

those who attend it. Nothing can be more
than that, in these and multitudes of other ways,

10

REFORMERS.

Given by Miss Lizzie Doten, under the inspiration of Mrs. Hemans, at the close of a lecture delivered in Chelsea, on the life and character of the Rev. John Pierpont.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

Where have the world's great heroes gone—
The champions of the Right,
Who, with their armor girded on,
Have passed beyond our sight?
Are they where palmy immortal wave,
And laurels crown the brow?
Or was the victory thine, O Grave?
Where are they? answer thou.

We shudder at the silence dread,
That renders no reply—
Oh! dust! from whence the soul hath fled,
Thou canst not hear our cry.
The violet, o'er their mouldering clay,
Looks meekly from the sod,
But tells not of the hidden way
Their angel feet have trod.

Where are they, Death? thou mighty one!
To some far land unknown,
Beyond the stars, beyond the sun,
Have their bright spirits flown?
Their hearts were strong through Truth and Right,
Life's stormy tide to stem.
Oh Death! thou conqueror of might!
What need hast thou of them?

The earth is green with martyrs' graves,
On hill, and plain, and shore,
And the great ocean's sounding waves
Sweep over thousands more.
For us they drained life's bitter cup,
And dared the battle strife—
Where are they, Death? Oh, render up
The secret of their life!

We listen—to our earnest cries
No answer is made known,
Save the "Resurgam"—"I shall rise!"
Carved on the burial stone.
Oh Grave! oh Death! thou canst not keep
The spark of Life Divine;
They have no need of rest or sleep;
Nay, Death, they are not thine!

Where are they? Oh Creative Soul!
To whom no name is given,
Whose presence fills the boundless whole,
Whose love alone is heaven,
Through all the long, eternal hours
What tolls do they pursue?
Are their great souls still linked with ours,
To suffer and to do?

Lo! how the viewless air around
With quickening life is stirred,
And from the silences profound
Leaps forth the answering word—
"We live—not in some distant sphere
Life's mission to fulfill;
But, joined with faithful spirits here,
We love and labor still."

No laurel wreath, no waving palm,
No royal robes are ours,
But evermore, serene and calm,
We use life's noblest powers.
Toil on in hope, and bravely bear
The burdens of your lot;
Great, earnest souls your labors share—
They will forsake you not."

War in Europe.

Prussia having whipped Austria and offended Russia, now seeks an alliance with both these empires. It will strike the rest of the world as "cool," if it does not the Powers immediately addressed. There is an apparent pacification on the continent, but no one can tell how permanent it will be, because it cannot be told how well satisfied all parties are with the new arrangement. Napoleon affects to be, but that may mean exactly the opposite of his real feeling. The Emperor of the French keeps his own counsel, and generally veiled in a wise silence. Italy has finally got Venice, and Rome will shortly become the real capital of the new kingdom. It is not possible, under existing circumstances, for the Pope to much longer have a hold on the Eternal City by virtue of his temporal power. Prussia is just now engaged in giving thanks to the King and offering worship to Bismarck.

Pitching In.

There are two ways of overcoming an opponent: one is by letting him aid you in doing it by his own conduct, and the other is by "pitching into" him squarely. Generally speaking, the former is the more effective, and really involves the least expenditure of nervous energy and anxiety. In point of fact, if a man is really as far wrong as we insist he is, nothing will prove it so plainly as his own showing; and leaving him alone with his conduct is securing the precise demonstration we want. It is the easiest matter possible to "pitch in" to an individual, but it ought first to be considered what result is to be gained by it. If we look to that alone, we are bound to wait for a better way than the too common one of passion and violence.

Spiritual Gatherings.

There are more conventions, picnics, excursions, so-called, and pleasant gatherings among Spiritualists now than at any previous time—which certifies to the strengthening of that bond of genuine sympathy which is the natural outgrowth of our beautiful faith. For to what does true Spiritualism tend but to a closer assimilation of human sympathies, and human souls. Its first office is to make all men brethren. It is not a leveller, but rather a lifter up, an elevator, a source of strength and inspiration. Hence it gives us sincere pleasure to note these numerous meetings of men and women in the fields and woods; and by pleasant streams and the seashore. It denotes, too, that as our numbers increase, our strength increases also.

Spirit Flowers.

Last week we received from W. P. Anderson, the spirit-artist, a most elegant vase of Spirit Flowers, drawn by the invisibles through the instrumentality of Mr. A. A more delicate and exquisite specimen of the fine arts cannot well be imagined. A mere description will not do justice to this representation of the spirit of some of Nature's sweetest flowers, therefore we invite all who can to visit our free circles and feast their eyes upon the lovely gem, which at present graces that sanctuary of the invisibles.

Miss Jean Hooper

is filling an engagement at the Howard Athenæum. She is pronounced by the press generally, the most promising actress of the age. She possesses a superb voice, commanding figure, is exceedingly graceful and lady-like in her movements. In short, she is a true genius, and has won laurels of praise which only sterling merit could command.

New Publications.

THE RADICAL. A monthly magazine, devoted to Religion, Adams & Co., publishers, 21 Bromfield street, Boston.

The September number of this able monthly is the first of the second volume. The new publishers, Adams & Co., are active and enterprising men, and will greatly advance the interests of the magazine. They will send this number as a specimen copy, on receipt of thirty cents.

The Radical gives utterance to the freest expression of thought on all subjects that interest thinking minds—reformatory, religious, social and political—adhering to no particular denomination or party, but will endeavor to keep pace with the demands of the age. Its contributors are from the ranks of the able writers of the day. This number has the following list of contents: Religion and Science, by John Weiss; Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship, by Charles K. Whipple; Freedom and Necessity, by A. E. Kroeger; Motion and Rest, by G. L. Burnside; Epictetus, by Charlotte P. Hawes; The Negro as Artist, by Moncure D. Conway; To John G. Whittier, by G. O.; Correspondence—Letter to Rev. E. H. Sears, by D. A. Wasson; Public Affairs, by Editor; Miscellany, by A. B. Alcott; Book Notices.

THE GALAXY for September 15th, has made its appearance. We have often spoken favorably of this excellent magazine, which comes to us twice a month filled with the most readable matter to be found in any monthly, and need now only call the reader's attention to the following table of contents: Archie Lovell, by Mrs. Edwards; A June Day at Port Hudson, by James Franklin Flitts; Mignonette, by Maria Louisa Pool; Pamela Clarke, by M. A. Edwards; Four British Statesmen, by Richard Grant White; The Elder Booth, by Isaac C. Pray; Too Late, by John Weiss; The Claverings, by Anthony Trollope; Along the James, by John Estlin Cooke; The Pallo at Siena, by B. G.; Heraldry in America, by W.; Charade, by Dr. T. W. Parsons; Nebula, by the Editor; containing The French Academy's Prize Theme, Origin of Yankee Doodle, The Voice of the Turtle, The Indian Opiumist, Miss Rossetti's Poems, A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it for sale.

OPINION is the name of a new journal of selections, published in New Jersey. We have before us No. five, which, for aught we know, is the first number.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for September is an interesting and instructive number of a sterling and progressive magazine, which the community should generally read.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for September offers its usual variety and interest to a large and increasing circle of readers.

We have on our table the Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, from the press of John F. Trow & Co., N. Y.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September has a number of valuable original articles, with several fine illustrations. Its portraits and biographical sketches are always worth more than the price of the numbers.

"Blind Tom," the musical prodigy, now in England, is attracting much attention in musical circles. He held a private soiree at the Hanover-square rooms, London, on the 18th ult., the audience being composed in most part of the fashionables of the great metropolis. All were astonished at his wonderful performances upon the piano. The London Spiritual Times, in its comments upon Tom's advent in London, remarks: "It is no matter of speculation with us, how Tom will be received. If he is put forward as a prodigy, a genius, &c., many will marvel at his powers, and be willing to look upon him as a black phenomenon—a freak of Nature. But should he be put forward as a spiritual medium, he may as well return to America, for England is not prepared to accept such 'bosh.' However, here he is, blind enough to be unable to see the keys of his instrument, ignorant enough to be incapable of being taught anything by the acknowledged methods of teaching, and yet he is, as it were, animated with music. How will the scientific men treat Tom? Will they politely call him an impostor, say that he is a cultivated musician, and refuse all evidence to the contrary? Had they not better say at once, that Tom is no slave native of Georgia, but a real white, painted black? Putting theory on one side, we have in Tom a living wonder. His memory, if it be himself alone, that reproduces the most difficult pieces after once hearing them, surpasses everything of the kind of which we have any knowledge. Tom would be a study for Stokes."

Last Grand Picnic of the Season.

Dr. Gardner has made arrangements for another of his grand picnic excursions to Island Grove, Abington, on Friday, Sept. 14th. For particulars see notice in another column. This is to be the winding up party of the season, and the Doctor is determined it shall be the best—although all will be satisfied if it is equal to the last, when so many thousands assembled, and everything passed off so quiet and orderly; and the speeches, too, were so very acceptable. We have such confidence in Dr. Gardner's ability and energy in such undertakings, that we predict, if the weather is favorable, the largest gathering which has assembled in that beautiful grove this season. As many of our friends are well aware, this is the only grove in this vicinity affording such a variety of entertainments, without any interfering with the other.

Agricultural Fairs.

This is the season of agricultural fairs, and they have begun in good earnest. The New England Fair was held in Brattleboro, Vt., last week, and was a great success. The Vermont State Fair was held at the same time. Both were a great success. Those of other States, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, will follow after, celebrating the triumphs of man over matter, and the largeness of Nature in her care for her children. The farmers hold this their true holiday season; and so it is. Men who have toiled hard all through the year are now brought together to renew old acquaintance, make new ones, and contribute freely to the common store of that knowledge and experience which they have been gaining while they worked.

The Malden and Melrose Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

The first Spiritualist Camp Meeting, held near Malden and Melrose, six miles from Boston, was a great success, and inaugurates a new era in the Spiritualist movement. The best judges say there were at least seven thousand persons on the Camp Ground on Sunday; and the visitors during the four days were at least ten thousand. And what is most remarkable, during the whole meeting there was not the slightest disorder or disturbance. The arrangements of the police and the committee, and the cooperation of the invisibles, were such, that all discordant elements were subdued, and every visitor seemed to come in the spirit and harmony of meeting.

Books by Warren Chase.

LIFE-LINE OF THE LONE ONE.—This popular and highly interesting work, the fourth edition of which has just been issued for the author by Bela Marsh, is again on our counter, and can be supplied with our other works. Those who have not read this work can be assured of finding it a highly interesting autobiography of the author.

His second work, The Fugitive Wife, has also passed into the third edition, and has a rapid sale, and many warm friends and earnest admirers. It deals some heavy blows at the weak points in our marriage institutions.

His third work, The American Crisis, has gone into a second edition, and fills in a political stretch of his radical views on land reforms and other democratic measures.

His last published work, The Gist of Spiritualism, has had a steady and increasing sale, and ranks among the ablest of our pamphlets in the spiritual literature. It is a work for the reasoning and enquiring reader, and can always be recommended as solid food for the mind.

These works will all be found and furnished in our list of books, and the author also furnishes one copy of each by mail, on receipt of \$2. For his address, see lecturers' column.

The Late Reverend John Pierpont.

A meeting was held on Friday, the 31st ultimo, of the principal officers, heads of Bureaus, and clerks of the Treasury Department at Washington. The meeting was called to order by the Hon. Mr. Chandler, Assistant Secretary, who announced that the object was to express, in some suitable manner, the feelings of respect entertained by his late associates in office toward the late Rev. John Pierpont, who died at West Medford, Mass., on the 26th of that month. He proceeded in a highly eulogistic tone to comment upon the life, character and services of our deceased brother, after which a committee of four was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiment of the meeting. The Committee reported preamble and resolutions, from which we copy the following:

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Pierpont the country has lost one who has never ceased in his labors for the instruction and elevation of mankind. As an opponent of slavery his opinions were earnest and unwavering; as a philanthropist he labored untiringly to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate; as an advocate of temperance he maintained and enforced his principles by eloquent utterance and a consistent example; as an author and poet his writings have enriched the literature of America.

Resolved, That while a member of this department, Mr. Pierpont, by his gentle and genial manner, his earnest and kindly sympathy, his purity of character, and his sincerity of purpose, gained the affection and respect of all his associates, and that we earnestly lament the sudden death and irreparable loss of one so universally respected and beloved.

Sunday Grove Meetings on Camp Grounds.

The meetings held in the grove, newly named PIERPONT GROVE, in commemoration of the late Rev. John Pierpont, will continue every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, as long as the weather will allow. Horse cars run from Scollay's Building, Boston, to Malden, half a mile this side of the grove.

Our "Western Department."

Our paper is so crowded this week that we are obliged to omit many articles intended for this issue. Also our "Western Department," in order to make room for Mr. Towne's excellent address: Bro. Peebles will be heard in the next BANNER.

The next Infidel Convention.

We learn from the Investigator that the next Infidel Convention will be held in Philadelphia, on Sunday, Sept. 30th, in Mitchell's Hall, Fourth street, above Vine. Efforts are making to have a large gathering on the above occasion.

Camp Ground Picnic Postponed.

The picnic appointed at the Malden and Melrose Camp Ground is unavoidably postponed, on account of the lateness of the season, and the want of time to put the grove in picnic-condition for secular amusements.

Another Grand Picnic—The Last of the Season.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will hold their last Grand Union Picnic for 1866, at Island Grove, Abington, on Friday, Sept. 14th. Special trains will leave the Old Colony and Newport Railroad Depot at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. for the Grove.

Fare: Adults, from Boston and return, 80 cents; Children with their parents, 40 cents. For sale at the Depot.

Excursionists from all way stations between Boston and South Braintree, and between Plymouth and Hanson, will take the regular trains to the Grove and return for one fare.

Good music for dancing will be in attendance. Refreshments in abundance may be obtained on the grounds. No exhibitions allowed except specially authorized by the proprietors of the Grove.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.
Boston, Sept. 10, 1866.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Sept. 22, 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 \$6 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' "Morning Lectures."

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.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Rev. E. C. Towne's discourse—on our eighth page—in commemoration of Rev. John Pierpont, delivered before his society in Medford the Sunday after the funeral services, will be read with great interest. Mr. Towne did not omit to mention Mr. Pierpont's firm adherence to the philosophy of Spiritualism—as most ministers and the press have done—but on the contrary, was just and candid in his allusions to the religious faith of his respected and lamented friend. He even went so far as to say, "I have no doubt whatever that if [Spiritualism] is to become the most living and most valuable development of modern Christianity. It is working up from the people, from those to whom no church penetrated, and in the day of its full power it will be a force in religious progress such as no church has been."

We have printed an extra number of this issue of the BANNER, in order to supply those who may wish extra copies to send to friends, or for preservation. It is a superb number. Help circulate it, Spiritualists.

The BANNER free circles were resumed on Monday, Sept. 31. The spirit of John Pierpont controlled Mrs. Conant, and addressed the audience at considerable length.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge arrived in New York, from London, on the 6th. Her mother, Mrs. Floyd, came with her.

In noticing Dr. Eells' Violet Ink, for copying, we omitted to add, for writing also. It is easily diluted with rain water, and made the best and most durable writing fluid extant. We have a bottle of it in our office, which any one can examine who desires an easy flowing ink, free from all objections.

Read F. T. Lane's reply to the Rev. John Weiss, on "Our Relations with the Spiritual World," issued in pamphlet form—ten cents single copy. It is an able argument.

COLE L. V. DANIELS delivered eight lectures in Rochester, N. Y., during August. Col. Daniels also addressed the colored citizens on the evening of Aug. 23d, a synopsis of which appeared in the Express on the following day.

MICHIGAN.—Elijah Woodworth, of Leslie, Mich., an earnest lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, writes us that the two days' grove meeting recently held in Ridgeaway, in that State, was a complete success; over one thousand people were present. Michigan, he says, is moving onward in the right direction.

VERMONT.—In a private letter from Mrs. Fannie Allyn, who has recently been lecturing in Vermont, she says, "I find the interest increasing in every town and village, and cannot fill half the demands made upon me." Spiritualism is making steady advancement all over the country.

DODSWORTH'S HALL, NEW YORK.—On Sunday, Sept. 2d, D. J. Mandell addressed the First Society of Spiritualists, in the forenoon, on the subject of "The Devil and his Works," and in the evening H. B. Storer spoke of the late National Convention and the position of Spiritualism. The Conference in the afternoon discussed the question: "Is there a Devil?"

The U. S. Arsenal at Watertown, Mass., was nearly destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, Sept. 2d, which caused a terrific explosion. Three large buildings were entirely demolished, and others badly injured. Loss estimated not far from \$100,000. It was the work of an incendiary.

Queen Emma, of the Hawaiian Islands, was obliged to return home, on account of the death of her mother, before making her contemplated visit to Boston.

J. H. Bickford speaks in Foxboro' next Sunday. Ristori, the celebrated actress, who has just arrived in this country, is to receive \$100,000 for one year's engagement in the United States.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis speaks in Haverhill during this month. On Sunday the 3d he was entranced by the spirit of John Pierpont, who addressed the audience with nearly his usual vigor.

Minnesota will produce this year, it is estimated, 16,000,000 bushels of wheat. And Pennsylvania's maize crop will be about 30,000,000 bushels.

The cool weather during August has been a fine thing for the wheat crop of the Northwest, as the tendency of the cut wheat to grow on account of dampness has been effectually checked, while the uncut wheat has been prevented from becoming too ripe.

A \$10,000 estate at Newton Centre has been purchased by three charitable gentlemen for a home for young girls, under the care of the Boston Children's Aid society. The receipts of the society last year were \$4800, and the expenses \$5118.

The proposed new constitution of North Carolina is rejected by almost two thousand majority. Its bigoted religious clause was enough to kill it.

Dispatches have been received from the steamship Great Eastern. She has caught the old cable, spliced it, and is now paying out.

Better bow your head than break your neck! The Skowhegan (Me.) Clarion understands that a horse trot, to continue two days, will come off at that place soon—if there is no law to prevent such inhuman cruelty to animals.

Beauty in woman is like the flower in spring; but virtue is like the stars of heaven.

By laying a piece of charcoal on a burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

E. B. C. QUINCY, Ill.—Your letter was received. Its contents had been anticipated by another correspondent, who gave a full account of the artist and his pictures. Our columns are so crowded we cannot possibly publish all the matter sent to us.

D. C. BRAINTEER, Vt.—\$4.50 received.

Business Matters.

INVALID'S RURAL HOME.—Dr. Uriah Clark's Rural Home Cure in Malden, near the Spiritual Camp Ground, is well sustained. See advertisement.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, MEDIUM, ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3.00 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 10 Kendall street, Boston, Mass.

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

Purge out the morbid humors of the blood, by a dose or two of ALEXER'S PILLS, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies.

Special Notices.

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

MR. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE SYSTEM, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass.

Autumn is again upon us, and soon Winter will clasp us in his cold embrace. Beware of Coughs and Colds; they often terminate in Consumption. COE'S COUGH BALM is a pleasant but certain remedy. It is excellent for Croup among the children.

A SCANDINAVIAN CHEMIST has produced, to bless mankind, the long looked-for Alchemy, THE UNIVERSAL SAFETY MATCH, MADE WITHOUT SULPHUR OR PHOSPHORUS. Cheaply sold as well as best. 5 cents per box—50 cts. per dozen.

MANHATTAN, KANAN, April 17, 1856. GENTLEMEN: I want to say a little more about the PAIN KILLER. I consider it a very valuable medicine, and always keep it on hand. I have traveled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking it with me. In my practice I used it freely for the Asiatic Cholera in 1849, and with better success than any other medicine. I also used it here for Cholera in 1840, with the same good results. Sept. 8—20 Truly yours, A. HUNTING, M. D.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BARNETT'S CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warners, Long & Co., Boston. Put up in cases 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 lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BARNETT, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75 and 77 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14—ly

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 RHEUMATIC 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, Wingham, Mass. G. C. GOODWIN & Co., Boston. JOHN F. HENRY & Co., Watertown, Vt., General Agents. Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. June—2

ADVERTISEMENTS. Our terms are, for a line in Agents type, two cents for the first, and after, one cent 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.

THE RADICAL: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED to the expression of Free Thought in all matters of Inquiry and Intellect, the presentation of Political, Views of a Religious, Social, and Political nature, and a general elucidation of those great principles that underlie all Religious Faiths. It is not the vehicle of any denomination or of any Party; it is not pledged to any position from which there can be no advance; it is bound by no Creed, shackled by no tradition, restrained by no dogma, it is free to follow the path which it deems to be the best, and to the end that all mankind may equally enjoy it in body and in mind. Among the already large and rapidly increasing number of persons, who, throwing aside the bound of the Past, seek to become identified with the Free Spirit of the Future, this Magazine finds its hearty welcome. "THE RADICAL" is edited by S. H. MORSE, and the following are among its regular and occasional contributors: E. W. EVERETT, J. C. LEARNED, SAMUEL JOHNSON, ROBERT COLLYER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, W. H. FIERBERG, A. BRONSON ALCOCK, GEORGE HOWARD, DANIEL JONES, WILLIAM F. POTTER, JOHN WEISS, D. A. WASSON, JOHN W. CHADWICK, JOSEPH MARSH. Each number of "THE RADICAL" contains 64 large octavo pages, printed from new type on fine paper. TERMS—Three Dollars a Year—Single Copy Thirty Cents.

ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Sept. 15—1w 21 Bromfield street, Boston.

DENTAL CARD.

DR. S. V. TUCKER, DENTIST, HAVING returned from the South, is now located at No. 8 LAGRAVE STREET, Boston, would cordially invite Spiritualists, and all others who are in "better dental condition" call at his office. He feels confident that sixteen years experience in Dentistry will enable him to guarantee satisfaction. Parties that have not been subject of dental operations, or call and see the Doctor, as he treats the most difficult cases with unparalleled success, his work being done on the most approved and scientific principles, embracing all the latest and recent discoveries in the art. He has many very valuable improvements of his own invention. Those who do not feel able to pay the regular price, will be very graciously accommodated. No. 8 LAGRAVE STREET, Boston, Sept. 15.

THE MAIDEN IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. A LITTLE ROMANCE FOR THE GIRLS. A copy of this beautiful picture, which has now a world-wide reputation, was ordered by and sent to a young lady in 77, who happened to be on the eve of marriage, and who, upon the picture, was so completely entranced with the "Maiden" spiritual robes, that she immediately adopted the same (as far as possible) for her bridal robes, thereby commencing a charming and surprising life for her friends. Lecturers are ordering and selling many of these pictures, which are true to the original, and are sold at reduced rates. Single copy sent free of charge to any part of the United States for 50 cents. For Pictures, and Circulars explaining the same, address, SOPHIA BIRKENHEAD, (Room 21), No. 122 South Clark street, CHICAGO, Ill. Sept. 15.

DR. MARTIN'S HEALING INSTITUTE.

BAKERS BLOCK, 101 BUFFALO STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DR. MARTIN has for many years turned his attention to the study and treatment of the various diseases of the human system. He has cured many difficult cases that have been given up as hopeless by other physicians. He also treats all other curable diseases by the

LAYING ON OF HANDS!

Satisfactory cures will be given. The Doctor will also receive calls to lecture. He will call at all the prominent Churches between Boston and Rochester in September. Address, DR. W. H. C. MARTIN, Box 626, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Sept. 15.

A REPLY TO THE REV. JOHN WEISS.

"OUR RELATIONS WITH THE SPIRITUAL WORLD." BY F. T. LANE. Price, 10 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 136 Washington street, Boston, and at our BRANCH OFFICE, 64 Broadway, New York. Room 8. Sept. 15.

WANTED—MALE HOUSE.

BY a Physician, in an eligible business locality, a modern and comfortable house, with all the latest improvements, at reasonable rent. Address or inquire of O. KING, 634 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 1w—8p. 15.

MRS. S. M. GRIFFITHS, Business and Medical Medium, No. 41 West Houston street, corner of Worcester, NEW YORK, holds the sick at home, and treats them by the most approved and scientific methods. Her treatment is peculiarly for her great Spiritual Gift of Healing. Sept. 15—1w

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. 168 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 commenced 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.

Infinite Jehovah, our Father, and our Mother, too, through the face of this handsome day we behold thy face; through the glory that presents itself to our vision in the natural world, we behold thy glory; and we understand thee to be a God of Beauty, a God of Love, a God of Power, a Mysterious Presence marching through Time and Eternity, perfecting atoms and worlds and souls. Oh, thou Life of our lives, we would worship thee in spirit and in truth. We would sing unto thee as the wild birds sing their songs of joy. While their glad notes fill the air, and all Nature is uttering her sounds of praise, we, too, would utter our songs of praise. We, too, would lift ourselves up, mounting the spiral staircase of Hope, Faith and Love, worshipping thee as our God, our Father, and our Mother, too. Oh, we will not ask thee to bless thy children everywhere, for through countless sources thou art pouring out thy blessings upon all thy children, and all life is rendering thee homage; praising thee through sunlight and shade, through day and night, through crime and its opposite. Through all conditions of time and eternity we hear the voice of praise going unto Him who was, is, and ever shall be.

May 24.

Question and Answer.

QUES.—By B. F. C., New York: Will the spirits impart their ideas on the subject of prolonging life, and give directions how to do it? Spencer, in his "Principles of Biology," informs us "that in the careful breeding of cattle, at least ninety-six per cent., and of horses ninety-five per cent. come to maturity even in our rugged climate; while of the race of man no less than thirty-five per cent. perish in infancy and youth, and of the least favored classes full fifty per cent. die before they are seven years old. The subject is found to have appalling attractions for all who care aught for the welfare of humanity. Nor does this fearful and wanton waste of life by any means exhaust the gloomy interest of the subject. From the multitudes that are thus swept into unripe graves we turn to the living, and meet the ghastly question of the quality of life in the multitudes that remain. Tracing this premature mortality to its causes, we find that they act in varying degrees and produce a wide diversity of effects. Physical and mental conditions stamp themselves upon the living organism. Bad diet, imperfect clothing, foul air, impure water, over-exhausting labor, mental discouragement, evil associations, vicious habits, and a host of morbid agencies, are doing their fatal work upon large classes of society. But while thousands perish, the stream of life itself is poisoned, so that these destructive agencies are seen not only in untimely death, but in a diseased and debilitated stock, which imparts its own imperfections to its progeny, and thus curses unborn generations. Organic imperfections, constitutional weakness, bodily and mental maladies, and even tendencies to crime, are transmissible from parents to offspring. The laws of hereditary descent, which carry down likenesses of form and feature and bodily peculiarities from generation to generation, carry also bodily and mental debility, taints of blood, predisposition to scrofula and insanity, morbid appetites, feeble self-control, and dominance of the lower propensities."

ANS.—All these various evils, if we may so call them, have sprung from one root, and that is your unnatural associations, male and female. These associations have been kept up, been growing, enlarging for centuries, and year after year brings out from this root some new development, some crime, perhaps, that moralists do not know how to deal with—some disease that physicians know not how to deal with—some mental malady that the priests can have no power over. These are the evils that obsess human life; and these are the evil spirits, or devils, that should be cast out. But they come forth only by fasting and prayer. What do we mean by this? Why, that you shall abstain from that which is unnatural, and pray earnestly to be assisted to that which is natural. Nature and her God has endowed you—the kings and queens of animal life—with as many blessings as He has endowed the lower order of animals with. But you have perverted them in your ignorance; have sought out many inventions, and have wandered very far from the right.

It would be absolutely impossible for you to rectify these mistakes in a century. Even if you were to begin to-day to strive earnestly to rectify these mistakes, it would be many centuries ere you could attain that natural standard that is your God-given right. Nine-tenths of your marriage relations are false. Men and women associate with each other with no view whatsoever to the future. The present, with its morbid desires, absorbs their thoughts, and they pass into the fire even while their senses know that it is fire.

The angel-world has not opened its doors and its windows to your human consciousness for naught, we trust; for slowly and surely every soul that returns from that unseen world to you, is preaching the word of eternal life, showing you a more excellent way, each in his or her peculiar manner—some leading you in one path, some in another, but all striving to lift you out from your present condition. They tell you that you are wrong. They tell you that you are bringing curses not only upon yourselves in this day, but you are entailing them upon generations yet unborn.

Do you believe it? Some of you do; and those few who do believe it shall be like heaven that shall work its way through all the miasms, until at last you shall all know the better way; and because it is the better way, because it is all holy and divine in itself, you will be willing to abide by it.

May 24.

Dr. Albert Gurney.

It is nineteen years this very day since I parted with my friends here, and went forth into an uncertain future. But the mists of doubt and superstition did not long remain with me, for I very soon came to see that there were many false doctrines afloat upon earth, and that I had embraced one of them; not absolutely false in reality, but false in detail; for I believe that all men's ideas of a future life, however widely they may differ, are founded upon truth. It is only that they have made a mistake in applying it; and so the form—that that makes the outer life of the individual—is deformed, and presents in no way a likeness of the real, the foundation, the starting point.

I was much interested in listening to the remarks of the friend who has just yielded up his control to me; and while listening to him, I could not help recalling my own experience of earthly things, and I could but have a sigh of regret that I had not known these things before I met with my change; for had I known of them here, I might have been an instrument of great good, whereas I was perhaps an instrument of evil.

I was a practicing physician in New York City; and, as all physicians know—or ought to know, at least—there is so much of the unreal, the unsubstantial mixed up with the philosophy of physiology, that the soul, when it stands unclothed of the flesh, feels a sense of disgust with the entire journey—a dissatisfaction because it did not know more. And when the soul feels this, it is very apt to begot that feeling: an earnest desire to do whatsoever it may be able to do toward leading men into a better way; so that instead of depending upon books, they should depend upon common sense, their own intuitions.

I have met many of those persons who were my patients here in this world, and although the utmost friendship exists between me and them, yet they all say, "Doctor, had you known more, perhaps you and I might have been on earth still. I know we are better off where we are; but perhaps if we'd known more, we might be there, and might have been doing good," kindly telling me that in my blindness I had killed them instead of cured them.

Well, I stand convicted by my friends, and willingly so, too; for I know that their judgment is just.

Now a word to those I've left, those who are dear to me, those I've never ceased to think of during all the years I've been away from them. You, my dear friends, are aware that there is such a thing as a belief in spirit-communication afloat in the land, although you have no faith in it. Now I want you to lay aside all your prejudice, all that is born of superstition and religious darkness, and come and have a good talk with me, and I'll tell you things that will cause you to wonder that you never before understood them. In the first place, it shall be my business to prove my identity to you in such a way that there shall be no room for doubt. In the second place, I will endeavor to so establish faith—mingled with your sorrow—in the communion of spirits, that you will recognize its truth. In the third place, I will endeavor to so constantly impress you with the presence of friends, perhaps my own presence, that you shall feel there is no separation between them and you.

Now let me suggest away. Enclose as many questions to me as it may please you, giving my name in your thoughts—that is, impressing it upon paper by your thoughts, not by writing. Only ask me the questions, and earnestly wish that I, Doctor Albert Gurney, may answer them in writing. Seal them in as many envelopes as you like, and send to that medium near you, Mr. J. V. Mansfield, and I will endeavor to answer them so satisfactorily that you shall be willing to let me talk to you as I do at this place.

That is the first step. Take it, and you won't be sorry. Fail to do this, and you'll be sorry for it when you come where I am. You will say, "Oh if I had only known these things before I died, how much happier I should have been," as I now say, "Oh if I'd only known how to treat the sick, I might have cured myself and my patients too, perhaps."

But never mind; the Great God is on our side, and if we seek earnestly for the better way, if we pray earnestly for a better way to be opened to us, some kind angel will open to us the gate, slowly swing back the ponderous doors, and we shall go through into light. Good-day. May 24.

George Baldwin.

I feel myself in a strange fix here; but as the Colonel has brought me here, I'll do the best I can.

I'm a soldier. My name was George Baldwin; was private in the 5th Massachusetts, under Colonel Shaw, and I fell just about the same time he did; in the same engagement. I was shot through the head, I suppose.

Now, sir, I've got folks here in this city, and I'd like to send a word or two to them, if it's possible; for the Colonel has brought me here, and has kindly shown me how to speak through this body. I have been here three or four times before, and I try to get the hang of the thing myself, but I have not got any further ahead, but just to see other folks going back. But a few days ago I met the Colonel. He says, "George, my boy, if you want to go to your folks and talk, I'll show you how to do it. Remember there is no backing down if I go there." Well, I said, I'd speak, anyway. Then I found myself here.

Well, I have a mother, a brother and a sister here, and I would give more than all the Southern Confederacy is worth, only just to have a short talk with my folks. The Colonel said to me, "George, you will go there first and report yourself; then try to make them know who you are, and maybe they'll meet you at some medium's."

I will tell you what they said at the time I was going to war. It was about nine o'clock in the morning. The last words they said were, "Now George, you'll let us hear from you someday, just every time—every time any mail comes from your regiment. Let us hear from you some way, and if you're wounded, be sure and let us know it, so we can come to you." That's the last they said when I went away.

Well, I did let them hear just as fast as I could; but I wasn't wounded; I was shot square through the head; right square through the head. I was in about, I think I was in about the fourth or fifth file, and I was just almost going on the parapet. Oh, I had no fear at all then. I was anxious to do something for the cause I'd come out to serve, and I'm quite sure I fell about the time our Colonel did. "The Colonel is wounded!" the Colonel was wounded! That cry went through the ranks like lightning, as the Colonel fell. But it proved he was killed. And as that is about the last thing I knew, I think I must have gone just about the same time.

Now as spirits can return, if there's a free chance for a colored man to come back and speak to his folks as there is for a white man, I want to come to my folks, as others do to theirs. I want them to go to one of these persons who allow us to use them to come, so I can come.

Oh I'm happy, well off, would n't come back to live again if I could, for I've got a better place; but I would like to talk to the folks. [It's free here.] Yes, I know that. The Colonel told me it was. If he had n't, if the Colonel had n't told me it was, you would n't catch me here, no more than in a rattlesnake's nest; "It is an institute founded on liberal sentiments," he said.

Well, sir, if you publish what I say to my folks, I would like that my mother, Susan Baldwin, like more than all, that she get it. She lives on Revere street, sir. You know where that is—at the West End? [Yes.] Good-day. May 24.

George Prentice.

I am George, son of George D. Prentice, of Louisville, Ky. I will be obliged to you, if you will direct a little note to my father, asking him to send a sealed letter to me; that is to say, direct according to the way that Dr. Gurney did, to Mr. Mansfield; and I'll be sure to give him a capital answer. I've been there a number of times, and if he'll do it, I'm quite sure I can do the right thing. Will you be kind enough to do it? [Yes.] Did n't you come here once before? Oh yes, sir. Much obliged; I'll pay you sometime. May 24.

Fanny Chase.

I am Fanny Chase, from Georgetown, District of Columbia.

When I was here, I was nine years and four months old. Now I'm eleven years old and little more than two months.

I want to go home to my father if I can, and my mother. They don't know I can come, but I've come to tell them as how I can; and as how I go to school, and I will be a better scholar, pretty quick, than Stephen is; I will be a better scholar than he is. [Your brother?] Yes. [Older than you, isn't he?] Yes. I shall be a better scholar than he is, for I have the nicest way of learning. It is not like the way I had here. It's a way that you like, and learn easy.

Father used to say I was a little blockhead, and he'd be ashamed of me when I grew up a young lady. I shall be a better scholar than Stephen, and I shall know more, and I shall grow to be a young lady; and if he could see me, he would n't be ashamed of me, because he used to say he would. He's sorry now that he ever called me a blockhead. But I don't care. It don't matter; I don't care anything about it now. I only spoke of it here, so he would know it was me, and 'cause, too, I wanted him to know that I was going to get along in the spirit-world. Oh it was so hard where I used to be, where you folks live now. I used to hate it. I didn't see why they could n't have it so we should n't get so awful tired. But we do have it so in the spirit-world.

Our teachers always know when we're tired, and we never have to study when we don't want to. We go just when we please, and go just where we please, and are always wanting to know something.

The leaders of our groups, they are by, always, to answer. And they talk to us so nice, that we don't get tired. And our books are all the things; ain't printed books such as we used to have here on the earth. The leaders of the group I belong to, said I should learn a great lesson by coming here. And when I get back—because I'm going back pretty soon—I should know that I had learned a great lesson, because I'd feel so pleased, be so happy over it.

First, you know, I did n't want to come here and talk. But now I do want my father to know, and my mother, too. Oh then I shall be so happy. I was a little homesick; ain't now; shan't be so any more when I go back; perhaps that's what our leaders want. I'll see when I go, and if I ever come again I'll tell you more, because I shall have learned more.

You don't know how our leaders teach us, do you? Well, I'll tell you. Oh they teach us—well, our teachers say that you would say we are taught by symbols. When they want to impress us with the idea of beauty, they show us perhaps a beautiful flower, image, or something of the kind. Then they tell us all that it was made of, and the form that corresponds to it on earth. They analyze every separate particle, and tell us about the gases. That's what you don't get.

I know I shall be ahead of Stephen, for he don't know anything about it. The teachers, the leaders of my group, say that the method of teaching here on the earth, is like lead compared with that we have in the spirit-world. They say one is lead, and the other is ethereal air, and that ethereal air contains all there is in the Universe, too, everywhere. So you see if you have that, you know everything.

My father's name is Stephen, like Stephen's. My mother's name is Lucy, and I was named for my Aunt Fanny. [On your mother's side?] No, sir; on my father's. Good-by, sir. May 24.

Circle opened by Theodore Parker; closed by Animus.

Invocation.

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, which meaneth all that has been, all that is, and all that ever shall be, we are here assembled, praying for the guidance of those holy intelligences whose brows are crowned with wisdom, and whose lives have been made glorious by good deeds, praying that they may bear meekly and humbly the crosses of life; praying, also, that in all humility, if our brows are ever decked with crowns, we may regard them as but symbols of victory over our weaknesses. Oh Life, thy glorious face beams in through this day upon us, and we feel that it is the gift of the Infinite, and our souls grow glad because of life; because it hath crosses and crowns; because it is made up of shadows and sunbeams; because sorrow and joy are found everywhere. Oh Life, thou wondrous something we cannot analyze, as our God, our Father, our All, we lift our souls to thee in deep thanksgiving, praising thee as worlds praise thee; praying unto thee as the humble flower of the woods prays, when it asks for gentle showers that it may bloom in fresher beauty. Oh Spirit, that guideth all souls unto thee, be with us this hour; baptize us with thine Infinite love, and raise every thought in holy aspiration to thee. Amen. May 28.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By F. Emerson: Will the intelligence please to inform me how it will possibly seem to me on first entering the spirit-world? Explain what is the sensation at death, or the change?

ANS.—The sensation that comes with the change called death, can never be satisfactorily explained, only as the individual passes through it. The experience must bring you a satisfactory answer, nothing else ever can. Death is but the laying down of the outside body. 'Tis but an entrance upon that which may be called the second sphere of life or action. It is by no means the laying down of any of the soul's God-given powers, for those powers are increased. The soul, by virtue of its being a soul, retains all that it gains through the experience of human life. So it loses nothing by death, save the outside body. We cannot

tell you how you will feel when you pass through death. Experience only can give you that information.

Q.—By Mrs. E. H. Wheeler, of Oak Glen, Minnesota: Why are persons who are alive and well, seen in different places at the same time? My father was plainly and distinctly seen by three of his sister's family at the same time, when his body was actually fifty miles distant. I know of a number of such cases. Will you please inform me in regard to the phenomenon? He appeared to be as natural and perfect as when we took him by the hand.

A.—The spirit or soul can duplicate itself, as many times and in as many places as it may choose, provided circumstances are such as would be adapted to its view. You have all been taught by the different intelligences that visit you from time to time, that, as souls, you are free; you are possessed of wondrous power; indeed, that you hold all power within your own sphere, only you are not aware of it. But as you grow into a more perfect knowledge of spirit-life, you will then see you don't grow there by inaction, only grow as souls through conscious action.

Q.—From the audience: Please explain the passage, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." Also this passage: "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is his delight." Is there not a great moral difference between the prayer of the Christian man and the prayer of a sinful man?

A.—Prayer is prayer, let it come from where it will. The poet tells us:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast."

We certainly can give you no clearer or more positive definition. Christians know no more how to pray than Pagans do. They all pray, each according to their own way; each according to the light they have received. The prayer of one, we believe, is as acceptable to the Great Infinite as that of another.

Q.—Will William Strauss tell us what he thinks of the "New Life of Jesus," dedicated to him by his brother, Frederick Strauss? Or will the intelligence answer the above, if the spirit of Mr. Strauss be not present?

A.—Having no personal knowledge concerning that particular inquiry, we certainly cannot answer it.

Q.—By H. K. Parker: What are the present conditions, and what are the following named persons now doing? Namely: Adam and Eve, Noah and wife, Abraham and Sarah, Moses and Zipporah, Pharaoh and the miracle of the Red Sea, Joshua and Jabin, Samson and Delilah, Samuel and Saul, David and wife or wives, Daniel of the Lion's Den, Children of the Furnace, Jesus and Judas, Paul and John, Arnold and Lincoln, Mahomet and Swedenborg, Wesley and Irving, Calvin and Arminius, Ann Lee and Joseph Smith, Voltaire and Paine. A description of the conditions, principles and practices of these individuals, in contrast now with what they were in times past in their earthly life, and spirit state now, would show the results of courses widely different.

A.—Every ancient tribe had its Adam and Eve, therefore we cannot tell to which your correspondent refers. Let him be a little more explicit, then we will answer the question.

Q.—Those mentioned in the Bible, I referred to. A.—Perhaps we should say none such ever existed. At all events, we are in no way acquainted with such intelligences, therefore we cannot answer for their condition, either in the present or in the past.

Q.—What is the present and past condition of Samuel and Saul?

A.—All these personages—some that had an existence really in this mundane world, and some that had an existence only in the imagination of the people—each live in their own separate or distinctive sphere, and are governed by the law of that sphere. By law they have an existence in that sphere, consequently they are governed by its law. It is absolutely impossible for any outside intelligence to know the exact condition of another, whether in or out of the form. They alone can justly determine of themselves. Your speaker might declare that Theodore Parker was a model man; that he lived a life of justice, truth and love, as is known in human life. Perhaps Theodore Parker would not so determine. And who shall say that Theodore Parker would not have a right to say this? that he would not know best? So it is with regard to all other personages. They alone can write their history in truth.

May 28.

Mary Ellen Kearney.

Father Fitz James has brought me here, and learned me how I should control, too, and speak. He says 'tis but justice that I should come—justice to myself, and also to those who are here, and in sorrow, because of their own deeds and mine. No one can ever know how hard it is for me to come here to-day. But I believe that I shall only gain forgiveness of sins by true repentance. And unless I am willing to take up the cross, my repentance is not true, and so will do me no good. I am not acquainted with the way of return, as many spirits are, because I never even tried before to come. As it is not long since I have been learning to come, I am not sure that I shall say all I want to, or all I ought to. But I will do the best I can.

I was murdered, they said; by my best friend, a short time since, and that friend is now so unhappy—not because he has been sentenced to be hung, but because he was ever foolish enough to be led in the way that brings no happiness to any one, and because he does not know exactly how I feel toward him because he murdered me. So Father Fitz James said I should come, if I did my duty, and make a confession, which is, I and I alone, am to blame. I attach no blame to him whatever. I do not take it all to myself because of my sympathy for him, but because it belongs to me, and I want him to feel that I shall be the first to meet him on the other side. I forgive him, if that's what he asks—and I know he does ask my forgiveness. But there's nothing to forgive. It's me that should ask forgiveness. I am as unhappy as he, because I know I did so much wrong. But I can't meet him face to face to tell him this, and ask his forgiveness. So by the advice of my good counselor here, I have come in this way. And I ask him to forgive me, and be satisfied to know that there is a spirit-world, and that we'll find plenty of teachers there who are willing to show us the right.

I want him to read all such books as will give him a knowledge of the world he's coming to, and be happy about it; not feel that he has cast an everlasting stain upon his family or mine, for it is n't so. This life is short; at the longest; and when this life is over, all stains will be washed out. I should be happy if he was. I should be happy if he was not all the time calling upon me with his sad spirit asking for forgiveness. I ask for forgiveness. He has no need to. Father Fitz James wants me to tell him this for him: that the Great Church, the Infinite Catholic Church of the Spirit, is large enough to admit all such as he, and he need not fear that he will be shut out of it after death. I am Mary Ellen Kearney, sir. Good-day. May 28.

Jennie Washburn.

I'm Jennie Washburn, from Augusta, Maine. And I bring my father here. But he can't talk, and so I do, and I want to come to my mother. My father was killed in the war, and I died of fever. I want my mother to know how we live, and how we can come. My father says next time he will come; but he wants mother to get somebody to come home, so we can come there—somebody like this to come home, so we can come there. And we get all the love that mother keeps sending. We get that all, and father says we send back tenfold.

Little Georgie died when he was a baby, before I was born. I've seen him since I come to the spirit-world. He's bigger than I am, and he would like to come, too, only he ain't so near to mother as I am, because he's been away longer, and he was a baby, and I stayed longer with mother than Georgie did. So she calls more for me, and that's why I come closest.

Father says, tell mother he is n't sleeping at Gettysburg, as she told somebody the other day. He's wide awake, and he's home most of the time. He is n't at Gettysburg. It's only his body that's there. And I ain't under ground, nuther; I'm alive with him. I go home, too, when he goes. And we live where folks can go, and they don't have to pay. Because mother said if she only had the money she would have gone when father was killed—she would have gone to Gettysburg; but she had n't nothing to go with. And father says, "Tell her where we are we do n't use that filthy lucre. It's only a will that is wanted, and when we have that, then we can go where we like."

And now if mother had been in the spirit-world, she'd had a big will enough, because she did, anyway, and she could have gone, because she would n't had to pay any fare.

I don't want mother to cry any more, and I want her to think about us. Father says, "Think that we ain't gone; that we are there, only you don't see us."

Georgie knows ever so much. He could tell her ever so much, when he learns how to speak, and my mother'll be glad to have him; I know she will. Father says he would be sixteen years old—he would be now. He died a long time before I was born. I never knew him here. I know him now. [How old were you?] I should be eight years old. [How long have you been in the spirit-land?] It is most two years. That means dead, doesn't it? [Yes.]

Well, I am going now. Next time I come, father will speak—I guess he will. Good-by. May 28.

Charles McQuade.

Well, sir, I am pretty happily situated, though I can't say I am so happy as I would like to be. I am so disappointed with what I have come to realize, that I don't know how it is going to be with the future that is coming. And I've been so kind of unsettled about myself, that I thought I would like to come and speak to the folks I've left. You see, it was like this: I had my faults, I know, plenty of them; but then I was true to my religion. I lived up to it; was a good Catholic. But now I'm neither Catholic nor Protestant. Oh it's another thing altogether. It's a something I do n't understand, this having no religion at all. The fact is, stranger, I want to know just where I stand, and what I am. And I want 'em to bring a priest right there, and I want him to answer my questions, and tell me what it means. Now I want a priest. I would n't give a farthing to talk with anybody, unless I could have a priest present to talk to, also. And I want—well, I won't be satisfied till I know whether I'm in heaven or hell. I'm out; but whether I prayed myself out, or whether the priest prayed me out, I can't tell. But I'm out; and what I want is, that my folks tell me about at home; want a priest to talk with there, and know what this means. [They don't countenance the return of spirits.] Oh, they do believe in spirits, sir, only they don't let it out. I don't care the devil what priest they go to; any one that cares to let me talk to him. I'd like Father McCarty pretty well. Yes, I want to go alone; that's the better way. I want to go to the priest alone, and then he and I will settle the question between ourselves, and if we get into a muddle, I'll be sure to whip him. [You had better invite him to go to some medium, where you can speak.] That is it. Ah, but I want to see him alone, so I can talk to him.

Why would n't one of these folks go to the priest and let me come? Faith! I have it! It's an Irishman that has got the quick wits, you say. See here: some one of these folks will go to the priest to confession, and then it's me that will confess; yes, that's it. Let one of these folks go to confession, and then I'll be sure to have him alone in the box. Oh, I won't do anything! I want to know where I am and what I may expect in the future. Oh, I ain't enlightened at all myself. Do not know where I am. I don't know but some bottomless pit will open and take me in any time.

Well, what I want is one of these folks to go to the priest and ask confession. I will come then, and tell who I am and what I want to know. How'll that do? [Very well, if you can find one that will consent.] Yes, sir; but I like this one pretty well. [We do n't think that she will go.] And why would n't she go? There's nothing bad to do at all. No, sir, she do n't know how folks do at confession. I'll be there to confess myself. All there need be about it is the going. [I've no objections, if she chooses to go.] Very well, then, we'll find out.

Now I don't want it understood that I'd not like to talk to my folks, for I should; but what's the use when I can't say where I am. I'm no Catholic, and I'm nothing at all. I don't want to go to them till I know—I used to have some sort of a religion—well, I'll tell them where I am. [Your spirit-friends will inform you.]

I was asking Father Fitz James. He says, "Go and make them an appeal, and see what they will say to you, for, as you went out from earth, you must go back there and take your start. Now that is what I want to do; and if there's any obstacles in the way I'll wait until they get out of the way, then I'll go along." Now, mister, as it's you knows the most about this thing, is there any better way you can suggest to me than the one I spoke of? Have I not said all I could to make you understand what I want? Well, here's another way. I'll ask my brother James to come to one of these mediums and ask if they're willing to go to the priest with him. That is it—I like him to do that; if they won't go alone. Oh, I'm living in the sort of a Purgatory place—oh, I'm worse than that—because I don't know but I'll get allipped into a dark hole the next minute.

