

REASON

QUARTERLY

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LEADING ARTICLES :

✓ "The Emancipation Proclamation"

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Clara M. Britten, Daisy G. Butler

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REASON

"And the Truth shall make you free"

Vol. XXIV

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No. 2

The Emancipation Proclamation

HOW, AND BY WHOM, IT WAS GIVEN TO

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

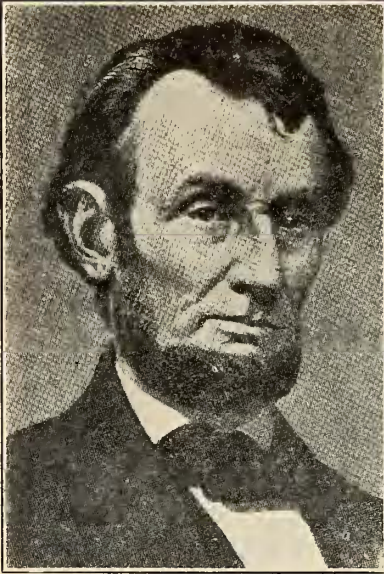
IN 1861

BY COL. SIMON P. KASE

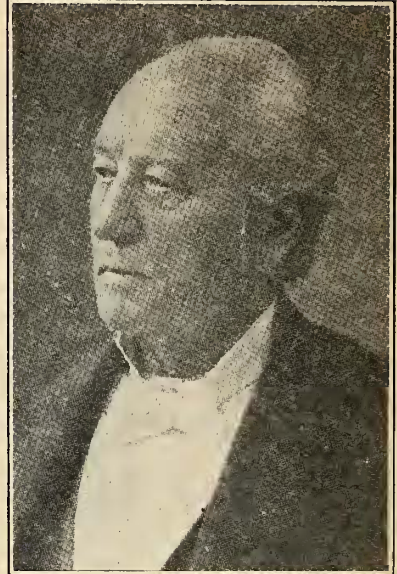
PART I.

DR. H. B. BROWER has written and published in book form the names and businesses of the citizens of Danville, Pennsylvania, and, among others, gives the history of Colonel S. P. Kase, as follows:

"SIMON P. KASE, one of the most remarkable men of the day, was born in Rush Township on the opposite side of the river, on the 28th of August, 1814. His father was long a Justice of the Peace. He was the owner of several good farms, and was in comfortable circumstances. He had the confidence of those around him, and was consulted in relation to all public questions, as well as in private affairs. He was an elder in the church at Rushtown for many years. His mother is said to have been a noble woman, who endeared herself to all around her. His brothers and sisters were John, William, Elizabeth, Katy, Charity, Sarah, Susan, Annie and Abigail. Simon, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest of the family. At twenty years of age he left his home to enter alone the battle of life. His first enterprise was building threshing machines, and he carried the first machine over the mountains to Lebanon county—the first that was carried on wheels. This first portable machine was hailed by the agricultural fraternity as a great improvement, and proved very successful. Col. Kase had the agency of John C. Boyd to sell the patent in Schuylkill, Berks, Bucks, Montgomery and Lancaster counties. In six weeks he sold 'rights' to the amount of \$2,200. In 1835 he established an agricultural and machine shop in Lebanon county, and carried it on for two years, when he sold it and returned home.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

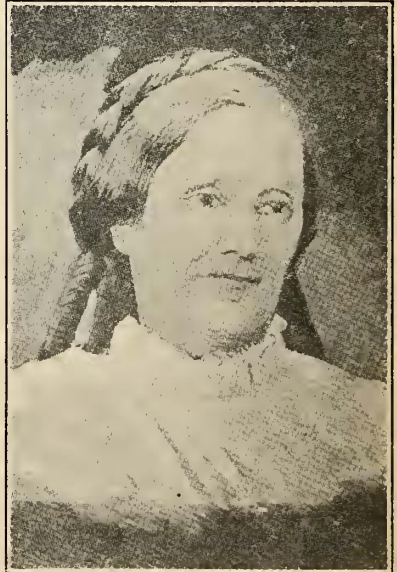


COL. S. P. KASE AT 86 YEARS OF AGE.



MRS. ELIZABETH S. KASE

(This picture was taken in 1872 by Gutekunst, Philadelphia. She died in March, 1874.)



This is the picture of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kase, drawn upon a slate, and was presented over the curtain at Mr. Green's rooms at Onsett, on the 4th day of August, 1898.

"In 1837 he built the second iron foundry in Danville. Here he manufactured threshing machines, stoves and mill-gearing, boatloads of which he sent to various parts of the State. In 1840 he married Elizabeth McReynolds, previous to which he had built a house on Market street, now occupied by his daughter. In 1844 Mr. Kase built the first mill for the manufacture of merchant iron, which he conducted for two years in connection with the foundry. In 1846 he completed his rolling mill, which was an important event in the history of Danville. Mr. Kase also made the first 'three-high' train of rolls in this place. It worked to perfection, and was a great feat, as he had never learned turning or pattern making. But the *ad valorem* tariff, adopted by the casting vote of George M. Dallas, completely silenced forges, rolling mills and manufactories of all kinds. In 1848 he leased his mill to David P. Davis, who finally failed, and he had the mill on hand again, while England was supplying the market of the United States with iron. In 1852 he sold the rolling mill, and it was removed to Knoxville, Tennessee. From 1848 to 1855 he manufactured and sold what is known as Kase's Celebrated Force Pump, supplying them in quantities to parties that purchased the patent right. In this enterprise Mr. Kase realized a sufficiency to retire from business; and he did so, his only business thereafter being loaning money to parties that could not be accommodated without paying more than legal interest. Mr. Kase retired with the intention of now enjoying a life of ease, for which his means were ample. But, how often our calculations fail, and how little we know of the destiny the future has in store for us. In 1857 his brother, William, induced him to purchase his furnace at Roaring Creek. An inventory was made of stock amounting to \$25,000. But it seems the stock was not there, and S. P. Kase realized only \$6,000 out of the whole concern. A loss of \$19,000. Out of his real estate he saved only some farms he owned in Iowa. All the rest went for an unjust debt, as he regards it to the present day. The money, a considerable amount which he still had in hand, and his Iowa lands he retained. He then saw the necessity for another struggle with fortune, and, accordingly, went to New York and hung out his 'shingle' to sell railroad iron. Very soon the Flint and Parmaquett Railroad Company applied to him for iron for their road from Flint to Parmaquett, in Michigan. The rails were furnished, but the pay not being satisfactory, Mr. Kase was finally solicited to take charge of the construction. It was at that time graded only from Flint to Saginaw. The length of the road is one hundred and eighty miles. Mr. Kase assumed the sole management, and by the exchange of old for new bonds, and in various movements requiring executive ability of the highest order, in two years

he completed the enterprise. It was a grand success, and its bonds sold at ninety-five per cent.

"In 1861 William G. Kase, a nephew, then President of the Reading and Columbia Railroad Company, together with the board of directors, sent for S. P. Kase and solicited him to take sole management as financial agent to build their road, as all their efforts had completely failed. After surveying the route and ascertaining their want of means, and the refusal of subscribers to pay their stock, on account of former mis-management, Mr. Kase at once proceeded to Washington city, where he presented the matter to the Congressional Committee on Roads and Canals, together with a bill appropriating \$450,000 in United States bonds for an equal amount of the bonds of the Columbia and Reading Railroad. Here he was met and opposed by all the power of the Camden and Amboy and the Baltimore and Ohio railroads and every rival interest. For four weeks the contest was carried on. Mr. Kase made the fact of an inland route between New York and Washington his main point. Of this the road he represented was an important link, and as there was a possibility of England going with the South, the value of a route remote from the seaboard was duly estimated, and he gained the point. His next struggle was to complete the road, which he accomplished. But such is the perversity of human nature, that no sooner had Mr. Kase lifted them out of trouble and given value to their late worthless investment, than they deliberately set about robbing him of his promised reward by the most treacherous procedure. Mr. Kase concluded that it was only safe to confide in those who believe in a personal accountability for every act of life.

"In 1864 Mr. Kase started improvements in coal mining in McCauley Mountain, on his own lands, and established the Beaver Creek Coal Company; but after the works were erected the Catawissa Railroad Company could not furnish cars sufficient for its transportation. This induced him to build the Danville, Hazelton and Wilkesbarre Railroad. This road extends from Sunbury to Tomhicken, a distance of about fifty-one miles in length. It not only opens the market to the coal, but forms an important link in the direct line between the East and the West. The opposition Mr. Kase encountered from conflicting interests in the prosecution of this great enterprise was enough to discourage any man but himself. But he persevered and finally triumphed, completing and equipping the road, and it was a proud day for him when the first train, laden with excursionists, passed over the road. His judgment was confirmed, his name was vindicated, and his great ability was manifested in his wonderful success. Then he was honored and banqueted like a lord by those who never raised a finger to aid him when he struggled alone to secure this great

improvement. A brief sketch of this road will be found in another portion of this book.

"In closing a rapid sketch of the prominent features in the stirring life of Simon P. Kase, it is just and proper to say that in the great industrial enterprises and in the progressive improvements of this region, no man of his age has made a more lasting impression, and that impress in all our future history will remain indelible. He is one of those rare specimens of the great *genus homo* that are not met at the corner of every street. Once in a while they dash across the common track in their seemingly eccentric course, understood no more by the masses than the origin and mission of a comet. Such men as S. P. Kase do not travel in the beaten path, but ever and anon strike out into new and startling projects that seem to the multitude visionary, impracticable, and beyond the reach of human effort. But looking to the end from the beginning, and discarding the word 'fail' from their vocabulary, they hear but one word, and that is 'forward,' and as such men feel the inspiration of genius or some unseen power impelling them onward in the accomplishment of great purposes, opposition or even ridicule becomes new incentive to action, and with a tireless energy they persevere, until the world is startled again by their complete success. Looking abroad, as he crossed the threshold of manhood, he saw with impatience the slow and sober pace of local and general affairs, and instead of waiting for something to "turn up" he proceeded at once, with a bold and fearless hand, to turn something up. It must not be forgotten, however, that such men as he, absorbed in the prosecution of great enterprises, and in the ceaseless whirl of important improvements or bold adventures, often forgot minor matters or lesser details, and this affords a pretext to embarrass their steps and retard their progress, thus hindering instead of aiding that which must result in a common benefit. Men like Mr. Kase always have been and always will become the common mark for the arrows of detraction. It is the tribute that all who rise above the level must pay to the world, until we reach a higher plane of civilization. Their motives are misrepresented by those of conscious inferiority, and the envious predict a failure at every step of their progress. Even final success is poisoned with a bitter ingredient, and the history of inventors, reformers and public benefactors, who have devoted their lives to the general good, is but the history of public ingratitude, if not of actual persecution. But time makes all things even, and when the lapse of years has swept away the cobwebs of human prejudice, S. P. Kase will be honored for what he has done for Danville, and his name will be associated with the great public improvements in which he pioneered the way."

PART II.

In looking back over the past, my mind reverts to an incident of 1846 to 1850, and it is well that I speak of it now. in order to more clearly illustrate the doing of what, it seems to me, was necessary to prepare me for future work and a knowledge of that which followed, was essential in order to transmit it to others.

Great wrong is sometimes done through ignorance and a want of knowledge by some on the part of legislators whom we have chosen to represent us, and very frequently it redounds to the injury of their constituents. Thus the casting vote of George M. Dallas, who was vice-president in 1846, during which time the *ad valorem* tariff was inaugurated, produced a most wonderful effect on the business of the whole country, especially in the manufacturing of iron in all its varieties.

At this time, I had just finished the building of a small rolling mill in Danville, Pennsylvania, and my first boatload of bar iron was carried to Philadelphia in 1846. When I left home, bar iron was worth \$86.00 per ton, but just at that time Congress was discussing the duties on all foreign matter and material, and among other matters bar iron was reduced from \$20.00 specific duty to this *ad valorem* duty; for instance, instead of \$20.00 per ton they reduced it to about \$8.00 per ton. We were then in the hands of England, and the result was that all our fires went out and England had things her own way, the country becoming very poor until the duties were re-established, which did not take place until Lincoln was elected in 1860. From that time on the country began to grow.

Having sold my rolling mill in 1856, it was taken to Chattanooga, Tennessee; the money was not all paid at the time and I gave a credit of one year to the purchasers. This required my going down in 1857, to Knoxville, for the balance of the money, but when I got there they wanted me to take paper; this I declined. The bank then requested my going to Augusta, if I insisted on gold. When I got to Augusta, they did not have the gold and again requested me to go to Charleston, South Carolina, which I did. The next day I presented my check to the bank and received the gold. This was about 10 A. M. After which I concluded to see the city of Charleston, and accordingly started on a tour of inspection. In traveling up the main street, I soon discovered a smooth street, which I followed and which led me into a slave pen, where I saw a row of darkies under a shed and at one side the auctioneer with five or six gentlemen, discussing the value of their slaves. Pretty soon the auctioneer called to a black man (I think he called him Will); he mounted the auction block and was sold for \$800.00. The next was Tom and his family.

When they were standing on the auction block, there were the father, his mother, his wife and twelve children—then that colored man begged for some one to purchase them—told how he loved his children, one and all of them; and prayed the auctioneer to get some one to purchase them as one family, and with tears flowing down his cheeks said that he wanted them raised right. They were sold as one family to a negro driver, for \$400.00 each.

The next one was a beautiful girl, of about 18 years, as white as any person, with a little florid face, a beautiful looking girl. She sold for \$1800.00. I turned away with my heart full of sorrow, determined to oppose slavery with all my energy, and from that time I lost no opportunity to tell this little story whenever I could get a crowd to listen. Thus I was prepared from my own knowledge, to tell of the barbarity of slavery, although very many persons in the South were kind to their slaves. But the institution was a great blot on our country and it took some of the best blood of our nation to wipe out this great wrong. Through this experience I was better prepared to see the enormity of this great wrong.

I think it profitable to also revert to the legislation of Congress in 1850 and especially to the five bleeding wounds of the country, as named by Henry Clay, of Kentucky, then State senator.

The country at that time was riven from center to circumference upon these questions before Congress. One question was, whether California should be admitted as a free State, to which all the southern senators objected, and insisted that the State should be divided—one half to be made a Slave state, while the other half should be free.

The second question was the boundary line between Mexico and Texas; the Rio Grande River, a distance of some 200 miles from the River Neuces, and running up somewhere near 400 miles to the Red River, all to be embraced within the State of Texas, and for which Texas asked an appropriation of ten millions of dollars.

The third question, was the fugitive slave bill which embraced the question of whether slaves running away and being found in the free States, should be returned to their owners.

The fourth question was the abolishing of slavery in the District of Columbia.

The fifth question was settling territorial government for Utah.

All these questions Henry Clay formulated in one bill and asked that a committee of thirteen be appointed, to which the consideration of these measures be referred.

For sometime these questions occupied the committee's attention, and finally they recommended favorable action to

one and all of these measures. The Senate took them up and after a long discussion passed the bill through two readings. But on the third reading of the bill, Dayton of New Jersey, stated that he could not afford to make his constituency slave catchers, and would, of necessity oppose the bill. Now the Senate was equally divided on these questions, but Dayton objecting to its passage, left the Senate a tie, and the casting vote of the Vice-President caused the bill to fall; when Clay, the chairman, made a speech of four hours in length, in which he depicted the rise and fall of all the republics that had ever been inaugurated, saying that the divers interests of sections of the country were opposed to each other and a republican form of government could not exist; when they would divide, etc. Finally, Thomas Benton, of Missouri, came to the rescue and said "now we have got this omnibus whittled down to the size of a wheel-barrow; therefore, I move to take up the question of whether Utah should not be admitted." When Benton came to the rescue they passed it with the four other measures as recommended by the committee, and the great fight between the South and the North was ended.

But the great speech of Henry Clay depicting the possible conflict in 1850 convinced both the House and Senate of the necessity of passing this bill, for it must not be forgotten that the house adjourned to hear Clay's great speech. This ended the question for ten years. I should mention that Clay prophesied in this speech that this conflict was not settled, and that in ten years a greater conflict would take place. This took place in the war for the Union in 1860.

PART III.

This leads me to the history of Abraham Lincoln and his Emancipation Proclamation, and in order to do this intelligently I shall have to give the facts connected with the building of the Reading and Columbia Railroad and the projected railroad known as the Air Line, leading from Washington, D. C., to New York.

THE RAILROADS.

During the summer of 1861, William G. Kase, a nephew of mine, who was President of the Reading and Columbia Railroad Company, called upon me at Danville, Pa., to assist him in the construction of his road, as the financial agent of of his company. After some discussion respecting whether it would pay, I consented, provided a united call was given me by his Board of Directors as such agent. I received the call the following week and at once entered on duty. I passed some time examining the line of the road, and then returned to

Columbia, and while conferring with my nephew, in one of his parlors, the following question was propounded by him:

Question. "Well, uncle, what do you think of our railroad scheme, and the feeling of the people upon its line?"

Answer. "William, I did not find a man willing to add one dollar to their stock subscription; on the contrary, they say they had to use all their money to hire substitutes for the war, or send their sons, and that you are spoiling their farms, and could not build the road, as it would cost a million of dollars, or more; that they had paid about half of their subscriptions and would pay no more until they were convinced that the road could be built."

Q. "What is to be done under these circumstances?"

A. "What is your situation as a company?"

To this answer, placed as a secondary question, my nephew replied:

"I am on the company's paper for about \$11,000, and we have issued about \$40,000 of railroad certificates to keep the work moving, and we have about \$60,000 of subscription to collect."

"William, there is but one way out, and that is to go to Congress and ask for an exchange of the bonds of the United States for a like amount of bonds of the Reading and Columbia Company, say to the amount of \$450,000."

My nephew said: "Why, uncle, you are crazy. Do you think that Congress would appropriate money to the building of a railroad in Pennsylvania when they can't equip an army of 75,000 men properly?"

A. "William, that is the very reason why they will do it."

Q. "How do you reason?"

A. "Well, William, you have hold of a much larger enterprise than you think you have. Your road must not stop at Columbia; it must be extended internally and away from the seaboard, to Washington city, thus making an interior line of railroad, connecting the political with the financial Capital of the United States. My reason for this suggestion is, that the South seems very confident that England will espouse her cause; in which case what would a good General or Commodore do? Would he not move his fleet up near the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, cut it in two, destroying the connection, and again at the Susquehanna river; then move his fleet around and up the Potomac and capture or destroy the city of Washington, while our army was South, thereby preventing access to Washington from the North by our soldiers.

"Besides this, you are not aware that a road through Berks, Lebanon and Lancaster counties would be of incalculable value to the city of Washington? Lancaster county alone produces more in excess of her consumption than the whole State of Maryland, and therefore every sojourner at Washing-

ton could live fifty cents a day cheaper than now with but one railroad reaching it from the North."

"Well, uncle, you are the financial agent; if you think it wise go ahead, but I have little or no faith in the enterprise."

Now, reader, this caused me to go to Washington next day. I arrived about four o'clock P. M., and after getting fairly settled at the hotel I concluded to take a stroll to the Capitol grounds. Here I must digress a little. I had boarded at Mrs. Pearce's, in 1850, for about three months; the house was situated near the lower gate leading into the Capitol grounds, on Pennsylvania avenue. As I passed the house I saw the name J. B. Conklin above the door. I knew him two years previously, in New York, as a writing medium.

Just as the name attracted my attention I was startled to hear a *voice* at my right side say:

"Go to see him; he is in the same room you used to occupy."

I looked to see who had spoken, as there was no human being within a hundred yards of me. The question passed rapidly through my mind—"Who knows that I ever occupied a room in this house?" Eleven years had passed since that time. An indescribable feeling came over me; I seemed paralyzed or riveted to the spot; there was a barrier, unseen, that prevented me from moving a step forward or from the house. It was only the work of a moment; I concluded to enter the house, and on ascending the stairway to the third story, passed into the room which had been occupied by me in 1850, and here Mr. Conkling sat, just having finished a letter to President Lincoln and was enclosing the envelope as I entered.

"Here, Mr. Kase," said Mr. Conkling, "I want you to take this letter to the President; you can see him, but I can't."

"O, sir," I replied, "I cannot take your letter; send it by mail. I have just arrived in this city and am not acquainted with the President; besides this, I am here on important business and must be formally introduced to him; therefore, I can not take your letter."

Mr. Conkling said: "You must take this letter; you are here for this purpose; if you do not take it he will never see it."

At this moment a voice again saluted me, the same as I had heard on the street:

"Go, see what will come of this."

This voice seemed just behind me. I was startled, dumb-founded; I stood fixed to the spot. Finally, I said yes.

"Give me the letter. Will you go along?"

"Yes; but I can't see him. You can," was the medium's reply.

"Well, here's an omnibus just turning; we'll get in that."

The sun was just then setting behind the distant hills.

We arrived at the Presidential Mansion in the dusk of the evening. I rang the bell; a servant appeared.

Q. "Is the President in?"

A. "Yes," was the reply, "he is at tea."

Q. "Can I see him?"

A. "What is the name?"

I gave him my name. He soon returned saying: "The President will see you after tea. Step up into the gentlemen's parlor."

Conkling and myself seated ourselves in the parlor to which the servant had directed us. Soon thereafter the servant appeared at the door, beckoning me forward, and opened a door leading to the President's room.

The President was approaching the door as I entered. He stopped, somewhat disappointed, and stepped back one or two steps as I approached, I saying to him: "My name is S. P. Kase, of Danville, Pennsylvania."

The President expected to meet S. P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury. His response was: "O, you are from Pennsylvania?" showing me a chair upon the opposite side of a long table. He took a seat directly opposite, and for some time drew me out respecting Pennsylvania.

I told him I lived in the town where the first anthracite pig-iron was manufactured, and where the first T-rail was made in the United States. And for a full half-hour various questions pertaining to the war and the prosperity of Pennsylvania were discussed, when I handed him the Conkling letter.

He broke it open and read it, seemed a little surprised, saying:

"What does this mean?"

My reply was, "I do not know, but I have no doubt that it means what it says."

"You do not know," responded the President, "what this letter is, and yet you think it means what it says?"

"Yes, sir; I think so," I replied.

"Well," said the President, "I will read it to you."

Here is the letter:

"I have been sent from the city of New York by spiritual influence pertaining to the interest of the nation. I can't return until I see you. Appoint the time. Yours, etc.,

Signed, J. B. Conkling."

The President then said: "What do you know about Spiritualism?"

A. "I know very little, but what I know you are welcome to."

President: "Let me hear."

I then rehearsed my first interview in New York, in the year 1858, as hereafter stated. I was engaged at that time

in building or doing the financial work of the Flint and Parmaquette Railroad, Michigan, and was stopping at the United States Hotel, Courtland Street, New York.

A Mr. Downing, merchant of Philadelphia, and myself became engaged in a discussion about the conflicting theological creeds of the different churches. I made the remark that all of them were about right in their own estimation; that much depended on early education and surroundings, and organization of the brain; I condemned Spiritualism as the veriest humbug of the day.

Mr. Downing replied: "Have you ever investigated that subject?"

I replied: "No, sir; I know nothing about it."

"Well," replied friend Downing, "I make it a rule of my life to condemn nothing I know nothing about."

"That is true; that is true; why do you say that?" was my response.

His reply was: "I have in my own family wonderful things that I can't account for upon any other hypothesis, than that the mystery is by some invisible, intelligent agency."

He then detailed a series of manifestations made in his presence, as they appeared to him.

I replied that "I would go fifty miles to see anything of that kind."

"You need not go so far as that," said he; "if you will divest yourself of prejudice and go with a sincere, prayerful wish for the truth, I will conduct you tomorrow up Broadway, and I think you will see or hear something worthy of your deepest consideration."

I replied: "I will go, and as far as I can, divest myself of all prejudice."

On the following day Mr. Downing and myself proceeded to a house in the vicinity of Wallack's Theatre, on Broadway. We ascended to the third story, and, upon entering a room, discovered a venerable woman, who had attained the age of some 70 years, and a younger woman of some 35 summers.

Mr. Downing said: "We have come to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism."

"Well, gentlemen," said the younger woman, "step into the adjoining room."

We sat down to a white pine table, about four feet long and two feet six inches in width, with legs at the corners. Under directions, I placed my hands on the top of the table, having seated myself on the opposite side, facing the medium.

After remaining so for a short time, Mr. Downing said:

"Have I any spirit friends here that will communicate with me today?"

The table rose and made one rap on the floor.

Mr. Downing remarked: "That means 'no'; three means 'yes'; two means 'do not know.' You ask that question."

Of course, this was all new to me. I could scarcely repress a smile, thinking that it was the hand of the medium that thus raised the table; but I was there to follow directions.

I then said: "Have I spirit friends who will communicate with me?"

Immediately the table rose up and down three times, in very rapid succession, destroying my theory that the hands of the medium did it, as they were lying on the top of the table.

I replied: "Nonsense!"

Immediately the table went up and down three times again.

I insisted that it was impossible to thus communicate with the spirits of the departed; but as often was the table moved in the affirmative.

The medium said: "You have a powerful band of friends here; you had better press your investigation, as they write through my hand. You may think your questions, but it would be better for you to write them, as you may have two thoughts in your mind at one time."

I put my hand close to my pencil and wrote: "This is not so, that persons who are dead can come back to us."

The medium's hand rapidly passed over the paper and the following was written:

"Yes, my son; it is possible, and I am so happy that you have commenced to investigate so important a subject."

This was signed, "Mother."

I again wrote: "This is not possible, that persons who are dead can communicate with us."

The answer was: "Yes, my son, it is possible; proceed with your investigations; I will prove to you that we can communicate."

Signed, "Mother."

I wrote another question of the same import as the above, and received answers that began to awaken in my mind very grave apprehensions. The medium certainly did not know me, for I was a stranger; nor did she know what I had written. Besides this, she seemed to write answers as fast as the questions were written.

I now realized the thought that light was dawning from the spiritual world; that there is more in this than I had ever dreamed of. I then wrote this question, as addressed to my mother:

"Are you happy?"

A. "My son, could you know my happiness, then would you know what happiness is."

Q. "Will you describe your place of happiness?"

A. "My son, think nothing of death; you can pass to no higher condition than you have lived. Every act of your life lives with you, as it were printed on canvas. You need no condemnation, in the language of the Bible; for you are already condemned before the bar of your own conscience. There is no end to progression; I entered the fifth sphere and have progressed to the seventh."

The entire communication filled a page and a half of foolscap paper. It was a description of the beauty of the place, which I will not attempt to make. It was really sublime. Finding now that I was, or at least I entertained the belief that I was, in the presence of my sainted mother, I proceeded as follows:

Q. "Is the Bible true?"

A. "Mainly true—not understood—much of it is history."

Q. "Is there a hell fire?"

A. "No, my son, there is no hell fire, but there is a hell—of conscience." Signed, "Mother."

Q. "Is that all?"

A. "My son, suppose you are troubled sufficiently in the physical form to take your life; when you pass into spirit life, you are vivified a thousand times more than what you were in the physical form; would that not be hell?" Signed, "Mother."

Q. "Is there a devil?"

A. "No, my son, there is no personal devil; yet the devil is with you all the time."

Q. "I do not understand this."

A. "The devil is your animal propensities, your selfishness, combativeness, destructiveness, and all the lower tier of faculties, if cultivated, leads downward and backward, whilst if the moral faculties are cultivated, they will sit as a monitor over your animal condition and raise you daily higher in the scale of your manhood toward Heaven and Happiness." Signed, "Mother."

I will here state that I wrote questions pertaining to the Bible and its teachings for one and a half hours and got direct answers through the hand of the medium without her seeing one of my questions. Finally the medium's eyes became partly closed, when she said:

"You have a son; he stands beside you; he is about as high as the table."

She then minutely described his appearance.

I immediately thought: "Now, this is the first mistake she has made."

"I have no child dead so large as the one described."

The medium wrote in child-like form:

"Dear Pa, do not think of me as dead. I am not dead; I am with grandma, and very happy." Signed "Washey."

In answer to this very unexpected communication I immediately wrote:

"Why, you died when you were eight months old. How is it that you can write?"

To this the following was directly written:

"Dear Pa, grandma has taught me to write, and I have grown to be quite a big boy." Signed, "Washey."

Q. "Can you send a letter to your Ma?"

A. "Dear Pa, I can't control the medium longer. Meet me tomorrow at seven o'clock in the evening, and I will send her a letter. Good-bye." Signed, "Washey."

In regard to these communications, it should be stated, so as to have a clear understanding about them, that my little son was named Washington, and that we called him Washey. Had he remained in physical life until this time he would have been about as high as the table.

Q. "Is mother here yet?"

A. The table raised up and down three times making heavy thumps.

Q. "Mother, I do not understand this. My child died when it was eight months old."

A. "My son, your child has grown in spirit as it would have grown had he lived in the flesh. This is to teach you that all things come to perfection in spirit life, even the most infantile condition passing out of the physical, comes to perfection. Yes, the smallest atoms of life come to perfection. Parents little dream of the crime daily committed by the neglect of their offspring, and the cruel manner oftentimes of ushering them into spirit life in the most infantile condition; this penalty attaches to them in the spirit world."

Q. "Can I have a physical manifestation to prove the truth of this Spiritualism?"

A. "My son, if you could look down upon this gladsome scene as I do, you would not ask for a physical manifestation; but you shall have one."

Q. "How soon?"

I here turned to Downing, and said to him: "We are promised a physical manifestation." I wondered what that would be, for it must be recollected that during all this time I had not broken silence with Downing once, although the medium and he, during the time her hand was controlled, did considerable talking.

Presently we heard a band of music coming down Broadway and the table commenced beating the time, by rising up and apparently touching the floor with the legs, slightly at first, but as the music got nearer, it got louder and louder, until the table raised fully five inches from the floor, and beat the time of the little drum as perfectly as the time was kept on it. As the music receded in the distance, the table stopped

just as it had started; the time occupied in which the table was so moved, was fully five minutes. This ended my first lesson in the investigation of Spiritualism. This, dear reader, was what I told Abraham Lincoln.

President Lincoln seemed very much interested and said: "Tell Mr. Conkling that I will see him on Sunday, between 9 and 10 A. M."

"O, no," was my reply; "write him a letter."

"O, yes, I will write him a letter," was the reply of the President.

I then said I thought my mission was ended—shook hands and left; called for Conkling in the gentlemen's parlor, and we returned to our respective lodgings.

The next day I got up my railroad bill with a memorial to Congress asking for an appropriation of \$450,000 to finish the Reading and Columbia Railroad, and as a military measure, to extend the road by way of the city of Frederic down the Potomac to Washington and called it the Air Line Railroad to New York. The bill was referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals; Hon. Mr. Fenton, of New York, was chairman.

I was called before the committee on Friday of that week for an explanation of the object of my bill, which gave me an opportunity of fully explaining the necessity of an interior line of railway away from the seaboard or cities, and the advantages to be realized by way of precaution in case of an invasion from England, or internal strife, that was looming up in all directions, and the actual fact that every sojourner at Washington would live fifty cents per day cheaper than at that time.

The chairman replied, "Well, we will have the Baltimore and Ohio, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, and the Camden and Amboy Railroad Companies here next Friday, and we want you to meet them."

I knew I had work to perform then, and necessarily set myself to work, getting up the statistics of those roads.

I met twelve gentlemen for four Fridays in succession before that committee. All made speeches in behalf of the railroads then constructed, and in disparagement of any other railroad leading from Washington to New York. Sufficient be it to say, that, being the plaintiff upon this question, I had the last speech, and was single-handed and alone, in behalf of the Air Line road. The project, as submitted by me, was approved of by the committee, they seeing the great necessity of the enterprise as a military measure. The result was a favorable report from the committee.

Now, reader, we will return to the more important part of this narrative.

The next day, then four weeks after I first carried the Conkling letter to President Lincoln, I was standing in the

gallery of the House, when I saw an old lady leave her seat, and come walking around the gallery toward me; I was standing (for it must be recollected the gallery was crowded and every seat taken), and as she got opposite me she turned and handed me her card, saying: "Call when it suits you;" and immediately turned and went back to her seat.

I stood thinking it very strange that a lady I had never seen, should give me her card and tell me to call.

In looking around I saw Judge Wattels, and immediately inquired of him who that lady was that was walking away.

He replied: "That is Mrs. Laurie."

"And who is Mrs. Laurie?" was my quick response. "She gave me her card and said I should call."

The Judge replied: "Well, I guess she was impressed to give you the card."

"Judge, what do you mean by being 'impressed'?"

He answered, giving a shrug of his shoulders: "I think she was impressed to give you the card."

"Well, Judge, I would like you to explain what you mean by being 'impressed'!"

"Well, sir, I have been twice to her house; she lives in Georgetown, and she has a daughter, now married to a Mr. Miller. She plays a piano with her eyes closed, and the piano rises up and beats the time on the floor as perfectly as the time is kept upon the instrument, and they call it Spiritualism."

"Well, sir, I should like to witness that very much."

"Well, you have a card of invitation; if you wish to go, I will go with you this evening."

"Well, sir, I will go."

The arrangement being perfected we went, and arrived there about eight o'clock in the evening. Who should we meet there but President Lincoln and his lady.

After speaking and passing the courtesies of the day, perhaps ten minutes intervening, I saw a young girl approaching the President with a measured step, with her eyes closed, and walking up to the knees of the President, accosted him as follows:

"Sir, you have been called to the position you now occupy for a very great purpose. The world is in universal bondage; it must be physically set free, that it may mentally rise to its proper status. There is a Spiritual Congress supervising the affairs of this nation as well as a Congress at Washington. This Republic is leading the van of Republics throughout the world."

This being her text, she lectured the President for a full hour upon the importance of emancipating the slave, saying that the war could not end until slavery was abolished; that God destined all men to be free, that they may rise to their

proper status. Her language was truly sublime and full of arguments grand in the extreme, asserting that from the time his proclamation of freedom was issued, there would be no reverses to our army.

As soon as this young girl (who I thought could not be out of her teens, but who I afterwards understood was the celebrated trance medium, Nettie Colburn, of New York State) came out of the trance, she ran off, frightened to think that she had been talking to the President.

Immediately, Mrs. Miller commenced playing the piano, and the front side of it commenced to beat the time by rising off the floor and coming down with a heavy thud, beating the time of the tune played.

I got up and requested the privilege of sitting on it that I might verify to the world that it moved.

"Yes," the medium said, "you, and as many more as see proper, may get on it."

Judge Wattels, the two soldiers who accompanied the President, and myself got on the instrument. The medium commenced to play, the instrument commenced to go with all our weight on it, rising four inches at least. It was too rough riding; we got off it, whilst the instrument beat the time until the tune was played out.

This brought 11 o'clock, and we all returned to our respective homes.

Two evenings thereafter, I went back to Mrs. Laurie's, and again I met the President and his lady there.

Again the medium was entranced and lectured the President upon the same subject-matter for a full hour, when Mrs. Miller played the piano, and the time beat as before described in the presence of the President and his lady and a number of persons who were in attendance.

Thus it was that President Lincoln was convinced as to the course he should pursue; the command coming from that All-seeing Spirit through the instrumentality of the angel world, was not to be overlooked. He, like a faithful servant, when convinced of his duty, feared not to do it, and to proclaim freedom by the Emancipation Proclamation of four millions of slaves. That proclamation was issued on September 22, 1862, to take effect the first day of January, 1863. In the intermediate time the back-bone of the rebellion was broken, the Union army had, in divers places, twenty-six battles, every one of them except two being a success upon the Union side. Thus the prediction of the medium was verified.

CONCLUSION.

Having given somewhat in detail the facts and circumstances attending the investigation of modern Spiritualism by

President Lincoln, and the results brought about by angelic or supernal influence, and my connection with it, let me indulge the hope that the reader will seek the truth by such fair and honest investigation as may be thought necessary for a realization of the wonderful phenomena, which was instrumental in relieving at one stroke of the pen the heavy weight that pressed four millions of human beings down under the barbarous power of slavery.

The teachings of Jesus of Nazareth and His apostles all verify spiritual communion with the angelic world, and modern Spiritualism supplements that grand idea, and brings the spirits of the loved ones gone to our very presence, and we can hold sweet communion with them. It teaches us in letters of living light that every act of ours, done in the body, lives with us, and brings us either pain or pleasure strictly in accordance with that act or deed. Surely, when this sublime truth becomes realized in the world, (and it is sure to come)—is only a question of time among well-thinking and intelligent people—*then* will the millenium dawn. When the time comes that a man shall do more good to his neighbor than is returned, all strife, ill-feeling and animosity must necessarily cease, and a condition of love and respect for all humanity ensue. The teachings of the angel world is to this effect. It is as much higher than churchianity as the sun is above the earth. This expression may seem rather harsh to many, but, nevertheless, it is the truth; it is the moral elevation of mankind under the approving smile of heaven. Investigate! investigate! and realize the truth. Be convinced that there is no escape from the penalty of misdeeds done in the body; that penalty must be inflicted until atoned for. The sin of slavery had to be wiped out by the blood and treasure of the nation.

Remember, that every development in the physical world came with thunder, lightning and earthquakes; and so has come now the light to the moral, intellectual and spiritual world. Thank God, it is not by the knife, the stake, the torch or the gibbet. In this enlightened age government aid is not given to any special theology, and no attempts to concentrate a sectarian alliance under the name of spiritual, will ever succeed in our great and glorious nation. May God in his wisdom avert so dire a calamity.

NOTE.—I would here state that Judge Wattels, of the West, was present when the manifestations to President Lincoln took place at Mrs. Laurie's, on both occasions, as were also two soldiers who accompanied the President.

PART IV.

The second of the following photographs is one of the mysteries of our day, and one to cause much reflection.

If a man dies, shall he live again? This question has

agitated the minds of our greatest thinkers and theologians of the days past. But as time passes, our attention pertaining to the life immortal is agitating the public mind to a greater extent than it has hitherto. For forty-four years my attention has been given to this question, with profit, I trust, to myself and to others with whom I have come in contact.

All of the physical things of the world teach a continuous growth, and as we sow, so shall we also reap. This is the first great law that should govern us in all our daily actions in this life. Therefore, I think it is my duty to present the facts, as given to me, to the public, in order to disabuse the public mind of the idea that they will be forgiven for all wrongs committed, or that they can escape the penalty inflicted for every selfish act of life.

The picture upon this slate was produced by Mr. Green, of Onsett, Mass., on the fourth of August, 1898. It is a perfect likeness of my wife, Elizabeth, who passed to spirit life on the nineteenth of March, 1874.

Mr. Green, the medium, sat outside of the curtain with his hands manacled, in full view of about fifteen persons who attended this seance. The picture was produced in five minutes behind this curtain in the corner of the room. All persons that knew Mrs. Kase will fully recognize the picture. The following letter was also written and handed over this curtain at the same time:

MY DEAR HUSBAND:—Mr. Hunter kindly consented to paint my picture. Hope it will please you. With love,
ELIZABETH KASE.

I here suggest that the picture and position of the head and face is the same as that taken in her earth life in 1872. Then *is it true* that every act of life here is photographed in the spirit world? To this statement of facts I submit the following communication, received through the mediumship of Dr. Rugells, of New York, some time since.

COL. S. P. KASE, 1601 N. 15th St.

COMMUNICATION.

My Dear Husband:—I now understand the multitude and variety of the works of Jesus and His apostles. They are so plain to me now that I wonder at my blind ignorance, for I had an apt teacher in you. But the Christian religion was my idolatry, and as I now comprehend the stars in the vault of immensity, the countless centuries of time, the mighty worlds, the grandeur of eternity, all teach me that God is beyond the power of even spirits to comprehend; and I see Jesus and His disciples in their true light as inspired teachers, and that they were the prominent mediums of that period in which they lived. I have, since my journey to this beautiful land of hope and promise and love, wrought, even before your very eyes, what would have been considered, in ages past, miracles and of Divine origin. I now find unspeakable joy in the light and truth, which you labored so earnestly for me to comprehend and with so little favorable results; but the seed was sown on good

ground, and with the scales off my eyes I behold the seeds bursting off, and under the benign influence of a Margaret Fuller, they have grown in strength and beauty and power, until your fondest hopes have more than been realized. I feel that we have not been separated, that there has been no death, that there is no impassable gulf; but that I have gone on a pleasant journey to prepare a bright and happy home for you. I feel that I can never compensate you for your unceasing labors in my behalf, even when your enlightened views were treated with contempt by me. I feel under many obligations to the beautiful, noble-hearted woman who sits at your right hand; for the path she has led you into, opened wide the gates of the portal of the home of glory, not made with hands, but prepared by your many noble deeds of charity, of good feeling and of universal brotherhood.

ELIZABETH S. KASE.

All Shall Be Well

Mary T. Longley

All must be well—the universe
 Is governed by eternal law;
 Life were itself a foe and curse
 If only built for strife and war.

All must be well—though discords rise
 And savage combats rend the air;
 Out from it all, oppression dies
 And justice marches everywhere.

To stay the tide of misery,
 And quell the cry of anguish drear;
 Eternal good the mastery
 Shall gain in fullest triumph here.

All must be well—though nations clash,
 And armies fall to rise no more,
 Though sounds the dread, appalling crash
 Of mur'drous hate from shore to shore.

For from the conflict shall be born
 An higher Thought—a grander race—
 Where Peace with garlands shall adorn
 The scenes of harmony and grace.

All shall be well—let this be known—
 And heralded on every side—
 Eternal good shall be our own
 With Justice for our guard and guide.