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wins the mastery.



THE  
SPIRIT OF JESUS  
COMMUNICATING THROUGH  
THE RAPPINGS!



ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1851.

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SPIRIT



ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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STACUSE, May 8, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have written an account of my interview with Mrs. Fish, of Rochester, and with Mrs. Tamlin of Auburn, for the Tribune. The communications from what claimed to be the spirit of Jesus, the spirit of my Father, and the spirit of N. P. Rogers, I leave with you to use as you please. Should you publish them in a Tract, please append this note as explanatory.

I examined into it solely as a QUESTION OF NATURAL SCIENCE pertaining to the social nature of man, and social intercourse between *human beings here and the spirits of those who have passed into the next sphere as a part of the economy of human existence*. This and this alone is the question with me. We are social beings. While in this state, is our social nature confined to those who are with us in the body? Or if it be properly developed, could we interchange our thoughts and feelings with those that have gone before us? Can they sympathise with us, and make us sensible of their presence and sympathy. As a question of *Anthropology*, relating to the social nature of man, it is one of deep interest to me. If such be the extent of our social power, it is of vast importance that it should be known. The priesthood of all lands constitute the most formidable obstacle to the progress of the race. Their power is based, solely on the mystery which hangs over the next sphere: from that state they draw the arguments with which they strengthen and perpetuate their soul-crushing dominion. Those who contribute to bring men to look lovingly and familiarly upon the passage from this to another state, and to place the two spheres in a pleasant, friendly, social juxtaposition in their minds, do a service to mankind which cannot now be fully appreciated. Rejecting all ideas of the miraculous and the supernatural, I sincerely hope this branch of the SCIENCE OF MAN will be investigated till it can be satisfactorily settled and known whether it is our privilege to hold free social intercourse with those who have gone before us into the next state. I would know the full extent and power of the social nature of man. Why not investigate it?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

## THE SPIRIT OF JESUS

### COMMUNICATING THROUGH THE RAPPINGS.

[For the Tribune.]

ROCHESTER, April 18, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:

I forward to you the following facts which took place in presence of several witnesses. At 7 last evening, I called on Mrs. A. L. Fish, to obtain whatever evidence I could to elucidate the question of social intercourse between this and the next sphere, now being discussed in all social and domestic circles in this nation. A square table was placed in the room with two lighted candles placed on it. Four persons were seated at the table, one on each side, and two others were in the room but not at the table. Soon as we were seated the rappings began under, on and around the table. After responses and communications had been given to others, I asked, adopting the language of those who are associated with these movements, "Is there a spirit present that will communicate with me?" Three emphatic raps were given. This, as it is well known, is the way to express affirmation.—Will the spirit that wishes to communicate with me, make known *by two raps*, the name it assumes if I *mentally* repeat it? Answer, three raps. I had written eight names, Paul, Peter, John, Jesus, Isaiah, Mathew, Luther, Calvin. No person present or absent could have known what names I had written, or whether I had written any. I proceeded to think over the names. "Is it Paul?—No raps. Is it Peter?—No raps. Is it Jesus?—Two distinct and loud raps were made on the table. I then asked, mentally, does Jesus wish to communicate with me?"—Answer, three raps. In repeating the names my face was averted from Mrs. F. I moved not my tongue nor my lips. Then by a mental operation, without moving a muscle, I asked, "How did Jesus come into being? Was it by the same process by which other men enter this world?" Instantly three loud raps and an earnest call for the alphabet—five raps being the signal for that. A person present had a small slip of paper on which it was printed. This was handed to me; I laid it on the table, so far from Mrs. Fish and in such a position that she could not see the letters to tell one from another. I prepared pen, ink and paper, to write down, myself, the letters at which the raps should be made. As I thought over the alphabet, my face was turned from Mrs. Fish, and my eyes and lips were concealed from her, besides, as I thought over the letters, I moved not my tongue, my lips nor my fingers, except in a few instances in which I pointed to the letters with a pencil in my left hand; when I did, I purposely so concealed the paper from Mrs. F. that she could not see the letters at which I pointed, and raps were made. My face was purposely concealed from her, lest she should by noticing



some variations of my countenance, determine at what letters to rap. I then began to *think* over the alphabet and in answer to my unexpressed thoughts, letters were designated by raps which make the following sentences.

A?—No rap. B?—No rap. C?—No rap. D?—No rap. E?—No rap. F?—No rap. G?—No rap. H?—No rap. I?—Rap, rap! This, then, was the first letter of the communication I was about to receive. I did not speak it out but wrote it down, and proceeded to *think* over the alphabet again. No raps till my mind rested on W. Then rap, rap! in response. I wrote it down without speaking it out. Then I began to think over the alphabet again; the raps were at A. I wrote that down and then began again; the raps came at S. Thus I had "*I was*." Thus I proceeded till the word "*Mortal*" was spelled and written down. I then asked, "Is the phrase "*I WAS MORTAL*," right? Three raps in response. I ceased to repeat in thought the letters, supposing this to be the answer to my question; but there was a loud and earnest call for the alphabet. I proceeded to think it over without the movement of a muscle. The additional phrase, "like other men" was obtained; now I had, "I was mortal like other men." I stopped again, and again there was an earnest call for the alphabet; I proceeded to think it over, occasionally pointing at a letter with a pencil. No raps were made till I came to J. Rap, rap! in response to that thought; thus I obtained "Jes." I asked aloud, "Is 'Jes' right?" Three raps in reply. "Is it Jesse?" asked Mrs. F. "Is it Jesus?" asked Mr. B. No raps were made to either. "What makes you think it was Jesus?" asked Mrs. F. "What makes you think it was Jesse?" asked Mr. B. I then proceeded to think over the alphabet as I had done. The next raps were at U, the next at S. Thus the following sentence was spelled out: "Jesus is a pure and holy spirit." I then asked, mentally, "Is all true that was written by Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, respecting the birth, life and death of Jesus, as it is recorded in the New Testament? No raps—silence being, as I am informed, equivalent to negative. I then asked again, mentally, as before, "In what light ought the death of Jesus to be regarded? As the death of other martyrs to truth, or as having something peculiar in it?" Instantly three raps and a loud call for the alphabet. I began rapidly to think over the letters and to note down each letter at which raps were made; soon the following sentences were spelled out. "Many misconceive the secret.—There are things for you to know hereafter. The time has now come when prejudice and superstition must cease." Here ended the communication from what claimed to be the spirit of Jesus.

I know not what to think of it. Was it that pure spirit which made those raps in answer to my thoughts? I would fain believe it was. I can form no valid reason to myself for denying it; no explanation could seem to me more irrational and mysterious than to say Mrs. F. made these raps in answer to my unexpressed thoughts, unless it could be proved that she could know what was passing in my mind, when mine eyes were shut, and my tongue, lips and hands were motionless, and when my face was averted from her. Besides, Mrs. F's.

face was turned from me, toward Mr. B., to whom she was speaking, while entire words and phrases were being spelled out. She was part of the time reading a letter which she had just received—the letter lying on the table, and her eyes fixed on it. She evidently knew not the name answered by that which made the raps responsive to my thoughts. It was not the raps that impressed me, but the fact that *the raps were made in answer to my unexpressed thoughts.* And in doing this, the above sentences were spelled out, Mrs. F. having nothing to do with calling the alphabet, writing down the letters, syllables and words, nor with asking the questions. Is it possible for the spirit of Jesus thus to know and commune with my thoughts? Can any who believe in the immortality of the soul bring one reason that will seem good to himself to show that the spirit of Jesus could not, or did not give to me the above communication? It is certain that the author of the raps could read my thoughts! this is the mystery.

Another communication was given to me, purporting to come from S. B., whom I never saw, and never heard of till 1848, but who had known much of my labors—Anti Slavery—Non-Resistance and other reforms. It was as follows:

*My Dear Friend:*—The hard labor of reform will be blessed, and you will finally accomplish your works; you are soon to reap the reward of your labor!

To-day, at 1½ P. M., I called on Mrs. F. again, wishing to get what light I could on the subject of intercourse between this and the next sphere. Immediately four persons took seats around the table. Soon as we were seated there came a perfect storm of raps, differing in rapidity, loudness and emphasis, some seeming timid and faint, others strong, peremptory and expressive of great boldness and decision.—Mrs. F. remarked, "The spirits are glad to see you." I then asked, "Is there a spirit present that will communicate with me?"—Three loud emphatic raps. "Will the spirit spell the name by the alphabet?"—No raps. I, thinking it was the same that rapped to my thoughts last evening, asked, "Will the spirit rap twice at its own name if I *think* over the names I have written down?"—Earnest call for the alphabet. Then the alphabet was repeated, and the following sentences spelled out. "My name is not written; I can answer for the spirits of my acquaintances; I am your father. My son, I keep watch over your daily occupations, though you are not aware of the fact at all times." I asked, "Will the spirit rap twice when I mentally repeat the name of my father?"—Three raps. Then, my face being averted from Mrs. Fish, and without moving my tongue or my lips, I mentally repeated the names, John, Jacob, George, David, Charles, Seth. Two distinct raps were made as my mind rested on Seth. This was the name of my father. In order to test that which made the raps, I asked, "Will the spirit give two raps when by a mental process I shall repeat the disease with which my father died?"—Three raps. I *thought* over Consumption? Fever? Cholera? Disease of the Heart? Bursting of a Blood Vessel?—Two loud raps as my mind rested on Bursting of a Blood Vessel. My father fell in the road in passing from his barn to his house, and died immediately.—



On examination it was found that a blood vessel in the region of the heart had broken and caused his death. No persons present now in Rochester, except myself, had any knowledge of the fact. I wanted to test the raps by asking a question, *mentally*, which I could not answer myself. "Will the spirit rap the age of my father?"—Three raps. "Will it give one rap to every ten years of his age?"—Six loud complete raps were given. "Was he sixty?"—Three raps. "Will the spirit give one rap for each year over sixty?"—Seven loud raps and a faint one. "Was he sixty-seven and a little over?"—Three confident, loud raps. I felt sure it was wrong. I thought he was not so old—expressed my disappointment, as this had been the first question that had received a wrong answer. Mrs. F. said, "Do you know the age of your father?"—"I do not," I said, "but can ascertain." After leaving Mrs. F., I did ascertain, and found his age was sixty-seven years and seven months. I then asked, "Does my father approve of my course as an advocate of Anti-Slavery, Non-Resistance and other radical reforms?"—The following sentences were spelled out: "Yes! I speak to your mind, my child, when I see you laboring in the cause of humanity. I will go and prepare the way for you. Your way leads onward. You will wear the crown of honor among the blessed!"

I give the above facts as they transpired, and as they were taken down at the time. Do they go to prove that it is a law of our nature that spirits that have passed into the next sphere can communicate with those who are yet in the body, and that we can be made sensible of their presence, sympathy and counsel? I confidently hope and expect to exist after I leave the body, forever; but I care not much to know what I am to be or to do in the great future. While here, I only wish to *know* what to do and *how* to do in this state. When the future comes to be present I will attend to it. It seems most unwise to waste the present in trying to solve the future. My sole business here is to find out the laws under which I now exist, and obey them. This, and this alone, can prepare me to enter the next sphere. It would be very pleasant to feel the presence and sympathy of loved ones that have gone before; but I care not for the matter unless they can instruct us as to *what and how* to do to elevate our condition in this state. If the departed can guide us by superior wisdom, and sustain us by their sympathy to remove the evils of society, and to further the progress of the race here, in intelligence and goodness, most desirable would be their constant presence and support. If they can do this, it must be in accordance with the fixed laws of human nature. There will be nothing supernatural or miraculous about it. The laws of nature are never repealed or suspended for any cause.—Earnestly do I hope it may be found to be a part of the economy of our nature, that spirits of this sphere can hold social converse with the next. It would greatly alleviate the burdens of this life: take away all that is gloomy and repulsive in the change from this to the next sphere, and surround the future with bright enchantments. It would divest existence of its great Trinity of Theological horrors, DEATH, JUDGMENT and ETERNITY. It would make the lov-

ing, heroic spirit and pure principles of Jesus appear purer, more lovely and more noble; it would give dignity to this life, and make us feel that we are now in eternity, as truly as we ever shall be. It would add value to man as man, and show us the wrong of sacrificing man to his incidents. But I forbear. If you think the above statement will help to elucidate the subject of SOCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE TWO SPHERES, you can use it as you please. I want light and shall not hesitate to seek it from any one who it is thought can give it. It is not wise or manly to shrink from an examination of this or any question for fear of popular ridicule, contempt or reprobation.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

## SPIRITUAL LEVEE.

[For the Tribune.]

ROCHESTER, April 20. 1851.

Last evening I attended a Spiritual Levee at the house of Geo. Willetts of this place. It was called together in the following manner: Several persons had invited Mrs. Tamlin, of Auburn, to come and spend a few days in this place, she having been the principle medium of spiritual communications in that place. On the evening of the 18th, the persons who invited Mrs. Tamlin, having been present with her at Willetts', and been entertained by music of most remarkable sound and exquisite sweetness, made an appointment to meet her again on the evening of the 19th, at the same house, and requested the spirits to designate the persons to be invited. The spirits then proceeded to name the persons. About a dozen persons were invited, among whom my name was called. At seven o'clock in the evening I went to the place. The guests arrived. By direction of the spirits, a large table was placed in the centre of the room, and all seated around near to, but not in contact with it—Mrs. T in the circle, some four feet from the table. The lights were put out; no light in the room except from the stove, the window-blinds, and a little thro' a half closed door. Rappings were repeatedly heard in the vicinity of Mrs. Tamlin. It was asked, "Is the spirit of N. P. Rogers present?"—Three affirmative raps. Question. "Will N. P. R. let us hear the Fabian Horn?"—Three raps. We sat in silence for some time, listening for the first notes of the horn. Soon it began to sound as if at a great distance, with echoes exactly resembling the blowing of a horn, very faint at first, but growing louder, and seeming to come nearer and nearer, until the sound seemed to be close to the front windows, and sometimes in the room. These sounds, whether faint or loud, distant or near, were very sweet and musical. These sounds were frequently repeated during the evening. Question. "Will the spirits let us hear music."—Ans. Three raps. We sat in silence for some time, and no music coming, the question was put, "Can we do anything to make it easy for the spirit to make musical sounds?"—Ans. A call for the alphabet, and "Sing" spelled out. Then some one struck up, "Bless'd are the sons of peace," to a very solemn, slow



tune. The spirits were asked, "Is there any one whom they will designate to sing?"—No answer. Question. "Shall Miss B. Sing?" No answer. Question. "Shall all sing?"—Ans., three quick raps. Then some one began, "Sweet is the work, my God, my King, to praise thy name, give thanks and sing," &c., to the solemn old tune—Wells. The company, by this kind of music, was brought into a very solemn, moody frame of mind. While singing these things there was no accompaniment, or any other manifestations from the spirits. Some one suggested that we should talk and laugh, and not allow ourselves to get into a dull, sombre state of mind; at this suggestion there were three most emphatic raps by the spirit of Rogers, so prompt and decided as to create a general laugh. The raps increased and the Fabian Horn was heard again. This was so appropos that the laugh grew louder and merrier; then, just in proportion, the raps increased in emphasis—rapid and joyful, and the music of the horn rose and swelled, and came pouring into the room in a flood of rapturous harmony so sudden and thrilling that exclamations sounded from all in the room.

Then there was a pause of some minutes, during which time Mrs. T. suddenly was put in the magnetic state by the spirit of Rogers, as she informed while in this state. All present were ignorant of her being in that state until she called for Mary Bennett, who sat in an opposite corner of the room, to come and set by her. She was asked what spirits were in the room. Answer. "Rogers, and three or four others." Question. "Can we have more music?" Answer. "You are too *dull*, not lively and cheerful enough; they do not want us too *boisterous, rude, light or trifling*; they want us to be bright and happy. They are trying to make music, but can't, we are so dull and sombre." Question. "Shall we sing?"—Answer. "Yes, something lively." Two persons then struck up in a very solemn, slow, flat keyed tune, "Life is the time to serve the Lord, the time to insure the great reward," &c. &c. They were going on when Mrs. T. interrupted them with "they don't want that, that is too solemn," in such a tone of contempt that all laughed, at which the spirit of Rogers rapped thrice, with the joy of an auctioneer concluding a good bargain. Question. "Shall Mr. Wright sing the 'Mountain Maids' Invitation?"—Rap, rap, rap, most energetically. I commenced singing in a lively tune,

Come, come, come, o'er the hills, free from care,  
In my house true pleasure share—  
Blossoms sweet flowers most rare,  
Come where joy is found, &c.

Miss Bennett joined, and after we had finished the first stanza, an unseen instrument, such as I never before heard, began an accompaniment most sweet, fine and harmonious in tone, keeping perfect time, and gradually losing itself as we came to the close. An effort was made to sing something else, but the spirits encored the "Mountain Maids," and we sang it as before, with more spirit than ever, finding we had the spirits on our side; the unknown instrument accompanying more sweetly and distinctly than before. After the close, the raps still redoubling in animation—the horn and instrument together,



in beautiful accord, suddenly poured a gust of thrilling and sweet harmony into the room, completely filling it. I proposed singing "In the days when we went gypsying," &c., remarking that was the last song Rogers sung in my hearing; three raps responded, and Miss B. said "Mrs. T. is laughing ready to kill herself."—Mrs. T. said, "Mr. Rogers is walking right up before Mr. Wright, and bowing to him." Then I asked, "Will Rogers touch me?" No answer. Mrs. T. said, "He says you are too *positive* he cannot approach you." I said, "Let him put his hand on my head and love me." She said, "He does love you, and is trying to touch you, but cannot; you are too positive." I could but laugh heartily at this, as while Mr. Rogers was in this life, he always laughed at my being so positive, and said he could never approach me. Question. "Does Mr Rogers remember a letter he wrote me while I was at Grafenburgh?"—Answer. Three joyous hard raps. Ques. "Will he rap the number of persons who wrote in it?" Answer. Four raps. Question. "Will he rap twice if I call the names of the persons who wrote?" Answer. "Yes." I then said N. P. Rogers?—rap, rap.—Mary Rogers?—two raps.—Ellen?—two raps.—A.?—no rap.—Caroline?—two raps. I am not certain of the correctness of this. Question. "Was any place designated at the close of that letter for our next meeting?"—Answer. Three raps. Question. "If I name over several places in connection with the right one, may I hear two raps?" Answer. Three raps. I then named, Boston?—no rap.—Concord?—no rap.—Plymouth?—no rap.—America?—no rap.—England?—No rap.—The Universe?—two raps. This expression was used at the close of the letter alluded to: "We shall meet again in the Universe." I named these places all in the same tone of voice, and made the same pause after each, as near as I could. Question. "Did Mr. Rogers ever take a sleigh ride with me from Concord to Bradford?" Three loud and most joyous raps—so much so that all laughed. Question. "Did he sing on the way?"—Three raps of the same animated, energetic character. Question. "Will he rap twice if I name the song among others?"—Answer. "Yes." I then named over several, and true to his promise, two regular *thumps* pointed out the right one: "In the days when we went gypsying." During the winter of 1841-2, I took such a ride with Rogers and on the way he sang that song. Question. "Did I ever visit Ailsa Craig, in the Frith of Clyde, which you described as the Home of Birds?"—Answer. Three loud raps. Question. "Did you ever describe to me your visit to Milrose Abbey?"—Answer. Three joyous raps. Question. "Did I ever visit Milrose Abbey?"—Three raps, hearty as usual. While this conversation was going on between myself and the rapping, the promptness and animation of the responses greatly amused the company. I had repeatedly visited Ailsa Craig and Milrose Abbey, as Rogers very well knew, before his departure to the spirit world. One of the company remarked, "Rogers seems determined to convince H. C. Wright of his pre-ence. The usual affirmative response was so quick and decided at this, that all again laughed. On another occasion I asked, "Are my views of the Bible essentially correct?" Answer.—Three raps. Rogers knew that I did not regard the Bible as an infallible rule of faith and practice. I remarked that the clergy would be the most bitter and inveterate opponents of this idea of spiritual manifestations. Answer. Three raps so forceable and loud, that I cannot better describe them than by calling them *thumps*, responded to this. In order to decide whether these raps were really intended as a response, some one put the question: "Will the most bitter enemies of this matter be found in the church and among the clergy?"—Three knocks, louder than any we had heard, sounding just as if a man had struck the table hard with his knuckles. Question. "Does the only true worship of God consist in doing good to man?" Three raps. Question. "Does our duties to man comprise all our duties to God?" Three raps.

There were many other important questions put, in reference to slavery and other evils, as well as some touching our spiritual nature; and highly pertinent, satisfactory and encouraging answers received. So many questions, differing in character, were put by so many different persons, as to make it impossible to remember them with sufficient clearness to give them in detail. The above facts occurred as I have given them. Of the origin of these manifestations, I am not one of those who indulge much in speculation about it.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.



