

"Self-interest is still always will be the ruling motive," said my grandmother; "but there are innumerable degrees. When man all know hat the best, most satisfactory self-interest lies which lives for the service of its fellow-men we shall no longer witness so many exhibitions of heartlessness. No man is bettered by being cast out of this world in a silent manner, hanging by the neck, or beheaded by the axe. We do not change the condition of the spirit by these means. And as for the example, that is now avail whatever, for still murder and other horrible deeds are committed. And it is proved beyond all doubt, that the influences of the priests, and houses of correction even, as they are, send their inmates forth ten times worse than when they entered. I would see punishment abolished, and reformation used in its stead."

"I have pondered deeply on these things, and many times desired that I might lend the helping hand," said Mr. Hallowell, thoughtfully.

"It is well to ponder over ways and means, and to give all the assistance in our power. The wealthy and influential, more than all others, should labor to bring about a better state. But it will all be done in God's own time. When the world's heart shall be so full of love that there can be no room for hatred, then will the gallows, the priests, the wretched hovels that darken our fair earth, be removed. I believe in the millennium, son Arthur."

"So do I. God grant its dawning soon!" and with the glow of a quiet and deep enthusiasm upon his face, he took my grandmother's hand, and kissed it.

"And what says our Olive?" He turned, with his bright smile, to me.

"I hope that all good things will come to pass, and all the evil be swept away. I do not understand all you two have been talking about, but I know grandma is always right."

"And we held many such conversations on that Isle of the Lone Hope."

Eight blessed days; oh, most charmed dream-life, and my twentieth birthday among them! Arthur begged my acceptance of a ring upon my natal day, an exquisite setting of diamonds, sapphires and rubies, in flower and leaf, symbolizing after his own poetic fancy, Truth, Love and Joy. I took the ring.

"Olive," he said, "we are soon to set sail for my native land; you will soon be my wife; have you no word of affection for me?"

I looked trustfully into his eyes, and answered: "I love you as a sister; you're dear to me as if you were my own brother. Next to grandmother, I love you best of all the world!"

"Enough; I am content, Olive," and he kissed my forehead with a resentful tenderness.

Farewell, gemmed Isle of Beauty! Bright haunt of dreams, farewell! Many years have passed since then, and rapid changes have gone over the aspect of the world; yet do I know thy summer realm is all untouched by blighting hands; that ever, there the winds blow batantly; the ocean sings a lullaby of peace; the spirits of poesy and music abide within the forest shades. I go there often for inspiration; and sit there with the beloved, the lost of earth; the found, restored 'in heaven.'

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE COUNTRY.

BY SUSIE E. BARBER.

Out among the hills and forests,

Where the breezes purr about,

Where the trees and flowers and berries,

In their fulness all are found;

Where the sun in all its glory

Rises o'er the brooding hills,

And the mornings all are vocal

With the sounds of birds and rills;

Where the clouds come full early,

Dyes the sun's departing splendors,

Hides the sun's departing splendors,

And announces day is through;

Far away from town and city,

From its stir and toil and strife,

Is the place for truth and freedom,

Is the place for purest life.

Nature's whispers there are plainest,

Sweetest are her words of cheer,

If the human heart is only

Trained that it may hear.

Angels gather round the heartstrokes;

Inspirations fill the bourn;

And the souls of men and women

Thrill and burn with noblest power.

Oh, the country is my birthplace!

And I love her trees and hills,

Love the music of her voices,

And the murmur of her rills.

—Spiritual Communion.

The doctrines of Spiritual Communion are blend-

ed in the immortal truths which give the true in-

terpretation of the life which man seeks to com-

prehend. The only faith which makes all mys-

tery a science—all truth a God for man's reliance

—all Nature a formula for men's mind to feel

and realize God's eternal correspondence with his

children, is in Nature's laws to teach them to

yield compliance—to acknowledge a spiritual

recognition of man's inability to comprehend

the encyclopedia of his own destiny.

The spiritual is a power unseen. The history of

the world is a spiritual refector of all things per-

taining to a spiritual perception of man's immor-

tal nature—man's inward desire to find a life of

real meaning—of sacred thought, of sacred pre-

monitions—that a future world is not all seeming

—that a heaven of God's own ruling awaits us all,

is every man's spiritual communion.

But, Effie, forgot all kindness and love. She

was rejoicing in Willy's distress and her own un-

kindness. She went into the kitchen, and closed

the door, holding it fast. Willy ran to it, and tried

to pull it open. Finding he could not, he grew

more and more frightened at the hideous stories Effie told him. The blind clammed again, and

with his hands outstretched, and his eyes staring

from his head, he rushed into the street! A neighbor passing saw him and took him in his arms and carried him into the house, but he could not speak.

He lay, perfectly pale, with his eyes closed, and his hands tightly clenched. Effie was now herself terrified. She knew that she had caused all his distress, and she wished to repair the harm. Beg-

ging him, she said: "Willy, Willy, speak to me," she said. "I was

only in fun. There are no boo-boos. Look up Willy, and say, 'I was only in fun.'"

"Tugus—A little horse which is continually run-

ning away."

"Lester—A person who finds work for his own

use by taking out share of other people's knowl-

edge. Dear—An expression used by men and women

as the commencement of a quarrel."

"Fool—A man employed by the corporation

working in the open air of cold weather."

"Hog—A ludicrous transaction, in which each

party thinks he cheated the other."

"Duke—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow."

"Debt—A sum of money which one gets paid

out of his own pocket, and which he has to pay back."

"Wife—A poor wench who empties his brain in tales of her husband."

"The most respectable quality of mind, to

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the sword of Gideons. The "angels" or trunk and limb of a man were sharpened on the aspergillum plane with the Sun, Moon and Stars, of the God of heaven and his hosts; his angels are "saints," his patriarchs and these in connection with the names of towns and persons throughout the Biblical Mythology of God's Word. It is certain that all was interchangingable in the Biblical Nature world. In the correspondence of the ways of life. Even the thickly crusted, brownly baked, iller conservation of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, tells us that "God's Angels and Sons of God are one in language, as well as Spirits or Seals." The very fact that the "Angels of God" and Gods applied to them are also given to men points in the same way to a difference only of degree, and no identity of kind between the human and angelic nature. While, thus, the God-Spirits may resolve themselves into persons, and even into animal forms, it is utterly impossible to think God's Word, with the scope of infinite history, no! of literal inspiration, for so profoundly killing is the letter of the wisdom of God in his mystery—so profoundly wrought within the many folds of the clouds, canons, and in the secret things which belong to God, and children of the foundation of the world," as written by his symbolic finger, that the seventy-odd chapters of the Old Testament, to hold the record of the creation of the earth, save the God of Israel yet the very Word that created him did the equal, will many a time and place direct the seeker before the face of the Lord." Thus, the King of Israel come out to seek a fleas where one doth but a parting in the mountain.

In the ancient usage of the Word, the Lord is very plump, as when he came from Jordan, and rose up from his slumbering from Mount Paran with a fiery law in hand, and riding on the crest of the heavens with tens of thousands of his angels. The Oriental mind has large scope of soul-wings, and the Hebrew birds who sang God's Word must be permitted the widest boundaries of poetic license, whether of the heavens above, the earth below, or the waters under the earth. The Lord, the fiery Law, and the Prince of the power of the air sometimes went to roost between the cherubim. But "befelting in Israel which man went to inquire of God, and he said, Come, let us go to the Seer;" it is supposed by Barry that "the ministry of angels hallowed domestic life, in its trials and its blessings alike, and is closer, more familiar, and less awful than in aftertime." During the prophetic and kings' period, angels are spoken of only as ministers of God in the operation of Nature. But in the captivity, when the Jews were in the presence of foreign nations, each claiming its tutelary Deity, then to the prophets Daniel and Zechariah, angels are revealed in a fresh light, and watching not only over Jerusalem, but also over heathen kingdoms, under the Providence, and to work out the designs of the Lord.

Some of these angels of Daniel and Zechariah have rather a starry look, as when "they are the eyes of the Lord which run to and fro through the whole earth;" and when they are "watchers and holy ones, who come down from heaven," though the like as aply be said of guardian angels, or spiritual humanites, as when the spirit hand came upon Daniel by the help of Michael against the Prince of Persia after wrestling with the Spirit one and twenty days. Sometimes these are seen as Devils, as in the buffeting of Paul, and St. Athanasius relates that the Devils sometimes beat and persecuted St. Anthony. And that many saints have frequently been handled very ill, by the Devil. Protestant Orthodoxy has been, no less possessed by the Devil, but the pulpit resorting to the arm of flesh, have, through the past, dealt very unfairly against the God—"heavily up," and have spanched the spirit by putting the witches and wizards out of the land—thus serving the Lord as if their Devil was in them. In an open vision to the spiritual world, Truth had been much the gatherer and restorer of the losers; for Truth had not been put in the worse in a free and open encounter with the full light, and not the darkness of a Clerical theology, had illumined the soul.

In the wavier transmutation, the Devils were not so much in the forefront of the hottest battles, but that "the Lord is a man of war, Almighty is his Name." This was the old Shaddai, and known to the old Assyrians as the planet Mars, who was adored under the name of Baal; which, in their language, signifies the God of War; and even the Lord of the Bible says that he was called by that name, as per Hosea.

Nir did the Dove escape being transmuted into a God of Wrath by the captive Jews. "The whole land is ruined and made desolate by the anger of the Dove," the symbol on the Chaldean standard; and hence let us fly into our own country from the sword of the Dove. Yet the Dove was the symbol of the Holy Ghost who spoke in the voice from heaven, and with unstruck wings brooded the vast abyss, in the formines of the Deity, whose symbolic tail was alight in the Lord and in the Aspects emblematic winged God-head.

The Lord of the Psalmist delighted not in the legs of a man, nor would the mystery be spoken but to the initiated, by the way of Rahab, and Babylon. The Dove was also consecrated to the Goddess Dacero, who was the same as Ashtoreth, Atargatis and Astarte, the female principle in personation of the Moon, "for the precious things she put forth," as per Moses. Venus was sometimes the Sun of Lord of heaven, as well as of the opening, was the same God, under another name, that the Jews mystically worshipped in their congregation of the Lord, Baal-zebuth was the God of hosts—God of the habitation, or of heaven, *sicut per Carmel*. At the time of Hosea, the God of Israel wanted his name changed from Baal to Iah—Saturn, besides being Abraham, or Father Time, was also, in change of aspect, Meloch, Moloch, or the Sun-King; hence to "have Abraham to our father" was simply to take him as a Saturn, or Remphan, the Star of your God. As God was a consuming fire, so were "whole burnt offerings" acceptable to him, Moloch, as in the molochical shrines, as per Joram and Amos.

It is not strange that this *contumelia nominum*, joined to their zealous proselytism, made them so deeply unpopular among the nations of antiquity.

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"Jonah rose up to the into Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa," or below the horizon, to burst deep waters. In "the belly of hell," because he, or she, fled from the presence of the Lord, or Sun of the morning heavens. The constellated whale seizes him in the waters under the earth, and in due season prompts him above the Eastern horizon, to preach the morning service to the Ninevites. Jonah probably took passage aboard the good ship Argo, and paid the fare thereof to go down to Tarshish to do the Word in Pepera and to sing the "Weary hymn" out of the "bally of hell," while the Lord of heaven with blushing Aurora should hail the new day. A Marabout coming out of his chamber behind him, strongly urged him to "ran a race." In his chaste or tabernacle of the Sun, as per Psalmist in the *Key of David*. The story of Jonah, too, appears to have taken coloring from the conch shell, which was always used by the Hellenes with their shells, when they were at war. She, too, takes Jonah in her bosom. She, too, fares as hard as Jonah is "in the belly of hell," by being chattered to a rock in the Western Sea, and while the Whale of Leviathan, or Barnum's Sea serpent, is making a dash to seize her. Persons become her Savants, and Jonah is born again.

Says Burritt: "The morale, maxime, and historical events of the ancients were usually communicated in fable or allegory;" hence the Biblical mythology must be read with reference to the "whole circuit of the heavens, where a Star Goddess is often concealed in masquerade amongst the Lamb's Wife" appears to have been the celestial Virgin. Many of the starry Daniels, however, appear as one, with change of name. The Virgin of Israel was doubtless a favorite star of constellation in Palestine, while Jonah, on the Dove, symbolized the Holy Ghost in the island nation of his birth.

The thirteen Gods of the Assyrians were equivalent to the Lord, God of heaven, and the twelve patriarchs—the Sun and the twelve Signs. As the signs of the zodiac, however, were as one with the Lord in flesh, and the twelve patriarchs in Old Jewry somewhat overlaid modern Masonic interpretation of the Word, with the disposing of Azazel, Scapozon, or old Demasenus. They are derived to the stars, shifted in the sky, by the Devil, the located in the principles of the world. Relative, he is supposed to be to the physician of Egypt, while modern Orthodoxy has set him to music as a scarecrow against adventurers.

NO. 4 REPORTER'S ROOM.

COTTESBURY.

who would demand too far into "the belly of hell" of Cape Horn, and from that blow-off hill, or promontory of Zion, I heard, "Stop, poor sinner; stop and think before you further go; why will you sport upon the brink of everlasting woes, with a crew of 'Hark from the tomb' afloat?"

This is the versatility of the Word which is in the Biblical Nature world. In the correspondence of the ways of life. Even the thickly crusted, brownly baked, iller conservation of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, tells us that "God's Angels and Sons of God are one in language, as well as Spirits or Seals." The very fact that the "Angels of God" and Gods applied to them are also given to men points in the same way to a difference only of degree, and no identity of kind between the human and angelic nature. While, thus, the God-Spirits resolve themselves into persons, and even into animal forms, it is utterly impossible to think God's Word, with the scope of infinite history, no! of literal inspiration, for so profoundly killing is the letter of the wisdom of God in his mystery—so profoundly wrought within the many folds of the clouds, canons, and in the secret things which belong to God, and children of the foundation of the world," as written by his symbolic finger, that the seventy-

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Box we claim 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, the Messages with no names attached, were given as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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.

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

Special Notice.

All questions propounded by the audience at our Free Public Circles must hereafter be in writing, to avoid confusion.

Invocation.

Our Father, Holy Spirit, when the storm of war was shedding death and gloom o'er every household, then we prayed for peace; then we prayed that the sword might find its sheath; that men might learn that peace was better than war.

Now, again, oh! Spirit of the Hour, again we pray for peace; peace for the sorrowing heart; peace for those nations that are trembling in the deep agitations of war; peace for those households that have vacant chairs; peace to those mourners who walk the streets clad in garments of mourning; peace to the soul that cries out hourly for rest; peace, peace everywhere. Oh, let us hear thy voice saying to the wild waves, "Peace be still!" Let us feel, though there be wars, though there come death, though sorrow, like a wild flood, sweep over human nature, though we meet with Calvays at every step, though the crosses in our path are numerous and heavy, oh, let us know, Spirit of the Nineteenth Century, that thou art able to give us that peace that passeth all understanding. Oh, let us feel that, in our souls, we may understand thee. In our outer lives let us carry it like fresh flowers and kind words to every household; let us breathe it out in our daily acts. Oh, give us peace! Let us drink from that fountain, that we thirst no more. Let us bathe the brow of the weary multitude, that they may find rest. Oh Eternal Spirit, even now we hear thy voice saying, "Peace be still! Trust me, oh child of Nature, for I am thy Father and thy Mother, and I will care for thee, will fold thee tenderly to my heart of hearts. I will give thee rest."

Oct. 5.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to answer the inquiries of correspondents.

Ques.—Explain upon what ground all is for the best.

Ans.—Because we are controlled by an overruling Intelligence, or Power, at all times, under all circumstances; and that Power is good—entirely so—is not evil. We cannot believe that Power over resigns a portion of its control to an opposite element. Therefore it is we believe in an ever present Good, that doth all things well.

Q.—Is there any such thing as a universal law of compensation? If so, explain it.

A.—We do indeed believe in a law of universal compensation, for we see it demonstrated in Nature, in the intelligence of the human race, in the intelligence of the brute creation; in fact, it is demonstrated everywhere. When oceans are formed by the submerging of continents, at the same time, under similar circumstances, there is always being formed another continent. Through oceanic changes dry land is forming. Here the law of compensation is naturally demonstrated. The heart that sorrows will ere long feel the warm sunlight of joy. Sorrow can no more exist, unless followed by joy, than night can exist without being followed by day in this latitude. Yes, we believe in a universal law of compensation. It is found everywhere.

Q.—What are your views in regard to profane swearing and other uncalled-for interjections?

A.—To begin with, they are not uncalled for. These things are the result of ignorance, absolute ignorance. If you are morally educated to a sufficient degree to take you beyond that point, you will rise beyond that condition. Inasmuch as you are not, why, then, swearing among you; and, as that condition exists, swearing must come as a natural sequence.

Q.—What is the relative advantage, as regards the spirit's development, of a knowledge of Latin and mathematics against the discipline of manual labor?

A.—As the spirit grows or unfolds, it is less able to perform manual labor through its physical house. Therefore, it is with necessity comes the invention of machines. Their object is to do away with labor. When the physical is unable to perform labor, the spirit works out for itself a more comfortable condition. Being unable to labor manually, it labors spiritually. The two are united, are inseparable, at least while you are in the body.

Q.—It is possible for a spirit who was a telegraph operator while in the form, to return and rap out intelligence the same as telegraphic messages are taken daily by sound? If so, will the spirit instruct us to form a suitable magnetic battery, for the purpose of testing this method of communication between the two worlds?

A.—Yes, this is possible; only, right conditions are wanting. Generally, in the first place, an exceedingly susceptible medium is necessary; in the second place, an earnest, honest seeker at the other end of the line; third, a clear, electric atmosphere; in the fourth place, harmony of mind in the circle convened. If all these things were perfect, the manifestation could be given. Do not suppose that the telegraph operator has forgotten that he learned on earth. He is easily prevented from displaying that knowledge, as a spirit, for want of proper means to manifest his powers through.

Chairman.—G. T., of New York, has the following questions:

Q.—Can spirits see material objects in this world as well as we see them? Swedenborg and others say they can.

A.—They certainly cannot, unless they are in perfect rapport with some material body.

Q.—What is the difference, between psychology and spiritualism?

A.—They belong to the same family. One is more positive than the other. Psychology controls the more positive of the two. The former leans more upon the negative. The psycholo-

gizer may control whole audience by a look, a word, or an unuttered thought. The mesmerizer generally controls one at a time.

Q.—Where does Psychology and Spiritualism begin? The psychologist makes his subject see imaginary persons and things, which have no existence whatever in reality.

A.—That is a mistake. They do exist. They are just as real, in their condition of life, as your bodies are. There can be no line of demarcation drawn between Spiritualism and Psychology. They are both sciences of mind, and are so wedded together that it will be difficult to separate them.

Chairman.—E. Cheney, of Milford, Mass., would like to have explained the philosophy of the various colors. He writes: "As I see them, they exist in the particles of light, different forms of objects reflecting different colored particles or rays; and could we have no light, whatever we would have no color." Or does it require three things to make color: light, object, brain? How is it that our spirit-friends bring us flowers, unless they manufacture them from the light?"

A.—Colors existed, in our opinion, before human brains were formed. Colors are dependent upon the atmosphere and upon light. Do not understand us to say that light and the atmosphere are one. Light is an element distinct from the atmosphere, yet they are so mingled as to seem one. Colors are derived, understand us to say, from light and the atmosphere.

Chairman.—J. S. W. Evans asks of the controlling spirit, if it be wrong to pray for death?

A.—No; but such prayers are children of ignorance. If you are wise as to what pertains to your best good, pray for life, not for death.

Q. [From the audience.]—Do flowers come from spirit-life here?

A.—The flowers you have are blossoming in the spirit-world. The material belongs specially to you, the spiritual belongs especially to the inhabitants of the spirit-world. Flowers are often transported from one portion of your planet to another, by means of spirit-power, spirit-interposition. For instance, suppose I wish to present you with a bouquet. I materialize myself so as to come in rapport with the material portion of the flowers. Thereby I can handle them, and you will receive the flowers.

Q.—Could spirits do the same with human beings?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Do they ever do it?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How can they materialize themselves?

A.—By extracting from the atmosphere certain particles, of which material bodies are composed. The atmosphere holds within itself the substance of all things, and the spiritual chemist can extract for himself, and appropriate for material use.

Q.—Is this power of materializing rare or common, among spirits?

A.—It is exceedingly rare, because the science is but little understood.

Q.—I witnessed, recently, the showing of spirit-hands. Was the manifestation genuine or an imposition?

A.—It is genuine; that is to say, we cannot answer for that special case, as we were not present; but the materializing of hands is very easily done. It would be absolutely impossible to counterfeit the genuine beyond the possibility of detection. We defy you, in all cases of genuine spiritual materialization, to detect aught that is not genuine.

Q.—Was the verdict in the Colchester trial according to your perceptions of truth?

A.—Yes. Mr. Colchester is possessed of a very fine gift of mediumship, but we are exceedingly sorry to be obliged to affirm that he sometimes trod upon the line.

Q.—Is it possible for a medium to bring another person under the same influence?

A.—No, not absolutely. Another person may feel the same influence, but the control will be by no means identical.

Oct. 5.

Alexander Gleason.

When I was lying wounded on the battle-field, I thought if I could only have strength to send a few words to those I loved at home, I should die satisfied, for I never expected to be come back in this way. I had heard of it, but always scouted the idea.

Shortly after being free from the body—perhaps four or five hours after—I found myself at home, just as much at home as I ever had been on the morning of the 11th of May, two years before, when I said, "Good-bye, God bless you, and he'll be sure to me!" Strange things are the order of the day in these times, for here I am talking and thinking about as I used to. I've changed somewhat, to be sure, because I don't see some things exactly as I used to. I was a little tinctured with the old Baptist faith before death, but it was always more or less of a hindrance to my natural propensities, and I thank God that he has broken the chain at last. This is strange news, to send home, I know, but it is good news to me.

Nine years ago I left Massachusetts, went into Pennsylvania, and went into business there, at Galesburg. Shortly after, I married a lady from that section of the country. There I resided until the breaking out of the war. Then I shouldered arms and went on to the field.

My ancestors were soldiers, brave ones, too, I was told. They fought against the invasions of the Mother Country, and did their part in gaining that liberty we all long for. So I thought it would be unworthy of me if I stayed at home, while my country was calling for defenders. So I said good-bye to my wife, and little ones, and went to the war, as thousands have done, to turn no more in the body.

Now, they sigh for me, with sorrowful importunity from the Church, and friends in general, that I am dead, and they must wait until the resurrection of my body before they can meet me.

Oh, what a wild mistake! Why, the brain that gave birth to such an idea as that ought to be ashamed, ought to sink into oblivion. It ought to be crowned with immorality, in my opinion; but of course, my opinion is not a right one, else this would have been the case.

I am here to inform my wife, and my friends that I am as happy as I ought to be, that I am engaged in the very laudable business of trying to liberate them from the shackles of poverty and superstition. This is the noblest of all occupations, and I am sure to take my first step on the material shore to carry my point.

I want them to know that I live, and what is more and still better, that I am able to come back to them.

Please say that Alexander Gleason, who was a little more than thirty-six years of age at the time he was called hence from the battle-field, is here soliciting an interview with his friends, particularly with his wife, Esther Gleason, as he always called her.

Are there any objections to release him? I have given so much to them to no avail.

Q.—They belong to the same family. One is more positive than the other. Psychology controls the more positive of the two. The former leans more upon the negative. The psycholo-

gizer may control whole audience by a look, a word, or an unuttered thought. The mesmerizer generally controls one at a time.

Q.—Where does Psychology and Spiritualism begin? The psychologist makes his subject see imaginary persons and things, which have no existence whatever in reality.

Q.—I'm Jennie Davis, and my father went out to fight against Jefferson Davis. And mother was sick at the time, and I died while my father was away. I was seven years old. I used to tell my father he didn't like Jefferson Davis, and I didn't like him either; and he went to fight against the new flag, and for the old one. That's what he told me once, when I asked him where he was going, and what he was going to do. "Jennie," he said, "I'm going to fight against the new flag, and for the old flag."

And he—he's got back now, and I ain't at home to tell him. He feels so sorry. I thought I'd come here and send a few words to him. "Oh, I had the awfulst sick stomach when I died. Mother was sick, too, and she couldn't stay with me. I had to go alone."

When I go home I want my clothes, so I can put 'em on if I want 'em. Oh, I forgot I was dead. They cut off my curls when I died, and sent two to my father, and he's got 'em; he keeps them with him all the time. Oh, dear! I have got curly hair in the spirit-land. Now I'm just the same—well, then, I shall look just the same, and mother needn't be afraid, frightened, when I come to her. "May be I shall come in the night, because then it's easier to come, because you're still and quiet, and sit at work about the house.

Oh, I'm so glad old Davis is caught—ain't he? [Yes.] And my father help'd ketch him, too. Ain't that glorious? He wan't any trouble of my father's, for I asked him once if he was, and he said, "No, he hoped not." [What do you think they're going to do with Jeff?] What do I think they're going to do with him? Give him a stick of candy, and let him go! My father said that's what they used to do with most of the rebels we took. [We guess not.] Well, I don't know as they will. I'll have to think of what my father said. [But I don't know, upon honor I don't know what they'll do with Jeff. I guess they will hang him, because they're awful mad with him, the soldiers are.]

I want my father to know that I'm just the same—"Sunbeam" he used to call me when he was at home; for when they was sorrowful I was not. They said it was hard to be sad where I was, for I'd be sure to have something to say to make 'em laugh. I'm just the same now, tell my father.

I want to go home, that's what I want. I don't want to pay any fare in the cars, because I ain't got any money. On I go to Chicago right in the cars without paying any money? [They won't see you.] No, they won't, will they? Won't it be stealing a ride? [No.] I did steal a ride in the stage once, when I was five years old. I thought, you see, that everybody was getting in to have a ride—I was standing looking at the folks get in, and I might as well have one, too. The driver had to bring me back on the seat with him, because there was no room inside; and my father called it "stealing a ride." Is that the way I'm going now? [Yes, without money. You can ride on top of the car.] So I will. Can I come again? [Any time you please. You did not tell us where you lived?] Yes, I did—in Chicago. [You said you wished to go there.] Oh, well, I lived there. My mother does, too; she lives there. And my father's down South (seeing about cotton); yes, he's seeing about cotton. There ain't any war now, is there? [No.]

Well, tell him I want to go home and speak to him. Good-bye, Mister Somebody—I don't know what your name is. [Laying the medium's handkerchief back on the table, she said:] It ain't mine, no. [Isn't it pretty?] Yes, I'm going now; good-bye.

Oh, I forgot something. My mother said that I should have lived if I hadn't eaten something I did. I didn't eat it—I didn't eat it—I never ate it. The dog ate it—"Pie" ate it. He was always ready to eat everything I had. So that didn't make me do it. I guess God did; I ain't seen him, though. [Have n't you?] No, sir, I ain't. I don't know where he lives; guess he don't live anywhere. No; I reckon he's everywhere, and that's the reason I don't know where he lives. I'm going; I'm all ready to go, now.

John C. Nason.—You will be kind enough to say in your columns that John C. Nason, of Westchester, Connecticut, England, desires to hold communication with friends he left.

My years were eighty-one here, on the earth. I have many things I would like to right. I thought I had righted them all when here. But I was mistaken. I would be glad to make some things different, if they will allow me to do so.

Oct. 5.

Jane Beardson.

I was Jane Beardson, sir. I was born in Athlone, Kilkenny County, Ireland, in the year 1831, in the early spring, the 1st of April, along from the 1st to the 31st; I'm not sure about that. I came to this country eighteen years since, and went to work here. Five years ago I went to California; been dead in California just about three days—to-day is the third day.

I have a brother here in Boston, and over so many cousins. Oh, I prayed the old gentleman who has control here to let me come here and speak, because they are sending things to me from home, and I don't like to put them to the trouble now that I'm gone. And then again, I want them to know that I have some little things which they can have by sending to California, and claiming them. [What is your brother's name?] John Beardson. [What does he do?] Well, sir, he does most anything he gets to do. He's a helper for the miners. [Do you know where he works for?] No, sir, don't. [Mr. Murphy told me if I would some letter he's with me on the other side—that letter would reach me brother here.] Sure, I don't know how, sir. [We shall print it in our paper.] They told me so before I came here.

I was look sick with the rheumatism, was sick only a few days, and died about three days ago.

Perhaps I may as well say something about what I left. I left it all about three hundred dollars, and I would like to give it to my brother, name of it to go to me in her brother John, and to the two little orphans. He knows who I mean; that is of my sister who is in the spirit-world, what died in the old country. And their father didn't leave them nothing.

Q.—What nations of the earth will participate in these spiritual outpourings the next fifty years?

A.—Swedenborg taught to the contrary.

Q.—Are not the Orthodox Congregationalists of all the worst, the most wicked, the most evil, intemperate and immoral?

A.—They are thought to occupy that position by some,

and tell me I'd do better to live at the North than at the South; but at the time I did not know it, and was willing to come North, so I could not remain. Men told that there are many of these people—moderates—at the South and I would wish that my brother would do the same. He said, "I will." Perhaps I might encourage him to do so later. He was Lieutenant Edward C. Chickering, of the 1st Georgia Infantry Company. I now think there can be no doubt of his being a traitor. He has admitted he was a Southern sympathizer, but I don't think he is a traitor.

Charles M. Chickering.

An old friend of mine, whose name is James M. Vance, has made a request of me, spiritually, that I shall do all I can to procure him an unconditional pardon from the United States Government, that he may be reinstated again in all his worldly ways. Now this friend of mine was an old schoolmate, an old classmate, and evidently since the shutting down of the war, has indeed been initiated into the mysteries of Spiritualism. Although he's a member of the church, and at one time run pretty hard for the ministry, he's called upon me to do whatever I can, to save the rest of his friends in spiritual life to obtain a pardon for him, on the ground that he did not voluntarily join the Confederacy. Now I don't know if he's an infernal lie. You know you did. See here: you think we're going to come back to minister unto all the lower propensities of human nature. We are not going to do any such thing. Just think of it! and you a church member! I tell you no! Hadn't you better look around, and see whether you've done right?

Look here: we are good friends, but our best friends are those who show us our faults. You know I always would fight for you, and I'm just as ready now as ever was to defend you when you're in the right; but you mustn't tell me, and then say, help us get rid of 'em.

Now you'd better come right up to the scratch with an honest intention, and say to the officers of the Federal Government, "Here, I have sinned, and most devilishly, too—that is, if you are sorry for it, and I take it you are, for you've made an infernal mistake—now I desire pardon on your hands. If you think I am deserving of forgiveness, then give me a full shake of the right hand of fellowship, forgetting the past, or I want to come into the family again, and I'll promise never to cause you any more trouble."

See here: I've heard your request; that you must know. When you went to that little youngster down South, to one of these meetings, that you might see what you could of the moving of tables, raps, etc., you made that earnest request of me that if Spiritualism was true, that I, who was one of your best friends, would help you, for you was in a terrible tight place, or at any rate expected to be.

Now I've delayed coming here for want of a good opportunity, but I take it I'm not too late.

See here: perhaps you'll say I don't understand, but I think I do. Perhaps you'll think that if supposed you were compelled to enter the ring of the Confederacy, but I contend you was not.

You entered it simply because you felt, that some

of your dearest interests were at stake, and so you fought, and you lost. You played high. Do

you remember the time you said to me, "Come, Chick,"—remember that's the name you used to call me—"let's go down to such a place," "I'll not give the name of it here"—"try our hand at gambling." Said I, "At what?" "Oh, at props." "I do n't understand the game. Where did you learn it?" "Oh, I learned at such a place."

Well, we went, and I was a little "green" at the business, for I'd never gambled before in my life, so I laid down rather largely." You say, "Chick, what are you doing that for?" "Why, says I, "if I win, I mean it shall be a large sum; and if I lose, then it'll be for a large amount, too."

You see you was similarly situated in regard to your entering the Southern Confederacy. You felt you was going to play a great game, so you staked largely, and the consequence was, you lost. You and I expected to win that night, as green as we were; but both of us lost, you remember.

I really think, by good rights, you ought to be stripped of all your property. I really think, Jim, you're sick, confounded sick, and the very best physician would be poverty, to restore you to health again.

Now I tell you still more: if you can find me a good medium, I'll be happy to talk with you alone, and I shan't show you the way to slip your neck out of the noose, if the Federal Government condemns you to be hung.

But I don't predict so hard a fate for you. But, I want you to be honest enough to come right up to the scratch, and say, "I'm ready to be forgiven, for I've sinned deeply." Don't think your other friends will help you. It's no use to call on them, there ain't one of 'em that will help you out of the scrap. You voluntarily entered the Confederacy. You put your conscience in the scale, and you weighed it against your worldly possessions. You didn't do right.

I ain Charles M. Chickering, I really hope my friend will get my hangs, so he will know where I stand. Good-day, sir.

Horace Finley.

The friends of Horace Finley, who has heard that he was not killed in action, who have also heard that he was at present in Texas, are hereby informed that he was killed in action at Island No. 10; that he is ready to come back, if they are ready to have him; not as they are expecting him, but without his body.

I was twenty-two years old, and have a mother, sister, and two brothers. My mother is living with my oldest brother, in Cleveland, Ohio. Out of

the four thousand men who have been killed,

Agnes Schultze.

I'm from Germantown, Pennsylvania. I am Agnes Schultze. I was eleven years old. I was one of those folks who got the sounds from the spirit. [A million.] I was, and I told my mother I would come here.

I've been away nine years, and I've tried all the time to come here, but couldn't till just now.

I've seen father, and I've seen a great many of the folks that my mother used to tell about.

I thought I would come here right away, as soon as I was with those folks that used to run to me, but I could not get away.

And when my father gets so bad to come, he will have been dead long.

Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1863.

MESSAGES TO THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

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