little girl came back to him. He knew her childish attachment to him, and perhaps now she would not feel the disparity of age as she did in those years. There was not so much after all. How many married with even more disparity.

Then he began to survey the grounds, and, in his fancy, a pretty cottage reared itself in the place of the old soldier's home; a beautiful flower-garden bloomed where corn and potatoes were now in their early spring growth, and the form he loved so well to see came from amid these flowers to welcome him. If the Judge "did not hum a law tune in court that day" he was certainly dreaming not of what "might have been," but of a possible future of bliss even for the grave man whom the lawyers thought so entirely devoted to business that so light a matter as matrimony never entered his busy brain. Ay, how often we misjudge the grave, reticent men who walk the earth as if they had no share in human joys and sorrows. The snow often caps the volcanic mount.

While the gentle Mrs. Selden is happy in the anticipation of seeing her children again, her whole soul absorbed in that one event, Mrs. Bond in Paris is startled amid her gaiety by the arrival of John Selden. She is sure now that Carrie is "going to throw herself away," and sets herself with determined energy to prevent such a sacrifice. The work was already, as she supposed, well begun in her letter to Judge Perry, and now poor John was treated with a marked neglect, which his natural obtuseness prevented his feeling as acutely as Mrs. Bond intended. But Carrie was quick to see that John was no favorite with her friend, though she was far from divining the cause. This coolness which was received by John as arguing well for his future. He was so confident of success that he considered no declaration necessary. His object was to have it tacitly understood that he was the accepted lover of Carrie, and, with a policy beyond his years, he schemed well. Herbert found himself almost *à trop* save when Mrs. Bond came to his aid, which she never failed to do when possible.

Meanwhile Carrie was enjoying life, all unconscious of the plans and counter-plans on her account, treating John as she had always done from childhood, not once suspecting the wishes of his heart, and rather shy and reticent in Herbert Weston's presence, lest she should be thought to retract her negative answer. On the voyage home John's place was by Carrie's side; and now, as Herbert was left behind, there was no rival—save that Mrs. Bond's distance and reserve toward John surprised and grieved Carrie.

One moonlight night Carrie was on deck. Wrapped in her water-proof she sat upon a coil of rope. John had left her side to smoke the inevitable cigar, when Mrs. Bond, who seldom cared to be on deck, seated herself near Carrie, saying: "It is very rare to find you alone. John seems to appropriate you so exclusively, that I feel almost an intruder whenever I seek your society."

Carrie looked pained.

"John has been very kind, Mrs. Bond, but I should be sorry to exchange your society for his only."

"Indeed, were you not the very soul of truth, Carrie, I should look upon that as a very equivocal remark. No lady should marry a gentleman whose society is not more agreeable to her than that of any other person in the world."

"I think with you, Mrs. Bond," said Carrie.

"And yet you say that my society is quite as agreeable as that of John Selden."

"Infinitely more so, my dear friend," and Carrie turned her large, beautiful eyes in wonder toward her friend.

"Have I been all this time mistaken, my dear girl? was it not for John that you refused Herbert? Has there not been for years a pledge that when you were of age you would marry this friend of your childhood?"

"So far from it, my dear Mrs. Bond, that the idea never entered my head before, and I am very sorry you have suggested it."

"Pardon me, Carrie, I am not sorry to have arrived at the truth, even by wounding you a little. I have misjudged you, and have treated your friend coolly because I was unjustly suspicious of him. Then it was no prior attachment that led you to reject the hand of Herbert Weston?"

There was again that look of grave surprise in the eyes of Carrie. Mrs. Bond understood it.

"I see you naturally wonder that your secret should become mine; but Herbert is like a child to me. I have known of his hope and his disappointment. But if this warm heart of yours is still free, I may hope that you will not turn away from the brilliant future which is in your grasp."

"I know of but one motive, Mrs. Bond, that should influence a woman in her choice for life. A brilliant destiny, as you term it, may be the hollow mockery that conceals a sad heart. I am very young yet, but I have a theory that a woman should be guided by the instinct of her

heart in this matter, and whenever that voice is silenced, the true woman has outraged the better feelings of her nature. I do not wish to think or talk of marriage at present. I enjoy life as but few I fancy do. I was thinking, as you came here and seated yourself on this coil, how delicious simple existence is. The moon above, these blue waters below; the very motion of this great steamer, as she bears us proudly onward; and the memory of a Father's care, who holds us lovingly in his hand, were thoughts that brought a sweet peace and rest to me. I honestly confess, that I would gather, if possible, all the brightness which is for me in life—*this* life—before I am called to the hereafter. I believe in love; love as our best novelists depict it. I hope, I believe it will one day come to me; that I shall realize what it is to give in greater measure even than I ask; to live for and in another."

As Carrie spoke, her features became animated, her head, which was finely poised, was elevated, and her eyes kindled from the soul within. Mrs. Bond, a true woman of the world, who had out-lived this girlish enthusiasm, as she termed it, was simply amused, not touched.

"All that sounds very beautifully, Carrie; and I remember when I had just such fine ideas; and I can't tell you the offers I refused, because my lovers were not like the knights in Scott's novels, till at last when I was twenty-five, and life began to be more prosaic, Mr. Bond came. My parents knew him well. He was a business man, and stood high on 'Change. He was a gentleman, too; but he could not have tilted in a tournament, nor was he a Sir Phillip Sydney for wit, grace and wisdom. Nor was there any romance in our courtship; it was a simple offer in plain language. And you know what a faithful, generous husband he has been to me."

Yes, Carrie did know that Mr. Bond lavished money upon his wife; that he was an honest, upright merchant, whose life was merged in business; saw the little interest in fashionable life which a residence in Paris had given him. But she thought, also, how little such a man could meet her want; how far he was from her ideal. As this thought passed through her mind, Mrs. Bond said:

"And you, too, have your ideal, and he is—not Herbert Weston?"

Even while she spoke, the diminutive figure and rather common-place features of Herbert, came before her in somewhat striking contrast to the beauty of Carrie. Her cloak had fallen from her shoulders, and she sat on that coil of rope, like a queen on her throne; her fair, white throat and handsome head, showing finely in the soft light of the moon.

Mrs. Bond for a moment doubted whether Carrie could be induced to take the right view, as she called it. "There are some girls," she murmured to herself, "that are so high spirited and romantic, they never can be made to see their own interest. One comfort, she will never marry John Selden." She determined to see Judge Perry, and try how far he could influence Carrie. She was sure the Judge would agree with her, and Carrie would listen to his advice when she might not to any other person.

Her opportunity offered soon. The Judge came on board the steamer immediately on its arrival in New York. The guardian intended not to be too demonstrative. He thought he had schooled himself for the meeting, but when Carrie came forward as soon as she recognized him, with the old childish look of gladness in her face, he could not help clasping her in his arms, and giving her that kiss upon her forehead, which Mrs. Bond thought so fatherly.

They remained in the city a week, and this good lady did not forget her duty, even amid the excitement of getting home. She insisted that the Judge should have a "serious talk," as she called it, with Carrie, which he promised; and also that he would report the result.

Carrie was one day reading by herself, in one of those cosy little parlors, in a certain hotel on Broadway, when the Judge came in, and with a directness which amused Carrie, approached the subject.

"I have promised my friend, Mrs. Bond," he said, "to give you some good advice upon matrimony."

Carrie laid down her book, folded her hands, and looked up with such a comic air of affected gravity, that the Judge's eyes twinkled, and there was an expression about his mouth, which Carrie, who knew him so well, rightly interpreted to mean, "I am doing this upon compulsion." His gravity, too, was evidently assumed, as he said:

"I understand you have refused a most eligible offer of marriage?"

"Yes, sir," with the same frank manner.

"Have you not been taught that the chief end of woman is to marry well?"

"No, sir; my education has been specially neglected on that subject. My guardian has neither by precept nor example enforced the lesson."

"He would gladly make amends for such deficiency, and would now say, that Mr. Herbert Weston is a man of talent, wealth and position, and a union with him, would be—in the opinion of society—a very 'fine match.'"

"I understand and endorse your opinion."

The guardian opened his eyes wide. He was evidently taken aback, but he proceeded:

"Most young ladies, situated as you have been, would have played the game so skillfully, as to need no advice upon the subject."

"What, guardian, when hearts were not trumps?"

"Hearts! I have said nothing about hearts. What have hearts to do with marriage now days?"

"Oh, sir, I beg your pardon; I forgot I was learning a new lesson. I am attentive."

"Well, then, to proceed. I am requested to advise you to listen to Mr. Herbert Weston's proposal at once, and secure your happiness for life."

"Such is Mrs. Bond's wish; of that I am already advised. I wait to hear the advice of my guardian."

She still sat with her hands folded, and a look of assumed meekness.

"I do not like to waste advice; if I were only sure mine would be heeded."

The expression of Carrie's face changed. There was a sincerity in her manner, and a look out of her clear, honest eyes, that carried her guardian back to the days of her childhood.

"Yes, guardian, I feel that I can safely promise to follow your advice whatever it be, after I have once told you that I can never love Herbert Weston, as a wife should love her husband."

The Judge rose, and turned toward the window. He dared not for a moment trust himself to look into her eyes; to let her see the emotion which he feared he could not conceal.

"You are right, Carrie, and you shall be troubled no more in this matter. If there is anything in this world against which my whole soul revolts, it is match-making. I would rather see you earning your bread by that worst of all drudgery for woman, teaching, than fettered by the golden chain of a false marriage—a marriage for position and wealth. Do not misunderstand me. I believe in marriage; that true union which God blesses—proof against sickness, poverty, old age, death itself."

Carrie could not see his face. He stood leaning against the mantle, with his head a little averted, but his words sent a chill through her heart. Ah, then! And it was true perhaps, that her guardian had once loved; and that death, while it separated, had not divided these hearts. But why should this give her pain? Poor Carrie! The question she dared not answer. Could it be possible after all, that her guardian was her ideal? She had seen many that were called gentlemen, and she had invariably found that they had suffered in comparison with him.

Carrie rose, and passed silently out of the parlor into her own chamber. Perhaps nothing is more painful to a true woman, than to find that she has given her affection where it has not been sought. Doomed to silence and the most rigid surveillance of word and action, lest a word, a tone, an expression, betray what should be concealed, as if it were a deadly sin, poor Carrie covered her face with her hands, fearful that the very walls would read her secret.

"Why should I feel pain at the idea that he had loved another? I am wrong; I am wicked. God forgive me; I thought I loved him only as a daughter loves her father. Well, I must not think about it; no, never again."

She understood now why she had looked forward to her return home with such anticipation. As she saw the Judge standing there, in all the beauty and dignity of middle age, one whom all men honored, and women admired, she said to herself, Mrs. Bond was right; all women have an ideal, and some meet with their ideal and are happy as they can be in this life—where sorrow and death come to all.

The dinner bell sounded. The Judge would wait for her; and she rose, bathed her face in cold water, smoothed her hair, and walked down to the parlor, where the Judge stood ready to offer his arm; she little suspecting, poor child, that the slightest touch of her little white hand, made his heart thrill. And thus we sometimes go through life—the waters are troubled, but no angel appears.

It was a bright spring day, when the three arrived at Dalton. The Judge had telegraphed, so that Mrs. Selden knew the exact hour in which she might expect them. And there she stood in her widow's cap to be sure, but very bright was her smile, as she said:

"Welcome, my children, home again," drawing John and Carrie toward her, giving an equally warm greeting to each.

The Judge was observant. Could she be deceiving herself, or was he deceived? Could it be that this college boy, with his unhappy temper, and his obtuse intellect, had won the heart of the beautiful girl before him? Beautiful indeed she was; and as Mrs. Selden laid her hand upon Carrie's head, smoothing the curls, drawing her toward herself for a second embrace, adding, "You have improved, my darling," the Judge felt the least bit envious of the gentle lady.

There was an assurance in John's manner toward Carrie that did not please the Judge—claiming of her society, which was either a brother's assumed right or a lover's privilege.

Carrie could hardly do justice to Mrs. Selden's ample supper, so eager was she to take one look at the premises before darkness prevented.

"First to see Lightfoot," she said.

"Have a little patience, Carrie," said John, who had not the least idea of hastening his meal. John was something of a gourmand.

"I see guardian has finished his supper—the same as of old, a slice of toast and a cup of tea. When I was a child, I used to wonder how you could deny yourself honey, sweetmeats, and all the nice things which auntie always puts upon her tea-table; but I am getting quite into your fashion myself."

"Transferring them to the dessert at dinner, instead of to a late supper table," said the Judge.

"Yes, that is what I mean, for I do like nice things just as much as ever; and, auntie, I like our own home and table better than any other in the wide world."

Mrs. Selden was gratified with the compliment, though she said, "I was afraid, Carrie, our old fashioned ways would not suit you after your gay life."

"Indeed it will, auntie; I should like to be a little girl once more, and live my child's life over again."

"What! with all the lessons, my mother's Bible tasks, and the Judge's mathematics and lectures upon philosophy, propriety, &c?" said John.

"Yes," said Carrie, "all over again, all but my

own willful ways. Auntie, what a troublesome child I was—now don't say to the contrary, because I remember my sins this day, and your sweet patience."

"Oh, as to that Carrie, I never needed great patience, for when you were very willful, it was only necessary for Judge Perry to look at you, or say 'Carrie, my child, do n't yield to anger, and you were gentle as a dove.'"

"You must thank the Judge for teaching you self-command, Carrie."

"She may do that on the way to Lightfoot's stable," said the Judge.

A few days before she would have done so, but a strange silence seemed to seize upon both guardian and ward lately, whenever they were thrown together away from the society of others. Lightfoot and Mameppa were, however, fruitful topics for conversation. They did look well, and no wonder, they would have been ungrateful animals not to have shown their master's care.

The rides were resumed, sometimes with John, but quite frequently, too, with the Judge.

Carrie was as happy as a bird on the wing, or on a bright spring morning, when her song greets us from some tree, so full of joyous trills that we know that existence itself is happiness enough.

After a few weeks John returned to college. He was in haste to finish his course. Carrie willingly acceded to his request to write once a week.

"She must write for me now," said his mother.

The Judge heard the arrangement, and wished in his heart he might see the letters. Wasn't it a singular wish for a gentleman of forty-five, and a Judge?

John would have thought so certainly, could he have known it; but in his selfish unconsciousness that the "stern old governor," as he called him, had any other thoughts save of law and literature, he left for Yale, saying to Carrie:

"I'll win my prize yet."

"Hard study will win," she replied.

"Not always," he said, laughing as he imprinted a kiss upon the lips, which led the Judge to say in his heart:

"You'll not win that prize without a contest."

Summer passed rapidly with the trio. Carrie fancied that she had the key to the most sacred chamber of the Judge's heart, and very tenderly did she bear herself toward him, when he seemed weary or taciturn.

By a sort of instinct he divined this, and, forgive him, reader, if once in awhile he assumed a little weariness, for then came the music of her sweetest songs, and her low, gentle voice in reading, quite as soothing as the singing.

Mrs. Selden was one of those quiet, unpretending women, that seem to know exactly what is needed without a long list of questions, and seeing how much these two enjoyed life together, she managed it so that she herself was never too much or too little in the way.

One summer afternoon, Carrie had gone down to the old home of the Burrells.

"How lovely it looks?" she had said to Mrs. Selden that day.

"Yes, darling, I do wish somebody would buy the place and repair it, some one that would make a pleasant neighbor for us."

"Do you remember my childish plan, auntie?"

"Yes; but we can't spare you from the old home, and I think the Judge and myself would both prefer to find you here at tea-time, to going down there to take our supper."

Nevertheless, it is a fancy that has clung to me, auntie, and if you don't think it a very wild scheme, I am going to propose to my guardian to buy it for me. I wonder who owns it?"

"I suppose the old soldier's grand-children; I have never heard of its passing from their hands. But, Carrie, are you going to carry out the rest of the plan, and keep old maid's hall?"

"Yes, auntie, I have made up my mind I shall never marry."

The widow smiled.

"At your age such decisions pass for but little; I have heard many a young girl say the same."

Carrie gave no answering smile, but looked very grave, as she replied, "I have made up my mind deliberately, and I mean to be the happiest old maid that ever lived. Now, auntie, I want to own the old homestead, and make a sweet little home there, and when John marries, you can divide your time between his home and mine. I'll have a cosy room on purpose for you, and some slippers and cigars always ready for guardian. I'll go right over now and survey the premises; and you must help me persuade the Judge that it is the best plan for me, will you not, dear auntie?" and kissing her tenderly, she ran out through the garden into the old orchard.

The widow mused a moment—but not sadly, there was a smile upon her face. "It will all be right," she murmured to herself, as she rose to make arrangements for tea, which she always superintended herself.

In a few minutes the Judge entered, and inquired for Carrie, saying he thought she might like a ride, and he proposed an early tea.

"You will find her at the old cottage, and I will have tea prepared at once."

Carrie had wandered over the orchard and garden, and was seated on the doorstep of the house, in the shade of a great elm, that hung its boughs over the roof. An old cat that had never deserted the place, was by her side. She remembered it as the old lady's pet, and fancied the recognition was mutual.

It was a retired spot, away from the busy village, though you could catch glimpses of that through the branches of the old elms and apple trees, and hear the music of the waterfall, and the busy mills which it kept in motion.

"Just the place for me!" said Carrie; "here I'll live and die, and if I can add happiness to my guardian's life, how glad I shall be! How I wish I knew more of his early life. He never would have talked as he did, if he had not loved. I am sure he is one who would never forget the

the inspirations of the audience and the invisible world. Just so far as you, friends, brothers and sisters, open your mind, friends, seeking for that which you need most, I shall be enabled to come in communion with you, in order that I may open my mind, and become the medium for influences from the unseen intelligences bending from the spheres with blessings adapted to every waiting soul. There is as much done to good hearers as to good speakers; much depends on the condition of mind of the audience. It is within themselves meditative elements, which when quickened and cultivated, enable them to come in rapport, not only with the world of humanity around, but with the unseen hosts who mingle with us, wherever conditions are such as to attract them. You come here for the fresh bread and water of eternal life, adapted to your daily needs. You may believe in the teachings and inspirations recorded in the Bible, given ages ago, and you may believe they were adapted to those who then received them; but you want more. If God and angels spoke to man in ancient times, why not speak to-day? Are there no Samuels, Davids, Isaiahs, Pauls, Peters, Johns, or Messiahs, through whom Heaven can pour its inspirations to-day?

Millions of our race are waiting and watching with sad, tear-dimmed eyes, for the dawn of that light which smote the darkness of other centuries. Prayers have gone up from all the altars of humanity, and pleading cries, How long, O God? how long, O ye ministering angels of the At-mosphere? Is he whose presence was seen by John on Patmos—is he, with all his hosts, banished into the distant unknown, and abandoned our planet to the demons of Pandemonium or the chaos of eternal night? It cannot be. The speaker then went on to elaborate the abundant proofs of modern Spiritualism, and compared them with the wisdom of the Bible. We could not square either the ancient, so-called, sacred records nor the modern. There was a significance and a certain kind of authority in all human history and experience. He recommended a discriminating criticism, but solemnly protested against all wholesale denunciations against churches, Bibles, or any thing or anybody else. It was time, he said, that the Spiritualists should stand-point of true philosophers, and looked down on all things with the clear eyes of those holier, wiser, celestial beings who beam with blessings for all alike. Whether we speak of the so-called dead or living, we ought to speak of them as though they were face to face in our presence, holding us in their responsibility for all we think and say; for they are one with us in the great brotherhood of earth and heaven. When our hands are uplifted to smite our fellow-beings, or our tongues are tempted to utter blistering sentences of condemnation, we are checked when we remember "their angels in heaven do always behold the face of our Father." We can find fault with everybody, with everything, if we undertake; but of what service are all these carplings and condemnations? There is no soul on earth without imperfections when compared with the standard of Infinite Rectitude. Shall I take the place of the All-Seeing and thunder forth my impotent judgment of human nature? I may have done it; and, if so, the same judgment comes back on my own soul, and I stand condemned. Let heaven alone judge us, while we mortals stand with uncovered heads, in silent supplication for that mercy which "we to others show."

The great work of life, in all its various spheres and its relations, is adequate to absorb all our time and attention, and we can afford to waste no time on the night of the soul, which which which the highest well-being of ourselves and friends and the world around us. The new era of celestial rapture is fast dawning, and new harvest-fields are fast ripening and calling us to go forth and bear the heat and burden of the day. Added to the ordinary duties and relations of home and secular life, are the new duties imposed on us by angel-hosts calling on us to come out and take our places in the ranks of spiritual progress and reform. And shall we shrink back, fearful of the responsibilities, and ashamed before the faces of friends and the world? Ashamed before these earthly friends, ashamed before the world around? Behold the open heaven, and the angels with the faces of celestial friends, angel-eyes beaming the light of eternity! And which shall we heed, earth or heaven? Give me one smile from that angel-mother of mine, who has been shining in glory for more than a quarter of a century, and I can meet the forces of a frowning world. Through all the labors, sufferings, slanders, poverty and woe of long weary years of wandering as pioneer evangelist, I have been sustained, as I am still, by the love of that angel-mother shining down through every night and storm. No matter what our lot or labor may be, only give us this celestial gospel, and in our most souls we can sing songs of hope and joy like the sun-bird, which sings loudest and sweetest amid wildest storms and deepest thunders. On the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of the fishermen go down at twilight, and sit and sing and listen, till at last they hear their songs echoed back by their husbands across the vast stretch of intervening waves. So amid life's intervals, we may sit and listen, till we hear sweet voices coming back from the dear departed, and bidding us to a banquet of peace and love which all this wide world can never know. Do you remember the familiar story of the fisherman father, whose little boy was placed upon a high rock by the side of the ocean, in order that he might call out to his father when the waves, in case the father became enveloped in fog or storm? "Steer straight to me, this way, father," was the cry of the boy, and the father, hearing, landed in safety. The little boy died—the father was discomfited, till at last from out the sphere he heard the voice of his little boy, still exclaiming, "This way, father." And from that hour the father was guided by the celestials. O, amid life's ordeals, its nights, its storms, its bounding billows, let us hear voices from beyond, and these frail barbs of our being shall ride triumphantly over every tempestuous sea, and land us in safety, with an angel welcome.

"On that silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar,"
(To be continued.)

Universal Peace Society.

Pursuant to the adjournment at Providence, R. I., May 16, 1866, the Universal Peace Society will meet in Philadelphia, October 10, 1866, at the hall of the Franklin Institute, Seventh street, above Chestnut, at three o'clock P. M., and continue through several sessions. To all friends of pure and thorough Peace Principles, and of those necessary conditions which make for peace, and to all persons, irrespective of theological or political belief, who reverently acknowledge our obligations to God and man, and who earnestly desire something better for the government of the world and the settlement of difficulties than the warfare and the spirit of hate and oppression which make for war, a cordial invitation is extended to be present and cooperate in promoting the sacred cause. Earnest friends from various parts of the country are expected to address the meetings.

ALFRED H. LOVE, President.
Philadelphia, Penn.
LYSANDER S. RICHARDS, Boston, } Secretaries.
LAURA BLIVEN, Providence.
At eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 10th of October, 1866, the friends of the cause in Pennsylvania will meet in the above mentioned hall, to organize the Pennsylvania Branch of the Universal Peace Society, and it is hoped the State will be well represented.
Philadelphia, Penn., Sept. 24, 1866.

Mrs. Jennette J. Clark.

To those acquainted with this highly gifted medium of communications from the Summer-land, her eminently powerful, sympathizing, convincing discourses in public assemblies, her rare skill in subduing and eradicating disease, her noble and unflinching efforts to show mortals their own high estate, not a word from my feeble pen need be uttered. It is expected she will remain at her residence on Grand street, Fair Haven, Conn., another year. Let me say to the readers of the BANNER: Cooperate with the angel-world through your media in releasing captives from bondage to Egoism, superstition, and do not forget "material aid" is necessary to this work. E. P. G.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1866.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

New York Branch of the Banner of Light Bookstore and Publishing House.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We take pleasure in stating that we have completed arrangements with Dr. H. B. STORER, widely known to the spiritual fraternity of this country, to take the superintendence of our New York Establishment, and attend to the general business naturally concentrating at that important point.

We call the especial attention of our friends to the fact, that Dr. STORER will supply not only the spiritual works issued by ourselves and other publishers, but any book published in this country or in Europe. All Spiritualists, who desire thus incidentally to help us in sustaining and increasing the usefulness of the BANNER, are invited to forward all their orders for Books of any description, either to our New York or Boston office, being assured that they will be filled promptly and at publishers' prices, with liberal discounts to purchasers for Sunday Schools or Libraries.

Our office in New York is at No. 544 Broadway, (nearly opposite Barnum's Museum). Friends visiting the city are invited to call at the office, where Dr. STORER will be happy to afford any information concerning the location of mediums, public meetings, or whatever may be of value as a guide to strangers.

Address, H. B. STORER, BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

The Working Men of England.

There is, at the present time, a feeling among the laboring classes in England, that will lead to positive revolution if the causes which beget it are not provided for or removed without delay. The whole of the excitement pervading England to-day, proceeds from the discussion of the Reform Bill, a matter that has long been in agitation—in fact, since the year 1832. The particular reform demanded is that of the suffrage; and if that be conceded, a great many others inevitably follow. This the governing interest is quick to discern, and, therefore, hangs back with all its dead weight. On a single point of this question the Russell-Ministry was ejected from power last winter; and now that its successor, the Derby Ministry, gives signs of not being willing to answer to the popular demand on the subject of the franchise, war will be opened on that Ministry, too.

John Bright stands confessedly at the head of the popular party. He is the champion of popular rights. He advocates and defends with characteristic fearlessness the popular cause. None of the ordinary influences of power can corrupt him. He speaks and labors with a fervor and earnestness almost religious. His manner is calculated to readily win the confidence and affections of the people, and by the many proofs they have had of his integrity, he stands head and shoulders above any other popular leader of Great Britain, in Parliament or out. He has recently been addressing the people in mass meetings, and the burden of his story has been the extension of the elective franchise. That is the pivot on which politics in England now turn, and it is likely to be for some time. Even if the Government is forced into a discussion of foreign questions of the weightiest import, this home question of extending the suffrage, so as to take in a large element of the workingmen, will prove the one on which the outer ones turn.

If the truth be stated precisely as it is, England is to-day on the threshold of a revolution, and upon this single question of the Suffrage. The cry is now making itself heard of Manhood Suffrage. Gladstone and the rest were for a Seven Pound condition; that is, all men who paid or owned a rental equal yearly to seven pounds, or thirty-five dollars, shall be entitled to the enjoyment of the franchise. This is by no means literal Manhood Suffrage, but it is much nearer to it than what is possessed by the people of England now. Since the riotous demonstrations in Hyde Park, however, stimulated, as they undoubtedly were, by the course of the Government, the popular feeling has grown remarkably strong on this single point of Suffrage, and much more is demanded now than would have been presumed on otherwise. It is not a little singular that the same question, with a little different application, is at this time engrossing public attention in both England and the United States. What it positively proves is, that an enlargement of the people's rights is being demanded with unwonted earnestness, and that timely concessions will have to be made in order to avoid greater perils of whose approach the governing classes begin to betray an uneasy knowledge.

To show precisely what is the state of feeling on this important subject in England among the workingmen, we will allude once more to the meeting at which John Bright was present and made an address an hour and a half in length. Mr. Bright quoted from a former speech of Mr. Lowe, a member of Parliament, and a Tory. This he did to show his hearers what disposition was felt to the suffrage reform by the Tory party and by the Derby administration. The passage quoted by Mr. Bright from the speech of Mr. Lowe was this: "Pass this bill, (seven pound), and the first step will be an increase of corruption, disorder, intimidation, and of all the evils that usually happen in elections; and the second will be that the working men of England, finding themselves in a full majority of the whole constituency, will awaken to a full sense of their power." And Mr. Bright added the remark: "These sentiments were received with enthusiastic approbation by the great body of the Tory party. Workingmen! He is the declaration of war by Lord Derby and the

Tory party." To which a voice responded for the assembly: "We accept it!" and the whole multitude acquiesced with vociferous applause.

So the war with the Government of England may be said to have begun. The other party to it are the tolling millions of the Kingdom. They ask to be recognized as men and citizens, and to have a share of the work of governing a country of which they constitute the bulk of the population. Mr. Bright continued: "This is the policy of Mr. Lowe. It is not important because Mr. Lowe recognizes it, but it is important because it has been accepted and approved by the Tory party of Parliament. I am charged with designs against the safety of the institutions of this country, but I say that this is a dangerous policy, which, in other countries, when carried out obstinately, has done great things. Through it crowns and coronets have sometimes been lost, and I am not sure that it is a policy which could be safely maintained with us." In this last phrase may be discovered the real character of the opposition which the Government has provoked. It does precisely what has been mistakenly done before in England, and that is, put itself against the popular demands, wants and interests, provoke the popular hostility, and sow broadcast the seeds of popular revolution. In every previous instance the experiment has been a sorry failure for the Crown, and it will so prove to the Government and the Crown now. There is no such thing as successfully withstanding the people, in a country that lays the slightest claims to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. The eager response of the assembly to Mr. Bright's commentary on Mr. Lowe's speech shows plainly enough what is the present temper of English workingmen on a subject to which they are irrevocably wedded.

Though the response comes late, yet it comes. Even in Old England, where movements are notoriously slow and considerate, and nothing is tried until it has first been proved by other people. As Mr. Bright ominously throws out, there is such a chance as that crowns may totter and fall if they offer to stand in the way of a great popular movement. If the present Derby Ministry opens in opposition to the Reform Bill, or to that important provision in it which proposes to give the suffrage to the workingmen of England, it will be swept out of existence when the Parliament again assembles. Members will find themselves powerless to resist the progress of this franchise movement. A new class of voters, hitherto kept from the ballot-box, demands the franchise as a right of which it has long been deprived.

This new and larger demand for manhood suffrage, will awaken all the latent hostility of the Tory leaders, and so the battle, which promises to be a long one, will be all the more hotly and bitterly contested. It would not surprise us to see the Church Establishment, the Aristocracy and the Throne itself go down before the sturdy blows of the opposition it has aroused. The present Queen may be the last crowned head Englishmen will see. So they do but have a Constitutional Government; who cares for that? If the workingmen are elevated, it matters nothing what becomes of the empty titles and costly ceremonies. Intelligent Englishmen admit the superiority of a simpler and less expensive form of Government, like our own; and it will not be long before they will have it as they desire.

A New Peace Movement.

A new league, designed to embrace the friends of peace in Europe, and to further efforts for breaking down the system of standing armies, has been formed at Antwerp, and is holding its meetings alternately at Antwerp and Paris. One of the principal leaders in the movement is M. Edmond Potonie, who has recently gained some notoriety by his writings upon political economy, for the French journals. Branches of the league are to be formed in all the principal towns in Europe, and the originators of the movement will spare no pains to make a successful crusade against wars and battles. This is a grand idea, and we hope the best minds in the world will do all that may lie in their power to bring the league into successful working order. We have had quite enough of human slaughter upon the battle-field. That innocent, unoffending people should be massacred by the wholesale, on account of the heated blood of a few demagogues, whether of the priestcraft or kingcraft school, and that, too, by LAW, is one of the most gigantic wrongs in the world's history. We have had quite enough of it. Let every decent man, in every nation, join such a league, and human butchers would soon be compelled to retire into Hades, where they legitimately belong.

A congress of the members of the league will be held some time during the present year at Brussels, and the chief question for discussion will be the formation of an International Tribunal, consisting of representatives from the leading European States and from the United States, doubtless, who will be empowered to bring about the pacific settlement of the different questions that arise from time to time among the European powers, and are now brought to the arbitrament of arms for settlement.

It will be seen by the official notice in another column, that the American "Universal Peace Society" (pursuant to adjournment), will meet in Philadelphia on the 10th of Oct., 1866, and continue through several sessions; upon which occasion the chief topic for discussion will be to consider the best means to advance the cause of peace, both in this country and abroad. The friends of peace everywhere are cordially invited to attend.

The Pope's Oath.

As Napoleon has withdrawn his troops from Rome, the Pope can no longer hope to retain control of what were called the Papal Dominions. In other words, the Papal power is gone. No more temporal authority will go with the name of His Holiness. The control of the Papal States will at once revert to Victor Emmanuel, as King of Italy; and that is about the same thing as Napoleon's having the control of them. It was long ago settled that the Pope's authority in temporal matters was at an end, although the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of France, in a different way, have both yielded him their support. If anything now remains of his kingdom, it must be only a spiritual kingdom. The day is past when the Pope can rule States with the sword, out of the orders issued from the Vatican.

Particular Notice.

Those who attend our Free Circles must remain throughout each session. No one will hereafter be permitted to leave until the session is closed. This rule shall not deviate from, under any circumstances. Our medium, during the sittings, is in magnetic rapport with every visitor, and the electric current is broken by the premature and abrupt withdrawal of any one. This has occurred several times of late, and affects the medium so sensibly as to cause her to be unfit for duty for several days afterwards. Hence we have been compelled to adopt—and shall enforce—the stringent rule alluded to above.

Spread of Spiritualism.

We have just received a letter, covering a Circular, from our esteemed friend and excellent medium, D. D. HOME, dated 22 Sloane street, London, from which we make the following extract: "You will be pleased to learn, dear BANNER, that we have at last formed a society in London, which is calculated to do a great and important work. Unfortunately for us, Mrs. Hardinge has just left, but not without having accomplished a work which will go on, even in her absence."

The newly organized Society bears the name of THE SPIRITUAL ATHENÆUM, and is located at No. 22 Sloane street, Knightsbridge, London. This is to be a grand centre, where Spiritualists from other nations may meet congenial souls for the interchange of thought upon the grandest theme the human mind ever contemplated, viz: that the dead live, and, under requisite conditions, can return to earth and hold communion with their loved ones yet in the form.

This Society proposes to meet the difficulties that have heretofore impeded the progress of Spiritualism in England, by the Establishment just inaugurated, where subscribers will have the advantage of intercourse with mediums who may either be found, or who visit England from America, France, and other countries; where books and periodical works in various languages may be received and circulated; where occasional lectures shall be given, (written papers being sometimes printed, perhaps quarterly, as "Transactions"); where a system of useful correspondence may be carried out; where "experiences" may be communicated and recorded; and where "sittings," under judicious arrangements, shall be regularly held with Mr. Home and other mediums.

The institution will be under the immediate control and management of a Council and Executive Committee, with Mr. Home as resident Secretary. The Council is composed of practical men of business, who are well known in London, and the Society will no doubt prove a complete success.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

On Sunday, Oct. 7th, it is expected that the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, which formerly held meetings in Lyceum Hall, and during the last year, in the Melodeon, will resume regular meetings in Fraternity Hall, (Old Fellows' Building,) 551 Washington street. This would have been done before had it been possible to obtain a suitable hall, (the Melodeon having been leased for a billiard saloon.) Mr. L. B. Wilson, who had charge of the meetings last season, has so far completed his arrangements as to feel sure of being able to recommence the lectures at the time mentioned above, with Miss Lizzie Doten for the first speaker, and a fair prospect of securing her services for two or more Sundays. Other good speakers will follow; so our friends may be assured that as able a corps of lecturers as can be found will be secured.

A hall large enough to warrant free meetings could not be obtained, therefore it will be necessary to charge an admittance fee. Free meetings in a small hall would deprive of seats nearly all those who pay the principal portion of the bills, hence the necessity of resorting to a fee at the door.

Further notice respecting the meetings will be found in the daily papers of Saturday.

Much with Little.

The universe teaches the lesson of spiritual economy; that no part of our power is to be suffered to go to waste; that great ends can be compassed with moderate means. Thus we may be happy at but a trifling expenditure, and that expenditure shall be rather of the energies of the soul, which are instantly restored again, than of the purse. The Creator performs work without cessation, and is apparently lavish of His unbounded resources; yet we can detect no waste or loss of power in anything He does. Everything fits into its proper place, and everything performs full service. So let no one of us fall into a way of complaining because more is not given him to do with; let us do all we can with whatever we have, and we shall be surprised to see how far even a little of true spiritual power can be made to go.

The Mexican Empire.

There is no room left for doubt that the Mexican Empire, if indeed it ever had an existence, is now defunct and extinguished. The French troops can no longer do anything for it. Maximilian's own forces amount to nothing, whether for numbers or prowess. The Imperial treasury has no bottom to it. And, most decisive of all, the Liberals of Mexico, under different leaders, and titles, are united in their determination to expel the invader and possess themselves of their capital again. Napoleon has told his protégé in Mexico that he can do no more for him, and the Empress Carlotta will not, under such unfavorable circumstances, be likely to return. The jig is up, and the Mexican people must be left to work their way out of their difficulty the best way they can.

Massachusetts State Convention.

By the call, in another column, it will be seen that the State Convention of Spiritualists is to assemble at Lawrence, on the 10th inst., and continue three days. One of the objects of this convention is to raise the means, or devise some plan by which lecturers can be sent to those places where regular spiritual meetings are not held; and it is highly important that such towns should be represented by some one, so that the convention may know the condition of affairs in each locality. It will be seen by an explanatory note to the call, that such representatives as wish to attend, can take part in the proceedings. This will insure a large attendance.

Personal.

Mr. James, our medium friend of Artesian Well fame, has been tarrying in our city for several weeks past, during which time he has received much attention from prominent Spiritualists and other friends; and we trust his visit will be remembered with pleasure. He suddenly left town on Thursday last, having received a telegram to return home at once, owing to the severe indisposition of one of the members of his family.

We have procured some very fine cartes de visite photographs of Mr. James, which our friends no doubt would like to obtain.

The Little Bouquet.

The fifth number of the Little Bouquet is an improvement on all previous issues. On the fourth page is the Rev. John Pierpont's song, spoken by him at the late National Convention, set to music by Miss Emily B. Tallmadge, daughter of the late Judge Tallmadge. It is a beautiful song for Lyceums.

We call attention to the additional inducement we offer for new subscribers, in another column.

RECONSTRUCTION.

"VOX POPULI, VOX DEI."

An inspirational poem given by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her evening lecture, in Chelsea, on Sunday, September 23, 1866.

Now, by the blood of heroes shed on the battle-plain,
Be it not said, oh freemen! that they have died in vain.
Let no flattering Dilliah with a soft hand soothe your brow;
For the treacherous Philistines are upon you even now.

Awake the slumbering echoes! arouse the valiant men!
And sound the note of warning in the nation's ear again.
There are yet brave hearts and loyal, whose manhood is unsoiled,
Who scorn a base preferment, and despise the traitor's gold.

Bring out the tattered banners, that have waved o'er many a fight,
That old memories may be strengthened, and your blood stirred at the sight;
Then let the scarred and wounded, the wasted and the weak,
From their suffering and their patience, to the nation's conscience speak.

Why was that great libation on Freedom's altar poured?
Why were the fields of battle reaped thus by fire and sword?
Why did the sounds of mourning go forth throughout the land,
O'er the graves of fallen heroes, slain by the traitor's hand?

Why in the Southern prisons did patriots, day by day,
Beneath a torturing famine so slowly waste away,
Till the thought of home and loved ones was lost in deep despair,
And their lamp went out in darkness, 'neath woes too great to bear?

Why were countless wives made widows, and children left to mourn
For the strong support and manly, from their clinging weakness torn?
Why did the God of Battle such priceless treasures draw
Into the wild, red Maelstrom—the hungry throat of war?

Why was your martyred Lincoln, the greatest and the last,
As a sacrifice to Freedom on the nation's altar cast?
He, who, through all your perils so faithfully had stood;
Why was his star of glory thus quenched at last in blood?

Was it that those you conquered should return to you at last,
As much the lords and masters of this land as in the past?
To fill their empty coffers with a bountiful increase,
And in the halls of Congress to dictate terms of peace.

Was it that Massachusetts might with servile homage wait
On the sons of Carolina, that recreant rebel State?
That arm in arm together they might sully your fair fame,
And make true, loyal patriots blush at their country's shame?

Was it that distant nations might, with sneers of scorn, behold
The red-jawed wolves of treason welcomed back into the fold,
With no check upon their fierceness; and no safeguard for the sheep,
Which the God of Right and Justice gave you in charge to keep?

Was it that those who bravely turned back the battle tide,
Should of enfranchised manhood and justice be denied?
That, homeless and defenceless, and crushed by nameless woes,
No arm of power should save them from the fury of their foes?

Was all their sweat and bondage, and blood and toll in vain;
That at New Orleans and Memphis, like dogs they should be slain?
Was it that Northern freemen should still "eat dirt" for food,
While these self-same wolves of treason should lap warm, loyal blood?

Alas! alas! that Pharaoh should sit in Moses's seat!
And to God's suffering children the ancient wrong repeat.
But a great and sovereign people hold the power within their hands,
And a voice to every hindrance that in their path-way stands!

Up, then! and make you ready for the work that must be done,
And let the Ballot finish what the Bayonet has begun.
While "Mercy seasons Justice" let Wisdom caution Love,
That the treacherous vulture tears not the olive-bearing dove.

While "wine-bibbers" and mockers sit in the chair of State,
And the leaders of the nation on the friends of treason wait,
Let the sentinels of Freedom a constant vigil keep;
Nor at the post of danger a single moment sleep.

Aye! deep intrigue and cunning, like a serpent lurking low,
Are far more to be dreaded, than an open, armed foe.
The great, impending issue, is too mighty to be lost,
And your liberty too precious to be sold for less than cost.

Be just, then, and be fearless, and show, through moral might,
That the "Policy" which guides you, is the principles of right.
Till you prove to every nation beneath oppression's rod,
That the voice of this great people is indeed "the voice of God."

Haverhill, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Haverhill, we understand, have resumed their meetings this season under most favorable auspices. Fred L. H. Willis supplied the platform from September 1st, and Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham succeeded him in October. They have a flourishing Lyceum, and are making of themselves a power in their community.

The Prospectus of the Artesian Wells Company.

MR. EDITOR—Perhaps you will permit a delineated party to say a few words relative to the subject indicated in the caption of this article. While there are probably but few persons in this country in the habit of reading at all, who have not heard in one form or another, about the famous Artesian Wells of Chicago, it is equally probable that of this vast number, but an exceedingly small portion, even among those most naturally interested, are fully aware of the real origin, extent, importance and significance of this project, and what it is ultimately destined to accomplish. Yet this is certain: that on its plane—the practical or utilitarian, combining use and profit—it is, without question, one of the very greatest, if not the grandest revelation of its kind, yet made to humanity in these modern times, by and through the direct agency of spirits to mortals. Notwithstanding the abortive attempt to ignore its legitimate claims on the part of two or three unduly ambitious, selfish and disappointed individuals out of those who know concerning its history, it is universally conceded to be more unmitigably spiritual in its conception, more clearly directed and manipulated by disembodied intelligences, than any other movement known among us; and from present indications it will be likely to continue to maintain this preëminent position.

But three short years ago the subject was not broached, was not dreamed of, the thought had not entered the mind of man. Yet to-day, nearly one million and a half gallons of the purest water on this continent, are flowing every twenty-four hours from this well, and the quantity is soon to be increased to twenty millions of gallons per day, by the completion of another and much larger well.

If through the popularly recognized channels, such a result as this had been obtained in Europe, or any where else but in America, how the whole world would have stood still for a time, and then grown jubilant over its praises! But its having occurred here; having been made known through this despised Nazareth of Spiritualism, how else ought it to be recognized, but by distrust, doubt and disbelief? When it is remembered, however, that these wells were located by the medium—Mr. Abraham James, than whom no more fitting or worthy instrument, adapted both by grace and nature, can be found in our ranks—when in a totally unconscious state, and in opposition to the science of the schools, what more overwhelming evidence of spirit control can be adduced? And what greater proof that the remainder of the prophecy, relative to the procuring of superior oil and gas in large quantities and for available purposes, will not be equally and literally fulfilled? especially when the whole project is conducted in accordance with the design of the invisible revelators, which is to subvert great practical, educational and philanthropic purposes! Already more than enough has been done to warrant the fullest faith, that the balance of the prediction will be duly forthcoming. Surely when a party, visible or invisible, from no hope of reward save the consciousness of doing good, voluntarily reveal certain highly important facts, the existence of which as well as the manner of their promulgation, are no less surprising than beneficial to the world—and in the same connection, announce that in due season, and when most needed, other further and still more satisfactory revelations of a like nature will be furnished from the same source, through the same reliable channel, and for the furtherance of the same noble end—is it not probable, safe and certain, to conclude that the present unfulfilled part of the promise is sure to follow? But provided nothing further ever comes—which is next to impossible to believe—enough has been done already, if suitably improved as it has been, to render the present property in a few years, worth over a million of dollars. It is affirmed to-day by the clearest headed business men of Chicago, men who have no sympathy with or belief in the unpopular origin of this project, that the value of the property as it now stands, is worth one half million of dollars. And when one considers the unparalleled growth of Chicago; how that within less than a single generation, it has risen from a small trading port to be the great industrial, agricultural and mercantile emporium of the mighty West; with her elevators, granaries and warehouses, a wonder even to America; with the largest lumber market in the world, as well as the largest market for beef, cattle and hogs on this continent; the termini of endless lines of railroad, where two hundred and fifty trains, crowded with living freight and material property, arrive at and leave her depots daily! When one considers what Chicago has become in so short a time, the *entree* for the seeming wealth of the valley of the Mississippi; what she is by right of possession, prestige and position, and what she must inevitably become in a few years more, by immense odds the greatest inland city on this continent, and the probable seat of the National Government; when one considers these things, and realizes for a moment the relation which the Artesian wells must favorably sustain to these rapidly growing conditions, they can form some idea of what is contemplated by the projectors and by the developers of this scheme of the skies.

The present proprietors have expended about all of their available means, some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in purchasing the land, sinking the wells, building several factories—all of which are now in successful operation—erecting mammoth ice houses, which this season will store seventy-five thousand tons of ice, paying nearly fifty thousand dollars profit. The Company now propose, as the readiest means of crowning their labors with complete success, to issue one hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds of five hundred and one thousand dollars each, running eight years and drawing ten per cent interest, payable semi-annually. These bonds to be secured by a first mortgage on the property, now worth five hundred thousand dollars, to three Trustees, one of whom is Mr. Charles Darling, a wealthy merchant of Boston; and the others are Mr. Badger, a banker, and Mr. Ira Y. Munn, both wealthy, well known and reliable gentlemen of Chicago. H. L. Hazeltine, Agent for the same, No. 1 Joyce Building, Boston. The Company own—and which is free from debt—forty acres of land within three and a half miles from the centre of Chicago, from which flows a living stream of pure water; it is supposed to be and said to be in the Rocky Mountains, coming up from a depth of seven hundred feet and turning an overshot wheel of fifty feet in diameter; and this in the open prairie, on the shores of Lake Michigan, far away from water courses and water power. This water has a head of one hundred feet above the level of the Lake. Around the wells, beside the ice houses and factories above mentioned, are buildings, machinery, tools, &c., with a Superintendent's House, Reception Room for visitors, Picture Gallery, derricks, towers, &c. The receipts from visitors drawn hither by this unparalleled event, are from one hundred to two hundred dollars per week, and are constantly increasing.

Thus the matter stands to-day. The time draws nigh when it will not only be an immense pecuniary advantage to those who now aid it by their means, and to those now concerned in it, but it will also be sure to prove a recognized blessing beyond calculation, to every sense—social, moral and spiritually. Ever fraternally yours,
Boston, September, 1866. G. A. B.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

WE have received a supply of the new scientific work, "The Principles of Nature," given inspirationally by Mrs. Maria J. King, of which we have before spoken. All orders will now be promptly attended to. For further information regarding the work, see advertisement.

WE have also received a supply of S. F. Fowler's "Manual of instruction for an improved method of building with concrete, or how to make the best houses at the least cost." Price twenty-five cents.

THE picnic of the Lyceum Children of the Independent Society of Spiritualists, of Charlestown, did not take place last week, on account of the rain. It will probably come off the middle of this week.

MOSES HULL'S New Monthly Clarion, for September, has just been received. It is as spicy as usual. The leading article is "A Discourse on the Three Pillars of Spiritualism," by the editor.

DR. W. PERSONS is meeting with great success in healing the sick by the laying on of hands, in Iowa. He will be in Davenport, Iowa, from Oct. 10 to Nov. 3.

THE "Sallybury Beach gathering" which took place on Saturday, Sept. 22, was very largely attended. For a series of years this annual picnic has been of much interest to the people of Sallybury and vicinity.

MESSAGE CORROBORATED.—T. Andrew, late of Racine, Wis., but now residing in Canada, informs us that the spirit message lately published in the BANNER, purporting to have been given by his son, John Andrew, is correct—that it "was well identified" by the family.

MRS. S. E. WARNER will lecture in Sturgis, Michigan, the Sundays of December and January next, and in Beloit, Wisconsin, the Sundays of February, March and April, 1867. Will be glad to make appointments to lecture on week evenings on the lines of railroads leading from those cities. Permanent Post office address, Box 13, Berlin, Wisconsin.

THE Spiritualists of Cleveland, O., have organized a Society, and are progressing finely. The meetings are held every Sunday forenoon and evening, in Temperance hall; good speakers are provided. The Children's Lyceum meets at one o'clock in the afternoon, and under the excellent management of Mr. J. A. Jewett, the conductor, and Mrs. D. A. Eddy, the Guardian of Groups, is meeting with success.

LAURA V. ELLIS.—A correspondent informs us that Miss Ellis has been holding sances for physical manifestations in Somersville, Connecticut, where quite an excitement was manifested at the astonishing rapidity with which the manifestations were produced, and the evident fairness and honesty of the medium.

An esteemed correspondent writes:—"The dear old BANNER is doing a truly heaven-inspired work. May its circulation largely increase, and its usefulness never cease." We say amen to this with all our heart.

The following is one of Josh Billings's very best sayings: "A man running for office puts me in mind of a dog that's lost; he smells of everybody he meets, and wags himself all over."

Cleaning horses by machinery is announced as the latest English improvement.

The School Committee of this city have voted to abolish the medal system in the girls' grammar school, and substitute simple diplomas of graduation for all who honorably complete the prescribed course. This is better than the old system, where all the deserving ones could not have a medal.

The President has pardoned the notorious Dick Turner, keeper of the Libby Prison.

A lady in Lafayette, Ind., recently, in preparing her Sunday dinner, put some beans in a pot to bake. In a hurry to get to church, she inadvertently put her hymn-book in the pot, and wrapped a piece of pork in her handkerchief and took it to church with her. Her mortification was intense upon discovering her mistake during service.

He that saves when he is young, may spend when he is old.

"Son," said a careful Quaker to a spendthrift, "thou art a sad rake." "Nay, father," replied the promising youth, "thou art the rake, and I am the spender."

A chemical analysis of the waters of the Dead Sea shows that they contain twenty-six per cent. of salt, mostly chloride of soda and chloride of magnesia.

What is that which is so brittle that if you name it you are sure to break it? Silence.

A foolish young Frenchman undertook on a wager to drink twelve glasses of wine while the clock of the Tuilleries was striking twelve. On emptying the ninth glass he fell dead upon the floor.

A Maine editor says he cannot imagine when editors have a leisure time, "unless it is after the ferryman carries us over Styx—and then we have no doubt the old fellow would beseege us for a puff on his boat."

GREAT THOUGHTS.
We can mistake great thoughts! They seize upon the mind; arrest and search, And shake it; bow the tall mind as by wind; Flash over like the river over reeds, Which quaver in the current; turn us cold And pale and voiceless; leaving in the brain Rocking and a ringing dinion, That momentary madness might it last.—Pettus.

Why is an active waiter like a race-horse? Because he runs for the plate.

The bishop of Wurzburg once asked a sprightly shepherd boy, "What are you doing here, my boy?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am a shepherd, also," said the bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care," replied the boy.

In Dublin, a great Methodist orator once attempted to preach from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that "he had better hereafter let other people's wives alone."

Why might sailors be naturally supposed to be very little men? Because they can sleep in their watches.

"Sarah," said a young man, the other day, "why don't you wear ear-rings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you, then." "Thank you, sir; you have done that enough."

A kind-hearted husband being informed that a friend of his had run away with his wife, exclaimed, "Poor fellow! from my heart a pity him!"

New Publications.

THE GALAXY for October 1st has an attractive and sterling table of contents, and manifestly keeps the promise to improve as fast as the public calls for improvement by the bestowal of their favor. It is well and thoroughly edited, and conducted with tact and talent. It is already one of the most ready magazines of the country. In the present number, the Claverings are continued, a Mormon elder sets us into Views of Mormonism, Prof. Blot goes on with his discourses of Cookery, Rev. Mr. Alger has a fine paper on the Character of Petrarch, the "Nebula" are vigorous and incisive, and the rest of the matter is racy. We commend the Galaxy to a cultivated public.

We have the Forty-Sixth Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Association of the City of Boston, in very handsome pamphlet form, in which all present and past members will take a decided interest. The Association shows itself to be in a perfectly sound and healthy condition.

THE HEALTH REFORMER is a bright and very useful monthly, published at Battle Creek, Michigan, for the low price of one dollar per year. It is devoted to an exposition of the laws of our being, and the application of those laws in the preservation of health and the treatment of disease. This is the September number. The articles are in great variety, and all of them full of suggestiveness. Such a magazine ought to meet with a great success. It has entered on its second volume.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for October has the fashions and the usual amount of miscellaneous light literature from popular pens. It is edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, who is a skilled judge of what is demanded in this field. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY for October has very entertaining "Personal Recollections of the War," finely illustrated, the "Crusade of the Rob Roy," a continuation of "Herold's Deals of Herold Men," illustrated, "Lady Godiva at Home," illustrated, besides a liberal variety of tales, sketches, essays and poems. The Editorial Departments are able, fresh, and as fascinating as any reading in this immensely popular monthly. For sale by Williams & Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October, is also received. Nothing more need be said of this favorite magazine.

The Hymns of Progress.

We have before spoken favorably of this work. The contents were carefully compiled by Dr. L. K. Cooley to meet the growing wants of the day among Spiritualists, for use in hall, grove and Lyceum meetings. The songs, hymns and readings are judiciously selected, and comprise some choice gems. Conductors of meetings would save a great deal of trouble by having always at hand a book containing the moving inspirations that are often waited for. We commend this little volume, neatly printed on large, clear type, and handsomely bound, to the attention of all Spiritualists. We will mail the book from this office on receipt of seventy-five cents, and twelve cents for postage.

Resumption of Lectures in Washington, D. C.

The lecture season in Washington has been auspiciously inaugurated by the ministrations of Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer. She is engaged in Baltimore all through the season, but kindly consented to speak in Washington the two Sundays of September preceding her engagement there. The announcement that she would lecture brought together, in Union League Hall, large and highly intellectual audiences. Her inspirations are always of the most lofty character; and while listening to the profound truths to which she gives expression with so much beauty of diction and brilliancy of poetic illustration, skeptics and scoffers are silenced, if not convinced. J. A. R.

Thanks.

DEAR BANNER—Please indulge me with a shelter in your folds large enough to express my gratitude to certain *inexp* donors, who have ordered the BANNER OF LIGHT to my address for the coming year. Thousand thanks to whoever ye are.

The BANNER shall not only cheer the home circle, but shall be sent on missions of love to enlighten and disenthral such as are groping their way along through the dark mazes of false theology. WARREN CLARK.
Gosport, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1866.

Reliable Medium.

I notice a lady in private life, Mrs. Ferreo, of Washington, has advertised in your journal her willingness to act as a public medium. I have had occasion to sit with this lady, and discover her to be a reliable medium as well as a most excellent lady, and take pleasure in recommending her. New York, Sept. 24, 1866. HORACE H. DAY.

Test Mediums wanted in England.

MR. D. D. HOME, informs us that there is a great dearth of good test mediums in England at this time, and he feels confident that any conscientious medium would be well received there.

The Massachusetts State Convention of Spiritualists.

will hold a Quarterly Meeting at Lawrence, City Hall, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 10th, 11th and 12th of October. The object of the Convention being to fill vacancies, and devise some means by which the glorious principles of Spiritualism may be more fully disseminated throughout the State. And it is earnestly hoped that the friends of the cause will see that every section of the State be represented, and that delegates be sent from every city, town and hamlet. The Haverhill and Lowell choirs are expected to be present at the Convention. As the friends of Lawrence intend to entertain as many as possible free, it is desirable that all who expect to attend the Convention, should send in their names as early as possible, in order that better arrangements may be made. For this purpose all are requested to address Mrs. SUSIE A. WILLS, Box 273, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. N. J. WILLS, Vice President.

MRS. MAYO, L. B. RICHARDS, Secretaries.

Boston, September 19, 1866.

EXPLANATORY.—As there may be some misunderstanding in regard to the term *delegates*, used in the call for the Massachusetts State Convention of Spiritualists, allow me to say to all that it simply implies *representation*, and not a design to exclude any who may wish to take part in the deliberations of the Convention. Therefore all who have any interest in the cause of Spiritualism are most cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. N. J. WILLS, Vice President.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
J. C. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—\$5.00 received.
W. P. TOWNS, FALLS, IOWA.—\$3.00 received.
L. K. COOLEY, N. J.—\$11 received.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Dec. 31, 1866, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artesian Well," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B C of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Cooley; "Poems," by A. P. McCombs; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of Our Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature," "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a carte de visite photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

For new subscribers, with \$15 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of "Supernatural Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, A. M., L. L. D., including Twenty Years' Observation of Preternatural Phenomena," edited by T. L. Nichols, M. D. English edition. The price of this work is \$2.50, and twenty cents postage.

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style.

Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on *new subscribers*—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time. Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

Business Matters.

A PROGRESSIVE SETTLEMENT.—A village and settlement of progressive minds, are now forming upon a choice tract of four thousand acres of land in Camden County, New Jersey, twenty-two miles from Philadelphia, where an Industrial School for both sexes, a Unitary Home, a Hygienic Institute are among the objects sought, and where land for fruit farm and gardens, and for the establishment of the various forms of Mechanical, Artistic, and a Manufacturing Industry, can be purchased at moderate prices. Persons desiring to learn further particulars, are cordially invited to visit the place, by procuring tickets to Spring Garden, at foot of Vine street, Philadelphia, or write to either of the following individuals on the ground, at Blue Anchor, Camden Co., N. J.
GEORGE HASKELL,
THOS. W. TAYLOR,
J. W. SPAULDING,
MILO A. TOWNSEND.

September 10, 1866.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST-MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

ABRAHAM JAMES.—Fine carte de visite photographs of this celebrated medium (the discoverer of the Chicago Artesian Well), may be obtained at this office. Price 25 cents.

A SURE remedy for Chills and Fever. AYER'S AGUE CURE never fails.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CANNESWORTH LONDON, ENGL.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

ASIATIC CHOLERA IN CHINA. ALMOST EVERY CASE CURED WITH PAIN KILLER.

From Rev. R. Telford, Missionary in China, now visiting his home in Pennsylvania: WASHINGTON, PA., June 25, 1866.

Messrs. TERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.—Dear Sirs: During a residence of some ten years, as a missionary, in Siam and China, I found the use of the Pain-Killer a most valuable remedy for that fearful scourge, the Cholera.

In administering the medicine, I found it most effectual to give a teaspoonful of the Pain-Killer in a glass of hot water sweetened with sugar; then, after about fifteen minutes, begin to give a table-spoonful of the same mixture every minute until relief was obtained. Apply hot applications to the extremities. Bathe the stomach with the Pain-Killer clear, and rub the limbs freely. Of those who had the Cholera, and took the medicine faithfully in the way stated above, eight out of ten recovered.

Truly yours, R. T. TELFORD.

BEWARE OF ALL IMITATIONS.

The Pain-Killer is sold by all respectable Druggists through out the United States and foreign countries. Prices—25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle. 2w—Sep. 20.

SPERANZA! A SAFE AND CERTAIN CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE!

IMPORTED ONLY BY FARNSWORTH & CO.,

78 Cedar Street, New York.

This remedy, discovered by an Italian Physician, destroys the passion for strong drink, and is an excellent cure for Intemperance, and superior to any other saponifer or ley in market, given by his friends, if desirable, without his knowledge.

Price \$1.00 per box, mailed free to any address, with full directions for use. 1w—Oct. 6.

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER.

(Used with Litchfield's External Application.)

WARRANTED TO CURE DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES.

Litchfield's External Application.

Warranted to cure RHEUMATISM AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture.

Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per Bottle.

G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Woburn, Mass.

GEO. C. GOUGHNEY & CO., M. H. BURN & CO., Boston;

JOHN F. HENRY & CO., Waterbury, Vt., General Agents.

Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m—June 2.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR READY SOAP MAKER.

Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifer or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in the market.

P. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71 and 72 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14—1y

SAD, INDEED!

But only one among thousands of similar cases.—"A little girl three years of age, daughter of Thomas McFarlane, of Woonsocket, R. I., set her clothes on fire while playing with matches, on Tuesday, and was so badly burnt that she died the next day."

Had the UNIVERSAL SAFETY MATCHES been used in this family, this little life would have been saved. They are the *safest* as well as the *best*. Three cents per box; thirty cents per dozen.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in *Agate type*, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.

ISAAC B. RICHMOND, LESSEE AND MANAGER.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, October 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, 1866.

Will be produced (after several weeks of preparation,) a new sensational Drama in 6 acts, adapted from the French, entitled,

CLAIRVOYANCE;

OR THE MAN WITH THE WAX FIGURES.

Novel Scenery and Startling Mechanical Effects, BY J. HOWARD ROGERS.

New and Intricate Machinery, by W. J. Dyer, ORIGINAL MUSIC, COMPOSED BY CHAS. KOPFITS, Esq.

JEAN VAUBAN, (The Wax Figure Maker.)

RODILLE, EDWIN ADAMS.

DR. PHIZ BORNHEIM, W. H. COLLINGS.

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PAMELA, MISS ALPHEDETTA PIERCE.

CIRCE RENARD, MISS ISABELLA HOWITT.

The false and true Clairvoyance.

ACT 2. The court-yard of Baron de Verville, showing three apartments at one time.

ACT 3. The innocent proved guilty. Tableau. Death.

ACT 4. The Memorist. The man with the Wax Figures.

ACT 5. The ruins of the Chateau de Vaubanon. The explosion. The assassination.

ACT 6. Accusation by the Dead. Innocence proved by art. The Wax Figures. Tableau.

Doors open at 7; curtain rises at 7 1/2 o'clock.

PEOPLE'S SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES AND SACRED CONCERTS.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.

BONNIE'S FULL BAND, Chorus of Adult Vocalists, Chorus of Lyceum Children, and a first-class Lecture every Sunday evening. Names of lecturers and names of songs for Con. city dailies. Family Circle. Fifteen cents; Parquet, Twenty-five cents; Box Chairs, Fifty cents. Commence at 7 o'clock. People's Conference, Evans Hall, 3 Tremont Row, 24 v. n. Children's meeting, 14 v. n. Seats free in Evans Hall. Oct. 6.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered while in the East Indies a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow-men, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy. On receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not cure, such as loss of appetite, loss of sleep, loss of strength, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pain in the lungs, constant cough, and all the symptoms of the disease, including the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

The writer will please state the name of the paper they see this advertisement in.

Address, CHADDOCK & CO., 1022 Race St., Philadelphia, Penna. 2w—Oct. 4.

DRUNKARD, STOP!

THE Spirit-World has looked in mercy on scores of suffering beings from the use of strong drink, and given a remedy that takes away all desire for it. More than three thousand have been redeemed by its use within the last three years.

Send for a Circular. If you wish to know what it has done for thousands of others. Enclose stamp.

P. S. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Address, C. CHADDOCK & CO., 1022 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. Oct. 6.

PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

MRS. ANNA KIMBALL will be happy to see all who desire communications from spirit-lands. Delineations of Characters; Diagnosis of and Prescriptions for Diseases; Advice regarding Business Qualifications; the fulfillment of the spiritual gifts which Nature's God has endowed all humanly with, and how to use them nobly and harmoniously, thus avoiding the terrible trials and miseries of the past have been through to learn these lessons. Persons seeking a lack of hair, including 25¢ and 50¢ each, will receive prompt attention. 806 Broadway, entrance on 12th Street, New York. 4w—Oct. 6.

ALL SPIRITUALISTS wishing to obtain A

FACTORY PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, &c., at reduced prices, will save money by calling on the LITTON PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 3w—Oct. 6.

EXCELSIOR COM

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names!

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.
Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, too, to the altar of this glorious summer-day do we bring our offerings of thankfulness and praise. Here, through the weakness of human life, do we venture to pay our vows unto the great Master of Life. Thou who hast made the seasons, thou of whose life every thought is born, thou Spirit of All Time, we lift our souls in thanksgiving unto thee, praising thee for the manifestations of time and those grander manifestations of eternity; praising thee for every thought, every form, for all things, for joy and sorrow, for life as it is. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we render thee thanks. If there are any present over whose lives the shade of sorrow has been cast, we ask that the hands of angels may be permitted to remove the shadow. If there are any who doubt the existence of that life all are hastening to, oh, take away their doubt and give them faith. If there are any who are bowed down by sorrow of any kind, oh, may we raise them up and point them away from sorrow to a time of peace and joy. And unto thee, our Father, our Mother, our Life, be all honor and glory and praise forever. Amen. June 25.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to answer.

QUEST.—By B. Reed, of Bangor: Are the poles of the earth concave, according to Prof. Symes's theory? If so, is it not very warm there during three of the summer months? If so, is it not inhabited by man and animals? If so, will you describe them?

ANS.—No; the poles of the earth are not concave, as Professor Symes will very soon ascertain.

Q.—By J. M. C.: Is the earth hollow, or composed of fluid-heated matter?

A.—There is no vacuum anywhere in Nature. The earth is full of heat, else it could not sustain life. And this heat is matter, wherever it exists; whether sublimated or crude, fluid or solid, it is matter always.

Q.—By C. P., Fort Warren: Is there any other God (whom we might worship), than the goodness of the human heart? and is there any other devil than the selfish propensities of human nature, given to man through the composition of flesh and blood?

A.—The goodness of human nature may be called the sunny side of your God. The badness of human nature may be called the shadowy side of your God. All Nature, all life is your God, today and forever. We do not admit the existence of a devil. The shades of life that manifest themselves through what you call evil, are but lesser good. The same great Power that made the good, made that you call the bad. We cannot believe that he has divided his power with any being or any class of beings; with any single intelligence or combined intelligence. God is God everywhere, as the human spirit will, sooner or later, learn.

Q.—By F. M. C.: Who is self? Webster says, "I know not the primary sense of this word." Do you know? If so, please explain your opinion.

A.—Self may be called that individuality that belongs to the human individual. And yet, in a true sense, we own no selfhood, for we are so bound to the great family of human, divine and material life, that we cannot claim a selfhood properly. June 25.

Clara Stiles.

I want my father to know I can come. I am Clara Stiles. I was eight years old here. I lived in Cleveland, Ohio. My father's in Baltimore now. [What is he doing there? do you know?] No, I do not; he's gone there to see you know? And he does not believe that we live when we die. And so I come back to tell him we do. In a month more I'll have been dead a year. And I learned how we could come back very soon after I went away. And when I see how my father thought folks never come back—was nothing more to them only their bodies, I thought I'd come and tell him there was. At first I thought I could not. By-and-by I got so I wanted to, awfully, and so I asked the folks here if I could come—I've been over so many times—and they said I should just as soon as the way was open. And it was to-day, and so I come.

My father's name is Abner. He gave me a pink dress last—he brought it home to me, and it was not made up; I never wore it, but he brought it home. Oh, he gave me ever so many things! He gave me a shell comb. I dropped it the next day, and broke it; so I didn't get that. He gave me a pin, too, made out of a piece of money that he got from somebody—oh, dear! that was big! well, some general, General Johnson, I got that—no, I ain't got it now; I didn't lose it, but I have n't got it here. [Has your mother got it?] No, my mother's crazy; she has n't got anything of mine. [Who was it left with?] My Aunt Charlotte.

Oh, I will like you if you'll let me go to my father. My mother was crazy when I was a baby. [Were you the only child?] Yes. We do have nice things where I live. Mr. Parker says you will send my letter. He likes to have children come. He says they're to the world what the flowers are to Nature. Good morning. Good afternoon. [You didn't see what time it was, did you?] I didn't know till he told me. I shall come again. [We hope you will. We like you whether you like us or not.] I do now; did not at first, cause I didn't know you. June 25.

Jerry Harrigan.

Whew! Ah, yes, I'm in the way of looking up my people.

The fact is, sir, I left my body at what is called Meade's Station. I suppose you don't know where that is? [Virginia?] Yes, in Virginia; and the one I have, is one I picked up for the occasion.

Now I suppose I am Jerry Harrigan, of the 36th Massachusetts, Company K, and what I want first, is to take the first step toward getting communication with my friends. The way is open to us all. All have an invitation to come back and do the best we can. We are required to tell the truth, so far as we know it, and to use the lady well. That is all.

Well, sir, I have a great many things I'd like to say to my folks, but I'm here only to announce the fact that I've come. How it is that I can come, I don't know. Whether I was prayed out, as the Catholics have it, or whether I got out without it, or whether I was never in at all, I can't say. All is, I know I can come here. I know the way is open, and I know if you only have the desire to come back to your folks here, you can come back, and you can talk; and those who can write, who could write when they were here, can write upon coming back. That's all I know about it.

And now I have many things I want to say to my folks, but I don't want to speak them here, to go off through your paper, as I understand our letters do. So if you'll just be good enough to tell the folks I've come here, saying that I want to talk to my folks, I'll be obliged to you. I'd like to come to Tom, and I'd like to come to Mary, particularly, and to any of 'em. I got something to say, though I did leave my body at Meade's Station. Now, then, I want to—well, I want to live, and be recognized as living, not as dead. It's a miserable idea of thinking folks are dead, because they're out of sight.

Well, sir, you won't forget me name, Jerry Harrigan, of the 36th Massachusetts, Company K. If you did, it would have made a bad hitch for me. I wouldn't know how to turn when I come again. June 25.

Hugh Thomas.

I am Hugh Thomas, son of Dr. Samuel Thomas, of Galveston, Texas.

I have come here, sir, because I was told we could all come just the same as though we were Yankees and Northern born.

All I ask, sir, is that you'll be kind enough to publish this intelligence for me, that I have returned, as my father knows I'm dead.

I was thirteen years old and four days, at the time of my death. Suppose I died of fever, that I took from going in camp with my father. [You were in service with him?] Yes, sir. He's been very bad since I died, and I've tried very hard to come back. But there isn't many of these folks out our way, and at first I didn't know as it would be right to come here, but they said it would.

And now if you'll only be as kind to me as to others, I'll try to return the compliment? [Did you give the place your father lives in?] Galveston, sir. [That is easily reached now.] Yes, sir, I'll feel easier the next time I come. Good-by, sir. June 25.

Samuel Berry.

I'll be obliged to you, if you'll say that Samuel Berry, of the 35th Massachusetts, Company C, has reported himself here, right side up, and more than all that, I'll pay you if I can some way.

I promised to come back if this thing was true. The comrade who came here before this last one—well, his body and mine rest together, and we thought it wouldn't be amiss to come here together.

I said, if this thing is true, I'll come back as soon as I can. It is true; and I'm here. Good-day to you. June 25.

William J. Phillips.

I am a soldier, sir, from the 72d New York, and my name was, and I suppose I have a right to claim it now, William J. Phillips.

A short time before I changed worlds, I was thrown in company with some who believed that we could return after death. And as we were soon going into action, with a very fair probability of never coming out again bodily, our thoughts very naturally turned upon spiritual things.

Those who believed that the spirit could return, were very anxious we should all promise to come back at the first opportunity; those of us who were taken should come to those who should be left; and certain rules were to be followed, whereby the returning ones were to be known. That is to say, I believe it was just in this way: Those who come back, should give certain tests that had been agreed upon to prove their identity.

When it came my turn to specify the way by which I should be known, I said, "Boys, if I am ever fortunate enough to come back over your shadowy road—by the way, I do not believe in it—but if it should prove to be true, and I am fortunate enough to learn the way back, I will give you this toast, whereby I may be known. 'Columbus! may her stars never pale!'"

I hope I shall be known by it; think I ought to be. And if I am, I ask that the three comrades who are left—by the way, two of them were as great skeptics as I was, the other is not—will meet together, as is the custom of those who believe in these things, asking for their comrades who have gone on; and I at least will come.

I am under great obligations to you for the privilege of speaking here. If it ever happens in my way that I can do you a good turn, I'll not forget you. Till then, good-day. June 25.

Circle closed by William E. Channing.

Invocation.

Our Father, Life, the baptism of thy Holy Spirit is over all the earth. The wild birds are warbling their hymns of praise. The flowers are blessing earth with their sweetness and beauty. The mountains are calling to the valleys, and the valleys to the mountains in praise to thee. The ocean, with its ever booming, restless sound, chants an unceasing anthem of praise. Worlds, systems, suns, stars and universes, all, all trust thee. None fear thee. Yet man, the brightest star in the horizon of Time and all Eternity, he, and he alone, distrusts thee. He, and he alone, murmurs at thy decrees, and essays in his weakness and ignorance to change thine unchanging laws, to suit the caprice of his nature. Oh, God, our Life, since thou hast taught the flowers to trust thee, to praise thee, oh teach us to trust and praise thee. Since thou hast taught the sunlight obedience to thy law, oh teach our human hearts the same. And let us feel, Great Spirit of Wisdom, that thou art always with us. Oh, baptize us with that spirit of perfect trust, wherewith thou hast baptized all Nature. The seasons come and go at thy command. The seasons never ask for thy blessing, yet man perpetually demands it, when the blessing hath already been given, either through the dews of adversity, or the sunlight of prosperity. But human ignorance, and human weakness, human blindness cannot see or understand thy voice. Oh, Father, let thy language be

so plain that none shall mistake it. Let thy children in human wander no longer amid the dark, mysterious labyrinths of doubt, or question concerning thee. Oh, let them see thee in all things, that everywhere thou art a presence, that under all circumstances thy love is ever manifested, whether in sickness, whether in sadness, whether in health and joy, thou art everywhere. Oh teach thy children in human this. Then they will praise thee. Then, in union with earth and air, the soul in human will lift its prayer and song of praise unto thee, the Great Author of Life, the past, the present, and the eternal future. July 2.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—Can you tell us what is the cause of the guttural sounds resembling blasting, under water, heard occasionally when it is calm at Kelley's Island, Ohio?

ANS.—It is believed by certain intelligences, that the earth in that locality has been thrown up into its present form by volcanic eruptions. Now if this is a fact, it may not be wrong to presume that these sounds are produced by the internal fires that are in action beneath the earth's surface in that locality. For our own part, we do not presume to determine upon the case. We are only giving an opinion of others, leaving the problem still open, to be solved perhaps more satisfactorily by some one who shall follow us.

Q.—Can strong mesmerists and psychologists bring really under their influence or control spirits out of the flesh, as well as those in the body? If so, please explain how it may be done, and to what extent?

A.—Spirits are capable of being acted upon by spirit everywhere. And whosoever, as an individuality, possesses the greatest amount of life-force, or positive will-force, can control those possessed of a lesser amount, providing they are subjects under any circumstances controllable. There are certain intelligences called spirits, in the body and out of the body, who, although they are in themselves exceedingly negative at all times, yet it would be perfectly impossible to obscure or control them. The mesmeric or psychologic power is by no means confined to earth. On the contrary, it has had an existence through all spheres, unseen to you, from time immemorial, or, we should rather say, throughout eternity.

Q.—By J. Ashley, of Michigan: What is the meaning of the passage in the fifth chapter of Matthew, where Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit?"

A.—Jesus uttered a great many sayings that, so far as their external life is concerned, are very bold; but when seen from a spiritual standpoint, they are very clear, and easy to be understood. If he ever did give utterance to these words, we presume they were addressed to those with whom he was specially conversing. It may have so happened, that they complained to him, because they were not sufficiently to their wishes blessed with the power that you to-day are blessed with, and so perhaps they murmured; and so, to still their murmurings, he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for by-and-by that ye seek for, that ye so earnestly desire, will come silently, as the kingdom of heaven comes to longing hearts."

Q.—By Mrs. Martin, of Rochester, Vt.: What causes the disease called golter? and what effect has the wearing of gold around the neck upon it, if any?

A.—A morbid condition of the respiratory organs, we believe to be the primary cause of this disease. But we cannot perceive that the wearing of gold upon the neck can have any effect, either in producing this disease or preventing it. July 2.

Captain Robert Palmer.

I am decidedly unacquainted with this post-mortem method of communicating intelligence; but the wisest in any particular branch, were at some time very ignorant. So it's very possible that my ignorance of these things may be changed to wisdom.

A very strange, and to me unaccountable circumstance, has been the means of bringing me here to-day. Perhaps it may not be wrong to tell you what that circumstance may be. I was to-day—I say to-day, because I wish to be understood according to the general rule of earth—pursuing my usual occupation, such as I have chosen since I became free from the body, when I became suddenly nervous, as you would say. A spirit of unrest seemed to possess me, and I could think of nothing else but earth and earthly scenes. I had often been to places where spirits had been communicating with friends on earth, but I never cared to try it myself, until, as I said before, a spirit of unrest possessed me, and I went to earth I must, whether I would or no. Well, I seemed to follow, I should say, some other will beside my own. Some other power seemed to guide my will, and I wandered far away, unconscious of where I was going. But as I came within the atmosphere of human life, I began to be still more uneasy—I may say, positively distressed. This feeling continued, until I found myself very suddenly in a sort of repository for relics from the battle field; and, if I judged aright, the locality was Washington. Very soon I found I was not there alone, but was attended by a very great number of disembodied intelligences like myself. Some of those intelligences seemed to understand—this thing perfectly, and some were as ignorant as myself. But of one who knew about it, I questioned, and in answer to my inquiries he said, "Now, friend, suppose you remain quiet here. It's very evident that you come for something, for no event in life takes place by virtue of nothing, or for nothing. So I take it for granted that you are here for something; so keep as quiet as possible, and let us see what comes of your quietness."

So I was as quiet as it was possible for me to be, and soon I was conveyed to a certain part of the building, and suddenly I came face to face to the pillow upon which I died; upon which my brains had been scattered. I could not mistake it; I knew it; there it was. Myself and my Lieutenant had been suddenly killed at Island No. 10, by the explosion of a shell, that took rather an unruly turn into our camp one night. I presume that some Yankee possessed himself of the pillow upon which I died, and carried it to Washington; and I know not why I came here, except it be from the fact that the pillow was disturbed; moved from its former resting-place.

But I'm very glad of the circumstance, for the good friend who posted me up in these things, assures me that I'm subject to the law that attracts us back to earth; to the law that runs through the vast magnetic life-chain everywhere. And he said, "Now, Robert Palmer, go back there, and if you desire to speak to your friends, why say whatever you feel like saying to those friends." Now I have friends—God knows I hope I have at any rate; but whether they would be glad to hear from me as a spirit, I can't tell. I am determined to try the experiment.

I am from Alabama; was in the Confederate army. Captain Robert Palmer, of the Second

Georgia Infantry, Company C. I have been for many years a resident of Alabama, consequently was imbued with Southern ideas. But trusting to your Yankee liberality, I expect you will be as kind and considerate to me, as though I had never taken up arms against your government.

Now there is one on earth with whom, more than all others, I would speak; it is with my wife Eliza. I feel the moment that I could give all the world could I speak to her as I do here. But this I cannot do at present; so, acting upon my good friend's suggestion, I will cast my bread here upon these waters, and they will return to me again after many days.

Well, that I can come is proved. That I desire to communicate with my friends, also is proved, too. Only let me speak as I do here.

I am happy, or at least have been, until I became so disturbed about earth-scenes. I believe my Lieutenant has been back and communicated with his friends, or at least, has tried to. And the gentleman, whose friendly shell sent me to the spirit-world, I've met and spoken with many times, and he says, "So sure as there is an Intelligence governing all mind and matter, so sure I shall come into direct rapport with my friends." Well, God hasten the day! is the only prayer I can utter.

And now, after thanking you for opening this way to all of us, I will leave, hoping that when next I come I may, bear the intelligence that I have been recognized at home. July 2.

John S. Floyd.

I am come from Weldon, Tennessee, sir. My name was John S. Floyd. I was thirteen years old. I have a mother and two sisters left there. Three of us were killed in the war. I went as Captain's servant. William and Ed do not care to come; but I've been waiting for a chance these six months. [What are they afraid of?] They say it's had enough to die once, not to be dying over again, and they won't come. But I said I should come, if I did have to die again. I want afraid of it. They said that because I didn't know much, didn't suffer much when I died. I never saw the place I was afraid to go to yet. And I want my mother to know how we can come, and that we ain't dead. We're alive, and we're for the biggest part of the time happy. We do n't have everything we want, but we're happy. I was just as soon as I got to know how things were. I ain't a bit sorry I run away. [Did you run away?] Yes, sir, I did. Aren't a bit sorry, but I'm glad; glad I was killed, too, because if I had lived longer I might have suffered more, you know. I ain't sorry, and I don't want my mother to feel bad. We'll all come back and help her, every one of us. I know Bill and Ed will do as much as I will to help her. [Invite them to come.] I know they wanted me to come first, and see how I stood it. I could stand anything, when I wanted to go. I ain't any coward; Bill and Ed ain't either; but they thought there was no good to be gained. If you don't expect to gain anything, what's the use in coming? I do n't care for death, or a thousand deaths. I'm here, and I've got to die, and come back and die again.

I want my mother to scratch up some of these folks. I'll fetch Bill and Ed to talk with her, if she does. And I'll tell her about father, too. That she'd like to know. If she'll let me talk with her, I'll tell her about him. [Has your father been in the spirit-world long?] I've nothing to say about my father now, because this is no place for me to speak of him. Beg pardon, sir, if its again the rules, if I must answer all your questions.

Then, again, Bill and Ed did n't like the uniform; I do n't care what it is. [You do n't care about ladies' clothes?] No, sir, I do n't care. Bill said it would n't come onhand to me, because I dressed up in sis's clothes three or four times. He says I got used to it then. Oh, I don't care if I can only get to mother. [I think you will.] I think I will, too. Oh, by golly, I never tried to go to any place but what I got there. And Ed said, "John, you'll never get into the army in the world." I said, "If mother won't let me go, I'll run away. So, you see, I'll go, anyway." I did, too. And I'm here, and I'll get to her. Yes, I will. July 2.

Charlotte Blackburn.

It is three years since I left my friends. I have many here on the earth, but those who are nearest to me are a brother, sister and mother. They have never received any direct intelligence concerning my death, and they heard that I started to go to my husband, who was wounded, and that I was taken sick and died. That is a mistake. He was killed, or rather mortally wounded, and when the news reached me, I was apprised of his danger, and that it was no use for me to attempt to reach him.

But after he was dead and buried, two weeks after, I started to rejoin my friends at the North. Since I had lost all that could attract me, I thought I should go mad to stay there. I started to come North on a transport, under a flag of truce, but I was taken sick and put on shore, and died of congestion of the brain. They have it that I started to go to my husband, and when I got there and found him dead, I went into a fit and died, which was a mistake. I think they put me off at Port Royal. Oh, I was n't going South, bless you! I was coming North. [Were you at the South?] I was. My husband was an Adjutant in the Confederate army when he was killed. His name, Charles E. Blackburn. My name, Charlotte Blackburn.

Now I have tried to take the first step in coming here. Oh! I hope the next may bring me near my friends.

I want to tell them of the beautiful spirit-world I have gained. I want to tell them death is no death at all. I want to tell them of the many, many dear friends who have joined me. Oh, I want to talk to them, so death will be no longer death to them. 'Tis for their interest that I would talk to them. I would take away that fear that overhangs all mortals when they speak of death. We have no fear. We know it's nothing but a phantom.

I wish to reach in this way, if possible, Elizabeth Bell, in Philadelphia, and my brother—my sister Elizabeth is married, in Philadelphia. My brother is in, or near New York City, James Wells; and my mother, Betsey Wells, in Ohio. Oh, how happy I should be if I were only where I could speak to them! But tell them Charlotte died happy, and has come back happy, and would be still happier if she could talk with them. Farewell. July 2.

Jerry Colgan.

I will be much obliged to you, sir, if you'll say that Jerry Colgan, of the 69th New York, has come back here and wants to talk with his friends. I got the way learned pretty soon after I was killed, but not the privilege of coming till now.

I want some one of the folks in New York to go to some place where I can talk—that's what I

want. [That's what brings me here to-day, what I want.] [You had better call upon some particular one.] Well, let Michael go; he's about as keen-sighted and as liberal as most any one, and when I got him there, I'll tell him about the rest. Oh, I'll tell him.

I got no way to pay you, sir, except if there's anything I can do by way of helping any one, or yourself. Never mind anything about the suffering. Tell them about how I died; but do n't mind the suffering. Only ask that I can identify myself to them. And tell the folks I'll do anything I can to help them over the hard way; do n't want to go back there at all.

Well, when I enlisted in the service of the United States, I was in the employ of Mr. Philip Gale; and he says to me, "Jerry, if you want to go, here's something to leave with your family, and my good wishes; and if you'll come back, you'll have your place." I'm not back for any place at all. I would n't take the best place the world could give, not if I was obliged to come back into the earth and live again. I only come back here to-day to tell my friends I've got something to tell them. No matter what those things are, but they're important, anyway. That is all I think of now. God bless you! Good-day, sir. July 2.

Circle opened by Alexander Campbell; closed by James McDonald.

Matters in Hartford.

Thinking that you might be pleased to learn something about the condition of things in Hartford, I send you a word in reference to it. Spiritualism seems to be at a low ebb here at present, and has been for some time past. There has been no public meetings held here for years, yet there are quite a number of active Spiritualists in Hartford, and private circles are held regularly in different parts of the city. I have been here but a short time, yet I have made the acquaintance of some noble workers, who are fearlessly laboring in the cause of truth, regardless of the opposition that is brought to bear against them. Among them; I may mention Mrs. M. M. White, clairvoyant and healing medium, who is doing a good work in healing the sick, and convincing the skeptical of the power of spirit-communication; also Mrs. L. M. French, medium for writing and physical manifestations, and a number of other spiritual phenomena of the most interesting character. I was present in a circle with her, when the manifestations were very good. Raps were produced like striking with a heavy hammer; a drum was beat upon with great force, while held suspended; sounds, such as are made by a carpenter in doing different kinds of work, were imitated perfectly; and the cause of truth, regardless of the opposition that is brought to bear against them, was held of by hands whose grasps were certainly weak. Finally the medium was taken up out of the circle and placed on the middle of the table, after which she was securely tied. The rope was passed around her waist and neck, and wound around her wrists a number of times, and tied so many knots that it was impossible that she could untie her. All present were perfectly satisfied that the manifestations were genuine. Mrs. French is a lady whose reputation for honesty and truthfulness is beyond question, and is certainly a most reliable and remarkable medium. The people here are getting aroused; there seems to be a disposition to investigate, and appearances certainly indicate a revival. Our church friends would term it. There is some prospect of establishing a Children's Lyceum, and if circumstances continue as favorable as they now appear, their is good reason to hope for success. Fraternally yours, A. E. CARPENTER. Hartford, Conn., September 13, 1866.

Mrs. Matthews—Quincy Institute, etc.

DEAR BANNER—By your kindness, I would reply through your columns to the many friends who solicit my services to lecture, that I cannot make any new engagements till after the first of November; then I will give a decided answer. Will you permit me to take this opportunity to call the attention of the many readers of the BANNER to the Healing Institute, in Quincy, Mass., opened last summer by Mrs. A. J. Kenison? I recommend it as a pleasant home for those who are wishing board, or those who need medical treatment. They will find Mrs. Kenison an affable, pleasant lady, desirous to make all as comfortable as possible. Her husband, who will also find Dr. Roundy and wife, (who are in attendance) excellent electric, magnetic and sympathetic physicians. They have had the experience of a number of years in the above practice, and have been very successful, as many can testify—myself for one, as my health has been very much improved by the treatment. I think they are true friends to humanity. They never have sought to make their cures public, but have done what good they could in a quiet manner. I understand they are having good success in Quincy. I trust the Quincy Institute will be sustained, and that many sick, weary ones will receive blessings thereby.

I want my love upon your folds, dear BANNER, to the kind friends of Quincy and vicinity, whose smiling faces I have often met in Roger's Chapel. Yours fraternally, S. HELEN MATTHEWS. East Westmoreland, N. H., Sept. 19, 1866.

The Spiritualists of Wisconsin.

Will hold a State Convention in the city of Milwaukee, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 20th, 21st and 22nd, commencing on Friday, at ten o'clock A. M. All organized societies as well as all communities where Spiritualists reside, are invited to send two delegates each. All Spiritualists and liberal-minded persons are cordially invited to attend.

By order of State Committee.

Obituaries.

In Chesterfield, N. H., Aug. 30th, 1866, John B. Bemis (formerly of Dunsmuir, Vt.) aged 49 years 2 months and 13 days, passed from his earthly tenement which had been wasted by a long and painful illness.

Though he struggled for several years to battle disease, he could no longer resist the summons to exchange life physical for life spiritual. This brother was a firm and resolute votary of the spiritual Philosophy. Spiritualism was his clear intellect, calm and even walk in life, shed a spiritual halo in the circles wherever he moved. He leaves a devoted wife, a mother, and sister in the home-circle. They will miss his physical presence, the sweet tone of his gentle voice, words of affection and counsel; but the vibratory power, the from his mortal spirit, will cheer them. The same power which sustained his faithful companion during his long illness, will still sustain her.

Bemis has long been a medium, and has often given consolation to the sorrowing ones of earth. The angel-band is still with her, and she is looking upon him in the spirit-world. A large circle of friends met at the funeral. Samuel Clark, of Westmoreland, conducted the services. Mr. Daniel Brown, of Brewster, N. H., offered a soulful prayer; my sister, Mrs. Charles Brown, of Westmoreland, gave a beautiful address. Her guides gave words of consolation through my organism. I was deeply moved by the services. At the time of his departure, as he would have been glad to have taken his friendly hand once more, and had taken a part in the services. Their brother, we shall miss him; but he has gone only a little while before us. BARNABAS MATTHEWS.

Passed into Spirit-Life, from Florida, Boone Co., Ill., Sept. 18th, 1866, William Henry, son of George W. H. and Priscilla A. Leonard, formerly of Taunton, Mass.

He had lived in earth-life five months and twenty-three days. His mother passed from earth to spirit-life when her little Willie had lived but a few hours in a casketed infant.

(R. F. Journal) please copy.

Passed to Higher-Life, Aug. 26th, 1866, from Oswego, N. Y., Mrs. Harriet Hall, wife of Rufus Hall, aged 68 years 10 months and 10 days. She was firm and unchanging in her beliefs in Spiritualism; was a kind and intelligent mother, and a faithful and affectionate wife. Her illness was brief, she knew she was going, and just before she departed she said, "I am going to my spirit friends, saying, 'They have come for me!'" and then her spirit quietly took leave of its earthly casket, and soared to the peaceful home in the immortal land. G. D.

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Tuesday, July 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edwin Cole,

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