

MEMORIAL EDITION.

LETTERS AND TRACTS
ON
SPIRITUALISM.

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

ALSO



TWO INSPIRATIONAL ORATIONS BY CORA L. W. TAPPAN;

AND PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE PERSONAL CAREER
AND PASSING AWAY OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

EDITED BY J. BURNS,

Managing Representative of the Spiritual Institution.

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P R E F A C E .

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FOR several years it was our privilege to enjoy an intimate correspondence with Judge Edmonds, and about twelve months ago we mentioned to him in a letter that a testimonial of photographs, volumes, an address, &c., was being got up for him in London; and we suggested that a testimonial edition of his celebrated works on Spiritualism, which were then and are still out of print, would be gladly received by English Spiritualists. The Judge in reply wrote: "You speak of a testimonial which is being got up for me. This is the first time I have heard of it, and allow me to say that your publishing that work (alluding to his various volumes on Spiritualism) so that it could be offered cheaply to the world would be to me the most acceptable memorial that could be devised." He then went on to say that he had a new edition of his writings in preparation, and, indeed, 200 pages thereof stereotyped, but the outlay was so great that he had to suspend the work. His intention was to bring out three volumes similar to the present work, and consisting of a choice selection from the piles of MS. which for upwards of twenty years he had accumulated on the subject of Spiritualism. It would not be a mere reprint of the two volumes which had been for so many years before the public, but an entirely new and, as the author thought, a much more important work. At the same time, he offered us the manuscript to go on with and complete the work, and we announced the same as a "Testimonial Edition of the Works of Judge Edmonds." The announcement was received with much favour, such gentlemen as Mr. S. C. Hall at once subscribing for as many as five copies, making in all twenty volumes.

In the meantime the Judge sent on per steamer the stereotypes of the "Tracts and Letters," from which we have printed the present volume. It was our intention to issue it first as one of the series of the "Testimonial Edition," and allow the others to follow. The author also thought of having an edition printed by us for his own use, and while we were in correspondence with him over the details of cost, &c., he passed away; and now that which was intended for a "Testimonial

Edition," to use his own term, has become a "Memorial" publication, in which the great body of British Spiritualists have heartily participated.

The negotiations thus having come to a sudden termination, the MSS. to constitute the other three volumes has not been received by us; but from intimations which have reached us from the sphere of spiritual existence, it is probable that the Judge's intention will yet be fully carried out.

This Edition was carefully corrected by the Author's own hand, and the copy thus annotated by him we treasure in our private library as a memento of the departed particularly sacred. In preparing the work for the press we religiously incorporated the Judge's corrections, and in addition mended numerous defects in the plates, which had been caused by the many thousands of copies which had been printed from them over a long series of years. One tract we entirely renewed, and we also introduced several pages of new matter, suggested by the Author and sent to us on purpose. To this enhancement of the original work there is added the two masterly orations through Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan by Theodore Parker and the Judge himself; and with the introductory sheet of personal information, including the testimonial, it is hoped this little volume will be found in all respects a complete memorial of the good man who, though now passed away from mortal sight, still works with those who love the truth he served so well.

The portrait is a very fine copy on wood of the most recent photographic likeness of the departed. When Judge Edmonds received the collection of portraits of English Spiritualists, he found that the portrait of the Editor of the *Medium* was not amongst them. He at once forwarded his own likeness, and desired that the one which had been omitted should be sent in return, as we in our editorial capacity serve, not a faction, but the Spiritualists of England. We have great pleasure in presenting our co-workers with a faithful copy of the beautiful photograph which Judge Edmonds forwarded under the circumstances just described.

At one of the phrenological seances held at the Spiritual Institution, Mr. Burns gave a delineation of Judge Edmonds from the photograph, from which we make a few extracts. "The brain and working apparatus predominated very largely over the vital organs, so that the Judge would be enabled to do a vast amount of work with a very small stock of vital power. Ill health rather than an exuberance of animal spirits would characterise his life, and hence his enjoyments would be more of an intellectual and practical than of an emotional or sensuous kind. Such an organisation would be remarkably tenacious of, and attached to, personal experiences and deductions, and would not readily receive the teachings or theories of others; but, being of an experimental and intuitive nature, would readily institute experiments and discover truth at first hand. Once having taken hold of the most rudimental form of a mighty principle, the Judge would not be able to relax his grasp, but would follow up his acquisitions with further conquests, till the thirsting mind received all the satisfaction which could be attained on the earth-plane. The temperament was of a pure and unselfish type. Mind so largely predominated over the mere personal attributes, that the things of time and of sense would frequently vanish away like the fabric of a dream, and the imperishable realities of spiritual existence would stand revealed to the spiritual gaze of the enrapt beholder." The Judge was an instance of a very high type of mediumship. It was not of that abnormal kind in which a low form of organism becomes the receptacle of an inspiration vastly superior to its usual plane of thinking. On the contrary, the mediumship of Judge Edmonds was a normal exaltation and more perfect development of that intuitive and clear-seeing power which would, more or less, characterise his whole life, but more particularly when he became the student of spiritual science and the subject of spiritual influences. The happy experiences of the Judge are a rich promise of the grand fruits to be gathered from the tree of mediumship in the immediate future, when superior and well-cultivated minds will turn their

attention to spiritual development as a part of earth's education, and thus blend into one life-picture the shadows of earth's sombre sphere with the more glorious lights of the upper realm. Then, and not till then, will righteousness and spirituality beautify the lives of men. Then will selfishness no longer blot and mar even the moral efforts of humanity, but with spiritualised and ennobled constituent elements, society will enter upon a career such as has not been dreamed of by the most sanguine philanthropist. Spirituality is the basis of all that is truly great and progressive in man.

We conclude these prefatory remarks by alluding to a suggestion with which Judge Edmonds finishes this volume, and which may be found on page 344. As Spiritualists we feel that death has not put an end to the co-operation which may exist between the now-ascended Judge and his old co-workers on the earth-plane. We have his assurance that he is, in some respects, even more powerful to help than when in his infirm body. In this doctrine we most firmly believe, and mean to make apparent our faith by works. In short, we intend to carry out the suggestions to which we have referred, and, as circumstances will permit, go on with the publication of the works named by Judge Edmonds. As we have been long in correspondence with Hudson Tuttle, and have already published one of his volumes, we shall commence to carry out the views of Judge Edmonds by the publication of "The Arcana of Spiritualism," a work of great importance, which has been received by English Spiritualists with much favour. The question hitherto has been, Where is the money to come from to publish works on Spiritualism? The spirit-world has solved that problem by communicating to us a plan by which any amount of cash may be had at command, and also by which works on Spiritualism may be universally circulated. Full details may be found in the prospectus at the end of this volume.

J. B.

*Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution,
London, September, 1874.*

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JUDGE EDMONDS.

(*From the "Medium and Daybreak," May 1, 1874.*)

Few of our readers would be prepared for the announcement of Judge Edmonds's death briefly made in our columns last week. No rumours have been circulated recently respecting his health. A few years ago he was very much afflicted with paralysis, but from this he recovered, and no unfavourable anticipations were entertained as far as the public could judge. But such a mind was not likely to suffer long in the process of extrication from the physical body. Our departed friend was of such a pure type of organism, lived so well and worked so hard, that the harmony of his temperament no doubt enabled him to use up every available ounce of strength he possessed, and allowed him to pass away easily and naturally. As Spiritualists, we cannot regret the happy change which has befallen our friend, and yet the work of Spiritualism will miss one of its firmest pillars. That happy host with whom the Judge had the privilege of communing so frequently across the river will now form his company, and though he may exercise a wide yet unseen, and in most cases impalpable, influence upon the destinies of our movement, at the same time the familiar epistle and the generous act will have for ever passed away from our periodicals and the external workings of our movement.

The labours of Judge Edmonds on behalf of Spiritualism were more of a real and practical character than demonstrative and polemical. Very many who have not achieved one tithe of the good have made far more noise on the platform and in the public prints, and yet the Judge arrested a great amount of public attention of the most important kind. His early adhesion to the movement appears, from an article in the *New York Sun*, which we quote, to have cost him considerable annoyance in his profession.* But our friend, relying much less upon public consideration than his own intrinsic merits, went quietly forward in his own way, reaching a higher meed of respect than many, and having his hands to the end constantly full of professional business.

Judge Edmonds, as a Spiritualist, adhered more to principles than to conventional opinions, or to ephemeral movements. He

* See also the "Appeal to the Public," written by Judge Edmonds at the time, commencing at page 45 of this volume.

thus occupied a very peculiar position, from which he was able to afford advice and assistance to all parties, and give offence to none. His relations to the movement were purely spiritual, the mundane element interfering so slightly that to all shades of Spiritualists, and even to its foes, he afforded light and information, of which all gladly availed themselves. His work was divided into two parts: first, the discovery of truth; and secondly, its diffusion. In the first and essential part he was an assiduous attendant at the spirit-circle. From his reported experience we have no doubt he regarded this practice as of the very highest importance. He was never carried away by theory, nor had he any need; for his industry at the spirit-circle supplied him with such an abundance of facts, that speculation was entirely out of place. His own daughter proved to be a remarkable medium, and communications from his pen, which have appeared in our columns, and his works generally, bear abundant evidence of the fact that he possessed a very high degree of mediumship himself. Having thus, through his own personal experiences, and phenomena observed in the presence of others, gained a deep insight into the various forms of spirit-communion, and the state of the departed, he scrupled not to convey his views to the public. We have never found that Judge Edmonds, in reporting his experiences, minced matters, nor, with the view of toning down an extraordinary story, indulged in garbled descriptions, nor the suppression of extraordinary facts. His narratives were told with such straightforward simplicity, that, though unprecedented, the reader might accept them with all confidence. Expressions of wonder and astonishment never marred his testimony, which was sober and subdued, free from extravagant adjectives, and couched in the chaste, poetical style, which led on the reader with an attraction which could not be resisted. It is no wonder that such a writer should find the newspaper press open to his communications; and, through this purity and simplicity of style, Spiritualism is much indebted for the extended advocacy of its views outside of the movement, which was effected by the pen of Judge Edmonds.

We are not in a position to judge of his merits as a speaker, nor have we heard very frequently of his appearance on the public platform. It does not seem to have been his opinion that Spiritualists should form themselves into a clique or sect, but rather promote the truths of Spiritualism by individual effort, that it might act as an ameliorating and enlightening influence upon every condition of human life. Judge Edmonds was not, therefore, a society-maker, or promoter of noisy conventions. He devoted his whole time and energies to the truth itself, rather than in forging vessels to restrain it within certain limits. He did not, on that account, withhold his aid from any useful organised effort. His celebrated lecture, entitled "What is Death?" which has been reprinted at the Spiritual Institution, was first delivered at one of the Sunday

meetings organised by his friend, Andrew Jackson Davis, in New York.

The literary labours of Judge Edmonds, extended though they were, form but a small part of his work. He kept careful records of all his experiences, but a small proportion of which have found their way into print. Only the other day there appeared in *Human Nature* an experience recorded many years ago, which the Judge requested to be incorporated with the next edition, about to be published at the Spiritual Institution, of his well-known "Letters and Tracts on Spiritualism." (See page 145.)

Besides recording so much respecting spirit-communion, Judge Edmonds was also an indefatigable correspondent. Letters poured in upon him from all parts of the world, and our experience enables us to bear testimony to the prompt and satisfactory nature of his replies, all of which came in due course written with his own hand. This department of his duties must have been enough to wear out the strongest organisation. His letters privately addressed to individuals have no doubt done a work in quarters where spiritual publications or the missionary medium never could have reached. The pivot on which the vast personal work of our late friend revolved was no doubt his generous unselfishness. The first communication which we had from his hand was the very essence of his character. It consisted of a large package of his "Letters and Tracts," sent free of cost, and it was many months before we knew to whom we were indebted for the parcel. We were no exceptional recipient of such presents. Only a few months ago we received a letter from the Judge, part of which appeared in the *MEDIUM*, stating that for about sixteen years he had published an edition of his "Letters and Tracts" annually, the most of which had been bestowed in quarters where they could be rendered useful for the promotion of the cause. Our deceased friend knew no limit to his operations in this respect within his income.

Some time ago a testimonial was set on foot in this country by a few who had been favoured with the Judge's acquaintance.* Sums of five shillings were collected wherewith to present a set of English works on Spiritualism, accompanied by the photographs of the donors. In this work we were not asked to participate, consequently the great body of English Spiritualists to this day know nothing of the matter. It is gratifying, however, to know that this slight expression of regard reached the Judge while he was in his usual health, and he acknowledged it with his wonted unaffected courtesy.

In our long correspondence with him, we discussed many plans for the promotion of Spiritualism. On one occasion the testimonial to which we have just referred was alluded to, the same letter bearing suggestions for the publication of a "Testimonial Edition"

* Particulars are given in this volume, commencing at page 10.

of his works. The Judge's reply has already appeared in the MEDIUM. He regarded a cheap edition of his works on Spiritualism, which would place them within the reach of every Spiritualist, as the most agreeable testimonial which he could receive. Arrangements for carrying this into effect were proceeding at the time of his demise, and no doubt the publication will yet appear as a memorial edition, in which, we trust, every Spiritualist who speaks the English language will be anxious to participate. At the present time a box of stereo-plates are in our works undergoing a careful revision which was made with the author's own hand. We hope in a few days to announce the particulars under which this work will be given to the public, and thus in some degree carry out what was so near to the heart of our friend while he sojourned on earth amongst us.

From the "New York Sun."

THE DEATH OF THE AGED EX-JUDGE JOHN WORTH EDMONDS.

From the Supreme Bench to Spiritualistic Seances—Dealing with the Spirits of the Unforgotten Dead—Intimacies with the Great of Other Days.

Ex-Judge John Worth Edmonds was a month more than seventy-five years old when, on Sunday afternoon, April 5th, he died at his residence in Irving Place. He was born in Hudson, N.Y., and in 1816 graduated at Union College. Four years later he began to practise law in his native city, where he soon gained local distinction. In 1831 he sat in the Assembly for Columbia County, and in the next year he was sent to the State Senate, where, during four years, he held a leading position, and identified himself outspokenly with several schemes of working men for their betterment. Upon leaving the Legislature in 1836 he was sent on a Federal mission among the Indians, living with them two years, and learning several of their languages. Coming East again, he settled down to his profession in this city, and lived here until his death. His next public position, after leaving the Indians, was that of State Prison Inspector, in which he secured note for infusing reformation into his work. He changed the system of discipline in the prisons, mitigated the severe corporal punishments that had long been in vogue, and secured the passage of advanced laws on the subject. His agitation of the abuses of prison management was one of the main reformatory topics of that time. In 1845 he was made a Circuit Judge, subsequently a Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1852 he took his seat on the bench of the Court of Appeals, retiring to private practice and rather opulent leisure in 1853. Old lawyers speak of him on the bench as sound, ready, and courageous, and in private life he was reputed honourable, intellectually cultivated, and amiable.

A LEADER IN SPIRITUALISM.

During his last twenty-three years Judge Edmonds was a believer and advocate of Spiritualism, attaining note equalled only by Andrew Jackson Davis as a champion and expositor of that faith in this country.

He was converted in 1851, and being a Supreme Court Judge and a man of considerable fame, his acceptance of the new and unpopular faith brought upon him much criticism and derision. In the early months of that year he was out of health and greatly depressed in spirit. He spent his leisure with an almost monomaniac persistency in reading on the subjects of death and future existence. In that frame of mind he saw those first forms of Spiritualism known as "the Rochester knockings," and resolved to give them a thorough investigation. For four months he regularly devoted two evenings of every week in experimenting with the phenomena, keeping elaborate records of all he witnessed, and reading everything that professed either to prove or disprove the honesty of the manifestations. He travelled from place to place to meet mediums, and studied the current topic in all the crude phases in which it had then been developed. He held out against belief until, in his opinion, he had deduced conclusive proofs that the spirits of the dead really did communicate with the living in the way of rappings and table-tippings. In his investigations he associated with himself several scientific gentlemen, some of whom were and some were not converted. Once convinced in his own mind of the truth of Spiritualism, he was not the man to flinch from a public avowal of his belief. He was at once assailed with general ridicule, and was even called upon to resign his office as Judge. For a year he was roundly abused, and in 1853 he published a book in which he recounted what he had seen, defended the new belief, and to meet the assertion that his views were not in accord with his oath of office, aimed to harmonise Spiritualism with the Bible doctrines of God and revelation.

AS A MEDIUM.

Judge Edmonds, soon after his acceptance of Spiritualism, became a medium. He said that while reading in bed he was touched all over his body with spirit-hands, and was surrounded with rappings. A little later he was impressed with the notion that he must go to a certain man, personally unknown to him, and receive a spiritual communication of a higher order than he had so far experienced. He went, and received what he firmly believed to be a message from a dead friend. It was said, and the assertion was left uncontradicted by Judge Edmonds, that in the last year of his judicial sitting, his decisions were largely influenced by the intercourse which he believed he had with the spirits of the dead jurists. He often averred that while delivering an opinion from the bench he plainly saw the forms of these ghostly advisers around him. His powers of mediumship were first brought out at a seance to which five mediums were drawn, as they said, without preconcert or intention, but simply by obeying impressions brought to bear upon them by spirits. He went to Central America in 1852, and the circle of which he had been a member professed that they were miraculously kept advised of the events of his voyage simultaneously with their occurrence, and afterwards he verified the accuracy of the reports by comparison with his diary. Among the things of which he was accustomed to tell as proofs of the soundness of his belief, alleging them to be occurrences of his first year of mediumship, was the spiritually-conveyed information of a grandson's illness in Canada; an announce-

ment of the death of his friend, Isaac C. Hopper, before he received the news in an ordinary way; the foretelling of the destruction of the steamer *Henry Clay*; and frequent warnings against perfidious associates and coming evils. His daughter also became a speaking-medium, delivering messages in languages of which she professed to have no knowledge.

NOTABLES OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Early in his spiritualistic experience Judge Edmonds believed that he had intercourse with many of the distinguished dead. He counted Henry Clay and Fennimore Cooper among his new friends, and was encouraged by them in frequent messages to bear up against public censure. Elias Hicks told him to "be not afraid," and William Penn said, "Thy mission is an arduous one, and it is thy duty to fulfil it truthfully and faithfully." Believing himself thus encouraged, he devoted much time to self-development as a medium, and became firmly established in an unshaken faith. He wrote letters to the newspapers in exposition and defence of Spiritualism, and the standing of the writer secured them a wider and more serious reading than the subject could have commanded in ordinary hands. In these early years of his assiduous investigation he formed a close alliance with Dr. George T. Dexter, at whose residence most of the circles were held. At first the meetings were held twice a week, but later the Judge received what purported to be communications from spirits at all hours and in all places. Swedenborg and Bacon occupied much of the time of the circles with a series of articles written through the mediumship of Dr. Dexter, which were subsequently published in a large volume. Further along in his unswerving adherence to the faith, Judge Edmonds became a forcible public speaker and profuse writer on Spiritualism, and his experience as a medium was enlivened by communications from other distinguished men in the other world. General Scott described his reception by the spirits; and Martin Van Buren, in whose law-office the Judge had once been a clerk, appeared at his bedside the very night after death.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

"My father had died thirty-six years before," the Judge said, in telling of his vision, "and he and Mr. Van Buren had been friends in life. When I saw their spirits, my father was standing in the middle of the room, on my left. He had an alert, cheerful look, and was easy and unconstrained in his attitude. Mr. Van Buren stood against the wall on my right, near me, and six or eight paces from my father. He had a puzzled look, as if he did not comprehend his condition. He recognised me and my father. He knew that my father was dead, and that I was not, and that he, too, was dead. I did not observe what first took place between them. My attention was first particularly attracted by Mr. Van Buren's saying: 'I don't understand this. I know I am dead, but I am the same I ever was. I am on the earth yet. There are my family, my home, my country; and the matters that interested me in life just as near me as ever, yet removed from me! Can this be the death I have thought of so long, and this to be my life after death for ever?' This thought seemed to goad him into action. He had felt a strong but undefined attraction towards his right hand, and he turned in that direction, and

bending over again with great activity, as it were, to pull up weeds that grew in his path, and thus worked his way slowly away from me."

At the time Judge Edmonds published a long description of Van Buren's spiritual progress in eternity. Another notable experience which he professed was an interview with Lincoln and Wilkes Booth, in which their experiences in "the Summer-land" were described with minuteness, and they expressed themselves as thoroughly reconciled. A series of dissertations on political economy by George Washington were a feature of his mediumship in 1854, and very lately Judge Peckham, through him, described the *Ville du Havre* disaster.

BELIEVING TO THE LAST.

Judge Edmonds's wife and brother died many years ago, and with them he conceived that he had companionship up to his death. He said that they often sat and talked with him, and he described their looks and recited their words to his friends with minuteness. His wife especially he believed to be constantly with him, and during his fatal sickness—a culmination of a very painful chronic disease—he talked much of her faithful ministrations and consolation. He said that his bed was surrounded with spirit-forms, and that, upon joining them, by reason of entering their sphere in an already-advanced state of spiritual development, he would at once be able to send back such proofs of the truth of Spiritualism as could not be doubted. His faith did not waver to the end.

Although giving so much of his time to Spiritualism, Judge Edmonds did not neglect his large law practice until the infirmities of age compelled it. His partnership with William H. Fields was maintained until his death, and his advice was often sought in the gravest cases. Although his belief cost him his place on the judicial bench—his renomination in 1853 being defeated by a threat to legislate him out of office if elected—he never lost social and business respect. He was the first President of the Union League Club, and was among the first and most active advocates of the emancipation of the slaves in the early stages of the rebellion. He retained the friendship of many influential men who differed with his religious views.

The *Banner of Light*, in recording the termination of the earthly career of "the veteran New York Spiritualist," has the following:—

Up to within a few months since, we have been constantly in correspondence with the Judge, and, in view of the great interest which at present attaches to the spirit-form manifestations in England, we present the following extract from the last private letter received by us from him, bearing date of Jan. 31st, 1874:—

"I regard Mr. Crookes's recent action in England (which you notice in your number of the 24th) as very important. They seem to have done in England what we were unable to bring about in this country. They have there made science give attention to the subject, and such publications as that of Mr. Crookes and the Dialectic Society will bring into our ranks numbers who otherwise would keep aloof.

"In the spread of our cause we have every reason to rejoice, and, as

time rolls on, we shall see our principles at work more and more, in every department of life—political, social, religious—and find more and more cause to be thankful for the part we have taken in the movement.”

The above reads like a prophecy. We are assured that its fulfillment in the future is certain, and that toward its fruition no one in the ascended state will be more active than he who has so recently trodden the ladder of light that leads “from the weary earth to the sapphire wall.”

That Judge Edmonds was regarded as one of the leading men of the age may be gathered from the fact that his death was widely noticed by the Press. The following is from the foreign news of the *Standard* of April 23rd :—

On Sunday morning last, 5th April, Judge J. W. Edmonds died at his residence in this city. He was a man of great ability and eminence in his profession. He had been on both the Circuit and Supreme Bench of the State; and for ability, logical clearness, and thoroughness in details, had few equals and probably no superiors. His age was 75. While on the Supreme Bench his attention was attracted to Spiritualism; and after a great deal of investigation—detailed accounts of which he gave in a book published soon after—he announced his belief in the doctrines; became, in fact, a professed believer in the spiritual teachings, and a defender of them with tongue and pen; and finally became an operating medium, but never a professional one. He was the most respectable of all the spiritualistic authorities in America; and the weight of his authority had great effect in favour of the cause. Others wrote more voluminously, but none were read with so much respect. Spiritualists revered his utterances; and those who differed from him charitably accounted him a monomaniac, for his reasoning on all other subjects was clear and natural.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

Mrs. Woodforde left a note for me on Monday, asking if I had received any communications from the spirit “Judge Edmonds,” and asking me to visit her at my earliest opportunity. I called at Mrs. Woodforde’s seance rooms on Monday evening, when she handed me the following message which had been written through her hand at the time stated thereon :—

Judge Edmonds’s greeting to Mr. Burns.—Patience, perseverance, hope, faith, love; reward those who practise them. I from this world behold the struggles of your past, and would say men cannot reward—the Master, in whose vineyard all faithful souls toil, giveth the reward, and waiteth not till the eleventh hour, but giveth the reward at once. The contented, cheerful heart, the earnest will, the satisfaction in well-doing that nought earthly can disturb. Such are the rewards for labour in a good cause, bestowed at once. Patience, perseverance, hope, faith, love, form the crown of spirit-life. My greetings from this side, faithful servant,—J. EDMONDS.

Sunday, April 26th, 1 p.m.

The first sentence was written in a very trembling hand, which Mrs. Woodforde attributes to her doubts as to the identity of the spirit. Mrs. Woodforde then handed me a second paper, on which the following matter was written:—

Sitting afterwards with pen suspended, and eyes closed, these words passed through my head, whilst I seemed surrounded by an intensely brilliant, purple atmosphere, or aura: "The grandeur, the sublimity, of this life I cannot describe; the bliss, the joy, the happiness that fills my soul, crowning with completeness all my highest, warmest aspirations. Truly God is good, who never denies e'en the smallest of our cravings after celestial beauty. To my lips he holds the goblet of life, filled to the brim with all heavenly delights, joys, soul-satisfactions. I feel that I am to drink for an eternity, for an eternity feed upon Him, whose divine spirit can alone satisfy my grateful soul, like a harp, attuned to His, would discourse sublimest harmonies of thankful praise. His name be exalted for ever, who in his sons would see Himself complete! Praise, praise; let all Heaven ring with the glory and beauty of God—the First—the Last—the Eternal One on high! Amen."

She was then influenced to write, and, taking a pencil, wrote rapidly, "Judge Edmonds is here," and, after a few remarks, the influenced desired to speak through the medium. Control was effected, and after a few sentences were spoken a caller interrupted the communication. The writing was again resorted to, when a party of ladies again broke up our seance, and I took my leave. I had no test that Judge Edmonds was present, yet the control might have been by that spirit. Certain statements were made which may result in a satisfactory test.*

J. BURNS.

As we go to press we have received a kind letter from Miss Laura Edmonds, the daughter of our departed friend, so widely known for her remarkable mediumship. We present an extract, which thousands will read with the same sympathetic interest as did the person to whom the lines were addressed:—"After much suffering, my father passed peacefully away, and thus ended a noble, useful life—to us an irreparable loss, to him a happy release. He had a high regard for all his friends in England, and for his sake I thank you sincerely for past regards."

* The chief statement here referred to was that Judge Edmonds would control Mrs. Tappan on the following Sunday evening, and deliver a discourse to his English friends. The Judge also urged me to announce the fact in the *Medium* that a large assemblage might come together to hear the discourse. My cautiousness prevented me from making the desired announcement, but notwithstanding the matter did "result in a satisfactory test." On Sunday, May 17, Judge Edmonds did control Mrs. Tappan, at Cleveland Hall, and deliver, before a crowded house, the discourse which commences on page 31 of this volume.

TESTIMONIAL TO JUDGE EDMONDS.

(*From the "Spiritual Magazine," April, 1874.*)

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following correspondence, with the accompanying Address to the venerable Judge Edmonds, whose name is a household word among the Spiritualists of England no less than of his own country. The Testimonial, handsomely framed and illuminated, is a very beautiful specimen of penmanship, and the 18 volumes which accompanied it were bound in calf, and each bears the following inscription printed on a dark ground in gold letters:—

PRESENTED TO THE
HON. JOHN WORTH EDMONDS,
OF NEW YORK,
BY THE
SPIRITUALISTS OF ENGLAND,
1873.

"1, *Bernard Villas, Central Hill,*
"Upper Norwood, 15 Dec., 1873.

"Dear Judge Edmonds,—For some time past I had set my heart on accomplishing two objects—to obtain the assent of the Spiritualists of England to mark their appreciation of the distinguished services which Mr. William Howitt in Europe, and yourself in America, have rendered to the cause of Spiritualism by the influence you have each exercised over the thoughtful minds of both countries.

"The first object I have recently accomplished, and I have now the pleasure of completing my task, by presenting to you an Address, signed by a committee who were among the first converts on this side of the Atlantic, on behalf of the body at large, expressive of our respect and admiration for your character, and of your fearless advocacy of a great though unpopular truth.

"The Address is accompanied by a number of Books written on Spiritualism by English men and women, and by two Albums, one

of which contains the portraits of 100 Spiritualists, the other contains an equal number of spirit-photographs. . . . Full particulars of which I will give you in another letter.

"As I feel that I can add nothing of value to the terms of the Address, in which Mr. Thomas Shorter has so eloquently expressed our sense of the signal services you have rendered to the cause for more than 20 years past, I content myself by requesting you to be good enough to receive from my hands that Address, with the accompanying Testimonials, which English Spiritualists have authorised me to present in their name to

Judge Edmonds of New York.

With pleasant recollections of our meeting, and of the readiness with which you facilitated my enquiries at that time, and with the assurance now that my part in this matter has been 'a labour of love,'

"I am, my dear Judge,

"Very sincerely yours,

"BENJAMIN COLEMAN."

"Upper Norwood, near London,

"Dec. 17th, 1873.

"Dear Judge Edmonds,—The works alluded to in my letter of the 15th inst. consist of 18 vols. written by 15 different authors. . . . The album, No. 1, contains the portraits of many of the best known English and Scotch Spiritualists, whose names will be found in the index which accompanies the album.

"An index also you will find of No. 2 Album, containing spirit-photographs with their accompanying sitters. . . .

"Those which have been sent me from Bristol are part of a series which have a distinct character, and being conducted under the eye of my friend Mr. J. Beattie, of Clifton, are entirely reliable. They are described in the Index book, and Mr. Beattie says they have come providentially to support the reality of the spiritual hypothesis, as, if a thousand men had tried to make shams, not one would ever have thought of such forms as these present. I do not know if these shadows are expected to come out in perfect forms, but as the Bristol party are continuing their experiments, we shall see by-and-bye.

"Those spirit-drawings—done in darkness—either direct or through the hand of David Duguid of Glasgow, will no doubt interest you, and they, too, may be thoroughly relied upon as genuine spirit-productions. A full explanation of them will be found in the Index book.

"The last remaining photograph to which I desire to draw your attention is the one on the first page, or frontispiece, of the album.

It is of Dr. Gully, holding the hand of the spirit 'Katie,' taken in full view of the assembled party by the magnesium light.

"I have written in the current number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, to which I refer you, an account of a seance I have recently had with Miss Cook, the medium who obtains these materialised forms, which will perhaps give you an idea of the way in which the figure is presented—nothing of a shadowy nature, but to all appearance, and in substance too, as real as any human being. I don't know if you have ever seen anything of this nature which you have not ventured to make public, and I shall be glad to know your views of my hypothesis, which however is denied by the spirit who insists that she is a separate individuality, and I am not disposed to dogmatise on such a subject.

"The case containing the address, books and albums, was sent yesterday to Liverpool, and I hope will be forwarded to you by first steamer. You will be good enough to apprise me of its safe arrival. Trusting the Testimonial will be as acceptable to you as it is pleasing to me to have had the honour of presenting it,

"I am, my dear Judge Edmonds,

"Very truly yours,

"B. COLEMAN."

"To JUDGE EDMONDS.

"We, on behalf of your many admirers in England, desire to testify to you our high appreciation of the distinguished services you have rendered to the cause of Spiritualism.

"At a time when that cause was far less popular than now; when ignorance and misrepresentation concerning it were all but universal; when the prejudices not only of the multitude, but of the schools of science and philosophy were arrayed against it; when it was assailed from the pulpit and by the press; when sectarian animosity was most bitter, and popular clamour at its loudest; and when its advocates were loaded with vituperation and ridicule; you gave to the claims of Spiritualism a searching, protracted, and most thorough investigation: and, having at length satisfied yourself of its truth, you at once courageously and unhesitatingly proclaimed it, and gave to its advocacy the weight of your well-known name and high social position; and from that time to this you have, in books and tracts, in lectures, public journals, and in a most extensive private correspondence, upheld with all the powers of mind with which God has so eminently blessed you, the banner of 'Truth against the World.'

"Many of us are indebted to your writings for our first introduction to a knowledge of Spiritualism, and all have perused them with interest and instruction. The cause you have served so well knows no limits of party, country, or creed: it is wide as the universe, as universal as humanity. It teaches that there is no death, and that the future life is one with boundless possibilities of progress for all God's children. You have interpreted it in no narrow or sectarian spirit, and we feel that the eminent services you have so generously rendered to our common

cause should not pass without some public recognition on this side of the Atlantic.

"The literature of Spiritualism in England is far less voluminous than that of your own country, and it probably contains little, if anything, of value which has not there found expression, and which your own penetration has not anticipated; but it may interest you to compare the way in which the same great truths present themselves to the thoughtful mind of both countries. We, therefore, and as a mark of our high regard, request your acceptance of those works on Spiritualism, by English authors, which are most esteemed among us. We further request your acceptance of two albums, one containing the portraits of some who have been among the most active in promoting Spiritualism in England, and the other some of the spirit-photographs obtained in England during the past two years.

"Hoping that your life on earth may be spared many years for the continuance of your most useful labours; and with profound respect, we the Committee subscribe our names on behalf of the general body of the Spiritualists of the United Kingdom.

"THOMAS J. ALLMAN
HENRY BIELFELD
CHARLES BLACKBURN
SAMUEL CHINNERY
BENJAMIN COLEMAN
ROBERT COOPER
JACOB DIXON, M.D.
THOMAS EVERITT
HENRY A. FAWCETT, R.N.
J. H. GLEDSTANES
THOMAS GRANT
JAMES M. GULLY, M.D.
SAMUEL CARTER HALL, F.S.A.

"WILLIAM HOWITT
JOHN ENMORE JONES
ANDREW LEIGHTON
BENJAMIN MORRELL
THOMAS SHORTER
THOMAS SLATER
WILLIAM TEBB
CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.S.
WILLIAM WALLACE
JAMES WASON
WILLIAM WHITE
WILLIAM M. WILKINSON.

"London, November, 1873."

"New York, February 8th, 1874.

"Gentlemen,—Your address to me of last November, with its accompanying books and albums, has just been received, and for them I beg to offer to you my sincere thanks.

"To find my efforts in the cause of truth so appreciated by an intelligent but far-distant people, is a source of unfeigned gratification to me, but it is a cause of far greater joy to receive such evidence of the wide spread of that truth.

"Most fully do I accord with you in the expression that 'cause knows no limit of party, country, or creed,' and is 'as universal as humanity.' It has made its appearance in all parts of the earth, and among all peoples, wearing everywhere the same grand features, however much it may vary in details. The rapidity of its spread is unparalleled in history. Its grand principle—love to God and man—commends it to every heart; and that principle is enforced by a revelation easily comprehended by every mind—a

revelation of what is the future life, made so certainly and so distinctly that everyone may know for himself how to use the present life as a due preparation for the next.

"Much as we may recognise the wisdom with which the Unseen Intelligences have guided this movement from the beginning, still we must be aware that there is much for us to do, to remove obstacles that stand in the way of its progress.

"Chief among those obstacles is the unusual character of the instrumentalities employed. The world at large testing those means by their preconceived opinions have been prone to regard them as miraculous, and thus either to receive them with blind faith, to regard them as diabolical, or to reject them as impracticable. We who have investigated the matter know that in all this, there is no suspension of universal law, but that on the other hand all is in conformity with such law, and that that law can be investigated and comprehended by us. The duty to the cause growing out of this knowledge has been best performed in your country.

"Fifteen or twenty years ago these things were publicly proclaimed in this country and the men of science were urged to make the investigation. But in vain. With few exceptions the educated scientists of America turned a deaf ear to our entreaties. It has been otherwise with you. Your men of science have had the good sense to investigate, and the manliness to proclaim the result, and believers in our sublime philosophy throughout the earth must be full of gratitude for the act. I, for one, say God bless you for it. For you have made solid the foundation of that which we have attempted to establish, namely, that this whole thing of spirit-communion and its consequences, is addressed to the reason as well as to the heart, and ought not to be received unless the judgment and the conscience alike welcome it.

"We may, therefore, now look forward with confidence for an increasing rapidity in the spread of the doctrines of our Divine Faith. To your country shall we be mainly indebted for that result; and you and we, on both sides of the great ocean, can unite in a common prayer of thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift that He has sent into our midst that which is equal to the emergency in which the progress of the race has found us.

"Congratulating you alike on the fact of the past and the prosperity of the future.

"I remain, yours,

"In the bonds of brotherly love,

"To Messrs.

"J. W. EDMONDS.

(Here follow the names of the Committee.)

The following paragraphs are taken from Judge Edmonds' private letter to Mr. Coleman :—

"The Address is now hanging conspicuously in my library facing the portrait of my wife.

"The articles are beautiful specimens of work and are very much admired. I never saw a finer specimen of illumination.

"The spirit-photographs are decidedly superior to anything we have ever produced in this country, and the whole thing is most valuable as specimens of art, aside from the personal gratification to myself.

"The books are very valuable, some of them I have never seen till now, but have wished for them not a little.

"The account of your visit to this country is new to me, and on reading it I was attracted by what you say of 'Mr. L.' (Mr. Livermore.) At that time he was unwilling to have his name given to the public. He was then as now moving in fashionable society, and feared the obloquy that seemed inevitably to follow every open avowal of belief in spirit-communion. He continued so until the trial of Mumler, the photographer, on the accusation of fraud in his spirit-pictures. He then came forward of his own accord and gave testimony which was of great value. . . . I send you herewith one of the best of the spirit-pictures obtained by him of his wife 'Estelle,' as she was named in your account.

"I also send you a likeness, as you request, of myself. It has a sombre melancholy look, which I would fain hope is not common with me. . . . I am desirous of making to your committee something more than the formal acknowledgment which accompanies this; and I intend, therefore, to send to each one a bound volume of my *Tracts*, with a new likeness in each. I am going to send them to your address, and will advise you in due time.

"I want also to send to you a pamphlet, of some 90 pages, which I published shortly after the close of our Civil War.

"It is not so much on account of its subject—viz., 'Reconstruction of the Union'—as on account of the manner in which it was written; and this is the way it came about—I was in the act of having a communication through a medium, when our late President Lincoln came and said he wanted to address the people of the United States upon the subject of Reconstruction, and that he desired my aid. I replied that I was at his service, and proposed to arrange at once with the medium for our seances. He said, however, that would not be necessary.

"A short time after—as I was sitting alone one afternoon in my library—his spirit came to me and told me what he wanted to say. He occupied me about two hours then, some three or four hours later in the evening, and an hour or two next morning.

"I took notes as he went on—as I used to do of law arguments when I was holding court—and covered some 12 or 14 pages of foolscap paper; and then he said he would come again, and we

would write it out. This took place in the month of November, and the notes lay by me until February, when Lincoln came again, and said Congress would soon adjourn, and he wanted the matter written out and published before that happened; so I sat down at once to the work.

"We occupied three or four hours each evening for ten successive days and the intermediate Sunday, and finished the work, but I declined to publish, because a good many things were said and places and names mentioned, of which I was entirely ignorant, and which I had never heard of before, and I must first find out how far truthful all that was. I accordingly searched the matter out—in my own library, in the Astor Library in the city, and the State Library at Albany—and thus I found that many of the matters (previously, as I have said, unknown to me) were true, and I then sent to Washington and obtained some Congressional documents which showed me the truth of the rest, and then I published the pamphlet. But I did not deem it advisable to publish the statement of how the pamphlet originated in the pamphlet itself, though I did not hesitate to publish it in one of our Spiritual papers. It will show you to what extent the spirit-communion has been carried with us, in its mental as distinguished from its physical form.

"This is showing itself in various phases among us—in the Churches, in our social relations, and in our Government. Its ultimate effect can readily be divined, though I can hardly expect to live to witness it.

"But, be assured, it will come—thanks be to God—and we may be thankful that it has fallen to our lot to aid its advent and its certain progress.

"As ever, truly yours,
"J. W. EDMONDS."

There is not space in this part of the volume to print a message received from Judge Edmonds, and which appeared in the *Banner of Light*. It may be found at the end of the volume on page 357.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE
ON
THE LIFE AND WORKS OF JUDGE EDMONDS
By THEODORE PARKER.

An Inspirational Discourse, delivered by Mrs. CORA L. V. TAPPAN, at
Cleveland Hall, London, on Sunday evening, May 10th, 1874

INVOCATION.

Our Father and our Mother God! Thou Light, and Life, and Love! Thou Father of all beneficence! Thou Mother of all kindness! Thou Parent of all souls! we come to Thee in thanksgiving; we uplift our hearts in praise; we appear before Thee with all our thoughts and meditations, that Thou, O loving Soul, mayest know and understand us. We praise Thee for the blessings of all time,—for the earth fraught with its manifold beauties, adorned with grace and loveliness, yielding the fruition of ages in the lap of the present. We praise Thee for all things that Thou hast made—the universe fraught with beauty and harmony; the starry firmament adorned with splendour; the earth, the night, and the day; the seasons with their varied changes and beauties; the spring with its bursting loveliness, the summer with its bloom and warmth, the autumn with its rich treasures, the winter with its peaceful repose. We praise Thee for the sunlight of day, and the starry glory of the night. We praise Thee for the daytime of man's knowledge, when Thou hast given with inspired voice, and through seer and prophet, the utterance of Thy wisdom. We praise Thee for the history of man that has revealed in every time and place the utterances of Thy spirit, and upon Sinai and Calvary has given a token of Thy spiritual power. In other places, and among other nations, Thou hast spoken, and in all time Thy voice has been heard among men, kindling everywhere the flame of immortal life. We praise Thee for science, for the particular philosophies of human knowledge and judgment, whereon men have builded up the tablets of law, and have made grand

structures of government and power; but more do we praise Thee for the latest and sublimest thought—the first and last in the kingdom of knowledge—the thought of immortal life: for this all nations have expended their thought and power; for this all brains have delved deep into the mines of knowledge, and have sought to find out the secret of time and eternity; for this men have confined themselves to dungeon-cells, and have lived the life of hermits to know more of Thee; for this the sacrificial flame has been kindled; for this men have become martyrs; for this the nations of the earth have uplifted their voices in songs and hymns of praise and adoration. O Thou Spirit that dost live in all things! that hast abode with seer and prophet, with man of God, and with hermit in cave! Thou that hast spoken through the lips of babes, and made them utter oracles and songs of praise! Thou, O God, for ever dost kindle the fire of genius upon the brow of mortals, and place the wreath of Thine infinite glory about their heads; be Thou our Crown and Strength! Let us turn to Thee! Let us behold Thee! Let all Thy children know that Thou art manifest in every living soul! Let them turn away from death! Let them know that life is for ever kindled in the human soul, and that the image that is like to Thee cannot perish! Let them no longer fear death! Let them see with the eye of the soul, and understand with the comprehension of the Spirit that they are beyond death! Death, fear, terror—these all give place to life, and love, and immortal peace. Let Thy children turn to Thee, O infinite Father, with loving thoughts and kindly rejoicings! Spirit of life! Spirit of immortality! Spirit of peace and goodness! abide with us; and let us remember, O God, that Thou art everywhere. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven; give us each day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lesson of the evening : part of the 15th chapter of Corinthians.

DISCOURSE.

The great man does not die. He passes away from earth ; his memory may not even be cherished ; but the thoughts that he has gathered, the deeds that he has performed, live for eternity. I hold it to be a truth, friends, that one soul is not greater than another ; that God rears up, for each time and generation, a special instrument of His work ; and that, whether it be for revolution or for reformation, whether it be for the revelation of the spirit or for the redemption of nations and the disenthralment of slaves, there are always instruments ready to His hand. Had not the time been ripe for revolution, Napoleon would never have excelled in the greatness of his conquests. Had the earth been fond of war, Cæsar would have been as nought. Had the Reformation not been already sown, Luther, and Calvin, and Melancthon, and Knox would not have yielded to the powers of the new dispensation. And is it not true in human history that wherever a great deed is to be done, or a great reformation wrought, there is always some instrument ready at hand ?—otherwise we might deny the existence of the divine purpose, and say that human greatness is but chance work.

All souls possess the germs of greatness. Prophets, seers, sages, leaders, and saviours are slumbering in your midst in embryo ; but there comes a time when, by some wave of circumstance, or some great effort of revolution, a single soul stands up in front of his kind, and they must follow where he moves, and he must lead where the voice of the spirit calls him. Such men are heroes ; such men are the leaders and teachers of their kind. But the world to-day is changing its form of hero-worship. Now it is no longer physical strength or skill in the use of weapons, but it is spirit itself. It is not the man who slays millions of his fellow-men, but he who leads millions to freedom and the disenthralment of their souls. They are your greatest men to-day who, on the battle-field of life, wage war against error, against the aggressiveness of past ages, against the encroachments of the all-pervading spirit of conquest. These are the heroes of to-day.

The subject of my present remarks was not born in past ages when martyrs suffered for the cross—not born when battle-fields formed the subject of human interest—not born when state warred against state for the supremacy of a petty kingdom—not born in a state or kingdom where the most valiant at arms is the highest in wisdom : he is not a hero of the past. But of such substance was his soul made, and so his body shaped and organised to fit that soul, that, as I shall presently show you, he, in the hands of the infinite Mind, and through His all-pervading purpose, has perhaps been one of the instruments to work as great a revolution as any in history. Had it been my province to stand in my usual place

and accustomed land to teach those who were wont to hear me, I should have spoken some months ago concerning the departure of one of America's statesmen and heroes upon the battle-field of life, one of those who led the slave from bondage to liberty. I mean Charles Sumner. Had it been mine to stand in my usual place, I should have looked across the ocean and joined England mourning her son—not one who had spent his life amid the hurry and bustle of statesmen—not one who had gained laurels at home in letters; but one who, in the depths of distant forest and among the savage nations of the earth, worked out the way to greater knowledge and enlightenment. I mean Livingstone.

It is now my province to point to another hero, great as these, having achieved as great wonders, having striven for as lofty purposes and endeavours. The spiritual hero is greater than the physical. He who encounters the Gorgon-headed eagle of popular superstition at its sacrificial shrine is a loftier hero than the one who has not such high and noble purpose. John Worth Edmonds, one of these men, is he of whom I speak. Born in the very beginning of the present century, or, indeed, before the last century had fairly closed; reared in a nation where ordinary culture is given to all children; born not of high position, but winning that position by his own ability. I understand that his early life was a succession of those arduous studies and gradual conquests that win, in the new world, early promotion. As a student of law, he became immediately a successful practitioner; from a successful practitioner he advanced to positions of trust; he sat in the assembly of his native county, and finally as representative in the state senate. He early evinced those sterling powers of mind—integrity, steadiness of purpose, fidelity, and that unflinching adherence to his convictions—that made for him a place among the judicial minds of his native state. He did not take so active a part in the reforms of that time; he took no part in the exciting political topics of the day; nor, later in life, did he enter into that conflict in connection with the subject of human slavery; but during the period that he represented his native county in the state assembly, and afterwards when upon its judicial bench he presided over the destinies of individuals in connection with law, he evinced singular and profound judgment, singular and impartial fidelity to truth, singular and unswerving integrity of purpose, but tempered with that degree of humanity that made justice the hand-maiden of mercy. I may further state, that during his earlier years he was a strict religious zealot. He had something of that haughtiness of spirit which, as I shall proceed to show you, was mellowed in the performance of a loftier mission and work.

In 1851 he attained the position of Chief-Justiceship of the State of New York. It might have proved the stepping-stone to a still loftier ambition. There was no direct obstacle in the way between him and the Chief-Justiceship of the United States—the

Supreme Court. But previous to that time he had evinced many evidences of humanity, such as, in his mission among the Indians, the recommendation of more merciful measures, greater acts of justice between them and the United States Government, for the wards of the Government to receive more protection and less unkindness, and other merciful measures that were not considered worthy of adoption by a Government that has never failed to wage war upon the natives of the American continent. He introduced the reformatory measure of not chastising with the physical blow the prisoners and felons in convict cell. This practice, he contended, robbed the prisoners not only of their last ray of hope, but also of their last spark of manliness. He considered that it was enough that the felon should receive the entire punishment of the law, that which justice required, instead of having added to that the ignominy of physical chastisement. A man could stand the dungeon-cell, he thought; but when it comes to blows it is the most humiliating of all possible punishment.

These reforms were gradually introduced, and not only this, but the sufferings and penalties of felons were mitigated during the time he was inspector of prisons. But when he accepted the office of Chief Justiceship of the State of New York, in the year 1851, he was just entering upon the full prime of life and the full honours of his career. He had marked out a course in early life, and followed that to its ultimatum. He believed he had reached the goal. Depressed with a singular feeling of despondency from the loss of the companion of his life, he thought nothing more was in store for him in this world. I will not say that had he then died he would not have been numbered amongst the greatest men of America. I will not say that had he then gone up from that position of judicial eminence to the still higher one that he might have attained, he would not have carved out for himself a splendid history in connection not only with the political questions of the hour, but with all those subjects that were afterwards called into existence in connection with slavery, with the march of the rebellion, with the enfranchisement of the Negro, with the citizenship of the enfranchised race, with all, in fine, that pertains to the new form of freedom that has dawned in the western world. That he took an active interest in these things is evident, although that they were not the absorbing topic of his life I shall show. In consequence of his depression his mind received another turn; and though great as he was in the province of study and thought that he had devoted his life to, impartial too as he was in his decisions, there was a lingering and lurking spirit of haughtiness, sometimes of arrogance, that his friends and those nearest to him had thought would be overcome. There was also too great a degree of clinging with tenacity to the law, that is, in all his decisions. But he came to that point in life that all persons sooner or later arrive at when, instead of human law and human affairs, they wish to know more

of the future state. The loss of dearly-loved friends drew him to this topic, and it is of this third of his life that I most especially wish to speak.

If he had been suddenly transplanted to another planet, or if he had in the pursuit and investigation of his ideas discovered an entirely new method of human existence, or if another law to supersede human law had been placed in his hands by absolute revelation, it could not have wrought a more distinct and palpable change. Nor was this wrought in a moment or hour. I have, myself, when standing in my usual place, envied this man of judicial mind and careful investigation the glorious truth he claimed to have discovered. I myself, speaking from my own accustomed pulpit, would have given worlds had that revelation come to me that I knew had come to him. I looked upon him as a man removed from common mortals, who could calmly, and in the midst of the scepticism of the nineteenth century, say that he had found out the pathway to the other world. I did not find it out when I was upon the earth, not in that way. I did not know that which he knew. I say I would have given worlds had it come to me as it did to him. I now see that had I pursued the investigations he did I too could have gained that knowledge.

With a longing to know where his loved ones had gone, he came then upon the newly-discovered manifestations of modern Spiritualism. This was in 1861, before the subject had reached its present gigantic proportions, and when the few who dared to investigate for themselves were scorned, ridiculed, and treated with the greatest contumely. He formed one of a bright galaxy of minds, among whom were Professor Hare of Philadelphia, Governor Talmadge of Wisconsin, a few of the leading physicians of New York, among the number the veteran Dr. Gray, who still lives, Professor Mapes, Dr. Wilson, and many others not known except locally, who joined in the investigation of this subject at that early date. He was a most tenacious sceptic; he was a most inveterate disbeliever; he was a little bitter in denunciation of pretended spirit intercourse. He sifted testimony with all the avidity of a mind intent upon discovering a fraud. He was accustomed to weigh human evidence, to study every possible human avenue, to discover the source of this new imposition. He even dared to question the truthfulness of those who were nearest to him ere he fully believed. He studied testimony as only a legal and logical mind could do.

You are aware that in presiding over courts of justice or in the practice of law the discipline of the mind is such that it cannot by any possibility accept as testimony that which other minds are accustomed to receive with unquestioned readiness. You are aware that a mind trained to judicial practice is accustomed to judge not by appearances, but by probabilities of human thought and human action; and you are also aware that a mind, unless strongly

tempered by mercy, is liable to be very severe in its judgment concerning human testimony. Such was the mind of Judge Edmonds when he commenced his investigation of Spiritualism; such was his mind when, with the full honours of his career upon him, at the age of fifty, he entered upon this investigation; such was his mind when, in the fulness of his prime, he set himself to answer the question—Where have my loved ones gone? There came to him, as those who are interested will find upon reading his published testimony, unqualified evidence in many forms and in many ways. This evidence convinced first his judgment, then all his intellectual faculties, and finally his very senses were called in as adjuncts to his belief. In pursuance of this investigation, and in consequence of it, and I may add in consequence of its having tempered his mind more to mercy than to justice, he pronounced a decision from the bench of the State of New York contrary to popular prejudice. It had already been whispered abroad that he was a Spiritualist; it had already reached the ear of the cavilling multitude that he held communication with spirits. When this decision was rendered, there was a great outcry against it. Taking advantage of his temporary absence, the whole Press of the country denounced the decision, and declared that the judgment ought to be annulled, as he had taken the counsel of disembodied spirits in that decision. He said no counsel but that of his own judgment and his heart had been brought to bear on the case; but the cry went, and he accordingly resigned his office and retired from the Chief-Justiceship of the State of New York, and became the leader in the movement of Spiritualism. Instead of being vanquished he gave to the world in 1853 the work from which the extract has been read this evening, in which he gives his reasons, together with the why and wherefore of his accepting the new belief, and takes as his motto—"Truth against the world."

Instead of an advocate he became a champion, instead of a champion he became an apostle of the new dispensation of faith that had been given to the world. Instead of the calm judicial mind weighing the testimony of doubt and disputing every footstep, he was driven by persecution to the very front, and he said, "I will show why I believe in these wonders." He was accused of violating his oath of office, because he dared to proclaim himself a Spiritualist. He devoted his attention to proving that Spiritualism was not contrary to the peculiar teaching of the book on which he had taken his oath of office. A long discussion ensued, in which he brought evidence from the Scriptures to support his position. He did more than this; he devoted himself night and day, weeks and months and years, to the study and investigation of spiritual phenomena; and he carefully noted down everything that transpired at every seance and every private circle, wherever he came in contact with mediums. Many of those records have since been given to the world.

More than this, he became himself—and this is a point in this history that is of importance—he became himself a recipient of spiritual ministrations and messages. His inner sight was opened, and he was made to converse with angels. He was made the mouthpiece of those beings whose presence he had before, for so many years, questioned and doubted; and he found that the friends he loved still lived and were restored to him by these messages and communings of the spirit.

During more than twenty years of his life he lived not so much in your world as in ours, not so much upon earth as in spirit-land, not so much in contact with mortals as with immortals; and yet—bear this in mind—it in no degree impaired his legal judgment or his ability to continue his practice at law. It in no degree interfered with the avocations of his daily life; it in no degree militated against the soundness of his intellectual efforts in any respect. Those who claim that Spiritualism unfits mortals for contact with daily life and for fulfilling their duties, would do well to remember that in all this record of twenty-five years, the legal opinion of Judge Edmonds was sought for as eagerly, as constantly, and with as great tenacity of faith in its judgment and purity as ever before in his life.

Yet by far the greater portion of his later years were spent in converse with spiritual beings. By far more time was spent by him in administering and receiving spiritual knowledge than was spent in material affairs. When the first flush of calumny was over, when the first opprobrium had spent its fury, and when those who had been the foremost to censure and calumniate had gone back to their accustomed places, and the sensation writers of the press and those who pronounced judgment when not called upon to do so had retired to their usual obscurity, he continued to shine on just the same in his accustomed sphere of life. This I regard as one of the strong and singular points connected with his early education and life. When you consider the greatness of the powers with which he must have been endowed; when you consider the time in which he lived, and the strong temptations that most men yield to to bury their belief for the sake of policy, I consider it has a greater act of heroism than that which prompted the Spartan Lysurgus to forsake his native land for the good of the people, greater than Solon who gave them laws, greater than Regulus who was tried by fire, or Cato who suffered death. I regard him living as a greater martyr than most martyrs who died for the truth. I regard him in the bold and fearless and unflinching way of meeting contumely and scorn as greater than those who have been made heroes because of their belief; and I regard his labours in that direction as among the immortal works in the records of inspiration.

When the bibles of the ages shall be written; when the worth of revelation of the divine mind shall be compiled; when all nations

and all records shall be searched to find out the intrinsic and absolute merit of inspiration, among those records will stand, sublime and pure and high, the testimony of this one man, who, in the midst of a world of scepticism and doubt and bigotry and prejudice, dared to speak the truth and live up to it, whatever consequences might come. I do not say he stands alone in this respect; I do not say that he alone is deserving of all praise in the world that to-day is full of heroes. You are accustomed to respect dead men. You rear monuments and build wonderful memorials to those who have passed away in ancient times; you search now all history to do honour to the great of past ages. Yet, believe me, you have living martyrs greater than those. I believe the present century has brought forth those who have encountered greater terrors than those of the Inquisition. I believe the Inquisition of modern popular opinion to be just as severe a terror to the shrinking spirit as anything past bigotry has invented to coerce mortals. I believe there are those in this room who have suffered, endured more for the sake of the new truth than those who have died, and having died became immortal. I believe the wave of modern thought, the increase of modern freedom, the liberation of the slave, the outgrowth from religious bigotry and darkness, has developed rare and living martyrs. They are here in your midst; they receive the petty shafts of calumny and hate, and bear them bravely and boldly. I have myself sometimes seen this.

In our conflict with slavery, in the conflict with the church and state to overcome the demon of human bondage, I have myself seen it. I refer to Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Philips, and others. You have had great men in your nation and age who have alike suffered from calumny and scorn. John Stuart Mill, great in his majesty of thought, would have been named a martyr had he lived in past ages. You have others that, emulating the fire and fervour of past generations of inspiration, strike out the pathway in which the people shall go.

Spiritualism is not centred in this one man; it does not revolve around this one great mind; there are twenty, thirty, a hundred that shine forth alike in the same way, each in their appointed place, and each one has aided to build up the vast structure of spiritual knowledge that is one day to take the place of all other knowledge that is in the world. Judge Edmonds did not believe in a new Church; he believed that all Churches would be re-vivified and reinvigorated by this new dispensation. He did not believe in displacing old forms of government; he believed all forms would be made new and good by this abiding spirit. He did not believe in pulling down Churches and Church organisation; but he believed that into their lifeless forms this new spirit would come as a baptism of fire, purifying and uplifting, making all of one spirit, one form, and one body. He did not believe that old customs and usages should be cast away, but rather that

a new life should spring on their decaying forms. He did not believe that popular organisation would be of any use or effect in controlling mankind; but he was of opinion that all belief and faith might be made perfect by this renewal and inspiration.

The last quarter of a century was the quarter in which his life and purpose and being culminated; in which, as now and as heretofore, God spoke, and has spoken, with a new voice of revelation, and with a perfection, purpose, and spirit that has never been known. He believed this to be one of the cycles of inspiration in which, like the voice that came to Moses, like the revelations in the time of the Saviour, like all past inspiration, God poured out his spirit anew on the earth, making man to converse with angels of truth. He believed—and it absorbed his thought, and governed his actions, and controlled his wishes and desires—that the living soul of all men were immortal, and that all are destined to pass through death into the gateway of life. He believed, and it changed his life and modified and made more gentle that austere judgment—he believed all living souls were endowed with the image of the Creator, and that howsoever deeply immured in crime and misery, their spirits would sometimes be made glad, and free, and pure by the living consciousness of life itself. He believed death would enfranchise every one in degree, and all would enter upon their new-found existence as they left it upon earth.

He lived in the spirit-world largely through its various forms, upon its great and beautiful slopes, in its gardens; and in its valleys, in the abodes of the happy and enfranchised, in the spheres and councils of wisdom that commune in the world of souls, he was familiar. His face was known, his spiritual form was recognised while his body was slumbering or recumbent; then it was that his soul would leap out into our world; and he became as one of us. For twenty years he has been with us. We have known him in our councils. He has been with those he loved, and whom he supposed long years ago were lost. He has sat with us in solemn debate over the affairs and governments of earth. He has sung with us the songs of the Spirit. He has recognised the wonderful perfection of the laws of life that control and govern the soul when freed from mortal raiment. We did not welcome him to our land as a newly-risen spirit, but as one having been previously prepared by long years of education and knowledge, and has entered our life in the full fruition of his existence, with every faculty ripened, with every quality of mind rounded and perfect, with a full-grown harvest, with a fully-ripened sheaf, prepared and perfected for spiritual existence; not as a babe in swaddling clothes, not as a soul dazzled by its new-found existence, but as one having long waited and expected, at last receives the intended severing of his life. So has he come amongst us. The places on earth that were familiar to him, the friends he has loved, the faces

whom he has known, are not strange to him. And instead of the earth having lost a great and wonderful mind, he will have gained in this degree, that he is now freed from physical suffering, freed from a painful and lingering illness, freed from an accumulation of years that whitened his locks and bent his form, that in one way destroyed the fire and fervour of his mind; and we gain in spiritual life the value of that mind that long has waited to become one of us.

Could you behold the welcoming angels; could you see the friends that gather near; could you now, with uplifted eyes and minds that are not clouded with earthly sense, see where, above your heads and beyond your thoughts, the myriads of angels dwell that have received him to their counsels; could you see also where he, free and disenthralled, strong and glad, pronounces anew the praises of life and the song of immortality,—you would not stay here with blind, closed eyes, but rise as with one voice and praise the infinite God who has given in this day and to all mortals a full, entire, and complete evidence of spiritual existence; who has opened the eyes of the world to behold, not that death is a living monster, but that all forms of death are but life renewed, perfected, revived, and that he has risen from the dull marsh of time to the bright, beautiful atmosphere of spiritual existence, wherein there is no stain of earthliness and no shadow of decay. Shelley says in “Adonais”:—

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awaken'd from the dream of life—
’Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—’tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;

Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandon'd Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair.

The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The service concluded by Mrs. Tappan reciting the following
 impromptu

POEM.

When the full rich glories of the summer day
 Are gathered in the golden west,
 And the hours all radiant and free
 Sink softly upon evening's breast,
 Ye do not mourn that the day is done,
 And that the night comes silent on.

When the golden sheafs of ripened grain
 Are gathered all in rich accord,
 And the earth with her indulgent hand
 Hath into the lap of autumn poured
 The ripened splendours of the year,
 Ye do not weep that winter is near.

When the years of life are fully spent,
 And on the forehead lines appear,
 And all the days are gathered in the sheaf,
 As golden as the harvest of the year,
 Why should ye weep that death doth come
 To waft the spirit to its brighter home ?

Behold the grey sire carries to his grave
 The full and ripened harvest of his years,
 Each deed of worth, each kindly thought to save,
 Is melted and suffused in rainbow tears ;
 Why should ye weep the harvest of the soul,
 When God the reaper hath utter control ?

There is nought can the spirit change, nor death,
 Nor dark decay, nor lingering night,
 But only the impulse of new breath,
 That bears it ever on and up to light ;
 Why should you weep and bid the loved one stay,
 When the new sphere swings open bright as day

Revealing the splendours of that clime,
 Where death and sickness nevermore can come ?
 For they bear their lives like golden sheaves,
 To plant the vineyards of their higher home.
 Why should you weep when they to God ascend,
 Since all their brightness doth new beauty lend ?

Weep not, O England, for that favoured son,
 Who hath gone out after long years of pain,
 Behold anew the risen Livingstone
 Reaps the bright harvest of his life again,
 And all his blessings scatters on each head
 Of those who have lamented him as dead.

Weep not, Columbia, for your cherished sons,
 They too have risen from the gloom of time,
 And freedom's chaplets bind their brows, and lo !
 The glory of their lives, pure and sublime,
 Shines even now upon the earth,
 With rarer beauty and higher worth.

Weep not for him who has gone out with years
 And honours twined around his head,
 Whom no one mourns and no one weeps for now,
 Whom ye lament not as one dead ;
 For he doth live and speak and act and move
 In all wondrous work, he whom ye love.

Ye feel his presence in the mighty words
 That like arrows cleave pale error's night,
 Ye feel them in the purposes like swords
 That bring God's presence ever to your sight ;
 Now act ye all His will, nor mourn
 Nor murmur that earth's ways are overworn.

Thou art arisen, O thou Son of time,
 To the rare splendours of thy new-found sphere,
 Be thou, attendant spirit, ever near,
 And let thy voice even now, like chime
 Of silver bells, rung out anew,
 Proclaim the joy that comes to you.
 Thou art arisen, let thy radiance fall
 Even upon each loving heart,
 Until cold death and fear shall depart,
 Leaving only life that is most dear to all ;
 Be thou, attendant spirit, near.

O Thou Supernal Soul, whose heart doth keep
 The destinies of all within thy hand,
 We praise Thee for death, since its control
 Doth ever guide us to that better land
 Where suffering and sorrow never come,
 And where all souls shall find their endless home.

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 - 183—What Great Teacher has produced the most Potent Effect upon Society; and Why?
 - 184—The Realm of Spirit. 185—There is no Death. 186—The Spirit.
 - 187—(Two Orations.) The Individual Human Spirit; and, The Connecting Link between Spiritualism and Science.
 - 188—Mediumship. 189—Is Spiritualism Witchcraft and Sorcery?
 - 190—(Two Orations.) The Experiences of a Scientific Mind on Earth and in Spirit-life, as told by Himself; and, Mystery and Meaning of the Number Three.
 - 191—(Two Orations.) On the Connection between the various Mental Sciences and Spiritualism; and, The Nature and Occupations of Spiritual Existence.
 - 192—(Two Orations.) The Temple of the Soul; and, Some of the Methods of Producing Spiritual Manifestations.
 - 193—(Two Orations.) The Dual Apparition of the Embodied Human Spirit; and, The Heavenly Home and Spiritual Kindred.
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By JUDGE EDMONDS.

An Inspirational Oration delivered by Mrs. CORA L. V. TAPPAN, at
Cleveland Hall, London, on Sunday evening, May 17, 1874.

INVOCATION.

Our Father! Thou Infinite Spirit! Thou boundless source of life and light! Thou perfect and all-abiding Soul! we praise Thee. The hearts of Thy children would uplift themselves in thanksgiving and prayer. We would seek communion with Thy spirit. We would know more of Thy boundless love, of Thine all-pervading goodness, of Thy perfect and divine charity. We would know more of life; since life is eternal, and Thou art its source. We would know more of truth; since Thou art all truth, and hast given us the ways of knowing it. We would know more of wisdom; since wisdom abides with Thee, and Thou dost bestow her flowers upon the holy and exalted soul. We would know more of love; since love binds the angels together, and links and unites in heavenly peace the souls that dwell above. We would know more of knowledge; since she is enthroned in the sanctity of Thy heart, and Thou, O God, knoweth all things! Let us search earnestly; let us strive to find out those influences, those divine and subtle mysteries that have heretofore been made known only to seer and prophet and saint. Let all hearts open as with Thy revelation to behold Thy spirit. O God, the mind of man would seek to comprehend all that vast realm of spirit that lies beyond the pale of matter and time and sense—that other and lofty sphere wherein Thy spirit sits enthroned with divine and perfect majesty! and the

souls of all that have passed through death behold its light and its glory and its wonder. O let there be no more death! Let the hearts of Thy children know that life has triumphed over death and pain, and that the angels and ministering spirits of Thy care—those whom Thou hast sent—again come to us to reveal where through the gateway of life, miscalled death, we may for ever behold the glory and the beauty of Thy boundless love. Let there be no death! If from the fireside some dearly-loved one, some form has faded and vanished, may they know that it is arisen—not that of the earth, but of the spirit—that the soul still lives and abides in the land of souls, and that it speaks and thinks and acts and loves them still. O let there be no more fear! for fear bows Thy children to the earth, and bars the door to the beautiful gateway of life that the hand of death swings open. O may they see there, with glowing forms and radiant brows, their loved ones for ever coming, bringing messages of peace and knowledge and truth. May they know that they can grasp hands across the river of death and hold sweet converse with those whom they love. Uplift the hearts of Thy children, that their aspirations, on the wings of evening, and on the breath of the twilight hour, and on the soft sounds of music, their prayers may arise to Thee, and their songs be blended with the voices of angels, and their thoughts be united with those that praise Thee for evermore. God, Father, Spirit, Life, Eternal Source of Truth! be Thy inspiration upon us. May Thy power kindle the flame that is within our hearts; open our lips until we speak only Thy truth, until we utter only Thy wisdom and Thy love. We will sing Thy praises for ever in thoughts and in deeds of lovingkindness, until we praise Thee in thought, in word, and in deed for evermore.

Lesson of the evening : Revelations xxvi.

ADDRESS.

Friends from the boundary of two worlds, I greet you to-night. At any period during the last twenty years I would have considered it the proudest day of my life to stand before the audience here and discourse concerning the spiritual world. To-day, through a borrowed form and in an unwonted manner, I come with the greetings of both worlds. I owe it to you to explain in a few words the manner of my utterance to-night. When the organist sits down to an instrument to play, he is accustomed to study it somewhat; the stops, the pauses, the various methods of construction in the instrument may not be familiar to him, and he has to limit his power to the capacity of the instrument. In somewhat of that position do I stand before you. The instrument that I employ, fortunately, has been tuned to the utterances of spirits. What I lose in vigour I may gain in gracefulness of style and spirituality. Bear with me if you cannot recognise me in this form, but be sure the thoughts are mine; and through the kindly aid of those guides that have instructed and reared her up for these utterances, I am enabled to give you a history of the greatest triumph of my life—the triumph over death.

Some of you are familiar with the history of my experience in Spiritualism, and somewhat with the history of my life. I recognise but few faces here that I have ever seen before. There are some, and one venerable in the cause of Spiritualism whom I recognise: I greet you. My earthly body is laid aside; but my spirit, with renewed activity, and with every faculty as full and complete as when I dwelt among you, is here to-night. I am filled only with the fire and fervour of my new-found existence. I may say that I passed through the change called death without one pang of suffering. My body, it is true, was enfeebled. It is true that I had been suffering for some years from debility, and lack of strength; but it is also true that, by a series of instructions, and by constant intercourse with familiar friends in spirit-life, I had learned that death was not to be feared. In the final moments of my life, and during the few weeks that preceded the departure from earthly existence, I was ever conscious of the ministering attendance of one kindly spirit—the one who had been the companion of my early life—the one whose death had caused me to long to know into what region the spirit of the departed might go, and the one who, during all the years of my pursuit of knowledge, has been my constant and attendant guide. She welcomed me; she soothed my last moments; she showed me the way to spiritual existence. Through her kindly aid I banished every thought of fear or death, and hailed exultantly the hour that would reunite us in spirit.

I say I passed away without pain; I was not even conscious of

suffering; but my body sank into a sweet repose, over which my spirit, already freed, stood and looked upon it as you would stand and look upon a worn-out garment. I was not conscious of the loss of one instant of time; my mind did not slumber. I was not aware even for one brief interval of the loss of control of any faculty. I knew I was about to die. I knew also every instant of time that my spirit was gradually losing control of the physical body. I re-entered the tenement at intervals to look around, as you might a house you were about to leave, to see how the loved ones were getting on that were watching beside me,—to see if they were afraid of the new life upon which I was entering,—to see if they would bear it as well as they should from the long years of instruction we had had together. There was prayer, and fortitude, and loving-kindness; there was also, it is true, a lingering, lurking reluctance to give up the physical form of the spirit about to depart—that one earnest longing to cling to the vital form of the dearly-loved friend. I admonished my children not to mourn; I admonished them of the change we know must come; and I admonished them, in the name of the bright truth that had been revealed to us, that we must know that death had lost its terror.

I say that I knew not only no interval of sleep or of lack of consciousness, but I sprang into my new-found existence, as one would leap forth from the bonds that had enchained them for years. I had felt fettered and shackled in the latter years of my life by physical suffering. I had felt bound and tethered somewhat by the chains of flesh that grew too weary to be borne. I sprang delighted as one would leap into a golden sea, as one might plunge into the atmosphere after having been immured in prison. I felt my youth, strength, vigour—everything return that had been mine. I felt individually more than this: that notwithstanding all my experiences in spiritual life, notwithstanding the visions, communions, and visitations between myself and departed souls, that I had never truly known the nature of spiritual existence until the final tie was broken that linked me to earth. To my utter amazement I beheld my form renewed utterly as the form of youth and strength. I beheld the friends—all friends whom I had known and been accustomed to converse with as friends—each one youthful, each one wise with their added experience of spiritual life. For the first time I felt the conscious power of spiritual utterance—not as a voice, not as a sound, not as a word, but as soul-communion. Every thought was made palpable and every expression made clear to those that were around me. We discoursed upon the body I had laid aside, as you would discourse upon any external thing. I was pointed to and referred to as being a spirit now in full and entire possession of spiritual faculties, whereas before I had been somewhat blinded by the lingering consciousness of the senses that were left behind me in my physical body. The first thought was:

Can I speak with my daughters? I could not; that is, there could be no audible sound, but I could palpably and perceptibly impress their minds, and my youngest daughter was aware of my presence even though she knew the body had perished, and understood that the life-spark had faded.

The next spiritual sense that came to me, or spiritual consciousness, was that of motion. In my visions, some of you will recollect, I had seen myself conveyed from one place in spiritual life to another, by what seemed to be horses, or the usual means of locomotion. I now felt the new-found power, or spiritual sense, of volition. My companion said to me, "We will now visit our spiritual home." I looked around for some means of conveyance, when, to my astonishment, as soon as the desire seized my mind, I found myself rising, first slowly, but, as my will increased, more rapidly, and finally with such rapidity, that had there been intervening objects I must not have seen them. The flight seemed instantaneous. We seemed to cross a vast interval of space. Sometimes I thought worlds must be moving past us; sometimes I thought I could hear the distinct sound of the planets in their spheres; sometimes I thought I could hear the sounds of distant music. But presently we stood within a luminous vestibule, where an atmosphere of light and shade interblended seemed to prevail. This vestibule, I was told, marked the entrance between the spiritual and material atmosphere, and that I was now about to enter the real land of the spirit. I had been there before in my visions; but I perceived whereas I had seen before spiritually with the aid of others, I now saw with my own spiritual faculties; and the lens was quite different from the lens that I had borrowed for my previous visitation. Now I discovered new beauties each step or each point we reached. I discovered that my spiritual vision was not only quickened to the objects around, but actually saw the soul of those objects; that each form, although seemingly as tangible as these walls, was really transparent; and that a vital current pervaded every object I beheld.

I then made inquiry into the nature of these structures. This form of vestibule into which I entered was more like a massive gateway or temple than anything I can picture. It combined graceful forms with various shades and degrees of colours, so distinctly blended and harmoniously in accord, that I could but believe it to be a living and vital form. My companion, perceiving my desire, said, "It is quite true that this substance differs from anything on earth; for while it seems to be made of pieces of marble and precious stones, it is none other than the vitalised thought, the living atmosphere of the realm into which you are entered; and each soul that passes here leaves something or contributes something to the beauty of this entrance." I could then perceive around myself an atmosphere snowy and blue, like the halo of the saint. This blue atmosphere took shape and form

about me, and instantly there arose an archway, through which I passed. I looked behind, and that archway was left to betoken that another soul had entered this land. Meanwhile, all these arches, and the forms that adorned them, and all the pictured images seemed to grow vocal, and a distinct harmony of welcome greeted my spirit. It was unlike any music I had ever heard; it was like sound of accord; it was more like the blended harmony of perfect thought, that one can listen to in spirit, but can never hear with earthly sense.

We passed on, I and my one companion only; for all other spirits that I had seen were now invisible. We passed on. Meanwhile there opened to my view a vast and wonderful land. On either side majestic mountains; streams wound their way among the valleys, and beautiful cascades were dancing down the mountain sides. I remembered this as the entrance to our abode in spirit. We passed swiftly, silently, and without any external means of locomotion directly between two ranges of mountains until we entered an open plain. Here was the selected spot of our spiritual home. As we entered the narrow passage, not wider than the entrance to a single room, I noticed many peculiar devices and figures peering dimly from what seemed to be solid rocks. I saw that these devices had familiar forms and faces, and that they looked like words and thoughts and things that are palpable to the mind. I could see every one of the thoughts and every one of the deeds of my life. Some of them were shady; some, however, were fraught with more pleasing forms; some were what I fain would have forgotten—features of harshness and discord; and some were attuned to scorn and anger; but I perceived as I advanced that the more kindly faces and figures preponderated, and that as I really entered the open space, after I had become a living spirit, there were no forms but those of love and sympathy, and no sounds but those of delight.

Here I seemed to be plunged into a stream whose every drop or every globule was as palpable, as distinct as the separate pearls upon a maiden's necklace. Each of these globules seemed to hold some loving thought or some palpable essence; and as I was plunged into this stream my form was stung with every individual drop as though each would take away some possible stain of earthliness. The longer I remained in this stream the easier it became to sustain it. First it seemed to burn and sting like fire, then grew more and more delightful until I perceived that every globule was talking to me and representing some truth to my mind. At last, when I came out on the other side, I was received with a smile from my companion, who said: "This removes from you the last stains of your earthly body, but not the last effects of all your earthly faults." I could perceive that I was conscious of some difference between her and me; that I had not fully and entirely entered her estate; but since bathing in that beautiful stream I could perceive

that I had more knowledge and more wisdom, and that my imperfections gradually left me. She then led the way to a bower that on either side was adorned with flowers having no name on earth. They are not such shapes and forms as you are accustomed to see, but their very odours make music on the ear, and their very form and colour represent some thought, or prayer, or aspiration. She led the way still more near into the entrance of our abode. I could see its shape and form, and I could picture to you its walls and its entrance; but I will not detain you with it other than to say, that in every image I saw in its formation, I could recognise the attributes of her with whom I was. I could see it had been adorned with the wonted thoughts that had been hers here and in spirit-life. Every prayer and deed and aspiration of goodness, every kindly charity, had taken shape and form in this abode. I could see also my own thoughts interwoven there; the thoughts of goodness, of prayer, and aspiration I had formed, and the deeds I had forgotten long ago, loomed-up before me there, not in shape of pillar and statue and seeming, but alive and beautiful. I could even see the thoughts and prayers and aspirations of my life all ranged in a line before me, but not my imperfections, and said at once: "How is this? that in our abode I behold my thoughts of good, but not my imperfections." Instantly the thought of her replied: "There can be no imperfection in the abode of our spirits. You see them at the entrance; you see them along your way; but only that which is perfect can take ultimate shape and form in the living abode of the perfected spirit."

Then I saw how imperfect I was; and the sense of my unworthiness so overcame me that I would have shrunk away from those delightful regions; but she bade me not to tremble nor to fear, since every thought and stain of earthliness by my own efforts would have to be overcome—"Not yet," she said, "are you fully prepared to abide here constantly; but this is your home, and by effort, by prayer, by daily and hourly knowledge, you will find that you will at last be able to sit here in this home of the spirit free and glad and conscious."

Then for the first time I felt weary. The splendour of the new abode, the delight of the spirit, the consciousness of being free from pain, all overpowered me, and I could not at once comprehend that I was really a spirit and should no more return to my body. She led me to an alcove separated from the rest of the abode by what seemed to be a trellis-work of vines and flowers. Into this I followed, and there I rested I know not how long; but it seemed when I awoke as though all my spiritual faculties had been renewed, and that the first pleasing glory of the spirit that had overcome me now made me stronger, and I said to her who was ever by me: "Now I am ready; show me more of this beautiful life."

Instantly, not as at first slowly, and with seeming reluctance,

but instantly our pathway opened and I saw before me, at a distance it is true, but still plainly and distinctly before me, a concourse of spirits. Approaching were those with whom I was most intimate and familiar upon earth. One of the very first spirits who greeted me from that assemblage, and who came forth as though with haste and speed to make known his coming, was my friend Horace Greeley, late editor of the *New York Tribune*, and sometime an investigator of Spiritualism, but never an avowed Spiritualist. He said, "I hasten to greet you and undo the injustice of years." I said, "Why?" "Because," he said, "I undervalued the testimony you gave upon the subject of this new life, which I find to be more than realised. I am at peace now in having made this confession." I had always told him that he little knew of the reality of spiritual life, and when we all sat in the circles of investigation together, he turned his attention to the pursuit of political and other reforms, while I sat for spiritual knowledge. I was glad of this confession; it seemed to soothe and strengthen me. I then met Professor Mapes, my old and valued friend and coadjutor in spiritual investigation. "Ah!" he said to me, "I had no idea of the powers of the spirit separate from matter when upon earth; but I now see that all your visions were more than true." Then I need not enumerate to you all that came one after another in this shining world to greet me and make me welcome. It was as though these were assembled in concourse to greet the welcomed spirit; but it was not for that purpose they had met. They were assembled there as is their wont, to discourse and inquire into matters pertaining to spiritual existence. They seemed arranged in groups; and each group had a central mind. In the centre of one I saw Franklin, who seemed to be pointing out to his hearers, or to those who were attendant upon him, some elemental experiment that he desired them to follow, in reference to the present manifestations upon earth. He is a leading mind, and great in all questions of science. The science of electrical manifestations has, ever since his introduction into spiritual life, been the particular subject of his investigations—that and other allied forces. And I may tell you that his discoveries are known as physical manifestations; that from his study and the pursuit of his favourite themes, he alone, with the aid of those who are in the same sphere, is working out the problem of physical vibrations, physical movements, physical sounds, physical apparitions through mediums upon earth; that he is the centre of that especial group of spirits, who receive from him instructions, and they in turn impart their instructions to other spirits; and these are dispersed at the present time over the face of the earth, making these demonstrations and revealing to mortals the truth of the power of spirit over matter.

It is not necessary, nor have I time, to dwell upon the particular points and phases in these manifestations, which connect and link

them with his peculiar mind. But you will all recognise this one fact, that the physical manifestations occur in waves; that they begin at a certain point, and then pass over the earth like waves of the sea, until at last the most distant nations of the earth receive something of these powers. The present wave just passing over England—that of the visible form and apparition—has occurred in America, where the first apparitions took place. It has reached you; it will reach distant countries; and finally will be followed by another wave which has not yet commenced. So this becomes not only a system of ethics, but a grand scheme of scientific discovery; which means that the spiritual world are far more intent, I am sorry to say, than scientific minds mostly are upon earth, in the pursuit and discovery of these new powers.

I saw another centre and another teacher, whose strength and power seemed to be devoted to the form of mental and inspirational manifestations. He, too, was learned; he, too, had science and power; I refer to Mesmer, whose discovery of the principles of mesmerism constitutes an epoch in the history of science. He, too, is now adding to the science of spiritual control. He also has his pupils and coadjutors; and these move upon the earth in harmony with one another, inspiring mediums, aiding in their development, and assisting groups of spirits who throng around them, that they may send a message to their friends. I saw gathered around these, far and wide, each attracted to their centre, those numberless thousands of spirits who, like children, were studying the alphabet of this new-found discovery, that they might visit your firesides and, either by the raps, or by inspiration, or by some method unknown to you, reveal to you their presence: your friends, the friends of thousands and hundreds of thousands upon earth, who volunteer to join these societies of instruction in the spiritual life, as you would join classes for instruction in telegraphy, or any system of communication whereby you might reach your friends: gathered around and waiting for the very power that is now moving the earth, and revealing the presence of spirits among mortals.

Another and a higher group were intently discoursing upon the history of nations, and among these minds I could distinctly discover the faces and forms of departed statesmen. One especial group had its centre in Washington; others in Napoleon and Cæsar, who, having outgrown their thirst for blood, are now anxious only for the welfare and prosperity of nations. I can see them, with their shining faces and radiant brows, instructing vast concourses of spirits, who, in their turn, are waiting to move upon the legislative bodies of nations, even as the great impulse of liberty moved upon the Congress of the United States. There I can see the lamented Lincoln, whose spirit had risen because of his love of liberty; and among the shining and radiant throng were still greater measures of human improvement. I see there the late and lamented

Charles Sumner, risen to his new estate, and there, as here, debating the liberty and freedom of the slave.

I saw many other names I could not now reveal to you, but whose faces were familiar, and whose consciousness and thought I could but perceive were far beyond my newly-found faculties. But I am told that as I grow more and more familiar with these scenes, as I indeed become known among those that sit at the feet of the embodied wisdom of ages, that I too shall carry on a work that I was too feeble to more than commence while here—feeble, because of the feeble organisation and the limited faculties of human sense, but earnest as you all know. I now feel that my work is just about to commence; I now feel that this is indeed my work, and that all my efforts and thoughts in gaining knowledge shall be to impart that knowledge to those in the bondage of darkness.

I say that with all this shining concourse of spirits before me, I could but feel how wonderful and perfect and divine is that great gift of intelligence given to every soul, that outlasts and outlives the corroding influences of time, and takes its place in their own spirit-sphere when time and flesh decays. I could but feel, "O if the eyes of mortals whom I have just left—if they could but see as I see, if they could know what I now know! What greater blessings could befall mankind than that this everlasting fear of death—this terror that broods like a nightmare over the ages—shall be removed, and they stand face to face with life and immortality!"

But all is not a pathway of roses here. Again I felt my imperfections, and in the presence of that thought I felt troubled and enfeebled in spirit; with all their welcomings I could but feel, "What a babe am I!" In the midst of this knowledge and this accumulated wisdom of ages, I stood abashed as a child, and felt my own spirit's nakedness. Then there came out to me from some place I had not before discovered forms that knelt down before me, and each one cast a flower at my feet, saying: "You first told me of spiritual life; you were the first from whom I received knowledge on earth of spiritual existence." With their flowers, there came, too, incense, like songs of praise and prayer; and I felt stronger, and my spirit seemed to absorb into itself these offerings, until my form grew strong, and I was glad because I had helped these. And I felt myself clothed with their offerings of love; and they said to me: "You have done this to us; you revealed before we passed from earth our future estate, and we bring you our offerings now." Then I seemed to grow brighter; my raiment was more like the raiment of those upon whom I had been gazing; and with each new offering there came a new feeling of strength and gratitude; and at last I floated away and took my place in the midst of familiar faces, who said: "Now you have become as one of us."

Ever since I have been here—and it seems ages, although a short time in the calendar of earth, little more than one month—

I have at certain appointed times taken my accustomed bath in the river that flows beside our home; and with each new bath I feel some new spiritual impulse and power revealed to me—I feel some weakness and some trace of earthliness depart; so that now I stand by myself, free, I trust, from those stains that will cling to the spirit even though it strive for years: the stains of accustomed thought and unguarded feelings. Yet even still do I feel that long years must elapse before I shall gain the heights of many souls that I see. I feel that long efforts of self-conquest must be mine before I reach the bright inheritance of some whose spirits are almost too dazzling to touch.

And sometimes, with my loved companion by my side, we two alone sit in the sequestered silence of our spiritual abode and commune with loftier souls, with one whose living truth and whose perfect love mankind are familiar. Too little do they follow in his footsteps, too little does his guiding hand uplift and sustain. Far above all this throng of assembled spirits, of councillors great and wise and good, I can see a shining light, a glory more radiant than aught that earth could picture or words pourtray, and a love, a surpassing kindness, and radiant form, whose words I now give to you: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" and this word vibrates down through the hosts of angels and spirits and mortals until it reaches even your hearts, and casts out fear and hatred and malice and all strivings, and makes you one from this instant with the spirit of God.

[Since the above discourse was delivered Judge Edmonds has desired that it be announced that he will continue his experiences in spirit-life, through the same medium, at some future time.]

In conclusion Mrs. Tappan gave the following inspirational poem:—

Down through the vibrant spaces
 There cometh a voice to-night,
 Full of such wonderful graces,
 Full of such rare delight,
 That it trembles and thrills and fills every heart with its might.

'Tis the voice of the living spirit,
 Of the quickened soul that lives
 The life that ye may all inherit,
 The life that ever gives
 To the eye all its light and the power that all else survives.

It cometh down like a star-beam
 That falls and glimmers through space,
 It cometh down like the lightning
 That bursts and shatters apace
 The trunk of the forest tree, and glances again in its pace.

It cometh e'en like the sunlight
 That greeteth the earth at morn,
 When the fragrance of the flower
 And the hope of the day is born ;
 It cometh like a thought of truth, when truth to the heart is first born.

O that voice, that palpable presence,
 How it fills the uttermost soul !
 How it strengthens the faltering courage !
 How its efforts each purpose control !
 Behold 'tis the voice of the Spirit that afar through the spheres doth roll.

And now from the outermost circle,
 Where the spirit of life abides,
 To the innermost heart in this chamber,
 That voice and that presence still guides,
 And it circles all souls and all spirits with a circle that never divides.

In the midst of God's loving spirit,
 O ye that are searching may find,
 If ye question that bright, living presence,
 And follow it ever, will bind
 Your souls to the souls of the angels—to the Infinite Mind.

It guides and blesses you ever
 With its perfect strength and will,
 Its presence forsaketh you never,
 Obey it unfaltering still ;
 It moveth and worketh each atom and soul his purpose to fill.

From care, from all pain He bringeth
 To every heart release,
 And the fetterless spirit wingeth
 Its way where all strivings cease,
 To bring the sweet, loving, perfect, pure presence of peace.

LETTERS AND TRACTS
ON
SPIRITUALISM.

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

(Reprinted from the American plates.)

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE PUBLIC :

On my recent return from an excursion into the country, I found that during my absence a decision lately pronounced by me, had been seized upon as an occasion for an attack, in several quarters, on my religious belief. I was fully aware that that judgment, running counter as it would to popular sentiment, would subject my action to severe criticism, but I confess I did not anticipate that thence would flow an assault on my religious opinions. Were I a private citizen, I should content myself with merely claiming the right which belongs to every one in this country, of entertaining such faith on this—the most important of all topics—as my conscience might dictate. And as it is, I might perhaps rest satisfied with challenging those who assail me to point out a single article in my creed that aims at aught else than exalted private worth and public virtue. But as the position which I occupy renders the soundness as well as the integrity of my judgment a matter of public interest, I am bound to acknowledge the right of others to question my faith, and my own obligation to defend it.

I acknowledge a still further obligation. And inasmuch as I accepted my present position under the implied understanding, at least, that I believed in the Christian religion, and would administer our civil law according to the principles of the Divine law as it had been revealed to us, on which all our institutions were based, so I am bound to certify to those who have intrusted me with the Divine attribute of administering justice among men, that my reverence for that revelation has not been shaken, nor my obedience to that moral law impaired.

I have not, however, waited for these assaults, to be impressed with these obligations, but have already so far felt them, that I have prepared to publish a volume on the subject, which, but for my other avocations, would ere this have been in the printer's hands. To that I must refer for much in elucidation and proof of my belief, which the limits of this article will not now allow me to dwell upon, and content myself on this occasion with such general statements as may tend to give a correct idea of what it is that I believe or have done. Even this would not have been necessary, if those who assailed me had but done me the justice themselves to have published anything I have said or written on the subject. But hitherto I have been able to reach the public only through publications of very limited circulation; and the wildest and most erroneous notions have therefore been imbibed as to my belief, and the mischief has been increased by the recklessness with which erroneous statements have been fabricated by those who could not know them to be true, but who could easily have ascertained them to be false.

Thus one writer,* with a want of feeling not perhaps surprising, speaks of my consulting my dead wife in making up my decisions. Another says, that it is "rumored" that I have consulted Spirit Manifestations in regard to my decisions. Another, that my belief is "at irreconcilable variance with all divine revelation, and is fit for no other system than devil-worship;" and still another, that "it constitutes an abandonment of all self-control, and a surrender of the supremacy of reason, as informed and enlightened by the senses, to the most nonsensical jugglery."

All these statements are as wide as they can be of truth, and I might with some justice complain at being subjected to such grievous imputations, merely because I had made a decision which was unacceptable to a portion of the community. But it is not for the purpose of complaining that I sit down to write. I am aware that it is not so much me as it is the faith which I profess, which is the object of attack. It is "the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate," which offends. I am also aware why it is that so much error exists in the public mind on

* *Daily Chronicle*, of New London.

that subject, and my whole purpose is, so far as I am concerned, to correct that error—to state truly, as far as I can in this connection, what it is that I do believe, and generally the grounds on which my belief is founded—that all who take interest enough in the matter to read what I may say, may have the means of judging for themselves as to what I really do believe, rather than what others erroneously impute to me as a belief.

I am sincerely grateful to my assailants for not imputing to me any unworthy or selfish motives, for conceding that as a private citizen I “stand exempt from public criticism,” and that I am “not a fool,” and for confining themselves to the mere imputation that I am laboring under a delusion. It is, therefore, to that point I shall confine myself in what I have now to say.

It was in January, 1851, that my attention was first called to the subject of “Spiritual Intercourse.” I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was laboring under great depression of spirits. I was occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man’s existence afterward. I had in the course of my life read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know, if after death we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. I was invited by a friend to witness the “Rochester Knockings.” I complied, more to oblige her and to while away a tedious hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and I determined to investigate the matter and find out what it was. If it was a deception, or a delusion, I thought I could detect it. For about four months, I devoted at least two evenings in a week, and sometimes more, to witnessing the phenomenon in all its phases. I kept careful records of all I witnessed, and from time to time compared them with each other, to detect inconsistencies and contradictions. I read all I could lay my hands on, on the subject, and especially all the professed “exposures of the humbug.” I went from place to place, seeing different mediums, meeting with different parties of persons, often with persons

whom I had never seen before, and sometimes where I was myself entirely unknown—sometimes in the dark and sometimes in the light—often with inveterate unbelievers, and more frequently with zealous believers. In fine, I availed myself of every opportunity that was afforded, thoroughly to sift the matter to the bottom. I was all this time an unbeliever, and tried the patience of believers sorely by my skepticism, my captiousness, and my obdurate refusal to yield my belief. I saw around me some who yielded a ready faith on one or two sittings only; others again, under the same circumstances, avowing a determined unbelief; and some who refused to witness it at all, and yet were confirmed unbelievers. I could not imitate either of these parties, and refused to yield unless upon most irrefragable testimony. At length the evidence came, and in such force that no sane man could withhold his faith.

Thus far the question I was investigating was, whether what I saw was produced by mere mortal means, or by some invisible, unknown agency; in other words, whether it was a deception, an imposition, or what it professed to be, the product of some unknown, unseen cause. To detail what I witnessed would far exceed the limits of this communication, for my records of it for those four months alone, fill at least one hundred and thirty closely-written pages. I will, however, mention a few things, which will give a general idea of that which characterized interviews, now numbering several hundred. Most of them have occurred in the presence of others besides myself. I have preserved their names in my records, but do not give them to the world, because I do not desire to subject them to the obloquy which seems, most strangely, to be visited upon all who look into the matter with any other feeling than a resolute and obstinate incredulity, whatever the evidence. But these considerations grow out of this fact: 1st, That I have thus very many witnesses whom I can invoke to establish the truth of my statements; and, 2d, That if I have been deluded, and have not seen and heard what I think I have, my delusion has been shared by many as shrewd, as intelligent, as honest, and as enlightened people as are to be found anywhere among us.

My attention was first drawn to the intercourse by the rappings, then the most common, but now the most inconsiderable, mode of communing. Of course I was on the look out for deception, and at first relied upon my senses and the conclusions which my reason might draw from their evidence. But I was at a loss to tell how the mediums could cause what I witnessed under these circumstances: the mediums walking the length of a suite of parlors, forty or fifty feet, and the rappings being distinctly heard five or six feet behind them, the whole distance, backward and forward several times; being heard near the top of a mahogany door, above where the medium could reach, and as if struck hard with a fist; being heard on the bottom of a car when traveling, on a railroad, and on the floor and the table, when seated at lunch, at an eating-house by the side of the road; being heard at different parts of the room, sometimes several feet distant from the medium, and where she could not reach—sometimes on the table and immediately after on the floor, and then at different parts of the table, in rapid succession, enabling us to feel the vibration as well as hear the sounds; sometimes when the hands and feet of the medium were both firmly and carefully held by some one of the party, and sometimes on a table when no one touched it.

After depending upon my senses, as to these various phases of the phenomenon, I invoked the aid of science, and with the assistance of an accomplished electrician and his machinery, and of eight or ten intelligent, educated, shrewd persons, examined the matter. We pursued our inquiries many days, and established to our satisfaction two things: first, that the sounds were not produced by the agency of any person present or near us; and, second, that they were not forthcoming at our will and pleasure.

In the mean time, another feature attracted my attention, and that was "physical manifestations," as they are termed. Thus, I have known a pine table with four legs, lifted bodily up from the floor, in the center of a circle of six or eight persons, turned upside down and laid upon its top at our feet, then lifted up over our heads, and put leaning against the back of the sofa on which we sat. I have known that same table to be tilted up on

two legs, its top at an angle with the floor of forty-five degrees, when it neither fell over of itself, nor could any person present put it back on its four legs. I have seen a mahogany table, having only a center leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor at least a foot, in spite of the efforts of those present, and shaken backward and forward as one would shake a goblet in his hand, and the lamp retain its place, though its glass pendants rang again. I have seen the same table tipped up with the lamp upon it, so far that the lamp must have fallen off unless retained there by something else than its own gravity, yet it fell not, moved not. I have known a dinner-bell taken from a high shelf in a closet, rung over the heads of four or five persons in that closet, then rung around the room over the heads of twelve or fifteen persons in the back parlor, and then borne through the folding doors to the farther end of the front parlor, and there dropped on the floor. I have frequently known persons pulled about with a force which it was impossible for them to resist, and once, when all my own strength was added in vain to that of the one thus affected. I have known a mahogany chair thrown on its side and moved swiftly back and forth on the floor, no one touching it, through a room where there were at least a dozen people sitting, yet no one was touched, and it was repeatedly stopped within a few inches of me, when it was coming with a violence which, if not arrested, must have broken my legs.

This is not a tithe—nay! not a hundredth part of what I have witnessed of the same character, but it is enough to show the general nature of what was before me.

At the same time, I have heard from others, whose testimony would be credited in any human transaction, and which I could not permit myself to disregard, accounts of still more extraordinary transactions, for I have been by no means as much favored in this respect as some.

While these things were going on, there appeared in the newspapers various explanations and "exposures of the humbug," as they were termed. I read them with care, in the expectation of being assisted in my researches, and I could not but smile at

once at the rashness and the futility of the explanations. For instance, while certain learned professors in Buffalo were congratulating themselves on having detected it in the toe and knee joints, the manifestations in this city, changed to ringing a bell placed under the table. They were like the solution lately given by a learned professor in England, who attributes the tipping of tables to a force in the hands which are laid upon it, overlooking the material fact that tables quite as frequently move when there is no hand upon them.

What I have thus mentioned has happened in the presence of others as well as myself. I have not alluded to any of the things that have occurred to me when I have been alone, for as that would depend upon my testimony only, I have preferred not to subject my veracity to the rash and reckless contradictions of those who venture to denounce as an "atrocious imposture" that of which they are profoundly ignorant, and which has been examined and is believed in by thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-citizens, who are, to say the least, every whit as honest and as intelligent as they are. Nor am I very anxious to submit my faith to the judgment of those who would have persecuted Galileo nigh unto death for discovering our planetary system, and have united in the cry of "folly" at Fulton's steamboat, "humbug" at Morse's telegraph, and "insanity" at Gray's iron road.

Having thus, by a long series of patient inquiries, satisfied myself on this point, my next inquiry was, Whence comes the intelligence there is behind it all? For that intelligence was a remarkable feature of the phenomenon.

Thus I have frequently known mental questions answered that is, questions merely framed in the mind of the interrogator, and not revealed by him or known to others. Preparatory to meeting a circle, I have sat down alone in my room and carefully prepared a series of questions to be propounded, and I have been surprised to find my questions answered, and in the precise order in which I wrote them, without my even taking my memorandum out of my pocket, and when I knew that not a person present even knew that I had prepared questions, much less

what they were. My most secret thoughts, those which I have never uttered to mortal man or woman, have been freely spoken to, as if I had uttered them. Purposes which I have privily entertained have been publicly revealed; and I have once and again been admonished that my every thought was known to, and could be disclosed by, the intelligence which was thus manifesting itself.

I have heard the mediums use Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French words, when I knew they had no knowledge of any language but their own; and it is a fact that can be attested by many, that often there has been speaking and writing in foreign languages and unknown tongues by those who were unacquainted with either.

Still the question occurred, May not all this have been, by some mysterious operation, the mere reflex of the mind of some one present? The answer was, that facts were communicated which were unknown then, but afterward found to be true; like this, for instance: When I was absent last winter in Central America, my friends in town heard of my whereabouts and of the state of my health, seven times; and on my return, by comparing their information with the entries in my journal, it was found to be invariably correct. So in my recent visit to the West, my whereabouts and my condition were told to a medium in this city while I was traveling on the railroad between Cleveland and Toledo. So thoughts have been uttered on subjects not then in my mind, and utterly at variance with my own notions. This has often happened to me and to others, so as fully to establish the fact that it was not our minds that gave forth or affected the communication.

Kindred to this are two well authenticated cases of persons who can read the thoughts of others in their minds. One is an artist of this city of high reputation, and the other the editor of a newspaper in a neighboring city. The latter wrote me, that in company with three friends he had tried the experiment, and for over forty successive attempts found he could read the secret thoughts of his companions as soon as they were formed, and without their being uttered. So, too, there is the instance of

two persons, one of them also resident in this city, who can give a faithful delineation of the character, and even the prevailing mood of mind, of any person, however unknown to them, upon whom they fix their attention.

These are not apocryphal cases. The parties are at hand, and in our very midst, and any person that pleases may make the investigation, as I have, and satisfy himself.

But all this, and much, very much more of a cognate nature, went to show me that there was a high order of intelligence involved in this new phenomenon—an intelligence outside of, and beyond, mere mortal agency ; for there was no other hypothesis which I could devise or hear of that could at all explain that, whose reality is established by the testimony of tens of thousands, and can easily be ascertained by any one who will take the trouble to inquire.

If these two points were established—and there are now in these United States hundreds of thousands of sentient beings who have investigated and believe they are—then came this important question, *Cui bono* ? To what end is it all ? For what purpose ? With what object ?

To that inquiry I have directed my earnest attention, devoting to the task for over two years all the leisure I could command, and increasing that leisure as far as I could by withdrawing myself from all my former recreations. I have gone from circle to circle, from medium to medium, seeking knowledge on the subject wherever I could attain it, either from books or from observation, and bringing to bear upon it whatever of intelligence I have been gifted with by nature, sharpened and improved by over thirty years' practice at the bar, in the legislature, and on the bench.

I found there were very many ways in which this unseen intelligence communed with us, besides the rappings and table tipplings, and that through those other modes there came very many communications distinguished for their eloquence, their high order of intellect, and their pure and lofty moral tone ; at the same time I discovered many inconsistencies and contradictions that were calculated to mislead. I saw many puerile and some very

absurd statements, and many that were admirably calculated to make man better and happier; and I set to work to see if I could not, out of this chaos, gather something that might be valuable.

I was satisfied that something more was intended than the gratification of an idle curiosity; something more than pandering to a diseased appetite for the marvelous; something more than the promulgation of oracular platitudes; something more than upsetting material objects to the admiration of the wonder-lover; something more than telling the age of the living or the dead, etc.

For that something I have industriously searched. I thought that was wiser than to condemn without investigation, and denounce without knowledge. What I have discovered in that regard I have intended to give to the world, that all may judge for themselves whether there is anything in it worthy the attention of intelligent beings. It would have been done ere this if my leisure would have allowed me time to prepare my manuscript for the press. Now I expect that my book will be published by the first of September, and to that I refer, as I have already said, for particulars.

In the mean time, it is due to myself and to others to say, that our faith, as growing out of these researches, is not "at irreconcilable variance with revelation." How little do they, who make such charges, know of this matter! Misled by the crudities which alone are seen in the newspapers of the day, because the graver matters can not find admission there, the idea is, I am aware, entertained by some, that this new philosophy is at variance with the revelation through Christ, the Redeemer. This is indeed a sad mistake, and one that believers would be too happy to correct, if only the opportunity could be afforded them.

So, too, is it a grievous error to suppose that it "constitutes an abandonment of all self-control, and a surrender of the supremacy of reason, as informed and enlightened by the senses." There was never yet, I venture to say, a religious creed promulgated among men, which so entirely eschewed blind faith, and

so fully and always demanded the exercise of judgment and the supremacy of the reason.

Hence it is that we are taught that none of these extraordinary things which are witnessed by so many, are miraculous, or flow from any suspension of nature's laws, but are, on the other hand, in conformity with, and in execution of, those laws; that like the steam-engine and the magnetic telegraph, they are marvellous only to those who do not understand them, or are not familiar with them; that those laws, and the means by which they produce such results, are as capable of being found out by human research; that the knowledge is not confined to a few, but is open to all, rich or poor, high or low, wise or ignorant, who will wisely and patiently search for it, and that when it is attained, it can not but work in the heart "a closer walk with God," and an intercourse with our fellow-men of a more elevated character, void of selfishness, and devoted to their absolute advancement in all knowledge and goodness, both in this world and in the world to come.

This is a part of the something which I have found in my researches. But there is more yet. There is that which comforts the mourner and binds up the broken-hearted; that which smoothes the passage to the grave, and robs death of its terrors; that which enlightens the Atheist, and can not but reform the vicious; that which cheers and encourages the virtuous amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life, and that which demonstrates to man his duty and his destiny, leaving it no longer vague and uncertain. What this is, I can not in the limits of this letter explain, but in due time it will be forthcoming, and each one can judge for himself.

But now may I not ask if I overrate the importance of the subject of my inquiries? Scarcely more than four years have elapsed since the "Rochester Knockings" were first known among us. Then mediums could be counted by units, but now by thousands—then believers could be numbered by hundreds, now by tens of thousands. It is believed by the best informed, that the whole number in the United States must be several hundred thousands, and that in this city and its vicinity there

must be from twenty-five to thirty thousand. There are ten or twelve newspapers and periodicals devoted to the cause, and the Spiritual Library embraces more than one hundred different publications, some of which have already attained a circulation of more than ten thousand copies. Besides the undistinguished multitude, there are many men of high standing and talent ranked among them—doctors, lawyers and clergymen in great numbers, a Protestant bishop, the learned and reverend president of a college, judges of our higher courts, members of Congress, foreign ambassadors, and ex-members of the National Senate.

That which has thus spread with such marvelous celerity in spite of the ridicule which has deterred so many from an open avowal, that which has attracted the attention of so many of the best minds among us, can not be unworthy of my investigation, or that of persons far wiser and more reliable than I am.

It is now more than a year that my peculiar faith has been the subject of public comment. During it all I have been silent as to those attacks, content steadily to pursue my investigations until I could arrive at satisfactory results. Perhaps I have been silent too long, for, in the mean time, very erroneous notions, as to that faith, have been allowed to spring up. But I was unwilling to speak until I was as sure as I could be that I was right, lest I might utter some crudity which, by-and-by, I might regret—or commit some error which I might find it difficult to correct, or, in fine, unhappily mislead in my ignorance, rather than wisely guide by my knowledge.

I went into the investigation, originally thinking it a deception, and intending to make public my exposure of it. Having from my researches, come to a different conclusion, I feel that the obligation to make known the result is just as strong. Therefore it is, mainly, that I give the result to the world. I say mainly, because there is another consideration which influences me, and that is the desire to extend to others a knowledge which I am conscious can not but make them happier and better.

If those who doubt this could but spend a few days with me in my library, and witness the calls I have from strangers from all parts of the country; if they would but look over my portfo-

lio, and read the letters which pour in upon me from all sections and from persons whom I have never seen and never may see, they would be able, from the evidence thus furnished of the good that has been done, to form some idea of what may yet be accomplished, and they would not wonder that I find a compensation for the obloquy that is so freely heaped upon me by the ignorant, in the grateful outpourings of hearts which have, by my means, been relieved. One of them says (and it is a fair specimen of the whole) "You have acted the part of the good Samaritan, and poured oil into the wound of one like to die, and you will have rendered a death-bed, sooner or later, calm and hopeful, which might have been disturbed by doubts."

This, then, is the offense for which I have been arraigned at the bar of the public with so unsparing a condemnation, declared unworthy of my high office, falsely accused of consulting aught else than the law of the land, and my own reason, in the judgments which I officially pronounce, and have had invoked against me "the fires of Smithfield and the hangings of Salem." From such a condemnation it is that I appeal to the calm, unbiased judgment of my countrymen, with a firm reliance upon its justice.

NEW YORK, *August 1, 1853.*

J. W. EDMONDS.

BISHOP HOPKINS ON SPIRITUALISM.

A REPLY BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

The Right Reverend Mr. HOPKINS, the Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, has lately been delivering a course of lectures before the "Young Men's Christian Association," of St. Louis, two of which he devoted to the subject of Modern Spiritualism, and to myself as connected with it.

He admitted the facts of the manifestations, conceding that they were not a delusion or a deception, but he avowed his own belief that the whole thing resulted from the direct agency of the Devil himself. He confessed he had never witnessed any of the manifestations, yet he claimed that he could fairly discuss the subject, &c.

This is the purport of his lectures, as I gather it from the report of them in the *St. Louis Republican* of the 12th and 15th of November, 1856.

As he has thus held me up to the world, denounced by a high dignitary of the Church as acting under the instigation of the Devil, I trust I may be pardoned for saying a few words in defence of myself, especially as I will do so by confining myself to a brief attempt to show what Spiritualism is, and what it teaches.

1. It enables us to know the thoughts and purposes, the secret intentions and character of those who are living around us. Over and over again has this been demonstrated, yet I will venture to say the Bishop never heard of it; for if he had, he surely would be as ready as anyone to see that, in this feature of Spiritualism, there is a better protection against, and prevention of, hypocrisy and false pretences than all the preaching in the world has afforded.

2. It enables us to feel and to know that our most secret thoughts are known to the intelligence of the Spirit-world, whatever the character of that intelligence, whether for good or evil. It has been for years and centuries preached to us, that the Supreme Intelligence knows our every thought. Yet how few have actually realized it—how few have acted as if they believed it, let the sins and perversions of mankind say. But now it comes so demonstrated that no man can doubt it. It is a fact as certain as that the sun shines at noon-day. And I would ask, what greater prevention to vice can there be, than the thorough conviction that the deepest secrets of our hearts are all known to the Intelligence which is ever around and near us, and can be disclosed to the world?

3. It demonstrates the immortality of the soul by direct appeals to the senses. Hitherto the appeal has been to abstract reasoning to prove that; and what ill success has attended that effort, no man knows better than the Right Reverend gentleman himself. He has been a lawyer in his day, and he is aware, from his knowledge of the world, thus and otherwise acquired, that the greater portion of the educated classes among us have not yielded to the reasoning, and have been, to say the least, sceptical as to an existence after this life. But now the proof comes with a force like that which establishes the facts that the grass grows and the water runs, and leaves no room for cavil in the sane mind. In the book from which the Bishop quoted so freely*—though I am not advised that he quoted from that part—some twenty instances were given of conversions from an unbelief as to the future. Those were a few only of the cases which are within my own knowledge. They are numbered by hundreds and thousands within the knowledge of Spiritualists all over the land, and they show how powerful, how all-controlling, is the argument in favour of man's

* From my published volumes on "Spiritualism."

immortality, which spiritual intercourse furnishes—how much more convincing than all the preaching to which the subjects of such conversions have listened for years and years.

4. It demonstrates that the spirits of our departed friends can and do commune with us who are left behind. The substance of the Bishop's position on this topic is a denial of the fact, for he speaks of the "folly and unreasonableness of supposing that the spirits of our departed friends are suffered to remain on earth, and to mingle in the affairs of men," and of the "unhappiness it would be to them to remain among strifes and sorrows which they could not alleviate."

The same course was once taken by this same Prelate in regard to the manifestations themselves, and it was "folly and unreasonableness" to suppose they were anything but delusion or deception. But he, and many others of his calling, have been compelled to yield to the force of overwhelming testimony, and admit their reality. So it would be with him on this point, if instead of persisting in the ignorance of the subject (of which he boasts, for conscience-sake,) he would investigate for himself, or take the testimony of those who have investigated. He would then learn that the identity of our departed friends is too clearly made out to be doubted by a rational mind. He would see, too, how enduring is the love they bear to us still—that the cold grave does not quench its ardour, and that their care and sympathy for us is not removed at such an immeasurable distance from us, as he would teach, but that it is ever around and near us, leading us on towards that goal which in his creed is too far off for us to comprehend, but is now brought so near that we can understand what it is, and learn how to attain it. He would learn that it would be no more a source of unhappiness to our departed friends thus to labour for our redemption from sin than it is now for him in his ministerial functions to lead a sinner to repentance; and descending from his lofty

position on the Episcopal bench, to enter the brothel or the prison-house, and lift an erring brother to the light of the Gospel. He would learn to bear to the mourner's heart such comfort as he has never yet borne, and to speak to it, in most effective tones, of righteousness and the judgment to come. He would learn then, if he has not yet learned, that it could be no such great unhappiness for the Christian mind to remain amid strifes and sorrows, where it could sympathize even if it could not alleviate, and he would see, practically, that there is no sorrow for suffering humanity, which Heaven, through its messengers, cannot heal.*

5. It demonstrates also, that through this spirit-influence—be it what it may—the sick are healed, the blind are made to see, the lame walk, and “devils are cast out” of those who are possessed.

These are some of the marvels which are now being worked in this land by the influence which is stigmatized by this reverend Prelate as of the Devil. There are hundreds and thousands of witnesses of their existence around as everywhere, *and every man who pleases can behold them for himself*. I could enumerate many, very many instances, but the limits of this paper forbid, and I have yet a few words to say on other topics.

The Bishop says that “none of the so-called discoveries were even new to mankind as proclaimed or received truths.” In this he is in a great measure correct. The great law which underlies the whole spiritual philosophy is that proclaimed by Jesus of Nazareth—“Love God with all your might, and your neighbour as yourself.” Such is the law, which for eighteen hundred years the Christian world has professed to believe—such the law which over thirty thousand priests are weekly preaching from as many pulpits in this nation. Yet with what effect? Let facts answer. Out of a population

* Might he not also obtain the idea that as God himself descends into the spheres of vice and misery, to reclaim the erring and comfort the suffering, it could be no degradation for the spirit thus to imitate God?

of nearly twenty-five millions, not five millions are professing Christians, and the sect to which this reverend Prelate belongs cannot number one hundred thousand.

Is it not proper to ask why is this? It is because there is not inducement enough held out to man to overcome the selfishness of his material nature, and to obey the law of his spiritual existence. Eighteen centuries have demonstrated this, and it is high time that something should come to hold out such inducement. To perform that task is now the great mission of spirit-intercourse; and it is, day by day, as fast as we are capable of receiving it, performing it, by so revealing to us the condition into which we are to be ushered after death, that we cannot help realizing how necessary it is for us to obey the law in life. As the burnt child dreads the fire because it realizes the danger, so will man, when he shall fully realize what is the nature of the existence which is to follow this life, be ever on his guard against the temptations with which his animal nature constantly surrounds him.

This neglected function of the priesthood, Spiritualism is now performing in our midst.

And why not? The Bible is full of it. An angel appeared to Hagar, *Gen.* 16; three, in the shape of men, appeared to Abraham, *Gen.* 18; and two to Lot, *Gen.* 19. One called to Hagar, *Gen.* 21; and to Abraham, *Gen.* 22; one spake to Jacob in a dream, *Gen.* 31; one appeared to Moses, *Exodus*, 3; one went before the camp of Israel, *Exodus* 14; one met Balaam by the way, *Numbers* 22; one spake to all the children of Israel, *Judges* 2; one spake to Gideon, *Judges* 6; and to the wife of Manoah, *Judges* 13; one appeared to Elijah, *1 Kings* 19; one stood by the threshing-floor of Ornan, *1 Chron.* 21; one talked with Zachariah, *Zach.* 1; one appeared to the two Mary's at the sepulchre, *Matt.* 28; one foretold the birth of John the Baptist, *Luke* 1; one appeared to the Virgin Mary, *Ibid*; to the shepherds, *Luke* 2; one opened the door of Peter's prison, *Acts* 5; two were

seen by Jesus, Peter, and James and John, *Luke 9*; and one spake to John the Evangelist, *Rev. 22*.

It will not do to say these were angels—a distinct order of beings from man—for those seen by the apostles were Moses and Elias, and that seen by John, though called by him an angel, avowed himself to be his fellow-servant, and “one of his brethern the prophets.”*

And now may we not ask, if men in the olden time could see and talk with angels—if, in former ages, the spirits of departed mortals could appear to and commune with those yet living—may we not, I say, ask wherein has man’s nature so changed that the same thing may not happen to him now?

Why, how often in the ceremonies of the Bishop’s own church does he call upon his people to say, “I believe in the communion of saints!” which the articles of his religion say “may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture;” and yet that communion which is holy when only spoken of, he would fain have us believe is evil when actually practised!

Briefly, then, to the sum of the argument: Spiritualism prevents hypocrisy; it deters from crime; it reclaims the infidel; it proves the immortality of the soul; it recognizes one God, and man’s responsibility to Him; it enforces the great law of the Creator by inducements hitherto unknown to man; it heals the sick; it gives sight to the blind; it cures the lame; it comforts the mourner; it enjoins upon all the utmost purity of life; it teaches that charity which rather mourns over than rejoices at the failings of our fellow-mortals; and it reveals to us our own nature, and what is the existence into which we are to pass when this life shall have ended.

* Nor will it do to speak of the undignified character of the manifestations of to-day, for surely the reclaiming of erring man from the “deep damnation of infidelity” is of as much importance as relieving Peter from temporary imprisonment, or telling Hagar where to find water.

And this we are taught by a reverend Divine, holding a high rank in what he calls "The Church of God," is of the Devil! Alas! if it be, by what sign shall we know the work of God?

But the chief basis of the Bishop's position, that spiritual intercourse is Satanic, seems to be found in the revelations as to the Spirit's surroundings, after it has passed from this life. These he denounces as gross, material, and of the earth earthy, and as conflicting with the sublime teachings of the Gospel, and therefore "devilish!"

I do not learn that he paused to detail to his hearers what is the condition of the future, according to the Gospel, as he understands it. I have known this attempted many times by Divines, but I never knew any two of them to agree in their description. Whereas, in these revelations, there is no discrepancy on this point.

I do not learn that in reading extracts from my book he departed from the practice of his calling—namely, that of drawing particular passages from their context, and thus giving them a very different meaning from the true one—a practice which I do not hold very high either in law or gospel, and which I have often seen excite the smiles of contempt among the intelligent minds in church.

Nor do I learn that he called the attention of his hearers to the reasons given in my book (Sec. 62 of Vol. 2) for our faith on this subject, whereby they might have been enabled to judge for themselves, instead of being governed by his authority or mine.

But he seems to have contented himself with just so many and such extracts as would tend to prove his position, and let the rest go.

But let that pass. And let us inquire what is the great difference between us on this point, which makes my teachings "devilish," "unchristian," and "positively hurtful," and makes his to be holy, and sublime, and Gospel-like?

He teaches that man, on dying, becomes suddenly and

marvellously changed—that he passes far away from the earth, out of the reach of its cares, anxieties and affections—that he passes into a state of existence whose condition is entirely unknown, except that it is either unutterably miserable or inexpressibly happy—that the state either of bliss or woe, into which he is first ushered, never changes and is never ending—and that his condition of happiness or sorrow is not of his own creation, and cannot be affected by aught he can do in this life, but is dependent—particularly in its happiness—upon a vicarious atonement.*

On the other hand, I believe that man is the creature of progression—that it is his destiny from his birth to progress on to eternity, toward the Godhead—that no man is exempt from his destiny—that while man cannot prevent, he can retard or accelerate its consummation, and he can make the interval of progress for long ages happy or woeful, as he obeys or disregards the law of his spiritual nature, which is love for God and man—that death is but a continuation of this life, and this life but a preparation for the next—that we pass into the next state of existence with all our faculties, memories, and affections, as we have cultivated or perverted them here—and that we are for awhile, until our minds grow to become elevated above them, surrounded by all those objects which would be calculated to give us the weal or woe we have earned for ourselves.†

Such is, in brief, the difference between us. I will not pause here to ask which is most acceptable to the rational mind! which is best supported by Scripture!

That would take too much room. But I will ask, what is there in my belief, that is “devilish,” “unchristian,” “hurtful?” And I will answer the question, not in my

* Or, in other words, that its unhappiness can be caused by us, but its happiness cannot

† As in manhood we outgrow our attachment to the objects which pleased our childhood, so in spirit-life we will in time outgrow our love for the objects which pleased our earth-life.

own language, but in that of one of the bishops of the Episcopal Church of this country—one who sits in the same House of Bishops with him of Vermont.

I extract from a sermon preached in Connecticut in 1852, and published.

“I have now closed my argument, and would be glad if time allowed to pass to the survey of another most interesting question. What are the conditions of our future existence? But as it is I can only allude to one or two general points, and then leave the subject to your individual reflection.

“1. In the first place provision will undoubtedly be made hereafter for the culture and the exercise of all the intellectual and moral faculties of our nature. Heaven will not be a monotony. All which belongs to our nature that is not sensual and sinful will there find free scope for its development. Nothing, then, which we learn here is lost. No elevated taste is cultivated in vain. No healthy affection withers under the touch of death. There are strains of melody, and sights of beauty and holy friendships in the spiritual world. Everything which God has made on earth, and which man has left untouched by sin, is only a symbol of something greater and more resplendent in reserve for the holy hereafter. What music will be heard in heaven! What prospects will charm the eye! What thoughts will be uttered there! What emotions will be kindled there! What variety of enjoyments, and yet nothing servile, nothing selfish! How is it, then, that we shrink from the future? Why does eternity come before us a cold, blank void—a sea without a shore, moaning and groaning under a starless sky, where the soul floats, like a helmless wreck, solitary and despairing? Because there is a stain of corruption on the soul which needs to be washed out—because the sense of sin makes us afraid.

“2. In the second place we observe, that to the righteous the future will be a state of constant and unending progress.

The law of this progress may be essentially the same as it is now, only it will operate under greatly improved conditions. We shall never reach a point where we shall stop, and make no further advance, for then there would lie before us an eternity without occupation.

"All mortal creatures are capable only of a limited improvement, because theirs is a limited existence. Man must advance for ever, because he lives for ever. The time will undoubtedly come when we shall look back on all that we have acquired and done in this world, as we now regard the experiences of our earliest infancy, and we shall wonder that we then thought ourselves so wise.

"3. And, finally, our future destiny will be in precise accordance to our deserts and character. We shall reap what we have sown. We shall begin our life hereafter as we close it here. There is no such thing as separating the man from his character, and there is no such thing as separating the character from the destiny."

Such are my sentiments, too! Such are the principles which Spiritualism teaches! And now, if they are "devilish," "unchristian," and "hurtful" in me, pray what must they be in the Right Rev. Bishop of Rhode Island, whose language it is that I have quoted?

A few words on one topic more and I have done.

I can hardly believe the Bishop is correctly reported when he is made to say that the law of the Scripture forbids our communing with the spirits of our departed friends, as well as dealing with witches and those having a familiar spirit. For I have never been able to find any such injunctions in Holy Writ,* nor can I conceive how that can be, and Peter, and James and John escape condemnation for beholding Moses and Elias, or John, in the Revelations, for

* I once asked for the passage, of one who insisted that the Bible did contain such prohibition, and I received for answer the quotation of "the bourne whence no traveller returns!" I confess I was malicious enough to reply that I had found that in Shakspeare, but was not aware of its being in the Bible.

communing with the spirit of "one of his brethren, the Prophets," or Saul obeying the Spirit when struck with blindness on the wayside, or Peter, when listening to the injunctions to call not the Gentile unclean.

But it is true that in the law of Moses there are injunctions against dealing with witches, or those having familiar spirits. But does the reverend prelate mean that his Christian hearers shall understand that that law is still binding upon us? He certainly must mean so, or he would not quote it as evidence of our "unchristian" deportment. See, then, where it would bring him. One part of that law must be as binding as another, and yet right by the side of that to which he appeals are commands like these:

"Ye shall eat no manner of fat." *Lev. vii., 23.*

"Ye shall not eat of the camel, the hare, or the swine." *Lev. xi., 8.*

"When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest." *Lev. xix., 8.*

"Thou shalt not sow the field with mingled seed, neither shall a garment, mingled of linen and woollen, come upon thee." *Lev. xix., 9.*

"Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." *Lev. xix., 27.*

"Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards." *Lev. xix., 31.*

"The man who committeth adultery with another man's wife, the adulterer and adulteress shall surely be put to death." *Lev. xx., 10.*

"A man, also a woman, that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death. They shall stone them with stones." *Lev. xx., 27.*

"In the seventh year there shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land. Thou shalt neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard." *Lev. xxiv., 4.*

"Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty

throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." *Lev. xxv., 10.*

"When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence." *Deut. xxii., 8.*

"Thou shalt make thee fringes on the four quarters of thy vesture." *Deut. xxii., 12.*

"A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord." *Deut. xxiii., 2.*

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which has escaped from his master unto thee." *Deut. xxiii., 15.*

"And if any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." *Exodus xxi., 23—25.*

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." *Exodus xxii., 18.*

"Neither shalt thou countenance a poor man in his cause." *Exodus xxiii., 3.*

"In six days shall thy work be done, but on the seventh day there shall be to you a holy day, a sabbath of rest to the Lord. *Whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death . . . —Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day.*" *Exodus xxxv., 2, 3.*

But enough—enough in all conscience! to show to the candid mind the basis on which this "Right Reverend Father in God" rests his denunciations. No word of comment is necessary, unless it may be to inquire if we are entirely to lose sight of the later teaching of Jesus: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you that ye resist not evil," and of the consoling announcement, that on the command to love God and one another hang all the law and the prophets, under the Christian dispensation?

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, November 28, 1855.

THE NEWSBOY.

WEST ROXBURY, *July 29, 1854.*

ONE day, while sitting in my room reading some letters to my family, my daughter became influenced quite unexpectedly, and began by saying: "Hurrah! hurrah! I am out of them dirty streets of New York."

I did not keep notes of this interview, and can therefore only state some things generally about it. He said he was a newsboy in New York, and his name was Tim Peters; that he had died since the last 4th of July, of cholera, and was about twelve years old; that his father had been run over by a railroad car; that he was a man of intemperate habits; that his mother had survived him awhile in feeble health, and he had one brother, named Bill, about ten years old.

He said many things which showed me that he was familiar with the localities near the upper end of Nassau Street, and his shrewdness, his slang terms, and his manner of speaking, were particularly characteristic of the class of boys to which he said he belonged. And he spoke of men and boys, with whom he had been thrown in contact, in a manner so natural as to carry conviction that he was what he said he was.

There was a keen shrewdness of thought, a reckless, devil-may-care manner, and a love of fun about him that can be seen in full combination only in them. He sometimes swore, but immediately checked himself, and said that his mother (who was with him) told him he must not talk so. He said he had seen me when I was a judge, and had read my letter of last August. He had sold more *Heralds* with that in it than usual. I asked him if he had noticed what effect it had had on those who read

it. He said, "I have seen a feller sitting on a hydrant, who said 'he liked that feller who opened his jaws, and dared to say what he thought, and not like Prince John, who was afraid of having pins stuck in him.'"

This is a part only of this interview, but is enough to show the character of it. But in the course of it, he said that he wanted to give me his history, and have me write it down, and publish it in the SACRED CIRCLE, so that the newsboys might see it, for that it would "do 'em good." I told him I would soon give him an opportunity.

We were then called to dinner, but in the afternoon he came again, and gave me his history, which I wrote down as he went along, nearly in the following words:

He began as before, in a joyful, cheerful tone,

Hurray! hurray!

Say! that light hurts this ere girl's eyes. [The medium was sitting facing the window.]

You know, as I told you before, my name is Tim Peters. Well, my mother was a good, respectable kind of a woman, and worked at sewing when a gal, she says. Dad was a day-laborer—that wasn't his trade—he was a harness-maker. I didn't know that, but mother says so. Golly! why didn't he stick to it?

Dad worked at that ever so long after he hitched horses with mother, and I was his oldest boy. Well, I grow'd up 'longside my brother, and we had a jolly good time when little, mother says. Mother was American, father was English.

Well, father took to drink, like a darned sight of other folks and went head over heels down hill fast as he knew how. Mother got sick and worn out, and got to feeling bad.

When dad used to come home, she dreaded to speak to him. He would come tumbling into the house, cuffing us here and there, and swearing at mother, and she used to cry.

One day I come in and see her crying, and I says, "Well, marm, what do you feel bad about?" she cried, and said, "Tim, my boy, your father's worse and worse; he has taken every thing

from us, and if he don't take care, he will take me from you. And, Tim, I hain't got a cent in the house to get breakfast with for to-morrow."

"Well," says I, "mother, wipe your peepers; I'll be supporting on you, mother; you ain't got two boys for nothin'; just say how I can go ahead, and I'll be doin' somethin'."

So she ups with her apron and wiped her eyes. That was an awful cold night. Oh, mercy! I'd heard mother say, when she was a gal, if farmers wanted rain, they prayed in meetin' for it; so when I went to bed, I down on my benders and asked for snow, and some how or other snow come. So the next morning I borrowed next-door neighbor's shovel, and went along the streets hunting "snow jobs," as the boys call it. I got one. "Hurray!" says I, "now you are set up in business, you're in for it, Tim." So I pockets my money, and trudges home. Says I, "Mother, here's your money." Well, I declare, if she didn't make me feel soft as a girl—I warn't no more a boy—'kase she went to crying agin'.

"Well," says I, "mother, I didn't pray for rain last night. You melt me all down, mother; I feel all gone."

Well, she smiled, and says, "Tim, my boy, what'll we do when this is gone?"

"Well," says I, "mother, give me half o' that, and I'll buy some papers, and start in business myself."

[I asked him how much the half was—he said fivepence. 'Twas better than nothing; 'twould buy a loaf of bread anyhow.]

Well! golly! I pitched down Fulton Street, and invested my stock in papers. 'Twas the *Sun*. You can get lots of 'em for that. I got six for fivepence, and they trusted me three more for tuppence. I don't know how they come to trust me—the boys 'round said they never did it to them. Well, I sold all but one, and what do you think I did with that? I kept it as a show for next day; for if I could only buy three, four would look more respectable. That's the way folks trade, you know. Well, I took my money home, and that's the way I helped my mother along.

"Tim," I said, "Let me ask you—"

Well, I'm in the witness box—go it.

"How did you get money to buy papers next day?"

Did another job of snow.

[While I was writing this down, the medium whistled, and he immediately said, "Golly! I didn't think I could do that—thought I must do something while waiting for yer."]

Where did I leave off? Oh, got a shillin', and gave it to mother. Stock was up, but I had none on, so I said nothin'.

When I went home each night there was a grin on my face broad as a moon. Mother said, "Tim, I've hopes of you, if you'll only keep out of liquor." So down she went on her marrow-bones—why-on-earth she did it I couldn't see—but she ups with her eyes and says, "God bless Tim!" Somehow I felt weak in the joints, and down I went; 'twas catchin', so says I, "God bless Tim, too." Then I played leap-frog all round the room, I was so happy. Mother laughed, and said, "Tim, my crazy boy;" that made me feel better, but I couldn't understand it.

Bye-by dad come in, and he smelt like a distillery; and oh, if he didn't rip it! but I gave mother the wink not to let him know I was set up in business. When he come in he couldn't stand up, so he down on *his* marrow-bones, and swore a blue streak. I thought I smelt brimstone. What was eternal strange to me was, mother didn't cry a bit; says I, "Tim, that's mighty strange, she'd cry for you, and not a bit for that lubber." But she did worse—she took to coughing, and I knew the jig was up for that time. And so it went day after day. Dad said she was drunk, but he *knew* he lied.

Well, I kept selling papers and increasing my stock. I took the *Herald*, and sold lots of 'em; 'twas a good investment. I ups Broadway one day, Bill at my side, and I seen some M. P.'s on a corner. I warn't afraid of 'em, so I stepped on one of their toes. He gin me a devil of a look—mother says I mustn't say that—says I to Bill, "Let's to our trotters, or we'll be sent to the House of Refuge." I'd heard tell of that, dad used to threaten me with it. Down by the Park I saw some awful fine

dandies prinking along; says I, "Bill, just seen the M. P.'s; now look at the M. T.'s." (M.P.—Metropolitan Police).

So I went it every day; I couldn't feel bad, to save my life—suspect I warn't born in a bad time. Mother said it used to make her heart good to see me come in.

I asked him, "Were you so cheerful, then?"

I warn't nothing else. When I used to swear, it made her feel bad. I told her I took it the natural way.

I asked him, "How so?"

I had heard my forefathers—I'll tell you what I had heard one day in the Park. .

A great lubberly feller was making a speech. He said, "The time is coming when the day shall be celebrated —, hem, — that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers." I'm not so grand as he; I can't make such a cock-a-doodle-doo. So I run home and said, "Mother, the day is coming when it shall be celebrated that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers."

She said, "Tim what on earth will come of you?" So it went along.

One day dad was brought in dead. I needn't enter into particulars, 'twas all in the papers. I cried it, and made it an extra *Herald* for me.

I asked him, "How so?"

It was the celebration of the death of my forefathers.

I went home, after getting a few coppers, and found mother cryin' and blubbering like every thing, for she had loved him once. She said, "Tim, step softly, your father's dead." Says I, "I will, for I'm 'fraid I'll wake him up."

"Oh," says she, "Tim, you'll break my heart, talking so, forget the past; go look at him who once loved you, and called you his child." I went and looked; his face warn't red no more, and there was a sorrowful expression about his mouth—and I caught something running down my cheek afore I knowed it. Well, they held a coroner's inquest, and he was buried.

I asked what made his tears run.

He had a kind o' sorrowful look. I felt, oh, dear! suppose he'd been a good man, like I see in the Park, wouldn't he love

his Tim? and I thought, "Tim, don't you love him?" How could I, when he made mother suffer so. I 'sposed he was in hell and damnation they talked of, and I couldn't but feel sorry. That was the end of *that*.

I watched mother mighty close after father's exit. In spite of herself she breathed freer. I never see the woman so happy. Bill come in with a forlorn old black bonnet he'd begged somewheres; she kissed him, and said, "God has blessed me in my trials." I felt so proud I could have knocked over any body. We had some potatoes that day—Bill got 'em.

I used often to feel soft—I was took that way every once in a while—tears and fun altogether. I used to be ashamed of myself, and then I'd swear a blue streak to hide it. Bill sold radishes for a living. He went into the vegetable line. I was more intellectual.

Mother got sewing. She scratched, we scratched, and we got along nicely; there was nobody to drink it all up.

I was death on the *M. P.'s*, just for deviltry; I *couldn't* keep still.

I used to feel bad, coming home nights, to see mother look so bleached. I saw a "pain-killer" advertised down Nassau Street, so I went and got some for mother. Warn't I a fool—liked to have killed *her*, not the pain.

One day she said to me, "Tim, take this ring, my boy, and go buy yourself a pair of shoes." Well, says I, "No, mother, I can't do it." She says, "Timmy, I'll never live to see you wear 'em out, so let me see you have them." If I'd got a licking, I couldn't have felt worse. So I runs after Bill, and, says I, "Bill come in here, mother's kinder lonely." Bill never stopped for nothing, but after the doctor he goes—a 'spensary doctor—mother looked so sick. Says I, "Mother, open your peepers; don't look so." She says, "Tim, God bless you, Tim and Bill. I hate to leave you, but God will take care of the orphans." I says, "Mother, I'm sorry you are going, but seeing you can't stay, hurry up your cakes, and I'll take care of myself."

I asked him, "Why did you say that?"

Oh, she did feel awful bad; so says I, "Mother, Jordan is

a hard road to travel. If you get there before I do, tell 'em I'm coming, too." She laughed, and, by golly ! if she didn't die a laughing, and that was just what I wanted.

Bill didn't get back before she died. Oh ! didn't he take on ? Poor cretur ! He took on awful bad, seeing mother 'd gone before he got there. "Well," says I, "Bill, if I only knew how to wear petticoats, I'd be a mother to you ; but," says I, "never mind, we'll set up bachelor's hall."

I thought I was going to stay at that place, but no ; rent day come, and we had to go ; and when I gets outside I said to Bill, "Nothing like taking the air." So we slept 'round in the carts that night.

A poor old Irish woman washed for mother when she died. She did it for nothing. Catch rich folks doing that. She said that she knowed how she'd feel if she should leave her boys kicking about, and if I wouldn't be up to so many tricks, she'd keep us. So we staid with her after that. She was a darned good old thing, but not so clean as mother. I told her I would do some odd jobs for her. Her rooms were dark, and I white-washed them, and whitewashing it was ! She was awful tickled ; but I didn't like my boarding-place, 'cause she wouldn't take any pay.

Says I to Bill, "I'll get you a situation." So, as luck would have it, I used to listen to the people's talking, and one day I heard a man say he wished he had a smart boy to take into the country. I goes up to him and says, "I knows a fellow." He looks at me, and says, "What do you mean?" I says, "I knows a fellow will suit your capacity." Says he, "Are you the chap?" Says I, "No, I aint, but I knows one what is." "Well," says he, "I like the looks of you." Says I, "I'm obliged to you." So I whistled to Bill, and he come. He was really a pretty-eyed fellow, just like mother. So the man axed me about my relations, and I told him all about it. "Well," says he, "I like the looks of your boy there, and I'll take him." "But," says I, "Look here, mister, don't you lick him ; if you do, I'll lick you back." I thought he'd die a laughing.

So I fitted Bill out. How do you think I did it ? I give

him some gingerbread. 'Twas as hard to part us as two peas in a pod. But the old feller fixed him all up before he went out of town. Bill felt so grand and happy, that he forgot to be sorry at leaving me.

[I asked him here if he could tell me the name of that old Irishwoman, and where she lived. He said it was Bridget Mahan; she lived near the Five Points; he couldn't mention the name of the street; said it was a short one, and added, "Hold on! see if I can fetch it!" He paused a moment, and not recalling the name, went on:]

I trudged home to the old woman's where I boarded. I felt awful streaked; I couldn't cry nor do nothing, so I went to the National Theater. I saw nothing for my tears—had to laugh once in a while. 'Twasn't the National Theater—it was the next one to it, where the boys could get in for sixpence. I sold papers ever so long after that. I got in all sorts of mischief; took to smoking and chewing—the boys set me up for it. Then I got happy again, but I felt lonesome; I went to all the fires—used to go to Hoboken; pitched pennies, till I got enough to pay the ferriage. The boys used to say I cheated. I wonder if I did! They said I was a gambler, but I only used *common cents*. I had a black eye every once in a while, fighting the boys who twitted me about Bill and mother. I wouldn't stand that, so I give 'em something to remember me by. They are hard boys—had to be so. I used to pitch into the bullies when pushing the little ones away, and hooking their papers.

I made about a shilling a day, depending on the news and the brain of the editor. I tell you one thing, if any one of the boys didn't sell his papers, we'd go shucks with him, and each take one—that was among the good fellers. Tell you what I used to do—go 'long up Broadway, and see one of your fine-looking fellows, run agin' him, most knock his breath out, then ask, "Have a paper, sir?"

I always thought of mother while bawling my paper at the top of my lungs. Sunday was a forlorn day.

One day I thought I'd treat myself, so I bought one of them penny ice creams that they sell at the corners. I was took up

with the cramp, and went home. I had changed my boarding-place, and the way I paid my board was—if I made a shilling I paid two cents for my board ; if I made eighteen pence, then I paid four cents. I was awful sick. "Tim," says I, "you're goin' home—ain't you glad?"

I grew worse and worse, and all grew dark about me. I wished for Bill. I lay on some straw on the floor. I began to feel so pleasant and happy. I heard mother speaking to me, "Tim, my boy!" I jumped right up in bed, but I saw nothing—then the pain come on. One of the boys come in, and says he, "Tim, what you doin' there?" "Ike," says I, "I'm goin' where the good niggers go, I 'spect."

"Tim," says he, "I guess you'll be well to-morrow."

"Ike," says I, "if I'm well, I won't be here. Mother's calling me, and I can't stay." What did he do but cry. I never see folks cry so easy. Says I, "Ike, don't let the bullies beat that new-comer—the green 'un—will yer?"

Says he, "No, I'll take care o' him till you come back."

Then it grew darker ; I didn't hear his voice. All at once I saw mother. I had no pain, and there was no tears in her eyes. Says I, "Hurray ! I'm in for it. Ain't I, mother ? How the dickens did I come here?"

Says she, "Look !"

I looked and saw them carrying my coffin out of the room. Then she took me with her, and if I ain't as happy as a bee, I tell *you*. I go 'bout singing, but not the papers. There are lots of other boys, but somehow I feel a kind of babyish ; I don't want to be out of *her* sight. I thought I was independent.

I've been back to the *Herald* office ; there I heard some one say, "Timothy." "Oh, grand," says I.

"Hush!" says mother, "don't talk so."

Then the other one said, "You must go back my child, and teach the little newsboys, and if they keep a kind feeling in their hearts and try to be good, there is a happy place for them all."

"Well," says I, "mister, whoever you are, it's easier said than done ; because, if a boy tries to be good, there is always some

body to kick it out of him." "But," says I, "mister, I'll do that same;" so here I am at it.

Would you like to know how I learned to read? Mother taught me some, then I taught myself some. All the newsboys can't read, but when they have got through selling their papers, some one of 'em who can read sits right down with a lot 'round him and reads to 'em; so they know a darned sight more of what's goin' on than you think they do. Then they talk it over among 'emselfes.

Look here, mister, I tell you what had a wonderful effect—when a newsboy come up to a gentleman, and he looked pleasant on him and smiled; 'twas worth three cents to sell a paper to that feller. But when they are cross and push 'em aside, it makes a feller swear. Whoever it is, tell 'em to be good to their mothers, and they'll be as happy as *I am*. Hurray!

Here ended this interview. The next day he came again, and talked considerably. Among other things, he said that once he got drunk just to see how it was. "Golly," says he, "I got enough of it—never catch me at it agin." I asked him if he could give me the names of any of his companions. He gave me the names of four of them: Jim, Ike, John Smith, and Lazy Bob.

He brought with him at this interview the Spirit of a boy younger than himself, who said his name was Dick Hardin.

J. W. E.

UNCERTAINTY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN JUDGE EDMONDS AND A DISTINGUISHED
LEGAL GENTLEMAN—THE CHANCELLOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

—, September 22, 1856.

TO JUDGE EDMONDS :

Sir—You will, I doubt not, pardon the liberty of this letter from a stranger. I have your book on Spiritualism, which has impressed me very strongly. I am, however, no Spiritualist, but a candid investigator of these marvelous developments. Without being convinced that they are the manifestations of Spirits, I am persuaded that there is something wonderful and true in all these exhibitions, and that whatever it be, it is well worthy of—nay, it demands—the calm and profound attention and examination of the philosopher, and of all those who are, or profess to be, the votaries of science and knowledge. I can not resist the conviction that some grand result and discoveries will grow out of these mysterious, wonderful and much contemned manifestations.

I have said that I am not a Spiritualist ; I repeat it, but at the same time if I had your personal experience on the subject, I could not resist your conclusions, unless I, at the same time, doubted the sanity of my mental faculties.

But these things are so strange and so contrary to all my pre-conceptions, that nothing short of the evidence of my own senses could possibly carry conviction home to my understanding. Whilst, therefore, the experience of others may be sufficient to put me upon the inquiry, I must see and observe for myself before I surrender my convictions to such extraordinary, and to appearance, preternatural occurrences.

I have been, all my life, in the habit of sifting evidence and weighing it in search of the truth, and I have always found the truth hard to get at. In this world the naked truth is scarcely ever known; and the most unsatisfactory revealing of spiritual

intercourse is that *the truth*, the real truth, is uncertain and unknown in the spheres. But I did not mean to pursue this idea, but to say that in my forensic researches after truth, nothing has been found more embarrassing or more calculated to produce unbelief than discrepancies among the witnesses. In all the statements that I have seen as coming from the Spirits, this objection stands out in bold relief. Though there be a general concurrence in some things, in many others, and those of great moment, there is irreconcilable discord. And some of the latter are not abstruse and metaphysical, like those questions that embarrass the doctrine of fallen angels, providence, fore-knowledge, fixed fate, free will, etc.; but of which any intelligent mind in the flesh or disembodied, would be competent to testify even if not understood; for instance, whether the Scriptures are a revelation from God? On this subject there seems to be as many shades of opinion in the spheres (to use one of the phrases) as on earth. Then, again, upon mere questions of physical science, as for example, the location of Heaven or the spheres. While your informants give the locality at inconceivable distances, Dr. Hare's place the spheres on sublunar concentric globes. How are these discrepancies to be reconciled? Both can not be true, and seemingly we have the same authority for each side of the question. I can not expect a reply, as your time is so much occupied. If you find leisure, a brief notice of this will be acceptable. If you should do so, you will direct to * * *. Or if you could find leisure to write an article for the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH (of which I am a reader), it will reach my eye and that of many others, probably, who have the same difficulties.

Yours, very respectfully,

REPLY OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

NEW YORK, *September 27, 1856.*

Dear Sir—I have but one thing to complain of in your letter—that of your speaking of our being strangers to each other. I have not forgotten our former correspondence, and am quite familiar with your handwriting, as I am with your character and the condition of your mind on the subject of spiritual intercourse.

It is quite a coincidence that in my lectures in Philadelphia last Sunday, and in this city on the previous Sunday, I should have dwelt on the very topic to which your refer. I did so dwell, because it was after long investigation that I had arrived at the solution of a difficulty which often embarrassed me also.

Led by the education and religious teaching which we have, both in youth and manhood—from the pulpit as well as in school—we are apt to attach to the idea of Spirit existence, that of great if not omniscient knowledge ; and if we imbibe the belief that Spirits speak to us, we naturally expect from them the display of knowledge far superior to ours. This is a great error ; for we pass into the Spirit world just as we are here, in respect to knowledge, and have no more there than we had here until we learn it. When, therefore, a Spirit speaks to us, it is not with omniscience, but with such knowledge only as he has been able to acquire. There is, therefore, infinite variety in this respect among Spirits, depending upon education while on earth, opportunities for learning in the Spirit-world, intellectual capacity, and many other things, which there, as well as here, affect the training of the mind.

So far as Spirits speak of their existence or mode of life there, each must naturally speak only of what he has observed, unless perchance he has been taught more by others who have beheld what he has not. At all events most of the incongruous teachings referred to, are in reference to what the Spirits have beheld. Now, there as here, no two behold precisely the same thing. Each views the scene around each, and there must, therefore, of

necessity be the same discrepancies which we behold here, when we are taking human testimony respecting human events, or even inanimate scenery. Each beholds from a different stand-point from the other, and there must therefore be different accounts.

So, too, there is a great difference in the power of observation and of the faculty of expression. We behold around us here men who can see nothing clearly—others, again, who see clearly, but have a bungling and obscure mode of expressing themselves. These peculiarities accompany the Spirit into his Spirit-life, and must mark his intercourse with us until he shall have so far advanced as to have eradicated those defects. But until he shall so advance, it will be in vain to expect from him communications marked by a clearness of perception and expression which we are so fain to suppose ought to characterize all spiritual intercourse.

The very fact of its absence tends to show us the great truth, what is the change which death works in us, namely, that though we leave our physical nature behind, intellectually and morally we are the same, and the Spirit-life is but a continuation of mortal life; that the real or inner man is the same, with all his improvements and perversions, just as they were when he laid aside his outer garment, but with the advantage of greater means of obtaining knowledge, and less obstacles to its acquisition.

Then there is another difficulty for which the Spirit-world is not responsible, and that is, that the mind of the medium does, and must more or less, affect the communications.

Suppose you here on earth desire to avail yourself of the mediumship of any person to convey your thoughts to a third person, e. g., sending a clerk or a servant with a message: unless your agent writes down the message from your lips, or commits your words to memory, it is inevitable that the message which he delivers shall bear marks of his mental characteristics. He will convey the idea as he understands it, and not otherwise; and he will stamp on it also his peculiarities of language. If he is an Irishman, he will give birth in the brogue to a message conceived in pure English, or if a foreigner he will give it in broken English, or perchance translate it into his own

language, and subject it to all the hazards of an art which requires much practice to perform well—I mean the art of translating from one language to another.

Occasionally there are instances where it would seem as if the medium were giving the precise words of the Spirit. But this is rare, because it involves a state of things in the medium, both physically and mentally, that is very difficult to attain, namely, an exclusion of the medium's selfhood—a suspension of his own will, and Spirit control, that is very unnatural, very difficult and very dangerous, and therefore necessarily very rare.

The most favored instances of this character which I have witnessed, are those where the medium speaks a language unknown to him, and he all the time, though conscious he is speaking, is unconscious what idea he is conveying. It is to the medium, as if he were uttering an unmeaning gibberish. Yet even there, it is *his* organs of language which are used; and as those organs cannot be used without a mental effort, it is difficult for me to conceive how even in such case the communication can be exempt from the taint of the medium, though I confess it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover its presence.

But the generality of communications—far the greatest amount of them, and those which are most valuable—are given in such a mode that they are liable to be affected by the mind of the medium, because they are given through the use, in some measure, of the medium's mental powers. Even the physical manifestations of rapping and table tipping, are not exempt from this remark.

To you who have been engaged for years on the Chancery bench, in seeking the truth through the mazes of human testimony, I need not dilate on the difficulties and dangers arising from this cause. A positive intention to fabricate testimony has caused you less embarrassment often, than the perversion of the truth which arises from the misconceptions of a strictly honest witness, or his incapacity to embrace the truth when presented to his view. I have often felt that embarrassment in my judicial labors, and sometimes the additional one arising from a conjunction of moral and mental incapacity, in the same witness.

And what are mediums but witnesses bearing their testimony to the Gospel of Truth, or interpreters to such witnesses, and to be tried and tested by all the rules which wisdom and long experience have declared necessary to the proper reception of human testimony? Their mediumship is the result chiefly of physical organization, and does not, *ex mero motu*, work any mental and moral change to exempt them from those rules.

There are other considerations affecting the Spirit that is communing with us, which must not be overlooked. By what light does the Spirit see? In what manner and by what organs does he hear? And how does he convey his thoughts to or through the medium?

He does not see by the physical light which we use, neither by the light of our sun, nor our lamps or our fires. (This is true as a general thing, though I am not prepared to say that there may not be exceptions in the case of those who yet retain much material grossness.) Each, as I understand it, engenders his own light, which is greater or less according to his condition morally and intellectually, and they are frequently aided by each other's light. But how much this enables them to behold of the mortal or spirit-life which surrounds them, it is difficult to say. This, however, I have discovered, that there are things immediately around and before them, in both states of existence, which they do not behold, and of whose presence they are entirely unconscious. For instance: Bacon, who has been nearly three hundred years in the Spirit-world, with all his intellectual powers and culture, has been, while communing with me, ignorant that another Spirit was at the same instant doing so, and ignorant even that that other Spirit was present. One of my brother Judges, shortly after his death, came to me, and in his communion with me was ignorant of the presence of another Spirit who stood by his side, and who was as visible to me as he was. And without entering too much into detail, I remark that I have had very many evidences of this.

Then, as to hearing; they evidently do not hear as we do. I have known them frequently to be ignorant of sounds audible to us, and occurring in their presence. Thus, I have known a Spirit

who was communing to be unconscious of a severe clap of thunder until he discovered the effect in our minds, and I have often observed that they "hear" my thought as well when I do not utter it aloud as when I do.

Then, again, how do they convey their thought to us—I mean how convey it to the medium through whom we get it. It is not by the sound of a voice audible to the medium; it is not by a picture visible to his sight; but it is in a manner which it is difficult to understand, and still more difficult to describe. The Quakers have an expression which is pretty accurate as to some instances. "It is borne in on the mind." Yet it is not always so; for I have often myself beheld a Spirit and held conversation with him without the utterance of a sound, yet have "perceived" with facility and accuracy the idea he meant to convey.

I have command of no language which will enable me to describe this any more accurately. I have said enough, perhaps, to show you how liable the intercourse must be to error, and how much the accuracy of it must depend on the intellectual training and habit of the mortal vehicle through whose instrumentality the Spirit-thought is frequently conveyed.

Now, putting all these things together, do you wonder that there are inaccuracies in spiritual intercourse? So long as the instruments used both in the Spirit existence and in the mortal life are imperfect, the intercourse must be imperfect. What would we do with a perfect revelation? We would either crucify it like the Jew, or reject it like the Greek, as foolishness.

Revelation from on high must come to us through man. It comes to us from those who have not yet attained perfection, through mediums who are not yet perfect even as such, and comes to men who are far short of perfection. It must then be commensurate with the minds through which it comes, and adapted to the capacity of those to whom it is addressed. Can you force the Falls of Niagara through a goose-quill? And of what avail would it be to reason with the savage on the Rocky Mountains, of a problem in conic sections, or the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid?

To me there is evidence of marvelous wisdom in the adaptation of the revelations of to-day to the present mental capacity of mankind.

Man has advanced much in capacity and knowledge in two thousand years, and the revelations now coming to us are far beyond those of that day, in magnitude and interest. Yet many of those already given the world do not receive, and many have been given of which as yet the world is ignorant, and which they would at once reject like him who persisted in denying the revolution of the earth, because, as he said, "We would all fall off."

In the mean time, it comes in such a manner as not to destroy or impair our own individuality, and not to interfere with the cardinal rule, that each must work out his own salvation.

We must therefore take the evidence as it is given to us, and out of its incongruities we must for ourselves sift the truth as you and I have been doing, when exercising the divine attribute of administering justice among men. We must for ourselves follow the truth through all its devious windings to its most concealed recesses, remembering that it is our condition which throws obstacles in the way of its straight and onward path.

So, too, we must judge for ourselves. It is our reason which is the image of the Divinity within us, and we must exercise it. A perfect revelation would come to us "with authority," and we should be required to render obedience and not judgment.

That is the evil which has so long haunted humanity ; that is the error against which the revelations of to-day are anxiously seeking to guard us. How could this task be so well performed as by the very incongruities to which you allude ? We are compelled from sheer necessity to reason for ourselves, and are driven to resist the temptation of letting others think for us.

You are as well aware as I am, that our trouble begins when we begin to think for ourselves, and that the temptation is almost irresistible to fly for refuge from our anxiety, to something which shall speak "by authority."

It is only to a people as blinded and as enslaved as were the

Israelites in Egypt, that a revelation comes as a command—"Thus saith the Lord." To the educated mind, whose reason has been cultivated to an approach to the great Mind of all, it comes tendering its freest exercise, and involving man in the responsibility, not of obedience only, but of so exerting his powers as to be consonant to his immortal and progressive destiny. It comes offering to man that freedom which is his birthright—the freedom of examining and understanding all the laws of the great Creator—the freedom of conforming to them, and the freedom of taking upon himself the consequences of his disregard of them.

Here is a task worthy man's greatest and noblest powers, which fits him for his high destiny of eternal progression, and prepares him for that never-ending enlargement of his intellect, which shall yet bring him nigh unto the Mind which spoke a universe into existence.

I have thus endeavored to answer your inquiries as far as lies in my power. I have done it imperfectly, because necessarily confined to generalities, and compelled to be brief and to content myself with merely touching each topic. I am, however, in hopes that I have, at least, opened to you a train of thought which you can yourself follow out to a conclusion.

One thing I have found it necessary to guard myself against, and that was jumping too hastily to a conclusion.

As for instance, your remark that the revelations as to the locality of the spheres, as made to Professor Hare and to myself, can not be both true. What authority have you for saying that? My own idea is that both *are* true, and that while some Spirits are, from their comparatively undeveloped condition, confined near the earth and within the distances named to the Professor, others are more refined and sublimated, and can pass to immeasurable distances, and behold, of the great creation, many things unknown to us. And this, as I understand it, is part of the Spirit progression. Must it not be so? And if the doctrine of progression be true, must there not be in Spirit-condition even greater variety than that involved in the revelations to him and to me?

Man's condition in the Spirit-world, as I am taught, depends on his progress in Purity, in Love, and in Knowledge. It is his progress in Purity which fixes the plane on which he exists there, while it is his progress in Knowledge and Love which controls his associations on that plane.

Behold, then, how infinite must be his variety of condition, and as a consequence, how various must be his teachings in respect to it !

And now, drawing my long epistle to a close, I beg to assure you that I shall, at all times, be most happy to render you any assistance in my power in your researches, for I hail with great joy every accession of intelligent, educated minds to the great band of inquirers into truths, which you have justly characterized as worthy the investigation of every votary of science and knowledge.

I am very respectfully yours, etc.,

To ———

J. W. EDMONDS.

CERTAINTY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE!

CONTINUANCE OF THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN JUDGE EDMONDS
AND A DISTINGUISHED LEGAL GENTLEMAN—THE CHAN-
CELLOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

—, OCTOBER 10, 1856.

DEAR SIR :

I write to thank you for the kindness and courtesy with which you responded to my communication of the 22d ultimo ; also for the purpose of replying to your request for my consent to the publication of my letter with my name, as a kind of preface or introduction to your exposition of the questions or difficulties suggested in my said letter. I consent most cheerfully to the publication of the letter, if deemed advisable by you, but without the name. I think that this would be premature on my part. It is not from cowardice or fear of ridicule. I believe I am now regarded as more than half a Spiritualist by most of my friends and acquaintances. I am, however, but a humble investigator, with no settled convictions on this subject, but with a mind certainly unsettled on all subjects of a kindred nature. I wish only truth. Of this I am not afraid, let it lead where it may. I feel that no truth can be hurtful, however it may clash with dogmas and preconceived opinions ; and of another thing I am convinced, no truth (physical, moral, or religious) can be discordant with any other truth ; and this is a consolation and an encouragement to those who investigate with honesty and intelligence. If I sincerely and honestly direct the faculties which my heavenly Father has bestowed upon me in search of truth, but should unhappily arrive at an erroneous conclusion, it can scarcely be imputed to me as a crime.

I do not, however, think that creeds should be lightly changed as one would change a garment ; and one should be cautious how he *seems to do so* before he has formed a definite judgment, lest sliding back to his former opinions, or taking others still

more novel, he should incur the character of volatility or instability

If I were to be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, I should not hesitate to avow it, or at least, I hope I should—and I scarcely know whether I should be pleased or otherwise, to find its claims based on reality ; but I feel that I would be more than willing to embrace the truth.

O truth ! truth ! “What is truth ?” So difficult to find on earth, is it equally difficult to know what is truth in heaven ? While men are darkling after it in this sublunary sphere, is the search for it also vain for the pure and disembodied Spirits in the higher spheres ? This, to my mind, is one sad and discouraging feature in your philosophy. For I had hoped and thought (and if it is an illusion, I had hugged it to my soul), that truth vainly sought on earth, was to be found among the bright immortals. But the revelations to you and others would lead to different conclusions.

I think, my dear Sir, that your explanation of the difficulties I suggested (the discrepancies of the Spirit revelations on subjects where there should be no discrepancies) though very ingenious, to a person who stands in my point of view, is not satisfactory, and if you will pardon the phrase (not intended to be in the slightest degree disrespectful) not logical. I mean that, after conceding to you all your facts on which your explanation and argument are grounded, you explain the admitted discrepancies by the supposed different states of advancement of the Spirits who communicate (and here I would say by way of parenthesis, that independently of this new revelation I am prepared to admit and believe, that the disembodied Spirits of the righteous are at any given period differently advanced, according to circumstances, in knowledge and other attributes.) But on this earth, amid our imperfect and undeveloped race, all, however limited in faculties of mind or opportunities of observation, equally know and understand certain simple facts. Upon these all agree ; there is no discord. If the discrepancies in the Spirit teachings had appeared on subjects that were abstruse and metaphysical, the incongruity would not have been so startling.

"Providence, foreknowledge, fate and will ; fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," these and kindred themes we may suppose that seraphic intellects might discuss and endeavor to explore, "and find no end in wandering mazes lost." But upon a question of geography, a mere matter of locality, we find the discordances in the Spirit teachings most glaring. Where is the difference in this sphere, among *savans*, as to the geographical position of Pekin, or any other known place? Yet this is precisely the contradiction pointed out in my last letter. The question is as to the locality of heaven, or the place where good and happy Spirits dwell. The conclave of high and holy and advanced Spirits, questioned by Prof. Hare, locate it between this earth and the orbit of the moon, that is, the seven spheres are there located ; and let it be borne in mind, that the advanced Spirits (Bacon and Swedenborg, I believe,) who being interrogated by you or some one of your circle in the same manner, replied that twice the distance of the remotest fixed star, multiplied a thousand times, would not approximate the measure of the distance of the locality of Heaven. I am writing now from memory, and may not have this teaching accurately in the very words ; but I think that I have expressed the idea substantially. I said that both of these statements could not be true. You ask me what authority I have for saying that ; that you believe both statements to be true, meaning, I suppose, that there are two localities. You ascribe the apparent contradiction to the different advancement of the two classes of Spirits who teach. If I understand the force of this argument, it amounts to this : the Spirits teach according to their own experience and knowledge, and only in that way. The intimation directly is, that the more distant locality is spoken of by the more advanced Spirits. That is a higher and a happier place. But I have not learned from anything I have seen, that Bacon and Swedenborg claim to be more advanced than some of the conclave who communicate to Dr. Hare. And if they were, and had a knowledge of ulterior spheres beyond the *seven* of Hare, it is reasonable to suppose that the advanced Spirits of Dr. Hare's conclave had some report of these higher and more exalted states of being. There

is a teaching (somewhere to be found in your book, perhaps,) that the seventh sphere, wherever it is, is the ultimate ; and that beyond that nothing is known by the highest intelligences. But leaving that out of view, Bacon and Swedenborg, who taught the more distant locality, must in their upward ascent have passed through the lower spheres, and have had a knowledge of them from personal observation, to say nothing of a different way of obtaining that knowledge, being such high and advanced Spirits as they were. I can not see but that they should know all below them, when interrogated as to the locality of heaven ; for them (ignoring the seven sublunary spheres of Dr. Hare's conclave,) to locate it beyond the fixed stars, is to my mind, (I can make it nothing else but) a contradiction of the sublunary location. It does this by the most obvious implication. If a learner of geography were to ask where were situated the territorial possessions of the Czar of Russia ? and had an answer which included all his European dominions, but omitted his Asiatic dominions, would that be a correct answer ? Would it not, by the most manifest implication, exclude the Asiatic territory ? Would it not be contradictory to one which included the latter ? Would not there be different teachings to that scholar ? *Expressio unius, exclusio alterius*, is not simply a law maxim. It enters into the very philosophy of language, and is equally applicable to all subjects. I doubt not it holds good in the language of the angels in heaven. Suppose it were asked to name the states in the American Union, and the person questioned should enumerate the sixteen Northern, and omit the fifteen Southern States, would not this answer be false ? Upon every principle of correct construction, applicable at all times and upon all occasions, would not this convey the erroneous information that the sixteen Northern States, and they alone, composed the American Confederacy of States ? It would be vain to vindicate the correctness of the statement, by saying that it was true as far as it went, and that the States enumerated were actually in the Union. The implication is that there were no other ; and to make it true in every sense, it must be put upon the ground that the person who answered had a mental reservation which the other interlocutor

was not aware of. It is not even answering in a double sense. Pardon me for saying that the defect of your reasoning in the explanation appears to me to be of a similar character. Dr. Hare's conclave tells him that the spheres are between the earth and the orbit of the moon. Bacon and Swedenborg (one or both) say that the spheres are far beyond the sidereal heavens, and all are professing to teach the *where* of the dwelling-place of beautiful Spirits. Conceding all your *postulata*, this, to my mind, is a contradiction.

But admitting the contradictions, how are the facts to be disposed of? There is the rub. The teachings may be contradictory; they may be all false; but the question forces itself upon us, Who makes them? whence come the revelations, true or false? They are intelligible, if not true, and seem to emanate from intelligent sources. They can not come (it seems so) from mere matter, however subtle its forces. I am lost in wonder and amazement! I am free to say that these phenomena, viewed in any light, or however we may dispose of them, are the most extraordinary in the history of the human mind. Great results must follow, whether they emanate from disembodied Spirits or not. No candid or well-regulated mind can question the integrity of all the witnesses. If you only, or a few others, were alone the witnesses, we might without impugning your honesty, veracity, or general intellectual capacity, get over the difficulty, by ascribing the phenomena to monomania, as Swedenborg's teachings were for a long time, and with some still are disposed of. But the concurrent testimony from many and widely separated sources has assumed a magnitude and force which is not to be evaded by a philosophic sneer. Such a mode of treating the subject may and does satisfy the unreflecting and vulgar herd. But the subject merits attention, and will force itself upon the notice of the world.

Thus far I had written last night, under very unfavorable circumstances. I was here forced to stop by the lateness of the hour and the access of a morbid affection to which I am subject. On looking over the foregoing, this evening, I am forcibly struck with the imperfect manner in which I have expressed my ideas,

and the almost illegible character of the writing. And I have been strongly disposed not to trouble you with the labor of decyphering my hieroglyphics, difficult to read at all times, but more so when the writing has been executed under the circumstances that existed when the foregoing was written. I have, however, concluded to forward it to you, as you appear to take an interest in my feelings and opinions on this subject.

There is one observation I must make before I close. The teachings in your publications, as emanating from the Spirits, inculcate a morality the most pure and elevated, and a state of the affections toward God in the highest degree holy and spiritual. In these respects there are, in my opinion, no writings extant more unexceptionable. There is (as it appears to me) in the Spirit teachings much declamation and rhapsody, and they abound in generalities, which, though very good as such, convey no information.

There is very little said in this State on the subject of Spirit manifestations, and what is said is entirely in the spirit of scoffing and ridicule. I know of no confirmed Spiritualist, and but very few who have given the subject the slightest attention. There is a gentleman of some eminence in the western part of the State who is said to be a convert. The person who in my knowledge comes the nearest to that character, is an intelligent, educated and high-toned gentleman in ———, who had some remarkable experiences on this subject. He is a physician. Some of the demonstrations at his house I have witnessed. He had communication with what purported to be Spirits. Their names were always given. They communicated freely, but revealed nothing of importance. They made some most admirable tests as to matters unknown; but often made mistakes or false statements. The last time I saw this gentleman, he had given up the investigation, and was entirely afloat as to whether the demonstrations made in his presence were the work of Spirits. The Spirits, though they continued to manifest whenever invited, and breathed nothing but kindness, good will and affection, yet spoke so many falsehoods that he was disgusted with the exhibitions. He had no confidence in any thing they communicated;

and on being asked for explanations as to their false statements, they could give no explanation.

But I must cease to trouble you with my crude thoughts and imaginings on a subject which has engaged so much of your attention, and upon which you are so well informed that what I have to say must appear trivial. If leisure serves you, I should be pleased to hear from you at any time upon this interesting theme. I am, Sir, with great respect, yours, etc., ———.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS, NEW YORK.

REPLY OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

NEW YORK, *December 14, 1856.*

DEAR SIR :

I know you will excuse the long delay in answering your favor of the 10th of October, and I will therefore waste no words in apologizing, but content myself with assuring you that it has not arisen from any want of inclination on my part.

Plunging then *in medias res*, may I not ask if you are not too impatient in your search for the great desideratum—the Truth? There is no short-cut to knowledge. It has to be toiled for, from our A B C's to the great question, What is God? It is by slow steps that we attain the truth. Think how many centuries elapsed before the truth of our planetary system came to us! and finally it came through much persecution, and as the result of the observations and speculations of thousands of years. And so it has been with all the great truths of Science which we now receive. But have we yet received all the truths, even in relation to the material world, which Science can yet attain to? We are not authorized to say so. Why, even Newton's attraction of gravitation, which was proclaimed by him as a cause, it is now insisted, is but an effect, and therefore there is a truth yet to be discovered behind and beyond it. How many new planets belonging to our system have been discovered within the past fifty years, which were before unknown to us! And how many ages passed before we learned the fallacy of the long received maxim, "that nature abhorred a vacuum!"

These things were truths as much a thousand years ago as they are to-day, and it was our incapacity which retarded our knowledge of them. It was our fault, and not theirs, that they were not truths to us at an earlier period.

It is the same with moral as with physical truths. It is only as our capacity to receive them advances, that they come to us.

Cast your eyes back upon the world when Fetichism was the religion of man. He then worshiped stocks and stones, because he was incapable of appreciating a divinity, divested of material attributes. He could not comprehend an invisible, omniscient Deity. The idea was simply an absurdity to him, and he rejected it of course.

The fire-worshiper who succeeded him, began to worship the cause rather than the effect.

The ancient mythology began to comprehend the idea of an invisible existence, but it received not the thought of a Great First Cause.

At length man was prepared to receive the revelation of one God over all. Yet mark how difficult it was for him to comprehend it! It came with many marvels; yet we do not learn that even darkness over the whole land, or the destruction of all the first-born of Egypt, worked conviction in a single mind. Even the Israelites had to pause in the wilderness until an entire generation had died out, before they would receive a truth which now our youngest children acknowledge.

And so, when man had so advanced that he might receive the truth of his own immortality, behold! how difficult it was for him to receive it. Socrates in Greece, and Jesus in Jerusalem, fell sacrifices to the promulgation of this mighty truth.

And now that two thousand years have rolled on, behold how few among the nine hundred millions of men on earth are prepared to receive the great truths which you and I acknowledge, namely, the existence of one great Jehovah, and man's immortal destiny.

Why is it that you and I, even in childhood, received as truth that which the wise and the learned of antiquity rejected

as fables? Because time had made its impress upon the race as well as upon the individual.

But everywhere with man, in all ages and in all conditions, time and progress are essential elements in the dissemination of truth, and its reception by him.

Do you ask why I thus gravely dwell on these truisms, with you? It is because being truisms, we may learn the application of them; and by applying them to the revelation of spiritual truths, we may see why it is that the dissemination of such truths, even now, and when descending from so high and holy a source, should be so slow in progress—so difficult, so full of anxiety to us, and yet so certainly attainable in the end.

Let us not, then, marvel that Truth is so hard to get at; and let us so learn to discriminate that we may be able to determine whether the obscurity which disturbs us is owing to a spot on the sun or a cloud around the beholder.

If, then, these things are true, they may be as much so in the present as in the past—in regard to individual man as to the race. Let us see if they will not explain the difficulty to which you refer, as to the locality of Spirit residence.

I do not understand that the Spirits who teach Dr. Hare, as to the sublunar locality, do say that there is no other home; and most certainly those who have taught me as to the far distant locality, have not said so.

It is not, therefore, what they do teach, but what they do not teach, that is the cause of the difficulty; and because they who are teaching Dr. H. in regard to the earthly spheres do not stop in the midst of their teaching, to exclude a conclusion by telling him that there are other localities beside, where Spirits dwell.

Pardon me for saying I do not think this is sound reasoning; and marvel not that I say to you, that even on the bench I could not see the philosophy of the maxim *expressio unius*, etc.

It may sometimes be true that the expression of one idea excludes another; it may indeed often be a just inference to draw, but its universal application can not be sound. A child is asking you what are the countries on the face of the earth? You begin by describing to him the Western Continent; and

then, deeming that he has got as much as he can then grasp, you pause for a while and wait for his mind to be prepared for further teaching. Would it not be lamentable for that child to infer then that there was no other continent?

Thus Dr. Hare has all his life long been an honest, sincere, but inveterate disbeliever in the Christian religion. Late in life Spiritualism comes to him, and in a short time works in his mind the conviction of the existence of a God and his own immortality. So far his Spirit teachers have already gone with him. But he still denies Revelation. He is as sturdy and sincere now in that denial as he ever was. Will it be just to conclude, because his Spirit teachers have not yet brought him up to that point, that therefore there is not and never has been a Revelation?

If there was no other teaching of spiritual truths but Dr. Hare's, or even if his professed to teach the whole truth of Spirit existence, there would be more room for the argument. But even then the position would be precisely that which the theologians of to-day so pertinaciously assume, namely, that the revelations through Christ are plenary—a position which has been immensely mischievous in retarding man's spiritual progress. But there are other teachings beside the Doctor's, and his do not profess to cover the whole ground.

The other teachings disclose to us who they are, who—for a while at least—are confined within sublunary distances, and why they are so. They also disclose to us other states of Spirit existence, far more elevated and refined than can be consistent with any earthly or sublunar habitation, whose radiance and beatitude are far beyond even the comprehension of those who are yet so earthly as to be bound down within its influence.

The locality of such a state of existence, in the boundless realms of space, I for one, do not pretend to understand. How can they to whom space is nothing, and whose rapidity of motion lags not "behind the celerity of thought," convey to me an adequate idea of distance in their sphere of life? And how could I understand them, when I can not grasp with a proper comprehension even the distance of Saturn or Herschell? I can

approximate to a comprehension, by imagining how long it would take a cannon-ball or a railroad car to traverse the distance ; but even then I am lost in the immensity of the idea.

Why then attempt to teach me what I can not comprehend ? They are not so superfluous. Already have I learned so much that is far, far beyond what I formerly dreamed was possible, that I pause and say, How boundless is thy realm, O, truth ! and how eternal must be the search for it, with the immortal intellect !

Already have I been taught so many things beyond the power of language to describe, or even of my mind to comprehend, that I pause on the threshold of knowledge, in breathless awe, and await the time when the spark of divinity that is within me shall be so developed and enlarged that I may begin to grasp the mighty truths which are ever rolling round me in His illimitable kingdom.

Let me suggest to you one idea which will tend to show you that the teachings of Dr. Hare did not intend to exclude other localities.

We are taught by science that the countless worlds which roll in space, must be inhabited by sentient beings. We are now taught by Revelation that it is so, and that those beings, differing as they may from us and each other in their development, are, like us, destined for immortality. Now what is their condition after death ? Are they, too, confined within the sublunary distances of this, one of the least considerable of those worlds ? Yet *expressio, unius, exclusio alterius*, carried out, would have it so. Surely the argument drawn from that maxim can not be sound, which conducts us to such consequences.

I have thus in a measure amplified the idea which I but suggested in my former letter. Whether I have done so satisfactorily, I leave to your better judgment, confident of the result in a mind so candid and intelligent.

Thus far I have dwelt upon the difficulties and uncertainties of Spirit communion, and have endeavored to convey the idea that it is only by the use of our own reason that we can arrive at results ; in other words, that we must deal with this revelation

in the same manner that we have dealt with those through Moses and the Prophets who succeeded him, and through Jesus and his Apostles, and that we can take nothing "by authority" without a sinful surrender of our own independence of thought and the responsibility that belongs to it.

Now let me pause a moment, to mention to you some of the important truths which we can and do obtain through this communion, in spite of all its contradictions, and amid all the incongruities which, although they disturb us, must, it seems to me, be inevitable.

I have now been six years engaged in these investigations. I have been blessed with most favorable opportunities for investigation; I have been witness to very many things, not one ten thousandth part of which has yet been published. I am almost daily enjoying the communion, and daily learning some new truth, or receiving confirmation or explanation of some already given. I am thus taught that there is no end to the knowledge which can thus be communicated to us, and that with all my advantages I am but on the threshold of this new knowledge.

My conclusions must therefore be drawn from many facts not as yet within your reach, or which have not yet come to your knowledge; but they are facts, to the knowledge of which all can attain; for it can not be supposed that I have any peculiar privilege that can not be enjoyed by all mankind. All may know what I know; all may witness what I have witnessed. And now, what I mean to say is, that to all such, when they do thus know and do thus witness, these truths are demonstrated.

Most fully do I accord with you in the opinion that they are most important to man, and do "inculcate a morality the most pure and elevated, and a state of the affections toward God in the highest degree holy and spiritual."

These are the truths I mean:

1. That man during his earthly existence can have communion and direct intercourse with the Spirits of those who have, like us, lived the earthly life, and that not only with those who, when on earth, were near and dear to us, and who can return to assuage our grief by their presence, but with those who have

passed away ages ago, and who can return to us and impart to us the "new knowledge" they have acquired during those ages of their Spirit existence.

2. That that knowledge is not confined to matters connected with this earth, as a material world, or to its hidden or forgotten things, but may extend to the constitution and organization of the countless worlds that people space, and to the laws which govern them, from their first formation to their highest state of perfection.

3. That in this manner, man's ultimate destiny can be revealed to him, and the condition of his existence after this earthly life. Hitherto it has been revealed to him simply that he is destined to live forever; but what that existence was, has been concealed. Now it can be revealed to him, with all its conditions, and what are to be his occupations and employments there.

4. That the character of man's future, whether for good or ill, whether happy or otherwise, is in a great measure dependent upon himself—at least dependent upon himself and his surroundings; that he must work out his own salvation, and he can not devolve that task upon others, nor can he cast upon others the responsibility that belongs to him of performing his duty of obedience to the laws of his great Creator.

5. That the great law of man's existence is progression. As his body is the result of progression from inert matter to the living moving animal, so his soul, which is the emanation of the divinity within him, must progress from the cradle to eternity, and that progression must be in the elements which will liken him to the divinity whence he has sprung.

6. That all mankind are members of one great body, as the leaves and the limbs are parts of the tree. They are bound to, and connected with, each other by indissoluble ties, and progression must be of the race as well as of individual man.

7. That man is endowed with all the attributes which are necessary to enable him thus to progress. Some of them are yet dormant, yet are capable of being drawn out by proper

cultivation, as we are able to read by cultivating the powers within us.

8. That among those attributes which are capable of cultivation and action even in this life, are : the power of Spirit communion ; of seeing and hearing spiritual things without using the material organs ; of knowing the thoughts of our fellow-man even in his earthly tabernacle ; and of prophesying as to the future.

9. That progression must begin in this our primary existence, and if omitted or neglected here, it is far more difficult to begin it hereafter.

10. That man passes into the Spirit-world morally and intellectually, as he is here ; that if he is perverted here, he is so there until his great destiny of progression shall begin. While thus perverted, he can commune with us on earth, and we are ever surrounded by such, and susceptible to their influences.

From this source come the inner and often mysterious promptings to evil, which all of us at times experience, urging us to do, even against our own will, what we know to be wrong. And now that the source of this evil is revealed to us, so it is being revealed to us how we can resist and overcome it, and how we can effectually guard against its effect upon us.

These are the mighty truths which spiritual intercourse teaches us. They are demonstrated to us, in a manner and with a force and clearness that no sane mind can resist ; and they come to the enlightened intellect with irresistible conviction.

But they come to us, by means of evidence flowing through human channels ; and like all human testimony, they are attended with difficulties and dangers which are sufficiently annoying, but are not insurmountable.

Patient, calm and intelligent inquiry cannot fail to produce such results. Anything short of that can not be satisfactory, and may often be dangerous.

Fanaticism is always mischievous. Undue excitement is always hurtful, and they are none the less so in Spiritualism than they are in any other religion ; but with us they are easily overcome, for we are ever taught that it is our reason that is addressed, and that its calm exercise alone can enable us to perform our whole duty wisely and well.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

SPEAKING IN MANY TONGUES.

——— INSTITUTE, ——— October 22, 1857.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS, NEW YORK :

Dear Sir—It is the custom of this Institution to have most of the leading religious periodicals and journals in its reading-room, for the use of its students.

A committee was appointed a short time since for the purpose of writing for such as were deemed proper. My request that some spiritual works should be written for, was unfavorably received. The curator, however, gave his consent to have such journals in the reading-room as I might select. I wrote for the *Spiritual Telegraph*, and Mr. Partridge has kindly consented to send it to me. The custom is to send it to the Institution free of charge. I do not know how well this may suit your financial views, but permit me to request you to send me the *Sacred Circle* for this purpose. I feel a delicacy in asking this, but the assurance that you feel an interest in promoting the important truths you so ably and fearlessly advocate, leads me to hope you will send me a regular copy for the above-mentioned purpose.

This is an ——— Institution, and quite liberal in sentiment. The professors, however, object to the *name* of Spiritualism, although they teach the communion of the Great Spirit ; and I think if they fully understood the truths of the new philosophy, they would unhesitatingly indorse it.

It has been but a few mornings since that a question arose in discussing the passage of Scripture, 1 Cor. 12 ch., where Paul speaks of the diversity of spiritual gifts. I explained it accord

ing to spiritual phenomena, and mentioned some cases of persons speaking in foreign tongues in our day. The Professor objected, explaining my examples by the mediums having (as he supposed) previously heard those languages read or spoken; but promised me that he would indorse the doctrine when I would bring him a case well authenticated (by three or more reliable witnesses) of any person or medium speaking in a language of which they were entirely ignorant, never having read, heard read, or heard spoken such language, during their previous life.

I feel assured there are such cases, although I have none at command; and I hope you will not feel that I am taking too great liberty by requesting you to send me such a case. If you have such a one (or a similar one equally strong) in any convenient form for sending, as I feel an interest not only as a matter of pride, but as a matter of principle, in convincing him; and if you will be instrumental in assisting me, you may rest assured that you will receive the warmest thanks of

Respectfully, A. D. BYLES.

NEW YORK, *October 27, 1857.*

Dear Sir—It is one of the strange things of the day, that persons of education and standing, whose lives are devoted to the pursuit of science, and who are engaged in the education of our youth, should be so profoundly ignorant of what is taking place all around them.

There are, perhaps, good reasons why it is so, as regards Spiritualism. Both the secular and religious newspapers of the day have refused to publish anything on the subject, except it be an attack upon it, and, therefore, the opportunities of the world at large to learn anything about it, are necessarily contracted; and then, again, when this general practice is so far departed from as to publish anything, there is a class of people who, for conscience' sake, refuse to read.

In which of these positions your Professor is, of course I can not say; but he must be in one or the other, because the fact

which he doubts has been published to the world, in such manner that if it were false, that could easily have been shown.

My second volume on "Spiritualism" was published in 1855, and several thousand copies have been sold. In the introduction to that volume, written by myself, and having to it my own signature, and of course my voucher for its truth, and on page 45, is a statement of my daughter's having spoken several different languages, and particularly of her conversation with a Greek gentleman.

As you may not have the volume, I annex a copy of the passage.

But it contains *my* evidence alone, for I have not appended the certificates of its verity from those who were present, nor do I mean to do so; for it is to me a matter of entire indifference whether any one believes it or not. I discharge my duty by publishing the truth, as I know it to be, and leave the matter to its fate.

I published it, however, here, where I am known—where my character for veracity is well known—where I am surrounded by the very persons in whose presence the thing occurred, and where, if my statement is untrue, its falsity can easily be established.

Your Professor is wrong, however, in one respect. He says he would indorse the doctrine, if the fact should be authenticated by three or more reliable witnesses. He would not do so, you may rely upon it. He can have it authenticated by fifty reliable witnesses, if he will. But he would not indorse the doctrine, if such authentication even was before him.

He surely does not mean to say he would "indorse" unless he believed, and he surely knows that belief is not matter of volition. He can not believe at pleasure. He may profess to, but actual belief does not flow from his volition. Let him try to persuade himself that the sun does not shine at mid-day, and see what a piece of work he will make of it.

I do not mean to impute to him any intentional misstatement in the matter, but I understand his remark as a mere expression of his opinion, as to what he now honestly thinks would be the

effect of the evidence on his mind. But in that respect he is deceived, or, at least, I hope he is ; for I would not give a copper for that belief in our beautiful faith, that is founded only on a knowledge of its marvels. It would be a house built on the sand, and could not stand the storms that would assail it. And then, such is not the office of those marvels. They do not come for such purpose. Their legitimate province is simply to awaken attention to the subject, and to induce the intelligent mind to investigate it. Blot from memory or from existence all these external manifestations, and then come the philosophy and the religion of spiritual intercourse, which *will* work conviction for themselves, in any candid mind that will give itself a fair chance. That is the important aspect in which we are to view the matter, and the manifestations are to be regarded of moment only as they call attention to the subject.

I should pity any mind that should believe on the manifestations alone, for it would be eternally in a sea of doubt ; but resting on the rock of reason and philosophy, it would attain firm faith, and with it, calm repose.

Beside, I have heard this assertion made so often, and seen its results, that I feel authorized to anticipate what would be the result in your Professor's case. I said the same thing myself several times in the early stages of my inquiries, and when the fact came on which I had promised or hoped to found a belief, I was surprised to find myself still a doubter.

I had an illustration of it in the case of Governor —— (now of ——). He was told at my house of the manifestation there of the loss of the steamer *Artic*. That was strange, he acknowledged ; but there might be some explanation of it in that single instance. If, however, it had come through three or four different persons unconnected with each other, then he would believe. I told him he would not, but he insisted he would. It was not long before he had the evidence that it had come just as he had suggested, and through four different channels, unconnected with, and unknown to each other. Did he believe then ? Not a whit ! and for the reason, as I suppose, that belief is not a matter of volition, nor is it the province of a marvel to produce a conviction.

Pray, how many converts to Christianity were made by the marvels of the days of Jesus? Of the thousands whom he fed, do we read that any were made believers thereby? And what, on the feast of the Pentecost, added three thousand souls to the believers? Was it the apostles speaking in many tongues, or the beautiful doctrine which Peter unfolded?

No, my friend; we deceive ourselves when we say or think that we should indorse the doctrine of Spiritualism as soon as we become convinced of the reality of the manifestations. Something more is demanded to work conviction in the rational mind; and we who believe will be likely to mislead our hearers when we make of those manifestations an end, and not a means. Confine them to their legitimate purpose of awakening investigation, and they become useful ministers to the truth. Let them be all in all, and they become its masters without the power of due government, but with the power of working much mischief.

Let me not, however, lose sight of your request, in my fear that too much consequence may be attached to its subject. I will annex hereto, not merely an extract from the book I referred to, but also some extracts from my records of other instances, with explanations, etc.

I give you these extracts as my own personal experience alone. But there are other instances which have been published, as known to others, of which I will not venture to speak.

Of what happened under my observation, I can freely speak for I know whether I speak the truth or not. Yours truly,

MR. A. D. BYLES.

J. W. EDMONDS.

EXTRACT FROM VOL. 2, SPIRITUALISM, P. 45.

"She was next developed to speak different languages. She knows no language but her own, and a little smattering of boarding-school French; yet she has spoken in nine or ten different tongues, sometimes for an hour at a time, with the ease and fluency of a native. It is not unfrequent that foreigners converse with their Spirit-friends through her, in their own language. A recent instance occurred, where a Greek gentleman had several interviews, and for several hours at a time carried on the conversation on his part in Greek, and received his answers sometimes in that language, and sometimes in English. Yet until then she had never heard a word of modern Greek spoken."

The foregoing is my account, in very general terms, of my

daughter's mediumship. Let me here specify some of the instances more particularly :

One evening there came to my house a young girl from one of the Eastern States. She had come to New York to seek her fortune. Her education was that which can be obtained at a common country school. She was a medium, and was accompanied by the Spirit of a Frenchman, who was very troublesome to her. He could speak through her, but only in French. For more than an hour a conversation went on between my daughter and the Spirit, speaking through Miss Dowd. They both conducted the conversation entirely in French, and both spoke with the rapidity and fluency of native Frenchmen. Miss Dowd's French was a *wretched patois* of some of the Southern provinces of France, while Laura's was pure Parisian.

This occurred in my library, where some five or six persons were present ; and Miss Dowd is still living in this city.

On another occasion, some Polish gentlemen, entire strangers to her, sought an interview with Laura, and during it, she several times spoke in their language words and sentences which she did not understand, but they did, and a good deal of the conversation on their part was in Polish, and they received answers, sometimes in English, and sometimes in Polish. The English she understood, but the other she did not, though they seemed to understand it perfectly.

This can be verified only by Laura's statement, for no one was present but her and the two gentlemen, and they did not give their names.

The incident with the Greek gentleman was this : One evening, when some twelve or fifteen persons were in my parlor, Mr E. D. Green, an artist of this city, was shown in, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Evangelides, of Greece. He spoke broken English, but Greek fluently. Ere long, a Spirit spoke to him through Laura, in English, and said so many things to him, that he identified him as a friend who had died at his house a few years before, but of whom none of us had ever heard.

Occasionally, through Laura, the Spirit would speak a word

or a sentence in Greek, until Mr. E. inquired if he could be understood if he spoke in Greek? The residue of the conversation for more than an hour, was, on his part, entirely in Greek, and on hers, sometimes in Greek, and sometimes in English. At times, Laura would not understand what was the idea conveyed either by her or him. At other times she would understand him, though he spoke in Greek, and herself when uttering Greek words.

He was sometimes very much affected, so much so as to attract the attention of the company, some of whom begged to know what it was that caused so much emotion. He declined to tell, but after the conversation ended, he told us that he had never before witnessed any Spirit-manifestations, and that he had, during the conversation, tried experiments to test that which was so novel to him. Those experiments were in speaking of subjects which he knew Laura must be ignorant of, and in frequently and suddenly changing the topic from domestic to political affairs, from philosophy to theology, and so on. In answer to our inquiries—for none of us knew Greek—he assured us that his Greek must have been understood, and her Greek was correct.

He afterward had many other interviews, in which Greek conversations occurred.

At this interview, which I have described, there were present Mr. Green, Mr. Evangelides, Mr. Allen, President of a Boston bank, and two gentlemen whose names I forget, but can easily ascertain, who were large railroad contractors in one of the Western States, my daughter Laura, my niece Jennie Keyes, myself, and several others whom I do not remember.

My niece, of whom I have spoken, has often sung Italian, improvising both words and tune, yet she is entirely unacquainted with the language. Of this, I suppose, there are a hundred instances.

One day, my daughter and niece came into my library and began a conversation with me in Spanish, one speaking a part of a sentence and the other the residue. They were influenced, as I found, by the Spirit of a person whom I had known when

in Central America, and reference was made to many things which had occurred to me there, of which I knew they were as ignorant as they were of Spanish.

To this only we three can testify.

Laura has spoken to me in Indian, in the Chippewa and Monomonic tongues. I knew the language, because I had been two years in the Indian country.

I have thus enumerated Indian, Spanish, French, Greek and English, that she has spoken. I have also heard her in Italian, Portuguese, Latin and Hungarian, and in some that I did not know.

The instances are too numerous for me to recall the names of the persons present.

I will now mention instances through others than her.

A man by the name of Finney, a carpenter, of very limited education, living near Cleveland, Ohio, was once giving me a communication, for he was a speaking medium. The subject was self-knowledge, and while I was writing it down, I spoke (*sotto voce*) *Gnothi seauton*. He paused, repeated the Greek, and added, "Yes, know thyself."

Mrs. Helen Leeds, of 45 Carver-street, Boston, a medium of some note in those parts, has very often spoken Chinese. She is of very limited education, and never heard a word of that language spoken.

This occurred so often with her in a former stage of her mediumship, that I suppose I may say that there are thousands who have witnessed it. I have myself witnessed it at least a hundred times.

In the early stages of my investigations I kept very full minutes of all that occurred. From my records I make this extract :

" ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH INTERVIEW.

" Nov. 3, 1852.

" There was a special meeting of the Circle of Hope last evening, to meet some of our friends from Albany. Beside the members of the circle [the circle consisted of Mr. Sweet and wife, Mr. Wood and wife, Mr. Ira Hutchinson, Mr. Comes and myself] there were present Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Haight of Albany ; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mettler, of Hartford, Conn. ; Mrs. J. B. Mettler, of New York, and Mrs. Heath, sister of Mrs. Ambler.

" Mr. Ambler was soon thrown into the magnetic state, etc. *

" After he came out of the trance-state, Mrs. Shepherd was affected, and spoke in several languages. She occasionally spoke English. * * * * *

And she continued for an hour or two thus to speak in some foreign languages. It seemed to us to be Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

"Mrs. Mettler was then thrown into a trance-state, and she was developed for the first time in her life to speak in diverse tongues. She spoke in German, and what seemed to be Indian.

"And they, two, *i. e.* Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Mettler, then for some time conversed together in these foreign languages.

"Occasionally they spoke in English, and sometimes in broken English."

I have looked in my records, but do not find it, though I very well remember the fact, that Mrs. Sweet, of this city, another of our mediums, of very little education, has often spoken French.

[Since writing the above, I learn that she has also spoken Italian and Hebrew.]

I have, a number of times, witnessed a cognate manifestation, when the communication was through the rappings, and was given in a foreign language, though the medium knew only the English.

And I have heard Gov. Tallmadge's daughter, at my house, speak in German, several persons being present.

I have thus gathered together my own experience on this topic. I have never done so before, and confess myself somewhat surprised to behold how large the sum total is. And yet my experience embraces a very small part of that which has been given, and less, if I remember right, than what has been actually published to the world.

I had hoped that in our country, where general information is so wide-spread, where this subject of spiritual intercourse has been a matter of investigation for at least ten years, and where the witnesses to its existence are numbered by hundreds of thousands, the time had gone by when it was necessary to pause in our progress to prove that existence. I had hoped that the time had arrived when the intelligent minds of our country were prepared to use the instrumentalities, whose existence can not be ignored by any well-informed mind, for the purpose of inquiring whether there is not something in its philosophy and its revelations worthy of the attention of the loftiest intellect.

It seems, however, that I am mistaken, and that we must yet awhile trudge along in our infant school. So be it. The time will come, however, when better things will be, and the Truth make its own way, even to the educated mind.

P. S. I now add to the foregoing: November 1.

To-day, at our Conference, I mentioned this subject, and asked if any of those present could give me any further information?

The attendance was unusually small, there not being over a hundred present, but I received the following reply to my inquiry :

Dr. John F. Gray mentioned having had communications through the rappings and table tipplings in the Malay, Hebrew, and Spanish languages. The communications were spelled out, letter by letter, and written down. He obtained translations of all these from persons versed in the different languages. He has records of it all, specifying where it occurred, and who were present. He will probably give me an extract from them. If he does, I will send it to you.

He mentioned one instance, where Professor Bush, who is a Hebrew scholar, was present, and he called the Hebrew alphabet, and wrote the communication down at the time, and afterward translated it, no one present but himself being acquainted with that alphabet.

Dr. Abraham D. Wilson, another physician of high standing, stated that the late Mr. Henry Inman, the *artist*, told him that when his daughter was developed as a medium, she repeatedly spoke Spanish, of which she had no knowledge.

Mr. David Bryson stated that at a recent circle, where Mrs. Tucker was the medium, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Taylor and others were present, the medium spoke fluently an unknown tongue, and conversed with a Dane, who was present, in the Danish language.

Mr. Taylor was at the Conference, and confirmed Mr. Bryson's account.

Mrs. Richardson relates a recent incident of a woman named Greenleaf, who spoke French. And Mrs. French, the medium, well known here, and at Pittsburgh, stated that through her the Spirits had spoken nine different languages.

She relates a recent instance, where Mr. Henry C. Vail being present, she was addressed by an Italian female and led by her to a part of the town where some fourteen Italians were huddled together in one room, in a great state of destitution and sickness, and where Italian was spoken through her to them with entire ease. And she mentioned an occasion at Washington, where in the presence of Governor Tallmadge and Mr. Giddings, M. C., from Ohio, she spoke French fluently.

All these are cases where the parties speaking knew only one language—the English.

This is the gathering of one afternoon only. I can form no idea of the extent of the evidence that might be gathered by a more extended inquiry.

But is it not enough for all, except those who would not believe, though one arose from the dead ?

INTERCOURSE

WITH

SPIRITS OF THE LIVING.

NEW YORK, *October 24, 1857.*

DR. C. ROBBINS, CHARLESTOWN, MASS. :

Dear Sir—If, from my investigations into the subject of Spirit intercourse, it shall be in my power to answer any of your inquiries, it will afford me pleasure to do so. But there is a difficulty about it which neither you nor I can obviate; and it is this, that we are as yet but in the infancy of the matter, but on the threshold of a knowledge of its phenomena, and I can not therefore yet hope to arrive in all instances at certain and satisfactory conclusions. Think how long it was after man had learned that water would boil, before he learned the power of steam! How long after the affinity of iron for electricity was known, before the telegraph was discovered! So it is with Spiritualism; time and very many more manifestations, and much more rational investigation, must yet be had, before we can say that we understand the subject. In the mean time it is very well, as tending to elucidate the truth, that we discuss the nature of what we have received. But I find it necessary to be careful to be not too hasty in arriving at my conclusion—not to be too ready to build up theories, lest I may rather mislead by the ingenuity and confidence of my own ignorance than enlighten by the calmness and modesty of wisdom.

In the early stages of my investigations, I found myself measuring the phenomena before me by the standard of my preconceived opinions, and it took me some time to find out that

that was, at least as respects this subject, the standard of ignorance, and not of knowledge, and that the first thing I had to learn was how ignorant I was of the whole matter—of its laws as well as of the manifestations of them. This taught me to move more cautiously, and not attempt a sum in the Rule of Three, until I had learned my Multiplication Table.

Hence I must entreat you to receive my expositions with great care, and rather as an index to your own thoughts than as certain and reliable solutions of your difficulties.

Your first inquiry, as I understand it, relates to the communion with the Spirits of the living as well as of the dead, and you ask, Is it a delusion?

I was a good deal disturbed when this feature first came to my knowledge. I had had related to me several instances where it afterward turned out the party was yet living. I did not understand it at all, unless it was a false personation by a Spirit, or a delusion on the part of the medium or inquirer.

One day while I was at West Roxbury, there came to me, through Laura as the medium, the Spirit of one with whom I had once been well acquainted, but from whom I had been separated some fifteen years. His was a very peculiar character—one unlike that of any other man whom I ever knew, and so strongly marked that it was not easy to mistake his identity.

I had not seen him in several years; he was not at all in my mind at the time, and he was unknown to the medium. Yet he identified himself unmistakably, not only by his peculiar characteristics, but by referring to matters known only to him and me.

I took it for granted he was dead, and was surprised afterward to learn that he was not. He is yet living.

I can not, on this occasion, go into all the particulars of an interview which lasted more than an hour. I was certain there was no delusion about it, and as certain that it was just as much a Spirit-manifestation as any I ever witnessed or heard of. Yet how could it be? was the question that was long agitating my mind. I have known since then many similar manifestations, so that I can no longer doubt the fact, that at times our communications are from the Spirits of the living as well as the dead.

About two years ago I had quite a marked exemplification of this. A circle was formed at Boston and another here, and they met at the same moment of time in the two cities, and through their respective mediums conversed with each other. The Boston circle would, through their medium, get a communication from the Spirit of the New York medium, and the New York circle would receive one through their medium from the Spirit of the Boston medium.

This continued for several months, and records of the circles were carefully kept. One of these days, I intend to give to the world a full account of the affair, for it was interesting as an attempt to get up a sort of telegraph, whose possibility was thus and there demonstrated. To me the matter was also particularly interesting in another aspect. For out of its incidents and teachings there came to me much that was calculated to explain to me the *rationale* of it.

That *rationale* embraces much thought and investigation, more than I have yet been able to give to it. I have as yet only the faint outline, but I hope in time to be able to go farther than that. At all events, I give it to you now as I have received it, that you and others may direct your researches to it, and like the recent discoveries of new planets in our solar system, out of many intelligent and well-directed observations, be able to work out new truths in the moral firmament.

Have we ever yet been taught how it is that the soul—by soul I mean the immortal part of man—is connected with the material form?

There is something in man beyond what is possessed by any other animal. This is not merely the power of reasoning, for man and animals alike possess and exert that faculty. Place a man and a horse in the middle of a field, and both will reason in the same way about going to a neighboring brook to quench their thirst. A child and a kitten will reason precisely alike in respect to the danger of touching fire. But there is something in the man and child that the horse and the kitten have not got, and can not get. I may, with much propriety, call this "*Devotion*," for it is the power of comprehending the existence of a

Great First Cause, and our connection with it, and embraces something more than the power of reasoning, and the mere capacity of the intellect to form a conclusion from that reasoning.

This "Devotion" belongs to the soul, and not to the body, and can be displayed only by that living being which has the attribute of immortality.

Now how is the soul which possesses this attribute connected with the body?

Some have said that it was seated in the brain, because it had the power of reasoning and judging as to immortality. But here comes the difficulty of distinguishing between the mind, possessed alike by man and horse, and the soul which belongs to man alone. And here comes too the great argument of the infidel, that if such is the soul, man can not be immortal any more than the horse.

Some have said it was seated in the heart, because there can be no "Devotion" without emotion. But here is again the same difficulty—animals have emotions in common with man.

And it is manifest that this immortal part of man is connected with both his intellectual and emotional attributes.

Indeed, without dwelling too much on details, it will be enough to say that how the soul is connected with the body has been hitherto a great mystery—inexplicable upon any hypothesis ever yet suggested to man. For every such hypothesis has encountered somewhere some one insuperable difficulty; and that one alone can be acceptable which has the capacity of surmounting them all, and which can be consistent with every known fact.

The chemist, in searching for arsenic, finds other substances which will produce the same effects with the different tests, but he arrives at a certain conclusion, because there is no other single substance which will produce the same results with *all* the tests.

Now with all this long preface—long, though stating many things too briefly—let me come to my propositions:

1. The soul is an independent entity or existence of itself--

possessing its own individuality and identity independent of all other existence, whether connected or disconnected with it.

2. It has its own peculiar attributes of thought and feeling, which it can exercise independently of, as well as in connection with, the body.

3. Science has long spoken of the duality of man, conveying the idea of two separate and distinct entities belonging to him ; but how thus connected, is involved in profound mystery.

Strange as this idea has seemed, it has been accepted by many, because it was only thus that many things, indisputably established as facts, could be explained, and because without it the reasoning mind had no refuge, but in denying the reality of that whose existence could not be questioned.

4. This quality consists of two existences, (beings or entities) each possessed of its mind and heart—or in other words—(for it is difficult out of old words to convey new ideas for which they have not been fitted) each having its own power of reasoning and feeling ; which, in the earth-life, most commonly act in unison, but possessing the ability to act independently of each other, and at death one of them ceasing to exist, and the other acting on forever.

5. These two parts of the entire man are connected together by a third being or entity, which has no separate attribute of thought or feeling, but whose office it is to connect the other two parts together in the earth-life, and to give form and shape to the man in the Spirit-life.

Thus there is in man the emanation from God in the soul—the animal nature in the body, and the connection of the two is what I will designate as the electrical body. Hence man is a trinity.

6. This electrical body has, among others, two attributes applicable to the matter in hand. *First*, in death it leaves the body, and passes with the soul into the Spirit-life, and lives with it there. In the earth-life its presence is manifested by that odic light of which Reichenbach speaks, and in the Spirit-world it causes, or rather is, that pale and shadowy form which the seer beholds when he sees Spirits. *Second*, It has a power of elasti-

city, which enables the soul to pass to a distance from the body, and yet retain its connection with it. When that connection ceases, death ensues, but while it exists, life continues.

Hence it is, that in dreams and in clairvoyance, we behold actual realities, existing and occurring at the moment far distant from us. This is not a mere picture, like a painting presented to the mind, but is the passing, changing reality, for we behold the various and incessant changes of the scene, and we hear the conversation accompanying it.

7. The soul and the electrical body are never separated, but the animal body may be separated from one or both. In death the animal body is separated from both. In life it may be separated from the soul for a while.

These are not all the propositions connected with the union of the soul and the body, which have been revealed to us, but they are all which bear upon the immediate topic which we have in hand.

And in regard to them I ask you and all thinking minds these two questions :

First, Are they not consistent with all the phenomena of soul and body which have ever come to our knowledge? *Second*, Do they not explain many things connected with our earth-life, which have hitherto been profound mysteries to us, and especially, do they not answer your question?

There is but one mode in which these questions can be wisely answered, and that is, each must search, and see for himself. It will not do to receive the idea as a truth upon the *ipse dixit* of any one, for no man has yet advanced far enough in this new matter to be warranted in saying, "I know." Nor will it do simply to deny its truth, for it is not impossible, and a denial will necessarily involve the negation of many things which are as firmly established as fact, as anything that man is capable of receiving as such.

Your next inquiry relates to what may be called mental manifestations (as distinguished from physical) without the mediums being entranced.

If my previous positions are true, we may well ask why should

not the soul be able to think through the animal mind without suspending the consciousness, as in the trance-state? Sure! enough, why not? Simply because, as I understand it, our education, physical condition and surroundings have given our material nature the preponderating power in us, and our Spirit-nature can not make itself felt until the accustomed domination of the senses shall be suspended, and the supremacy which we have accorded to the animal mind, be made to give way.

Hence, with some of our mediums, the Spirits have to resort to deep trance, to avoid the interference of the animal part with the Spirit-power.

There are some who are so organized that this is never necessary, and others who can attain that condition by proper training, and hence with them the manifestations are when they are in their normal condition.

This is the condition of the just supremacy of our spiritual over our material nature—a condition for all mankind, which Christianity aimed at, and Spiritualism is destined to achieve.

It involves a great advance in our nature, yet one that we are capable of, and which each may attain by proper self-discipline.

I repeat, this is the great end and aim of Spiritualism, and it will be arrived at when man shall make all of his material nature subordinate to his spiritual, and shall cause all his earthly surroundings to assume their proper position of being, as but a means, and not an end.

Then the soul will be able always to speak to the animal mind, and make its presence ever manifest to the consciousness of the man.

Meanwhile, they who, either from self-discipline or physical conformation, have already attained that condition, have a fearful responsibility cast upon them—no less than that of showing before God and man what we may be, when the mortal shall thus, even in this life, have put on immortality.

Your next inquiry is, whether a pure thought can be conveyed to us through an impure medium, or an enlarged thought through a contracted mind?

How simple is the answer ! The same law which governs our earth-life governs us in the Spirit-world.

You wish here to send me a message by your servant. By making him learn by rote the precise words in which you clothe your idea, you can convey it to me as accurately as you could yourself convey it personally. But if you content yourself with simply giving him the idea he is to convey to me, as is most commonly the case, you necessarily incur the hazard of his not having comprehended it, and therefore of his not getting it right. So if you give him for transmission an idea too elevated or too pure for his comprehension, it is almost certain there will be some error committed.

Thus, by your Irish servant—who has hardly learned that twice two are four—attempt to send me a demonstration in algebra, what sort of a message shall I get from you, be he ever so honest ? Send me the same thing by an accomplished mathematician, and lo ! how accurately I get the communication.

The purity of the communication is affected, however, by other considerations, but natural and simple still. How hard it is in life for purity to approach and get near the impure ! Try it. Go yourself into the sinks of vice in your great cities, and see how difficult it will be to get near their inmates, how long it will be before you can get a hearing, and how forcibly they repel you.

Let them, however, but once entertain an aspiration for something pure and good, and lo ! how easy of access they are to you.

And this is true, whether spoken of your messenger, or of him to whom your message is sent.

And now, having answered your inquiries, but so generally as to merely suggest and not elaborate ideas, I subscribe myself,

Truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

FALSE PROPHESYING.

FROM THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, *February*, 13, 1858.

C. PARTRIDGE, Esq. ;

Dear Sir—Spiritualism has thus far encountered with success the opposition of the Press, the Pulpit and the Professor, and it seems now as if its worst foes are to be found among its believers. Against them, as against its avowed opponents, it is our duty to struggle. Therefore it is, that I request you to publish the following correspondence. The mediumship of Mrs. P***** is becoming too questionable to warrant us in passing it over in silence.

Yours, etc.

J. W. EDMONDS.

—, *December* 31, 1857.

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—Pardon me for addressing you at this time, stranger as I am ; but knowing the zeal with which you investigate science for the benefit of your fellow-man, I am induced to lay the case of a lady-friend of mine before you, and ask your advice.

Some few months since, a lady in your city (Mrs. P*****) told this friend of mine that she would live only sixteen months ; and as she had been previously told by Mrs. P. many truths touching her past history and life, she was induced to, and absolutely does, believe that her time is fixed to the day specified, notwithstanding a tolerable good constitution and good health, and only about twenty-one years old.

The effect is as might be expected in a person who has little

to do but to dwell on prospective ills and pains—a gloomy state of melancholy:

Now, sir, as you have spent much time in patient investigation of this matter—the truth or falsity of which I am unable to decide, even to my own satisfaction—and as there have, no doubt, similar cases come to your notice, I would in her behalf ask, to what or to whom are we to look for a remedy?

Is it true that the day of one's death can be foretold? And if so, is it right that the gift should be so illy bestowed as to be used to make monomaniacs? I think that if the phenomenon called "Spiritualism" emanates from an All-wise and Omnipotent Creator, its proper work is to make mankind happier and better, as indeed all His laws, when properly understood and obeyed, universally tend.

I have seen considerable of Spiritualism, and I have been forcibly struck with the faithfulness and truth with which the past has been portrayed and described; but I have never yet seen any more ability to lift the veil which hides the future displayed by "mediums," than by other and far different systems of reasoning.

Will you, therefore, not for the gratification of idle curiosity, but for the benefit of one who already suffers much, and will probably increase in mental anxiety and unhappiness, give us the benefit of your study, experience, and observation, touching the case. Your opinion alone on the matter would be valuable, as coming from one who has devoted so much labor to its investigation.

* * * * *

Very respectfully your obedient servant, ———.

NEW YORK, *January 3, 1858.*

MR. ——— :

Dear Sir—I wrote you a hasty note in reply to yours of the 31st of December. I now avail myself of my first leisure to write more at large.

It seems from your note that your friend places reliance upon

the unwise predictions of Mrs. P*****, that the period of her life is limited to sixteen months. Such a prophecy, to any at all acquainted with that medium, or at all familiar with spiritual intercourse as manifested through the mediums of the day, would give no uneasiness, simply because they would have learned how much or how little reliance to place on such an attempt at prediction.

But the difficulty is, that we have been taught falsely what is the condition of man immediately after death, namely, that he is instantly and greatly changed, almost, if not quite, into a state of perfection ; and therefore we expect great perfection in anything coming from the Spirits of the departed. So that when we become satisfied that it is such a Spirit that speaks, we are at once induced to rely on what it says.

In other words, we combine our erroneous ideas of Spirit-nature as derived from our education, and our ideas of the Spirit-teaching as derived from the reality before us, and from the two sources form our judgment. Of course such judgment must be wrong, because it is grounded on an erroneous basis.

It is liable to be wrong, for this reason : One of the first lessons which Spirit-intercourse teaches is, what is the real nature and condition of the Spirit after death—that it does not become changed by death, but is, for a while at least, precisely what it was on earth, and is destined to progress there as it had to here, and can not be instantly clothed with infinite, or even any greater, knowledge in any respect, than it had here.

This, I say, is the very first lesson which the intercourse teaches. Yet there are very many who will not stop to learn that lesson, but led away by the fascination of the intercourse, overlook the important question, "From what kind or condition of intelligence does this intercourse come?"

Now, if such a prophecy had been made to me, as was made to your friend, I should have made these inquiries before placing any reliance upon it : Who are you who predict this ?—how do you know it ?—what evidence can you give me that you are the individual you pretend to be ?—what is your condition of intelligence to enable you to know it ?—what is your condition as to

purity of purpose, to justify me in supposing you to be influenced by good motives?—and how am I to know that you are not influenced by some evil motive?

Did your friend ask any of these questions? For if she did not, she made herself very liable to be deceived. On the other hand, if she relied upon her previous notions of Spirit-nature, she skipped over the very ground-work of the knowledge that was proffered to her, and took for granted as true what was indeed an error. And if, without taking the necessary pains to learn how far Spirit-intercourse is to be relied upon, she yielded her belief to what was said, she betrayed a credulity which, in all the relations of life—in all intercourse with mortals or with Spirits—can not fail to mislead.

It seems to me that this was her first error. She did not stop to inquire what reliance was to be placed on Spirit-intercourse, but yielding to her preconceived opinion of the perfection of Spirits, she took it for granted that what they said must be right.

Now there is no truth more earnestly inculcated by Spirits, and by all intelligent and well-informed believers, than this; that the intercourse is not, and can not, be perfect; that it comes from those who are far short of perfection; that it comes through mediums who are not even perfect as such; that it does not, and can not speak “by authority;” and that in everything it says or does we *must* use our own judgment, and it is a sin in us to omit to do so.

I send you two pamphlets* which I have published on this topic, which enter more at large into the subject. Let your friend read them, and also pp. 39 to 48 inclusive, of my “Introduction” to my second volume on “Spiritualism,” and she will see the necessity of not surrendering her own judgment, but of exercising it on all occasions.

And when she comes to exercise her own judgment, she may ask: How she is to know that the Spirits have not the power of prophecy as to the duration of her life? I will answer as far I

* The pamphlets sent were two Tracts I have published; one entitled “The Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercourse,” and the other “The Certainty of Spiritual Intercourse.”

can. Yet I beg you and her to understand that I do not claim to be authority on this topic, for I as yet know but too little myself, to venture to assert that I am certainly right. I can only state my opinion, and leave you to judge of its correctness.

Let us ever bear in mind, that spiritual intercourse is not supernatural, but in compliance with fixed laws affecting the whole human family. We may understand those laws as well as any other that operate around us, and it is our ignorance of them alone that causes us to be astonished at their operation. What astonished the aborigines of America at the white man's power, but their ignorance of the gunpowder he used? What now could amaze a savage of the Rocky Mountains more than a steam-engine, to us a familiar thing, but to him a marvel, because of his ignorance of steam and its laws?

It is true that Spirits can foretell future events. But to what extent? Not, certainly, to an unlimited extent, for that belongs alone to Omniscience. What, then, is the boundary? A very simple one, it seems to me, and the same which bounds our power to foretell even when in the form.

For instance: I prophesy that you will go to Detroit next week! I do so because I know it is your intention to do so, and I merely say you will execute your intention. Still it is in me a prophecy. So I prophesy that at a certain hour you will go from your office to your home. I know that you are in the habit of doing so to get your meals, and reasoning from cause to effect, I prophesy truly an event which actually happens.

Now, as I understand it, that is exactly what Spirits do when they prophesy, *and no more*. They tell us events which will be the result of their own action, or reasoning from cause to effect, they tell us the probable result. And as they have great power over events on earth—affecting them far more than we have been taught to believe—and as they frequently have a greater knowledge of causes than we have, so to that extent their power of prophecy is greater than ours.

But I do not believe that, in any case, they can foretell the hour of our death, save only one, and that is where we have some fatal disease about us which they discover, and from which

they reason, as any doctor would from the same premises, that ere long it must terminate life. How often do our doctors thus prophesy by the sick bed !—and I have never yet found any reason for supposing that Spirits can do any more. So much they doubtless can do ; when seeing the actual reality of an existing disease, they reason as to its termination, and they do more in this respect than mortals can, only when—as is often the case—they obtain a better knowledge of the disease existing within us.

Still, you and your friend may ask whether that may not be her case ? Of course, I can not say with certainty, nor can she unless she has made of the Spirit who prophecied, the inquiries which I before mentioned as those she ought to have made.

But I will express my opinion that she is not thus afflicted with any disease to justify any such prophecy, and simply because of the source through which the prophecy comes. Mrs. P***** has prophesied so many things that have never come to pass, that prophecy through her is a great farce, and no one acquainted with her mediumship would give it one moment's heed.

Still you ask : Why should she indulge in false prophecy to her own mortification ? I will tell you. She has medial powers and Spirits can speak through her. But she has very little mental culture or mental discipline. She understands none of the laws governing the intercourse, and exercises no control over it. On the other hand, she gives herself passively up to the influence, and lets it do what it pleases with her, and of course it runs away with her. She is a public medium for pay ; all kinds of people go to her, and she thus surrounds herself by all sorts of influences. She might control the consequences, if she had been taught how, but she thinks she must be passive to the influence when it comes, whatever it is, and the consequence is that her mediumship is shorn of its usefulness and is quite as frequently doing wrong as right. She thus makes herself accessible to foolish or mischievous, or malevolent Spirits, who do commune through her, and cause her to say and do many unwise and injurious things.

Now it is very likely that some such Spirit was present when

your friend was at Mrs. P*****'s, and seeing her wonder at it all, was disposed to amuse himself at her expense. You will find here in life, people who will do just so, and get up a little fun for themselves without thinking of, or caring for, the hurt they do others. So it was with this Spirit. He meant to have some sport in frightening the woman, but he did not dream it would go so far. He is now sorry enough for it. But he can not correct the evil he has done, and to him it has been a severe lesson by which he will profit, and by which also your friend may profit ; for while the incident teaches the Spirit how wrong it is thus to sport with the happiness of others, it may teach your friend to beware of that credulity which misleads so many, and which causes them to jump to conclusions before they have obtained knowledge enough to form correct ones.

Spiritualism is like everything else connected with man : properly guided and governed by his intelligence, it is a means of happiness and advancement to him; ungoverned or misguided, it injures or destroys. Fire, left alone in its fury, is a destroying element; cared for and governed, it is a valuable servant to man. The water that bears us along on its bosom, may drown us unless we take care. So it is with spiritual intercourse. Governed and directed wisely, it is indeed a blessing. Misguided it may do much mischief. Man's freedom is to choose which form of it he will have.

In the mean time, it is a pity that any medium should permit herself to be used for hurtful purposes. As mediumship is the result of physical rather than moral organization, the remedy is in a great measure in the hands of the medium alone. Others can not prevent mediumship. We can, however, do something to restrain its power of doing mischief. The accompanying words in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH of the 19th of December, will show you what the friends here have deemed it necessary to do in Mrs. P*****'s case :

"The manifestations by or through Mrs. Harriet P*****, lately have been so changed and questionable that we feel called on to disclaim any supposed indorsement of her present Spirit-mediumship."

Now if you will be so good as to present these views to your friend, and bid her be of good cheer, for she has much happiness and a large sphere of usefulness in store for her, and let me know what is her condition after this, I will be much obliged to you.

Yours ever, J. W. EDMONDS.

—, January 22, 1858.

JUDGE EDMONDS:

Dear Sir,—Yours of the 3rd and 7th were received, also the pamphlets; and in behalf of my friend, for the relief it has given her, as well as explaining some of the phenomena which have hitherto been a mystery to me, we are all under great obligations. In fact, like your legal friend and correspondent of the pamphlets, I little expected you would devote at least so much time and pains in answer to my letter, presuming your standing among the advocates of Spiritualism in the United States must necessarily favour and sometimes afflict you with a very extensive correspondence.

I have delayed replying to yours thus long, that I might report the effect on Mrs. ——— (as I shall call my friend, as she would rather not have her name given in full).

Previous to, and at the time of, my writing to you, she earnestly persisted that the prophecy had no effect upon her, and was not the cause of her melancholy, and I am very much of the opinion that she believed what she said. But since reading your very kind letters there has been so decided a change in her countenance and general appearance, as to be observable to all acquainted with her. And not only have her spirits been improved, but her general health also, which had materially suffered, has materially improved.

It was, in fact, as much the bodily disease as the mental which I sought to relieve, and the one depended so much on the other, I thought it the most desirable course to treat both together; and although not a practising physician, but an oculist, I usually prescribe treatment for most of the physical debilities of my own family. But I really deem your prescription deserving far the most credit in her case.

Another effect your letter has had, viz., to direct her and me, and perhaps through us, others, to a more satisfactory and reasonable explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Mrs. ——— told my wife that on that subject her mind was greatly relieved and many difficulties explained away; and that on her return to New York she should pay you a visit, by which you see that she herself is now convinced of the unhappiness caused by the prophecy.

Yours truly,

SPIRITUALISM,

AS DEMONSTRATED

BY ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

Where is truth to be found? Such is the demand which comes up from thousands to whose attention the marvels of spiritual intercourse are presented. It was once said to me by one of profound knowledge and distinguished character: "Oh Truth! Truth! what is truth? So difficult to find on earth, is it equally difficult to know what is truth in heaven?"

If it be true that man is the creature of progression—if it is indeed his destiny to advance onward forever in knowledge as well as in love and purity—then it must of necessity be a gradual process to obtain knowledge. Man's power of obtaining and receiving it must be ever variant and ever changing, and there must be conditions in his existence in which his capacity to receive it must be imperfect. Behold how slow has been the progress among mankind of many truths now implicitly received! Centuries passed after the annunciation of the true principle of the planetary system before it was embraced. Hundreds of years elapsed before Aristotle's philosophy of the syllogism gave way to Bacon's wiser philosophy of induction. The same law obtains in moral as in natural science. How slow was man's advance to the idea of one God, instead of a host of deities, and how long even after that, and through what difficulties, the tenet of his own immortality struggled into existence in his own consciousness!

Truth is like water—though the element remains ever the same, it assumes the form of the vessel into which it is poured;

and man's capacity to receive it, so long as it is less than infinite, must affect its advent to him.

Our search after truth must then be painful and toilsome. We must dig for our diamonds, amid the rubbish of darkness, ignorance, and imbecility, well assured by all experience that the reward of all our persistent and patient search is ever certain in the end.

It is amid such considerations that we ask, what is the truth in respect to communion between the Spirits of mortals who have passed beyond the grave, and men yet living upon earth?

The question is most important to us, for thus can be revealed to us what is the future condition of existence into which we are to be ushered, and how we can make our earth life most available as a preparation for the next. And thus alone can this work be done; for it is only through man that it ever has been, or ever can be, revealed to man. In vain do we reach forth a beseeching hand to nature for the revelation. It has spoken for ages—animate and inanimate—without disclosing to us what is the vast future that is awaiting us. It is through the attributes of humanity, and to them alone, that the knowledge can be addressed, and man must depend upon his fellow-man for his enlightenment on this most momentous of topics.

Behold, then, how imperfectly the truth must approach us—how imperfect is our capacity to receive it, and how our pathway must be beset with anxiety, doubt, and error! What then? Shall we abandon the pursuit because it is difficult? Shall we cast away the whole product of the mine because the dust and rubbish predominate over the glittering metal? The truth comes to us surrounded with obscurity and enveloped in mystery and ignorance. What shall we do with it? Toil for it like wise men, or reject it like fools?

For my part, I choose to continue the search, and in the execution of that purpose I will lead your minds on this occasion to a rapid survey of the past, in the confident belief that amid the dust of ages, in which we must grope, we can find the jewel of great price. Our glance must necessarily be ra-

pid and general, for the limits of such a discourse will allow it to be nothing more than an index only to more minute researches by yourselves.

I say, then, that the truth of spiritual intercourse is proved by sacred history—by profane history—by the universal belief of mankind in all ages—by personal observation—by an unlimited amount of human testimony—and by the opinions of the wise and the good who have lived before us.

Sacred history embraces not merely Christianity, but all the religions ever known among men, and, I believe none has ever yet been believed which has not recognized a sensible, palpable communion between mortal man and the unseen intelligence which peoples the future.

This is particularly true of the Christian religion, and the Bible, whence it is derived, is full of it.

“An angel appeared to Hagar, (Gen. 16;) thrice, in the shape of men, appeared to Abraham, (Gen. 18;) and two to Lot, (Gen. 19.) One called to Hagar, (Gen. 21;) and to Abraham, (Gen. 22;) one spake to Jacob in a dream, (Gen. 31;) one appeared to Moses, (Exodus 3;) one went before the camp of Israel, (Exodus 14;) one met Balaam by the way, (Numbers 22;) one spake to *all* the children of Israel, (Judges 2;) one spake to Gideon, (Judges 6;) and to the wife of Manoah, (Judges 13;) one appeared to Elijah, (1 Kings 19;) one stood by the threshing-floor of Ornan, (1 Chron. 21;) one talked with Zachariah, (Zach. 1;) one appeared to the two Marys at the sepulcher, (Matt. 28;) one foretold the birth of John the Baptist, (Luke 1;) one appeared to the Virgin Mary, (Ibid;) to the shepherds, (Luke 2;) one opened the door of Peter's prison, (Acts 5;) two were seen by Jesus, Peter, and James, and John, (Luke 9;) and one spake to John the Evangelist, (Rev. 22.)

“It will not do to say these were angels—a distinct order of beings from man, for those seen by the apostles were Moses and Elias, and that seen by John, though called by him an angel, avowed himself to be his fellow-servant, and ‘one of his brethren the prophets.’”

In *Fetichism*, the lowest order of religion received by men, where “stocks and stones” are the primary objects of worship, the connection between the visible and the invisible worlds is ever recognized—dimly, faintly, to be sure, but ever recognized as a reality.

In *Brahmanism*, the avatars of their Vishnu, or God the preserver, embrace the idea of his repeated visits to man, and there is taught the constant interference in human affairs of minor intelligences, numbering, I think, some 330,000,000.

In *Lamaism* the continual personal presence of the Unseen, in their Grand Lama, is recognized.

And in *Mohammedanism*, it is a tenet that from the birth to the grave two Spirits are ever in attendance on each mortal in his earth-life.

Thus, in all the religions ever known among men, and in all now recognized upon earth, the idea embraced in the belief of spiritual intercourse is taught and received.

But we are not confined to religious history for the idea—it is found in some form in the profane history of the world, and in the universal belief of mankind in all ages.

In the early days of Paganism, those whom we recognize as the Spirits of departed inhabitants of the earth, were worshiped as deities. They were clothed with human attributes ; they were often but deified men ; they were not superior to, but were controlled by, nature's laws ; they worked miracles ; they interfered in human affairs, and communed directly with the living. That religion did indeed acknowledge the existence of Fate as superior to their divinities, but it recognized no great God of all. In their blindness, and, perhaps, to the extent of their capacity to understand, the Pagan world worshipped the unseen intelligence that was nearest and most palpable to them, and whose presence, ever in their midst, they most fully realized.

This spiritual presence, which they thus recognized, though tainted, as we now receive it, with human infirmities, was yet in their conception ever benign in its character, and not malevolent or evil.

Some two thousand years ago, while the whole world, except Judea, was Pagan, came Zoroaster as the reformer of the religion of the East, and by him was taught " the doctrine of an eternal Spirit of good, and an eternal Spirit of evil, with a vast number of inferior good and bad genii."

Through his teachings, and by means of their association with the Assyrians, and not from their book of the law—for, except in the poem of Job, the existence of a Devil is scarcely mentioned in the Old Testament—the Jews added to their be-

lief in one God and in the communion with angels, the belief in a Spirit of evil, as represented in one great master Spirit, and in many lesser ones.

Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of the Christian religion, found this belief in devils fast rooted in the Jewish faith at his advent to earth. It had not its origin with him. He found it there, and recognized it as a truth. He superadded to the advance which mankind had already made in their knowledge on this subject, the knowledge how man could overcome that Spirit of evil, and how cast it out from his midst. Christianity took up the idea, and bore it along the stream of time. It taught that devils could work miracles, and were ever present influencing man. It taught, during the three first centuries of the Christian era, that upon every child born on earth, a demon was ever attendant, and fear of the invisible power was the great instrument by which the priesthood ruled the people. Born among Judaism and Paganism—taking its hue in some degree from both—teaching that the Pagan divinities were devils, and that devils were an eternal Spirit of evil—Christianity worked more on the sentiment of terror than of affection. Hence, in every convulsion of nature, in the pestilence that walked at noon-day, and in individual suffering and degradation, the early Christians acknowledged the ever-abiding presence of fallen angels, at the same time that they recognized the daily communion of the saints—the Spirits of just men made perfect. So wide-spread was this belief in this evil presence, and so baneful its influence, that one of the fathers of the church, St. Augustin, as early as the sixth century, found it necessary to attempt to mitigate the evil, if not to eradicate the idea.

Behold, then, how man had progressed in this respect, up to the third century, when Christianity became an acknowledged religion. It was universally acknowledged that Spirits from beyond the grave did commune with the earth's inhabitants, and interfere in human affairs; that they were both good and evil, and that man had power over them. But what was the

extent of that power, and what the limit of the capacity of the surrounding Spirits for good or evil, was as yet unknown.

In this condition of human belief ages rolled on, fear being the sentiment most predominant in respect to Spirit-influence, and the teachers of the people affording no relief, but adding superstition and bigotry to the burden, impelled by their own ignorance and the strong temptation of using fear as the instrument of cementing their power.

Then came the invasion of the barbarians of the north of Europe, bringing with it all the wild superstitions of Druidism, and a firm belief in man's immortality and communion with the unseen world. That invasion repelled Paganism, with all its knowledge, and all its Grecian and Roman refinement, and embraced Christianity as most consonant with its own belief. And from this source flowed what we call the "dark ages," when ignorance and superstition settled like a dark pall upon Christendom, and the belief in the abiding presence of the Spirit-world was universal, affecting all parties, and influencing all of human action. Religion made the belief blindly superstitious, because religion was ignorant. All-pervading and perverted to selfish purposes, it assumed the form of alchemy, astrology, magic, and witchcraft. The absurdities of the Romish Paganism and the superstitions of the barbarians were interwoven with it, and man's terror in vain resorted to persecution to eradicate it; and during a period of three centuries, hundreds of thousands of victims fell a sacrifice.

But out of this persecution sprang the most important idea—that man was himself individually responsible for the influence which it exerted over and through him. Hence it was that so many were slain for being possessed, and it was only through this immense suffering that the mighty truth was born, that man is indeed himself responsible for the influence which the Spirit-world may exercise over him.

Let us pause a moment and behold the progress made up to the fourteenth century, and we will see that while ignorance, blindness, bigotry and superstition have walked hand-in-hand

to and fro on the earth, human knowledge also advanced with equal strides. We have been in the habit of looking upon the crusades, which for three centuries poured the population of Europe upon Asia, and whitened the plains of Syria with the bones of expiring millions, and all for the inconsiderable purpose of wresting the birth-place of Jesus from the possession of the infidel, as the maddest display of useless fanaticism that the history of the world can produce. Yet, standing at this distance from that era, we can see how that insane enthusiasm, as we call it, was the means, under Providence, of arresting the onward progress of Mohammedanism, which, in its more intense fanaticism, having swept over Asia and Africa, was treading on the verge of Christendom, and threatening its subjugation. So, amid the darkness and persecution which for centuries attended the belief in Spirit-intercourse, we can see how the weighty truth was promulgated to man, that he could control it and was responsible for its action, and how he was being prepared for its advent on earth.

Thus came, as the product of ages of experience, the belief in Spirit-intercourse—that it was for good and for evil, that we can govern it, and that we are responsible for its action.

But when that idea of man's responsibility was fully received, it was for a while fearful in its effects, and culminated in the fifteenth century. It was then that Pope Innocent VIII promulgated his Bull against Witchcraft, and a council of cardinals, appointed by him, sent forth to the world "The Hammer of Witchcraft," in which was minutely detailed all the signs by which the possession could be detected, and how the victims should be tried and punished. Thousands upon thousands perished in consequence. No class or condition of society was exempt from the persecution. Received as a dogma of the religion, even Popes complained that their councils were bewitched, and the highest in rank found it difficult to escape the charge when pointed by malevolence and directed by superstition.

This state of things, terrible as it was, was yet a wise dispensation, for out of its very extremity grew man's emancipa-

tion from the superstition which had so long tyrannized over his faith in spiritual intercourse. All classes being in danger, had a common interest of opposition, and all classes—clergy and laity—soon manifested their hostility. Writers of every condition warred upon the prevailing belief, and in spite of papal mandates, the clergy began to speak out. The pendulum, disturbed from its perpendicular, vibrated far on the other side, and it soon became the fashion to seize upon the absurdities which had once been credited, and arguing from their impossibility, deny *in toto*, not only witchcraft, magic, astrology, and alchemy, with all their extravagances, but even the possibility of any intercourse with the unseen Spirit-world.

Thus Christendom progressed, until at the end of the eighteenth century was inaugurated the age of unbelief, when the goddess of Reason was worshipped, instead of the beneficent Father, and it was regarded as indicative of ignorance and weakness to believe even in the possibility of communion with the dead.

Such has been the progress of mankind in their dealing with this great idea which we embrace, and prominent in all that progress has been the priesthood, lagging behind the advancement of the age, and hanging like an incubus on its progress. Out of that progress our age has emerged, with this mighty movement springing up simultaneously in all parts of the earth, and leading its millions in captivity. What shall we do with it? And where shall we fly for refuge? Shall it be amid the devotion of Paganism, worshiping the creature rather than the Creator? Shall it be in the age of superstition, trembling with horror at its manifestation? Shall it be in the era of alchemy and astrology, with all their absurdities? Shall it be in the time of persecution, acknowledging responsibility, but ignorant of our control? Shall it be in the period of infidelity, when with our lips we deny that which the immortal instinct within us compels us to recognize? Or shall it be in the reign of reason, when we may know that now, as of old, the Spirits of the dead may commune with us; that we are responsible for its influence, that we can control it, and cau

learn how to do so ? Is there no medium for us between blind faith and knowledge ? between fanaticism and infidelity ? between superstition and reason ? Can we, amid this deluge of time, find no Ararat on which our ark may rest, and whence we may send forth our dove to return with its olive branch, rather than the raven to perish amid the desert waste of waters, and return no more ?

Let us, however, ever bear in mind that amid all the discouragements, difficulties and errors that attend our researches, the truth can be found by the persevering investigator. Truth and error are, in mortal life, ever mingled together, and it is the part of wisdom to separate them, and not reject the truth, because error often sits down beside it and assumes its guise.

The causes which give error so much predominance, are frequently to be found in ourselves. The philosopher, inflated by the idea of his own superior knowledge, and to increase the reverence for himself, is often apt to disguise and conceal the truths he has discovered. Partially succeeding only in his researches, he hastily jumps to a conclusion and pauses not for the maturity of his discoveries ; and dreading the persecution which so often attends the announcement of a new truth, he is frequently tempted to suppress or deny it. These propositions are as true in moral as in natural science, and we can be cheered in our investigations, into the truths of spiritual knowledge, by the experience of the past.

Roger Bacon, six hundred years ago, amid the absurdities and credulity of magic, claimed the power to raise thunder, control the lightning, and create rain. With him it was untried theory, but realized in part by our Franklin, who disarmed the lightning of its destructiveness, and by our Morse, who, making it an instrument of transmitting thought, has bound it to the car of our knowledge, and made it an obedient vassal to the supremacy of human intellect. Lord Bacon, over two hundred years ago, shadowed forth the steam engine. Astrology, which long preyed upon human credulity, yet caused so many observations of the heavenly bodies, that the

thought enunciated by Pythagoras six hundred years before Christ, was fully born under the auspices of Galileo two thousand years afterward. Van Helmont, in his blind search for the elixir of life, found the spirits of hartshorn, and Paracelsus discovered laudanum. The pursuit of the philosopher's stone, or the art of making gold, added to chemistry many of its most valued truths. Gunpowder came in an anagram, and the Kaleidoscope slumbered for two centuries in Baptista Porta's natural magic.

These great truths, buried amid the rubbish of the past, have in our day, and guided by our spirit of intelligent and manly inquiry, sprung into active and effective existence. Admonished by these things, may we not, out of the credulity and superstition of former times, find the truth as to spiritual intercourse? Nay, have we not already found it? Let the history of the last two centuries answer.

In two ancient works lately falling under my notice, (Dr. John Dee's *Dealings with Spirits*, published in 1659; and Glanvil's *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, published in 1681,) I have found an account of manifestations two hundred and three hundred years since, identical with those of to-day. The faith of the Methodists under Wesley, and of the Quakers under George Fox, was inaugurated one hundred years ago, under the same influence. The manifestations through Swedenborg in the last century, were of the same character. The thirty years' war which attended the reformation under Luther and Melancthon, was accompanied by a lively display of the same power. The preaching mania, which so much disturbed both the church and the government in Sweden in 1842, was the same as our trance-mediumship. And now modern Spiritualism, much contemned as it is, has within the last ten years sprung up in all parts of the earth, everywhere bearing the same characteristics, under circumstances which absolutely preclude all idea of collusion—often betrayed but never exposed; defying the utmost severity of investigation to which human ingenuity can subject it; calling to its aid, thousands of intelligent witnesses; invoking human testimony, which no

sane mind can disregard; and establishing a marvel unsurpassed in the history of mankind; namely, the marvel of inanimate matter moving without mortal contact, and displaying intelligence, and that intelligence embracing a knowledge of the alphabet, of reading, writing and arithmetic; speaking in many tongues, and reading human thought, and revealing to us what purports to be the Spirit life, with details which no imagination can fabricate.

Now, may we not ask, whence comes this, and what produces it?

The man of science denounces it as superstition, the man of the world calls it delusion, and the religionist characterizes it as satanic. We, on the other hand, insist that we must believe the evidence of our senses, and the deductions of our reason—that we can not reject the overwhelming evidence that is all around us. We insist that there is no other hypothesis but that of spiritual intercourse which can give any solution to the phenomena we behold. And we insist that there is a power now at work in our very midst, capable of producing marvelous results, which is well worthy the investigation of the learned, rather than their scoffs and sneers.

If in these claims we are beside ourselves, we have at least the consolation of knowing that we err in the company of the good and the wise of past ages. A few illustrations will show this.

Socrates says: "The cause of this is that which you have often and in many places heard me mention; because I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence, which also Melitus through mockery has set out in the indictment. This began with me from childhood, being a kind of voice which, when present, always diverts me from what I am about to do, but never urges me on. But this duty, as I said, has been enjoined me by the Deity, by oracles, by dreams, and by every mode by which any other divine decree has ever enjoined anything for man to do."—*Cary's Works of Plato, Apology of Socrates.*

Cicero says: "Now, as far as I know, there is no nation whatever, however polished and learned, or however barbarous and uncivilized, which does not believe it possible that future

events may be indicated, understood, and predicted by certain persons."—*De Divinatione, lib. 1*

Pope, besides his Essay on Man, writes: "I shall depend on your constant friendship, like the trust we have in benevolent Spirits, who, though we never hear or see them, we think are constantly praying for us."

Dryden writes:

"The mighty ghosts of our great Harrys rose,
And armed Edwards looked with anxious eyes."

Milton says:

"Millions of Spirits walk the world unseen
Both when we wake and when we sleep:
There execute their airy purposes
And works of love and enmity fulfill."

Addison writes: "At the same time, I think, a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and specters much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless. Could I not give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the revelations of particular persons, who are now living, and whom I can not distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favored this opinion."—*Spectator, No. 110, July 6, 1711.*

Johnson writes: "That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavilers can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears."—*Raselas, chap. 31.*

Josephus writes: "Glaphyra, the daughter of King Arche-laüs, after the death of her two first husbands, (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband,) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming toward her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness. When in the midst of the pleasure which

she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: Glaphyra, says he, thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third—nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever. Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

"I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Beside, that the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue."—*Antiquities of the Jews*, lib. 17, ch. 15, sec. 4, 5.

Cornelius Agrippa, (says D'Israeli, vol. 6, p. 55,) before he wrote his *Vanity of the Arts and Sciences*, in the sixteenth century, intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communicating with Spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyry, Psellus, Plotinus, Iamblicus—and on better, were it necessary to allege it—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarmed with what the Greeks called *daimones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters with fish, and our earth of insects.

Yet of these worthies Socrates was condemned to death, because he corrupted the youth of Athens with his immortal truths; Pope was persecuted as an infidel, for a work which far outstripped his age, and is hardly yet acknowledged; and Agrippa, though learned enough to speak eight languages, and uniformly benevolent and kind, was universally avoided, and barely escaped the fagot. Where, indeed, is truth to be found except amid difficulty and error?

And now let us pause yet once again, and ask what is it that the opponents of our faith demand?

They ask us to yield to their opinion, against the universal

belief of mankind in all ages; against the teachings of sacred history of all religions; against the testimony of profane history as to all nations; against human testimony which the human intellect can not disregard; against the evidence of our own senses, without which we could not live; and against the opinions of the wise and the good in many ages.

Nay, they ask even yet more. They demand that we acknowledge that man has attained the end of his knowledge of the works and the word of God, and that, though in former times and places He has once and again spoken to man through His ministering Spirits, He can not, and will not, thus speak to him again; that the glory which once descended and sat between the wings of the Cherubim, has faded alike from the sight and the memory of man; that the light which once shone on Mount Sinai is extinguished, and forever! Can this be so?

No, my friends, it is not; it can not be. If there is faith to be placed in human testimony—if the past can speak its lessons of wisdom to the present; if it is the destiny of man to move onward ever in the pathway of knowledge—we must believe that the Spirits of the departed do commune with us; that a power has entered into our midst and abides with us, which we yet may know; and which can work marvelous things in the sight of God and angels; and we may be well assured that the time is not distant, though it may not be in my day nor in yours, when the work which has been begun so feebly in the present, will be finished in the future by elevating us, both physically and morally, yet nigher and nigher to Him who has created us in His own image.

New York, October 13, 1873.

MR. JAMES BURNS.—Dear Sir,—In searching yesterday for a particular paper among the accumulation of spiritual matter of over twenty years, I came across a paper I had forgotten all about.

It was given in connection with my Tract No. 9—"Spiritualism as Demonstrated from Ancient and Modern History." I would have published it with that tract in my last edition, if I had been aware of

its existence, and I now send it to you to do so in any edition of the "Tracts" which you may publish, if you deem it worth while to do so.—Yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

I send you the paper precisely as it was written fourteen years ago.

ADDITION TO TRACT No. 9.

February 6, 1859.

I was to lecture this morning at Dodworth Academy, and was spending last evening in meditating on the topic of my discourse. The subject was to be "Spiritualism as Demonstrated by Ancient and Modern History," and my purpose was to show that the belief in spiritual intercourse was as old as the history of man.

I sat alone in my room in my meditations until about half-past eleven o'clock at night, when my spiritual attendants admonished me that it was time to retire to bed. I at once turned my attention from the subject of my discourse, and received an invitation that I might behold how I was attended spiritually if I desired. I assented, of course, and instantly my spirit-sight was opened; so suddenly was this done, that I saw my surroundings even before they were ready for me.

It was evidently intended to present my spirit-companions to me, arranged before me in a semi-circle, where I could see them all at a glance, and when I beheld them there were two or three spirits standing prominently before me, and others were hastening to arrange themselves in a semi-circle on both sides of me. I gave but a glance at the hurrying crowd, for my attention was most attracted to the two or three immediately before me.

Most prominent among them was Swedenborg. He seemed standing on a bank of clouds, and enveloped in a mellow golden light. From him and that light there beamed strong emotions of affection, which seemed to spread all around him. Leaning on his left shoulder, partly retiring behind, as if to conceal her emotion, was my wife, and directly behind them our two children. On their right I saw my father, my mother, my sister, my brother, and many others. My brother died forty years ago at the age of seventeen, and memory has always associated him in my mind with the idea of a young man, with all the hilarity of youth. He now appeared as a man of mature age, grave, and deep thinking. My sister, who died twenty years ago, over forty years of age, appeared with the shrinking timidity of girlhood. My father had

thrown off the indifference which had attended his earlier years in the spirit-life, and appeared now, the prompt, energetic, and active man that he was on earth in the days of his manhood.

I saw all this at a glance, and turning to the other side of the semi-circle, I saw in the ranks, Washington, Franklin, Isaac T. Hopper, the philanthropist, and others, around whom the light was of a more silvery hue, indicating a predominance of wisdom or intellect.

On their left I saw Clay, Webster, Calhoun, N. B. Blunt (a brother lawyer), and others; and around them the light assumed a crimson tinge.

As I cast my eyes around the circle, I perceived Voltaire standing on the right of Swedenborg, and my father-in-law on his left, near his daughter.

I nowhere saw Bacon, but I felt him standing by my side, a little behind me on my left, but so close to me in person and in sympathy, that it seemed as if I felt every throb of emotion in him.

Behind the front rank, and hovering in the air overhead, I beheld many other spirits, and the number was constantly increasing; for it seemed that the word had gone forth, and called to the spot all who are interested in the great work in which we are engaged. The crowd soon became immense—tier was piled on tier of human heads, and I seemed to be in a vast assemblage of persons of different sexes and conditions, but mainly of the same stage of development.

While the crowd was thus assembling, I perceived the advent on the scene of the bright and beautiful spirit whom I have heretofore described as presiding over that community. He appeared a little above and behind Swedenborg, and with a dazzling brightness that once I could not have endured the sight of. He was attended by many others of equal splendour, and he surveyed the scene with a mild and gentle look of intelligence.

He bade my wife come up to him, for to her, he said, were they chiefly indebted for the occasion, and her place was by his side, where she could overlook the whole scene. She hesitated, and was reluctant to retire from near me at such a moment. He repeated his request, and she went to him. As she approached him she sank at his feet, overpowered with her emotions, and buried her face in her hands. I saw plainly what she felt. It was this—"He loves me still and first of all—for I saw that amid this dazzling scene, amid all that was calculated to awaken and

gratify the old ambition that was ever predominant in him, his look was first and most frequent on me."

Her emotion affected me, and regardless of all around me, my eye and thoughts were most on her. And I saw in the deep silence of that vast multitude, the deep respect they paid to the love which thus lives beyond the grave.

But it would not do for me to indulge in such emotions too long, for I was interrupting the purposes of the meeting, and turned my attention to the scene around me.

It was said to me—by whom I did not notice—"Behold how deep the interest felt in the spirit-world in the work in which you are engaged. Behold here around you the wise and the good of former ages, who have been aiding you on this, as on other occasions. Behold, too, the reward prepared for those who fight the good fight of faith, and finish their work. Be then of good cheer, and despond not that you are falling short of what might be done. We are here surrounded by the evidences of what has been accomplished, and you too may behold them here, though hidden from your mortal view on earth."

I saw then, approaching from a far distance, a long procession of spirits of persons who had died within the last ten years, and to whom, in life, the light of this new dispensation had been imparted in a greater or less degree.

They were of all ages, sexes, and conditions, and in different stages of development, and they advanced in long procession, and swept across the scene directly in front of me. They had the general idea that they were called together for some purpose connected with the dawn of this new era on earth; but they had no very definite idea of what that purpose was.

They saw not the crowd of spirits around me, but they felt and recognised the happifying and elevating effect of their influence. They were all conscious of my presence. Some were enough advanced to comprehend how I was there, and as they rapidly passed they greeted me with cheerful smiles. Others wondered whether I were dead, and why, if I were, they had not known it; or if I were not, how it was that I was there? But in them all I saw new hope and energy springing up, and renewed confidence that all would yet be well with their efforts to redeem those whom they had left behind.

I saw, as they passed, a new light dawn on the scene. It was a pale, but very clear green light, indicative of hope, and seemed to emanate from the spot where I stood. It continued to pour

during the residue of the vision, and often illumined parts of the scene which were otherwise obscure.

When these had passed, I perceived off at my right a commotion, where I observed were Madame Donnelly, the nun of the Sacred Heart, my niece, Sarah Keyes, my daughter, my granddaughter, Libby, now grown to quite a young woman, my sister-in-law, Charlotte, and other females. On looking intently in that direction, I beheld in the distance "Childhood's Home;" and the females I have mentioned had conveyed to those little ones the idea that something was happening that would the sooner bring their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers to them.

The children came in great numbers towards where I was—flying through the air like the canary bird, and crying as they hurried along, in great glee, "Father's coming," "mother's coming," "sister's coming," &c.

I had all along observed that off at my left, darkness was brooding over the scene, and hid it from my view, and I had several times tried in vain to penetrate it with my vision. But now on turning to it, I saw that the green light I have spoken of was penetrating the obscurity. It was the home of the unhappy unprogressed that I beheld, and I saw that even there the movement was doing its work. Its inmates also were looking up, and felt a hope dawning even upon their darkness.

My heart was filled with joy and hope, and as I silently breathed a prayer of thankfulness to the Beneficent Father, the scene faded from my view.

As it did, the females whom I have mentioned, accompanied by my wife, mother, and sister, approached me, told me they would bear me to my home on earth, and watch over my slumbers of the night.

Peaceful and happy were those slumbers, and full of hope was the morning that dawned.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS, No. 10.

LETTERS

TO THE

“NEW YORK TRIBUNE,”

ON

SPIRITUALISM.

(WITH AN APPENDIX.)

BY

JUDGE EDMONDS.



NEW YORK:

1860.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following articles were written for the *New York Tribune*, and were published in that paper at irregular intervals, from March to October, 1859. They have been in such demand, that they are republished in this form. They were necessarily very general in their character; for, in availing myself of the privilege of using the columns of that print, I was, of course, obliged to conform to the conditions imposed, which limited the number of the articles, restricted each in dimensions, and selected the phenomena, rather than the doctrines, of Spiritualism, as the subject to be discussed. I must not be understood as complaining of these restrictions. They were manifestly demanded by the other duties of that paper, and I have ever been grateful for even this opportunity of reaching the world at large.

J. W. E.

December, 1859.

No. I.

INTRODUCTORY

To the Editor of the New York Tribune :

SIR : I am permitted to address a series of articles to the readers of the *Tribune* on the subject of Spiritualism, and I embrace the opportunity.

In doing so, I do not mean to address myself to believers, though they are a pretty formidable band, being numbered now by millions in this country alone ; nor to the five or six millions of professing Christians in our nation, for I am bound to accord to them the privilege I claim for myself, of enjoying their own opinion without molestation ; but I shall address myself to the fifteen or twenty millions of our people who belong to no church, who scarcely possess any religion, but who seem willing or compelled to trust to luck, and let the future take care of itself.

To them I will proffer a faith which can relieve their painful doubts as to the future ; which can dispel the anxiety that, in spite of every effort, will at times intrude upon every mind ; will open to their comprehension a view of the future, beyond measure attractive to an immortal nature ; and, while it may conflict with many of the doctrines taught as the religion of the day, will enjoin upon all who receive it an unvarying life of public worth and private virtue.

In doing that, I shall aim at two things. One will be to demonstrate the fact that they who once lived on earth, and have died, can and do commune with those yet living ; and the other, what it is that they can and do reveal to us through such communion.

To fill this task would require vastly more room than will be accorded to me in these papers, and I shall therefore be compelled to be very—very brief in my statements ; contenting myself, of necessity, with affording my readers mainly a guide to assist them in their researches, rather than a full disclosure of all that is known on the topic.

Of course, I shall have to repeat many things I have said at other times, and which may not be new to some of my readers. Tedious as that may be to them and to me, I cannot well help it, for my object is not to pander to a craving for the novel or the marvellous, but to bring together in one view the vast mass of evidence on the subject, now lying in scattered fragments all around us.

I am to bear my own testimony, as well as that of others, and therefore I ought, first of all, to show that I am competent to do so.

Am I trustworthy? This paper will be dated on the day I attain the age of sixty years, nearly forty of which have been spent, not obscurely, but professionally, politically, and judicially before the public, where all could judge of my character for veracity.

Am I easily deluded? Let my private and public career answer.

Am I credulous, particularly on this subject? Let this statement answer for me :

It was in January, 1851, that I first began my investigations, and it was not until April, 1853, that I became a firm and unquestioning believer in the reality of spiritual intercourse. During twenty-three months of those twenty-seven, I witnessed several hundred manifestations in various forms. I kept very minute and careful records of many of them. My practice was, whenever I attended a circle, to keep in pencil a mem-

orandum of all that took place, so far as I could, and, as soon as I returned home, to write out a full account of what I had witnessed. I did all this with as much minuteness and particularity as I had ever kept any record of a trial before me in Court. In this way, during that period, I preserved the record of nearly two hundred interviews, running through some 1,600 pages of manuscript.

I had these interviews with many different mediums, and under an infinite variety of circumstances. No two interviews were alike. There was always something new, or something different from what had previously occurred; and it very seldom happened that only the same persons were present.

The manifestations were of almost every known form, physical or mental; sometimes only one, and sometimes both combined.

I resorted to every expedient I could devise, to detect imposture, and to guard against delusion.

I felt in myself, and saw in others, how exciting was the idea that we were actually communing with the dead; and I labored, as I thought, successfully, to prevent any undue bias of my judgment. I was at times critical and captious to an unreasonable extreme, and when my belief was challenged, as it was, over and over again, I refused to yield, except to evidence that would leave no possible room for cavil.

I was severely exacting in my demands, and this would frequently occur: I would go to a circle with some doubt on my mind as to the manifestations at the previous circle, and something would happen, aimed directly at that doubt, and completely overthrowing it, as it then seemed, so that I had no longer any reason to doubt. But I would go home, and write out carefully my minutes of the evening, cogitate over them for

several days, compare them with previous records, and finally find some loophole—some possibility that it might have been something else than spiritual influence, and I would go to the next circle with a new doubt, and a new set of queries.

I was in the habit, on such occasions, when alone by myself, and in preparation for the next circle, of putting on paper every possible question that I could imagine to test the matter.

I saw that the circumstances of the interview often prevented my framing, on the spur of the moment, questions sufficiently searching, and, therefore, I took my leisure, when alone in my library, with nothing to interrupt the current of thought, to perform that task, and I used often to attend the circle with a series of questions thus deliberately framed, which I carefully concealed from every human being, so that I knew, beyond peradventure, that no mortal could know what questions I meant to ask, and no mortal could be prepared beforehand to answer them.

I look back sometimes now, with a smile, at the ingenuity I wasted in devising ways and means to avoid the possibility of deception.

Still, there was the danger of self-deception or mental delusion on my part, and I tried to be equally astute on that point, not merely when at the circle, but alone, in the calm of my hours of study.

It was a remarkable feature of my investigations, that every conceivable objection I could raise was, first or last, met and answered.

Let me take the rappings as a specimen :

When I first heard them, it was in the presence of three females, whose characters were enough of themselves to assure me against any attempt at imposition. As I entered the room, where they were seated together

at one side of a table, the rappings came with a hurried, cheerful sound, on the floor near where they sat. I took my seat at the opposite side of the table, and listened, with the idea in my mind, "One of them is doing it—perhaps with her feet or hands, her toe or knee-joints." Directly, the sounds came on the table, and not on the floor, and where their hands and feet could not reach. "It was ventriloquism," I said to myself. I put my hands on the table, directly over the sounds, and distinctly felt the vibration, as if a hammer had struck it. "It was machinery," I imagined, and then the sounds moved about the table in different parts, they and the vibration following my hands wherever I put them. At other times, though not on this first occasion, I have turned the table upside down, and examined it so carefully as to know there was no machinery.

Thus I went on, at this time and at other times, testing the rappings in various ways, by these questions. And in answer, they would sometimes come on the back of my chair, when there was no one behind me ; sometimes on my person, when there was no one near enough to touch me ; sometimes in a railroad car, when in rapid motion ; sometimes high up on a wall, beyond the reach of any one ; sometimes on a door standing open, when I could see on both sides of it, and no one was near enough to touch it ; sometimes four or five feet distant from any person ; sometimes following the person, when walking to and fro ; sometimes when the medium was immersed in water ; sometimes when the feet were held fast ; sometimes when they were placed on a feather pillow ; sometimes when isolated from the floor, on glass ; sometimes when held up from the floor ; and sometimes I found, beyond doubt, that the sounds were the sheer fabrication of the medium.

Still, it might be ventriloquism ; and so we tested it by jars of quicksilver, so placed, that the least vibration of the material on which the sound was made, would be apparent. And, finally, after weeks of such trials, as if to dispel all idea in my mind as to its being done by others, or by machinery, the rappings came to me alone, when I was in bed, when no mortal but myself was in the room. I first heard them then, on the floor, as I lay reading. I said, "It's a mouse." They instantly changed their location from one part of the room to another, with a rapidity that no mouse could equal. "Still, it might be more than one mouse?" And then they came upon my person, distinct, clear, unequivocal. I explained it to myself, by calling it a twitching of the nerves, which at times I had experienced, and so I tried to see if it was so. It was on my thigh that they came. I sat up in bed, threw off all clothing from the limb, leaving it entirely bare. I held my lighted lamp in one hand, near my leg, and sat and looked at it. I tried various experiments. I laid my left hand flat on the spot—the raps would be then on my hand, and cease on the leg. I laid my hand edgewise on the limb, and the force, whatever it was, would pass across my hand, and reach the leg, making itself as perceptible on each finger as on the leg. I held my hand two or three inches from my thigh, and found they instantly stopped, and resumed their work as soon as I withdrew my hand.

But, I said to myself, this is some local affection, which the magnetism of my hand can reach. Immediately, they ran riot all over my limbs, touching me with a distinctness and rapidity that was marvellous ; running up and down both limbs, from the thighs to the end of the toes, and, two or three times, with force enough to hurt some, as if a child had struck me with a blunted nail.

Thus they proceeded, for some half hour or more, as I thus watched, until I gave it up that there was any but one hypothesis on which they could be explained, for they were intelligent, and, by their changing, met my mental objections, for I uttered no word aloud. I put down my lamp, and lay down to sleep. They immediately left my limbs, and went to other parts of my body, and I fell asleep with them gently tapping my left side.

Still, there was another question: may not this be some unknown power, belonging to a peculiar mortal organization, and subject to its control? The answer to that was—though not the only answer—that it would often come when the medium did not want it, and as often refuse to come when it was most earnestly wanted. And it was the same with the desires of the circle. It would come when it pleased, and as it pleased, whatever it was, and not as we wished.

I have gone into this detail here, of events which were spread over several months, merely for the purpose of showing the precautions which I took, and how I investigated. And I will add that, with all the other manifestations, of which I shall hereafter speak—and there are very many others beside the rappings—I dealt in the same way, for a period of about two years, before I yielded my belief as to their spiritual origin.

At the end of these two years, I left the country on account of my health, and spent about three months in Central America. I took with me four volumes of my manuscripts, and having little else to do during that time, I carefully reviewed the subject. I compared the proceedings of one meeting with those of another; I hunted for discrepancies and contradictions; I was away from the excitement of the circles, and I was able to examine the subject, and I did examine it as care

fully and as critically, as I ever tried or decided a case in court in my life.

I discovered a grand scheme displayed in the work—an intelligent design, persisted in amid all discouragements and difficulties—returning ever to its purpose, however diverted by obstructions at the moment, and I became a believer in the spiritual theory. I ought not to say I *yielded* my belief. Belief came in spite of me, as it does that the sun shines at noonday, and nothing short of the blindness of insanity could make me doubtful as to the light that was shining around me.

Since then I have been a firm and unwavering believer in the idea that the spirits of the dead can, and do, hold communion with us. I have been sorely tried, temporally and mentally. I have been excluded from the associations which once made life pleasant to me. I have felt, in the society which I once hoped to adorn, that I was an object marked for avoidance, if not for abhorrence. Courted once, and honored among men, I have been doomed to see the nearest and dearest to me, turn from me with pity, if not disgust. Tolerated rather than welcomed among my fellows, at an advanced age, and with infirm health, compelled to begin the world again; and, oh! amid what discouragements! With the subject so dear to me, tainted with man's folly and fraud; destined to see fools run mad with it, and rogues perverting it to nefarious purposes; meeting in its daily walks (owing to the sad imperfection of the instrumentalities used) much that was calculated to discourage and dishearten; and beholding how the world, for whom this glorious truth comes, turns from it and reviles it, I have never, for one moment, faltered from that hour in my belief. It is not my fault that I have not. It is no merit in me that I have persisted.

Belief was not, as it never is with man, matter of volition. But the evidence was so conclusive that it compelled conviction, and I could not help it. Mountains may fall and crush me, but they cannot make me believe there is no earth under my feet and no stars over my head.

There is in my profession a saying, that he who tries his own cause, has a fool for a client. Perhaps I shall realize that in the tribunal in which I now appear ; but how difficult it is for one to stop when talking of one's self. I had no idea I should carry my egotism so far. I know how ungrateful the strain must be to my readers. But what can I do ? I have ascended the witness's stand, and am getting ready to bear my testimony before my fellow-men. I desire that my jury may know in what mood of mind I bear witness, that they may the better judge what credence to yield. Having performed that task, I leave that topic. I forget the inconsiderable advocate, and dwell, henceforth, more on the mighty theme, and in my next number, I will begin the work of describing the various kinds of manifestations, from which I claim that the sane mind cannot escape the conviction that it is a voice from beyond the grave that is now speaking to man. It is not

“Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound.”

But listen ! it is a voice from beyond, bringing glad tidings of great joy !

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, March 13, 1859.

No. II.

MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune.

SIR: I shall devote this and the next paper, to mediumship and the Circles—the chief instrumentalities of spiritual intercourse. And I remark :

First—That the manifestations of the spirit power, seem to be generally connected with the living human form. I say generally, because there seem to be some cases where the phenomena do not require, or are not connected solely with the person. Haunted houses are of that kind. So are cases of inanimate objects, moving in the absence of any person. And the brute creation are sometimes affected. The devils' entering the herd of swine, and Balaam's ass seeing the angel before his rider did, are instances of this. So I am informed of a case, where a fierce watch-dog saw a spirit at the same moment his master did, and fled affrighted. And, in the "Seeress of Prevorst," it is said : "A black terrier that was in the house, was always aware of the spirit, and crept howling to his master ; neither would he lie alone at night."

Second—The existence of the mediumistic power is the result of physical, rather than of mental or moral organization.

What that peculiarity of organism is, I confess I do not know. I at one time thought the power was connected with a nervous, excitable temperament ; but I have seen it just as strong in a stupid, stolid person. It does not depend upon age, nor upon sex, nor upon color ; nor upon climate or locality, nor upon condition ;

for rich and poor, high and low, educated and ignorant, married and single, male and female, young and old, white and black, are alike developed as mediums.

And my marvel is, that men of science, instead of acting as they do, like scared children, do not look into it like men of sense, and find out what it is that is thus strangely affecting all classes. Surely it may as well be discovered as many other things connected with man, which were once as profound mysteries as this is. Its existence in our midst cannot be ignored any longer, nor will thinking people be much longer satisfied with general denunciation of its delusive or demoniacal nature. And science owes it to mankind, to meet the question, not with self-complacent sneers—

“The Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For a Deity offended”—

but with careful, judicious investigation. In France, it meets with such sensible treatment. But among the savans of America, with the exceptions of Prof. Hare and Prof. Mapes, it is received as the appearance of a comet was in the days of my childhood among frightened boys, with anything but philosophic calmness.

Third—Mediumship is capable of being improved by culture.

I have known physical mediumship to begin with faint and almost inaudible rappings, and end with loud, clear, and distinct sounds ; to begin with a slight motion of a table, and, after a while, find itself amid a riotous movement of inanimate objects. I have known the mental kind to begin with writing mere “pot-hooks and hangers,” and unmeaning characters, and, ere long, to write with ease and distinctness ; to begin with seeing a faint, shadowy form, and end with so distinct a vision of the spirit, as to be able to identify the

person ; to begin with a confused perception of something to be communicated, and progress to the point of receiving thought, clearly and distinctly, from this unseen intelligence.

It seems to be like others of our attributes—like our power to read, write, or cipher—to paint, or make music—belonging to us as a part of our nature, and capable of being made available by culture.

I found it so in my own case. The first signs of mediumship in me, came when I was alone in my library, and in the form of an impression on my mind. It might be called imagination, for it was very like the process of building castles in the air, and yet it was different. It was presenting to my consciousness an acting, continuing scene, with a lesson told by the totality of the incidents. The process was novel to me, and I watched it with a good deal of interest. I discovered that I had nothing to do with it but to be a passive recipient of a train of thought, imparted to me from a source outside of or beyond myself—that is, the thoughts did not originate in my intelligence.

My next step was to behold a scene, presented to my vision like a moving panorama, and not merely a mental impression. I seemed to see, though I knew I did not see with my usual organs of sight. And it was remarkable that the intelligence that was dealing with me, presented the picture more or less rapidly, as it discovered I had taken in its details ; and after going through with it once thus deliberately, it presented it to me a second time, more rapidly, evidently for the purpose of so impressing it on my memory, that I could narrate it.

My next step was to see an individual spirit, that of an old friend, who had been dead six or eight years. I was in my room at work, not thinking of him, and sud-

denly I saw him sitting by my side, near enough for me to touch him. I perceived that I could exchange thoughts with him, for, in answer to my question, he told me why he had come.

Next, I beheld spirit scenes, which, I was told, were the actual, living realities of the spirit world, scenes in which individuals and numbers were moving, acting, thinking, as we do in this life, and conveying to me a vivid idea of life in the next stage of existence.

During all these steps of progress, I could converse with the spirits whom I saw, as easily as I could talk with any living mortal, and I held discussions and arguments with them as I have with mortals.

My daughter, who had long resisted the belief, one day requested to witness a manifestation, and I sought an interview with her mother, in order to bring it about advantageously. The spirit came to me, and I communed with her for half an hour. We reasoned together as in life, discussed various suggestions, and concerted a plan.

It will hardly do to say this was imagination in me ; for the plan thus concerted was, after a lapse of a few weeks, carried out without my intervention. A female, a stranger to both mother and daughter, was brought to my house from a distant city, and, through her, while entranced and unconscious, was finished to my daughter a parting injunction of her mother, which death had interrupted two years before.

Nor will it do to say, this was a mere reflex of the mind of the living, for my daughter alone knew of the injunction which had been given, and knew not the conclusion until she thus heard it.

Thus has my mediumship progressed, from a shadowy impression of an allegory, to seeing spirits, conversing with them, and receiving thoughts from them

with ease and distinctness. Why may not this be equally true of every one?

Fourth—Mediumship has an infinite variety of phase—the same that is witnessed in human character and human action, and absolutely precluding the idea of collusion.

Fifth—It comes at its pleasure, and not at ours. By observing the proper conditions, we may aid its coming. So, we may surround ourselves by circumstances which will retard or prevent its coming; but we can not make it come at our pleasure. There is no greater anomaly connected with the subject, than the extent and manner of our control over it, and no part of it where improvement by culture can be greater. This control seems to belong to man as part of his nature, and can be so acquired by him, as entirely to forestall any power to do harm.

Sixth—Wherever it appears, in whatever part of the world, it has the same general characteristics. Thus, among the slaves at the South, I learn that it comes in the same form as among the free at the North. I have been told by a missionary in San Domingo, that such was its appearance among the ignorant negroes there. A French gentleman, who had been in Algeria, described to me the same thing among the Arabs. Two Spaniards, who had never heard of the phenomenon, found it obscurely in Cadiz, with the same features. An English gentleman came to my house, out of curiosity, and, hearing it described, exclaimed that it was the same thing which had occurred at his father's country mansion, years ago, but they did not know what it was.

This accordance in features everywhere, is a pretty formidable argument against the theory of collusion and delusion.

Seventh—Though I have said that it depends mainly

on physical organization, I must not be understood as implying that mental or moral causes do not affect it. I know of no kind of mediumship that is entirely exempt from the effect of the human mind, and I know many cases where, the power being abused, it has been interrupted. The most frequent cause of interruption, is the perversion of it to selfish purposes. One medium I knew, who became grasping, avaricious, in spite of warnings. His power was suspended until he reformed. A young girl, taken from the streets as a rag-picker, with great powers, was used by an old woman to make money out of. Not only was the child taken from her, but the power taken from the child. When it is necessary for my daughter to rest from her labors, the power is temporarily suspended.

But it is not always that it will be stopped at our pleasure. When the desire to stop it is purely selfish, they will often pay no attention to it. I know a case, where a female, afraid that her business might be hurt, refused to be used. She was followed by the manifestations until she yielded, and then all was well. My daughter and niece long resisted the belief, and for a whole year my house was haunted with noises and other performances, until they yielded, and then it stopped. If they omitted their evening devotions on going to bed, they would be disturbed until they said their prayers, and then all would be quiet.

I could enumerate many kindred instances, but I must be content with saying, as the result of my experience, that where the power is yielded to, and with good sense, and from pure motives, it seldom hurts, but is generally productive of good ; but when perverted to selfish purposes, it will, first or last, be interrupted or bring punishment in its train, and sometimes both.

Eighth—Mediumship frequently changes in the same

person, in its form of manifestation, and this not at the option of the instrument. I knew one who, at first, was a medium for rapping, table-tippings, and the like ; then she wrote mechanically, thoughts not her own ; then she spoke in many tongues ; then she sang and played words and music unknown to her ; then she personated the departed ; then she saw spirits ; then spoke by impression ; then was a clairvoyant, seeing earthly, distant objects ; then she prophesied, and then communed freely with the dead, and conveyed their messages of affection and instruction to their surviving friends.

Ninth—I have observed that, though ill health will not always prevent, yet a sound state of health is most favorable to the manifestation, and the health will never be injured when the power is discreetly used. Over-indulgence in it, as in other things, will be injurious.

And, *Finally*, for space compels me to stop, I have observed that, in every form which mediumship has assumed, there has been ever manifest one great object in view—steadily aimed at throughout—and that was, to open a communication between mortals and the invisible world ; and to that end, intelligence displaying itself, and forcing ever upon the rational mind, this most important inquiry, *WHENCE COMES THIS INTELLIGENCE ?*

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, April 2, 1859.

No. III.

THE CIRCLES.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune :

SIR : I devote this paper to the Circles, and the conditions best adapted to the due manifestation of the spirit power.

But as it happens that some are already induced by these papers, to investigate the matter, I ought to utter a word or two of caution.

In the *first* place, then, I remark, that the evidence is generally so personal in its character, that it is quite impracticable for any one to convey it to another as vividly and forcibly, as it is realized by him who receives it directly. Thus, when my person is touched, I can know it certainly, but no language that I can use, can convey to others the same realizing sense that I have of the fact. And so when my secret thought is revealed, or something is said that is known only to me and one who is dead, it is quite out of the question that I can make any one know the fact as unmistakably as I know it. And we are thus warned to be patient with those who are obliged to receive our testimony, instead of obtaining it for themselves ; and are admonished not to be too ready to receive that of others, especially when the direct evidence is so attainable by all.

In the *second* place, I remark, so great is the variety of forms in which the manifestations come, that we cannot safely reach a conclusion, until after long and patient investigation. I was over two years investigating, before I became a believer, and, even now, after

more than eight years' experience, I find I am all the time learning something new. Six, or twice or thrice six times beholding it, ought not to suffice. Let me illustrate: I once had a Reverend Bishop at my house, who witnessed the manifestations for several hours, and apparently to his satisfaction, till I asked him how he knew that all he had heard, had not come from the mind of the medium? So, the Medical Professors at Buffalo, after a few sittings, attributed it to the toe or knee-joints of the medium, while a little patience would have shown them the power displaying itself by ringing a bell. The Harvard professors, after five or six interviews, pronounced it injurious to virtue, when they had not beheld enough to determine that it existed, much less to know what it taught. How much even of my eight volumes of manuscript—the record of only three years' research—could have been rapped out, letter by letter, in half a dozen sittings? And Professor Faraday would not have ascribed the movement of the table to the magnetism of the hand resting on it, if he had only waited long enough to see it move without a hand's touching it. Such hasty conclusions are always painful to me, and are never, in my opinion, safe.

But to come to the Circles.

In the earlier stages of investigation, the assemblage of a few persons—from four to twelve—is very advantageous, and often necessary. It is now as it was of old—where two or three are gathered together, that the spirit power can most readily descend in their midst. It was when four were together, that Moses and Elias appeared again on earth, and it is now of common occurrence, that a "Circle" of a few persons greatly aids the manifestations.

It is, generally, best to have an equal number of both

sexes ; and the advent of the power is often hastened by taking hold of hands, or laying them on a table.

It often occurs, that the display of the power is interrupted by the withdrawal or the addition of some one after the manifestations begin.

So too, it is not a little advantageous, that all the Circle should have a calm, gentle, and devout feeling ; and hence it is, that music and prayer are always beneficial, and sometimes indispensable.

Now, why is this ? Who can tell, so long as we are as ignorant as we are, of what is the power that is at work ?

We know a little—a very little—about it, and, until science shall aid us with its researches, it is almost idle to speculate about it. But what we do know may as well be stated.

Electricity is one element used. This we know from various experiments, and the use of an electrical machine has at times been serviceable.

Magnetism, both animal and mineral, is another. Sometimes the use of a large magnet has hastened the display, as has the presence of those who possess much animal magnetism.

But there is something more than these elements, and among other things, is that which the German writer, Reichenbach, calls Od or Odic force. This is an extremely subtle fluid, invisible to most persons—which is emitted by the magnet, by crystals, and by the human body, being the product, in the latter, of the chemical action of respiration, digestion, and decomposition. I have myself beheld it issuing from both ends of a magnet, and forcing itself out like a pale, shadowy smoke, from under its armature. I have seen it issue from the human head and fingers. On one occasion I saw it so plainly that, in a dark room, I saw my own hand in that

which issued from the head of the person who stood by my side.

It is that which artists have so long been painting around the heads of their saints and glorified ones.

It is ever, as I understand it, generating in the human form, and its natural flow can be disturbed or interrupted by strong emotion.

As we can see electricity and magnetism only by their effects, so we often know of the existence of this element only by the distress which its interruption causes.

I have tried very hard to learn more about this, but the answer to my inquiries has been, that science must discover it, and that until it does, it will be in vain to attempt to describe it to me. Something has, however, been done to enlighten me a little. On one occasion, through a very reliable medium, was displayed the manner in which ponderable objects were moved. I published the account of it in the appendix to my first volume on "Spiritualism." On another occasion, I saw the process of preparing a Circle for manifestations. From each member of it, I saw a stream of this fluid issue and slowly ascend to the ceiling. At the same time, from the surrounding spirits, I saw similar streams issue, but in greater quantities, and with more force. The streams united and gradually filled the room, from the ceiling down, as smoke would. I could trace it in its gradual descent, by the pictures on my wall, and the books on my shelves, and I observed that, as soon as it descended so far as to envelop the heads and breasts of the Circle, the medium was influenced, and the manifestations began.

This is as far as my knowledge extends, and how earnestly I would ! that they who, from their scientific attainments, are far better fitted than I am for the inves-

tigation, would pursue the subject to a better understanding of this mighty and mysterious power.

But, from what we do know, it is easy to see how important the topic of "conditions" is, and how easily they can be disturbed, when even emotion can affect them.

The investigator, to be successful, must not only himself be in a proper condition, but he must conform to those which experience has shown to be necessary. This is a stumbling-block with many, but surely it ought not to be. How can we see without being in a condition to have light, or hear without a condition fit for the transmission of sounds?

And as to his own condition, of one thing the investigator may be assured, and that is that he will be most successful when he approaches the subject with a feeling of devout and solemn reverence. And why not? He is talking face to face with immortality. He is, while yet in the mortal frame, communing with the spirit—holy and divine. And now, as of old, it cannot do many mighty works because of unbelief. And to the question, "Why could we not cast him out?" the answer is as of old, "Because of your unbelief; for verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you. Howbeit, this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, April 18, 1859.

No. IV.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune :

SIR : By this term, which has acquired a sort of technical meaning among Spiritualists, I mean those things in connection with spiritual intercourse, which are addressed to our senses, irrespective of what is addressed to our mental or moral consciousness.

I have known all the senses to be thus addressed, and I will relate in detail, in this and the ensuing paper, incidents calculated to show that.

1. *Smelling.*—Once, after midnight, when I was in bed, sick, I perceived an odor of a peculiar kind, such as I had never smelled before, pungent, but not ungrateful. It was not diffused through the room, but was presented to my nostrils at intervals, as if from a smelling-bottle. Lying on my side, I fancied it might come from the bed-clothes. I accordingly changed my position to lying on the other side, and on my back, and sat up in bed, throwing off the clothes. But in every situation, it continued to come with the same smell and with similar intermissions. In a short time, it operated both as a cathartic and emetic, and I was speedily relieved of my illness.

Once afterward, when I was again sick, I had the same odor presented to me, but less pungently, and without the like effect.

I never, at any other time, smelled that peculiar scent.

I was once present, when a vial containing water, which had been purified by distillation, was passed

from hand to hand, at one of our circles, until the water became medicated and emitted a very perceptible odor.

I had read of a vial of water being prepared, and used as a magic mirror, and I was inclined to try the experiment. Distilled water, in a vial, was allowed to stand for some time on the table, around which the circle were assembled, and it was then put away in a closet. After remaining there a few days, it was found to be medicated, and also emitted a very perceptible odor.

In both instances, we were told that the medication was for curative purposes, and I know that the contents of one of the vials was used with that object, and apparently with effect. I cannot speak certainly of the effect, because I know only the means used and the result. What produced that result, I cannot, of course, know. I can only judge.

2. *Tasting*.—In the earlier stages of my investigations, I was in bad health, which had been increasing on me for some years, and I am fain to believe that I have been materially aided from this unseen source in my recovery. Of that I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter ; now I have only to remark, that several times when at circles, and when the presence of the influence was very palpable—and experience enables one to know that quite unmistakably—I have felt a peculiar taste, as of medicine, not as food or drink, but as gas or vapor.

I have heard of similar instances from others ; but neither in their cases nor my own, can I do otherwise than speak hesitatingly, for I cannot be sure that spirit influence had anything to do with it.

The medicated water, of which I have spoken, had a peculiar taste as well as odor, and several instances of the same kind have been related to me.

Feeling.—Touching the person has been much more common than either of the other two.

The first time I experienced this, was at a dark circle. Ten or a dozen persons were present, sitting around a table. Two of the company were directed to pass behind the rest of us. As they did so slowly, each one seemed to be touched. Sometimes I could only judge from their exclamations, but sometimes I could hear the slap of a hand very distinctly. The manifestation was rather rude, and was offensive to me ; and as I was approached, I was apprehensive of a similar display with me ; but on the contrary, all I felt was a hand gently laid on my head, and moved around a few times, and then two or three soft touches on my side. The room being dark, I could not, of course, know that it was not done by one of the two persons who were behind me. But it was not a little remarkable that it should have been made to conform to a thought which I had not uttered, and so unlike all the others, both before and afterwards, during the evening, and that it should be a touch with which I was familiar ; for it was the gesture with which my wife was wont to pass my chair, as she would enter my library of an afternoon, and find me at work at my law cases. No one then present, I think, could have known that, and it was too peculiar to be deemed accidental.

My doubts, however, were soon removed, for not long afterward, at a circle my arm was seized above the elbow, as by an iron hand. I felt distinctly the palm of the hand, the ball of the thumb, and each finger, and I was held fast, with a force far superior to any that a mortal hand could exert. I was powerless in its grasp. I tried to shake it off, but could not. I tried to move my arm, but in vain. There was none of the softness or elasticity of human flesh in the touch, but it

was hard and inflexible, like metal, and my arm was pressed to the verge of pain. Yet it did not hurt, but simply held me fast. It could be no human hand, and, beside, I knew it was not, for I put my other hand on the affected part, and all around it so as to be certain. I became uneasy, and importuned it to leave me, but it continued long enough to show me it was independent of my will, and then it left.

Beside these instances, my person has been frequently touched, and sometimes under circumstances that precluded the idea of its being done by mortal hand. It would extend this paper too much, to enter into a detail of the circumstances, out of which this preclusion springs, but at that time I was alike astute and skeptical, and labored, like some others of later periods, under the fear that my credulity might be imposed upon, and I made ridiculous by some whom I considered my inferiors in standing, if not intellect. I was, therefore, on a constant lookout for trickery. Sometimes the events would occur in such manner that they might be done by mortal means, though the fair conclusion was that they were not, but it was sometimes that all doubt was cut off. Thus I have been touched, when no person was near enough to do it; sometimes in the light, when my eyesight told me that none of those present did it; sometimes in the dark, when no one knew where I was, or even that I was present; sometimes my foot has been patted as with a hand; sometimes my clothes pulled as by a child; sometimes a push in my side, as by a dull and non-elastic force, and twice I have felt a human hand on my skin. On one of these occasions the touch was cold, but not clammy, and on the other, it was soft, warm, and flesh-like.

I have been present on numerous occasions when others have said they were touched, and have acted as

if they were, and when it was evidently no fabrication of theirs, for they were too really frightened themselves. Once I recollect my niece, who was standing by my side, had her feet so pulled from under her, that she came near falling ; and once a young man who stood near me was seized and pulled from me. I caught hold of him, but our joint resistance was overpowered, and he was fairly lifted from the floor, and taken from me.

These things occurred in the earlier period of my inquiries. Their work having been done with me, I have witnessed little or nothing of them of late. But I was then in a peculiar state of mind. At one moment it would seem from the nature of the incidents that it was not possible there could be any deception, but subsequent reflection would suggest that there might be, and I was therefore not yet a full believer. While in this mood of mind, this intelligence urged me to publish to the world what I have witnessed. I refused, and demanded more evidence. They answered they would give it to me, and they did in good earnest.

It would take more than a column of your paper to relate the events of that memorable evening. It must now suffice for me to say, that five mediums were brought together, without my intervention, and that for three hours and a half I was in the hands of this unseen intelligence, and was operated upon by it in a great variety of ways.

I had no fear during the operation, but for several evenings afterward I confess that when I retired to bed I was frightened at what had been done to me, and to this day the incidents live very vividly in my memory.

The object seemed to be to convince me, by a resort to my senses, that there was a power at work, not of mere mortal origin, and that object was attained.

Perhaps I may, in my next paper, detail the events

of that meeting ; but now I have filled my column, without yet even alluding to the more numerous manifestations that are addressed to the senses of sight and hearing. I must defer that topic to another occasion, and close this paper by remarking :

First : That which struck me most, amid all the wonders I beheld, was the intelligence that was displayed in it all. They were not only guided by intelligence, but they had an intelligent object, and held an intelligent conversation with me.

Second : Others may ask, as a very clever correspondent did in a recent letter, Why use such "low and vulgar modes" of communication ? I answer, They are not more inconsiderable than opening the door of a prison, or telling a woman where to find water. But, characterize them as we may, they have this object in view—and they are attaining it with marvellous celerity—to convince man of his immortality by appeals to his senses. The effort to convince him by appealing to nature, to reason, and to revelation, has been vain with the great mass of mankind. The argument now comes in this form—the block letters in an infant school—and it comes with such force that he who will place himself in its way, cannot escape conviction.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, May 7, 1859.

No. V.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR: I now proceed to consider the manifestations of this character which are addressed to the senses of hearing and seeing, and I must of necessity be brief and general.

1. *Hearing*.—It was to this sense that the first manifestations which I witnessed were addressed. I was then so situated that the thought uppermost in my mind was in regard to the dead, "Shall we ever meet again?" I am bound to confess that all I had heard of religious teachings, for some fifty years, had engendered in me doubts if there was a future beyond the grave. It was not my fault that this was so. I did not want to be an infidel, but they who were my theological teachers were so full of absurdities and contradictions that in spite of myself, I could not believe. The future they taught was revolting alike to my judgment and my instincts, and, unable to conceive of any other, I was led to doubt whether there was any; yet the idea of an eternal separation from the departed was exquisitely painful to me.

It was in this mood of mind, and while I was searching for the truth on this topic, that one evening, when alone in my library, a voice spoke to me in tones which I feared had been silenced forever, and answered the question, Shall we meet again?

The voice was soft and gentle, but distinctly audible, and, oh, how familiar to my ear!

I was startled, and of course the first thought was,

What an hallucination ! I could not conceive it to be anything else. Yet, as I knew whether I could hear or not, I could not get rid of the idea that it was a reality. I never dreamed then of such a thing as the spirit of the dead's being able thus to speak, and for several weeks I debated the matter in my mind, trying to convince myself of the falsity of what I was obliged to know was a fact.

Then it was I heard the "Rochester knockings," at a *seance* or interview, lasting only ten or fifteen minutes, but crowded full of interest. In that interval, it appeared that the sounds were not made by mortals, but by some unknown power that was intelligent enough to spell and to write, to hold conversation, to read thoughts and answer questions not uttered, to know what minute I was making of the occurrence, to display the characteristics of the person professing to be present, and to show emotions of joy and affection.

Here was enough to awaken my curiosity, and I entered upon a course of investigation. For several months I heard the sounds in a great variety of forms.

I heard them on a railroad car while travelling ; on the floor in an eating-house by the wayside ; on the ground, when standing outside the car ; on a door high above our reach ; on a floor, following two or three feet behind the medium when walking ; alone in my bedroom, in different places ; on a door standing open, so that both sides of it could be seen ; on a window and a looking-glass ; on my person and that of others ; on the chords of a piano ; on the strings of a violin ; besides the oft-repeated displays on the floor and the table. I have known the sounds made with the hand, a hair-brush, a fiddle-bow and a chair ; and I have heard them imitate the whistling of the wind, the creaking of a ship laboring in a heavy sea, sawing and planing

boards, the falling of sods on a coffin, the sound of an æolian harp, of soft and distant music, and once a scream, as of persons in agony.

And in all these forms conveying intelligence, not merely that of the peculiar sounds made, but spelling out words and sentences, letter by letter.

This spelling out words was done by some one calling over the alphabet, and the sounds being made at the proper letter, with certain sounds to designate an idea. To facilitate the work, this unseen intelligence devised a set of signals, by the aid of which my earlier conversations with them were had.

I annex hereto their scheme, premising that each dot in it stands for a sound, and made more or less heavy, or more or less near to each other, as indicated by the size or position of the dots :

.—No	.—.—.—We.
.—End of a word.	..—.—.—You.
.—Colon.	..—.—.—And.
..—End of sentence.	5—Alphabet.
..—Semi-colon.	6—Qualification.
...—Yes.	7—Disapprobation.
.!—.!—.! Emphasis.	8—Sit close.
.—Comma.	Succession of raps—Go
....—Done.	back.

It has been supposed by many that the sounds were such as mortals could not make. So far as my experience goes, this is a mistake ; for I have never heard one that I could not imitate, and I have known that mediums, failing to get the sounds, would make them. But the fact was clearly demonstrated, that most frequently they were not made by mortals, nor merely fortuitous, but by an intelligence which had will and purpose, and could express them, and which, when asked, “ Who and

what are you who do this?" could answer to the satisfaction of any rational mind, and establish identity.

2. *Seeing*.—It was not long after the mode of communicating by raps had been discovered, that table tippings came into vogue. I do not know where or how they originated. They seem to have grown up from circumstances. Half a dozen persons sitting round a table with their hands upon it, was the method most commonly used to obtain the rappings or any other physical manifestations. Moving the table was often one of these, and it was soon found to be even easier to do that than to make the sounds, and signals were concerted in like manner, whereby different motions of the table were used to convey ideas. Thus, as with the rappings, words were spelled out. Some one would call the alphabet, and the table would give the concerted signal at the proper letter.

In Spain a different mode of using the table was devised. The alphabet was reduced to 24 letters, and each letter was numbered. The corners of the table were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and the corners would move to indicate the letter. Thus, if corners No. 1 and 4 were moved, it was their fifth letter, and so on.

In this simple manner, though awkward and tedious, did the intercourse begin with hundreds and thousands of people, who thus learned the great truths which it teaches. It was our primary school, and we began with our alphabet.

There were embarrassments about it. Sometimes, when the spirit had not learned to read, it could not spell out words. Sometimes, when its education had been poor, it would spell wrong; and sometimes, when unacquainted with our language, it could not frame a sentence in English.

Still, this mode of communication was used, and became the most common of all.

The sense of seeing was appealed to mostly in the moving of ponderable matter, and it was not always for the purpose of spelling out words. Occasionally it was chiefly with the view of showing the presence of the power.

I have seen a chair run across a room, backward and forward, with no mortal hand touching it. I have seen tables rise from the floor and suspended in the air. I have seen them move when not touched. I have known a small bell fly around the room over our heads. I have known a table, at which I was sitting, turned upside down, then carried over my head, and put against the back of the sofa, and then replaced. I have seen a table lifted from the floor, when four able-bodied men were exerting their strength to hold it down. I have heard, well-vouched for, of a young man carried through the air several feet from the floor, through a suite of parlors. I have seen small articles in the room fly through the air, and fall at the place designed for them, and sometimes so rapidly, that the motion was invisible, and all we could see was, that the object had changed its location.

This is a very meager account of what only I have witnessed, aside from the countless incidents witnessed by others in different parts of the world. But here is enough to show that these manifestations were not made by mortals, but by a power which had all the attributes of the human mind and heart. To repeat a remark I have more than once made, here was an intelligence that could read and write and cipher, divine our secret thoughts, and speak in many languages. Whence came it? Not from electricity or magnetism, as said by many, for intelligence is no attribute of theirs. Not from mortal action, for here was inanimate matter moving without mortal contact, and sounds made

without human intervention. Whence, then, but from that source which appeared to Hagar in the wilderness, which opened the prison-door to Peter, and which caught up Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more?

But, be it what it may—a delusion, deception, or satanic—from this much-contemned source, the physical manifestations, came the proof of intercourse with the spirits—the answer to the question, “Shall we meet again?” and the demonstration of man’s immortality.

Yet, this is but the beginning. There are higher and holier truths than even these, that are revealed to us, and other means that are used, far more important and effective, and to them I shall next address myself.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, May 23, 1859.

No. VI.

TEST MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune :

SIR : Lord Bacon, in speaking of Jesus of Nazareth, says : "All his miracles were consummate about man's body, as his doctrine respected the soul of man." "No miracle of his is to be found to have been of judgment or revenge, but all of goodness and mercy, and respecting man's body."

These remarks are equally true of the manifestations of to-day. No harm is done, though the power to do it is present ; for it is restrained by an overruling intelligence and directed for our welfare ; and that welfare the elevation of our moral nature.

One portion, however, of Bacon's remarks is not strictly true of what is before us. The marvels of the present day are not "consummate about man's body." Aiming still at his moral elevation, they go farther than a mere appeal to his senses. They address his emotions and his reason as means of his regeneration, and this may properly be termed mental proof of Spiritual Intercourse.

Foremost in this class is Test-Mediumship, showing at once the presence of the power, and the identity of the communing intelligence.

It must not, however, be understood that this testing process is confined to the mental manifestations, for it is apparent in all kinds of mediumship. And there has sprung up among us a class known as Test-Mediums—a class *sui generis*—and I have frequently heard it said,

"We cannot answer that question through this instrument ; you must go to a test medium."

I do not understand and cannot explain why this is so. I only know the fact that, through some mediums, tests are easily given, while through some they are given only incidentally.

It is through this testing process that the objections to the reality of intercourse between us and the spirits of the departed have been met and overcome. And it has come to us in such a variety of forms, that it will be difficult to give anything like an enumeration. The utmost of my effort must be to give a general idea.

First—Even in the sounds and the table-tippings, irrespective of the words spelled out, there will often be observed the characteristics of the individual. Thus, a strong man will be loud and vehement ; a child, soft and light—a calm man will be slow and deliberate ; an impatient one, quick and hurried. Sometimes the manifestations will be bold and dashing, and sometimes sorrowful or joyous, in accordance with the emotions of the moment.

The feeling against this subject is so strong in many minds, that I cannot give names without inflicting pain. If it were otherwise, I could mention several persons, well known in this vicinity, whose manifestations would be recognized at once as characteristic. Two I can mention without danger of wounding any one, and that will illustrate my meaning. My wife comes gentle and joyous ; Isaac T. Hopper, prompt, clear, and decided.

Second—Names, ages, dates, and places, are given ; sometimes by writing several words on slips of paper, and so folding them as to hide the writing, and the right one be picked out ; sometimes by pointing in succession to several names, and receiving the mani-

festation at the right word ; sometimes by speaking or writing the word ; and sometimes symbolically.

Occasionally, however, mistakes are made, and it may be a mere reflex of the mind, or the product of clairvoyance. But it is most frequently correct, and often the word given is unknown to the medium, and not recognized by the inquirer. One instance of this is where the inquirer, at the moment, insists the word is wrong, but afterward finds it to be right. Another is when the word given is unknown to any one present.

Third—Letters, carefully sealed and enclosed in envelopes, are returned unopened and correctly answered. A medium in Boston, by the name of Mansfield, has answered hundreds of such letters, thus showing that there is a power at work which can read what is inside the sealed envelope, and, by the character of the answer, that it must be the spirit it professes to be. Sometimes this is tested by the answers also containing a copy of the letter thus concealed.

Fourth—Another phase is exemplified in *The Banner of Light*, a newspaper of Boston. For many months there have appeared in its columns communications from spirits, whose existence and names were alike unknown to the medium, but who have been recognized, not merely by the names, but also by incidents told, and traits of character displayed.

Fifth—Seeing mediums have described the spirits present, so that they have been recognized. This has been common at my house for several years, and hundreds have witnessed it. I have myself occasionally that power, and I mention, as an illustration, that a young man, unknown to me, was once at my house, and I saw the spirits present, and from my description he recognized one whom I had never seen or heard of before.

Sixth—Through speaking and writing mediums, the characteristics of the spirit are at times unmistakably displayed. Sometimes this will be in the language used, being in a brogue or broken English, or some peculiar idiom ; sometimes by peculiarity of thought, and sometimes by the tone of feeling.

Seventh—Incidents are related or alluded to, which are known only to the inquirer and some one who has died. For instance, not long since I received a letter from Maine, purporting to be a communication from Professor Hare. It referred to interviews between us, only known to us.

Eighth—Another instance, which is a test rather of the presence of the power than of individuality, is where thoughts concealed from every one are openly revealed. Often have I beheld this, and observed how the inquirer has been startled at thus realizing the truth—often proclaimed, but seldom believed—that every thought is indeed known to the intelligence which is ever around us, and carried—where ?

I have not space to enter into the details of these things. They would fill many pages of your paper. I must content myself with appealing to the experience of the many who have availed themselves, as I have, of the opportunities afforded them, and with adding, that all may witness them if they wish. They have but to seek and they will find.

If they so seek, one thing will strike them as it has me, and that is, that while all history, sacred and profane, is full of the evidence of spiritual intercourse in all ages and conditions of mankind, it has not been till now that it has come in the definite form of identifying the spirit.

There is surpassing wisdom in this, come from what source it may.

If the spirit that comes is one whom I have never known, how can I be certain that it is him? But if he comes as one whom I have known intimately when on earth, whose form and features appear to me as of old, or are accurately described to me, who speaks of incidents known only to us, who displays his peculiarities of character, who gives correctly names, dates, ages, and places connected with his earth-life, who evinces the emotions natural to him, and all this unknown to the instrument through whom it comes, how can the sane mind resist the conclusion that it is a departed friend who is thus communing with me? and the still weightier conclusion that, if he thus lives beyond the grave, I must too?

Already have many inveterate disbelievers in a future life been convinced by this argument. And yet we are told it is all devilish!

Will it be thought strange that this feature should now be first known? Such are not uncommon occurrences in the history of man. We are in the habit of speaking of the art of printing as being discovered within the last few centuries. Yet we read that among the ancient Greeks and Romans they knew the art of stamping letters on their medals and vases, and at other periods the ancients practised the art. But they were not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the value of their discovery, and it slumbered for ages. So the leading principle of the Copernican system of the planetary world was announced two thousand years before it was finally demonstrated by Galileo and Tycho Brahe, and received by mankind.

And now, with this feature of spiritual intercourse—it is but the legitimate result of human progress. Instead of worshipping the spirits, as did the Pagans of old and calling them our Gods; instead of saying,

as did the Pharisees, it is of Beelzebub ; instead of being frightened at it, as the world was in the days of witchcraft, we in this day have had the good sense to inquire what it is ; and we have learned that, like everything connected with humanity, it is capable of improvement by cultivation, and of contributing to our advancement.

And thus, out of apparently incongruous elements, has grown up a system of Test-Mediumship, by which the long-mooted question of our immortality is settled, and is demonstrated to the simplest, as well as the brightest mind, by irresistible appeals to the senses, to the emotions, and to the reason. Yet with many it is true now, as it was of old—they will not believe, though one rise from the dead.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, June 13, 1859.

NO. VII.

HEALING MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune :

SIR : " Now, when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto Him, Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see : the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear."

But not alone by Him were these things done. He ordained twelve and "gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness." He chose seventy, and sent them forth, saying, "Heal the sick and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

And when it was reported to Him that others, not his followers, were casting out devils in His name, he said, "Forbid them not, for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me."

Now mark the parallel :

I. *Casting out Devils.*—I take this phrase as I find it in Scripture, as indicating that the subject is possessed by an influence which produces violent throes, or, as is said in Scripture, "Straightway the spirits tare him, and he fell on the ground and wallowed, foaming."

I have witnessed many instances of this, when the subject was relieved simply by laying on of hands, and sometimes by a mere command to the spirit to depart.

I was once at a circle in Troy, some twenty persons present, when a strong man became unconscious and violently convulsed. He beat the table with great force with both his fists. I put my hand on his head, against vehement struggles on his part to prevent it, and in a few moments he was restored to quiet and consciousness. I once had a man similarly affected in my own room, who beat his head violently on a marble-top table, and fell on the floor in convulsions. He was recovered by the same means, though more slowly. A man from Chicago waited on me, afflicted with continuous convulsions of his arms and legs. He was restored by the mere exercise of the will. Last year, at my house, I found a man lying on the floor, distorted and convulsed. I lifted him up, compelled him to sit up in a chair, and then with a few words, addressed, not to him but to the spirit that was influencing him, he was at once restored to composure.

These instances are enough for illustrations. They may be startling to one not acquainted with the subject, but it is ignorance alone that makes them so. It is not difficult to understand it, and easy to learn how to control it. Good sense, firmness, and unselfishness afford always, first or last, an adequate remedy, for what often, from the ignorance of friends, consigns the subject to a lunatic asylum, or condemns him to a course of injurious medical treatment.

II. *Insanity*.—This is a frequent charge against Spiritualism; and it is not long since that a newspaper in this city, in support of the charge, cited from the reports of several asylums, proof that one out of fifty cases was produced by this cause. But it had not the candor to say that three or four times as many were produced by religious excitement, and a greater proportion by disappointed love and pecuniary difficulties; and while it

was earnest in insisting that therefore Spiritualism should be put down, it failed to draw the still stronger inference against falling in love, pursuing wealth, or seeking religion.

It is true that Spiritualism, like every other exciting cause, has sometimes unsettled a weak mind ; but it is also true that it can often discover the cause of insanity, and thus indicate the remedy. I will mention an instance :

We once received a letter, telling us of a female who was occasionally seized with attacks of mania. Physicians had tried her cure in vain, and her friends were about sending her to an asylum. We replied that she was at those times influenced by the spirit of a relative who had died insane, and we pointed out a course to be pursued. The parties were all strangers to us, and we afterward learned that her father, in a fit of insanity, had committed suicide, and that the course we advised being pursued, she was cured.

What did Scripture mean when it said, "There came to him a certain man, kneeling down to him and saying, Lord have mercy on my son, for he is lunatic and sore vexed, for oftentimes he falleth into the fire and oft into the water." "And Jesus rebuked the devil, and he departed out of him, and the child was cured from that very hour?"

I know the symptoms of the disease of insanity. My professional and judicial life has compelled me to study it, and I have communed with several who died insane ; and I am convinced that there are no means known among men that can do so much to cure and eradicate the disease as spiritual intercourse, well understood and wisely guided. How long it will be before those whose specialty the disease is, will have the good sense to look into it, instead of condemning it without inquiry and without knowledge, time must determine.

III. *Healing the Sick.*—This is a chapter full of interest, yet I must of necessity be so brief that I know I can give nothing like an adequate idea of the vast amount of good to mankind that has flowed and is flowing from this source.

There are two modes in which this work is done. One is by discovering what the disease is, and prescribing the remedy. My own case is an illustration of this. For over thirty years I was an invalid, varying the scene only by occasional attacks of long and severe illness. During this time I was treated for various diseases. My last severe illness was in 1854, when I was sick for about four months. A part of the time I was so ill that death was hourly expected. Then it was that the spirits came to my aid. They discovered that my disease was what no physician had suspected; but, through the mediums then around me, they could not prescribe the remedy. I sent over two hundred miles for one through whom they could, and whom they named to me. I followed their prescriptions from that day, and I am now in the possession of better health than I have had for forty years, or than I ever expected to enjoy.

There are very many mediums in this country through whom disease is discovered and cured in this manner. But there is a more remarkable, though less frequent mode, and that is by simply laying on of hands.

The following is a brief summary of some instances of this :

J. Loewendahl, of No. 201 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, has cured in a few minutes "A violent pain in the side," "general debility, accompanied by a most trying and nearly constant headache," and in a few sittings has cured neuralgia of four and five months' duration, and bronchitis, and affection of the kidneys.

William O. Page, No. 47 West Twenty-seventh street, New York, cured in a few minutes, a female who had had dyspepsia and chronic diarrhea for years, and was at the time given up by her physician, as she had also inflammation of the womb and bowels. He has cured rheumatism by once laying on his hand; and a long-seated dyspepsia and neuralgia, and a child severely afflicted with rheumatic fever.

Dr. C. D. Griswold, of Buffalo, thus cured a case of shaking palsy, from which the patient had been suffering some seven weeks.

Rufus B. Newton, of Saratoga Springs, has cured "consumption and spinal disease of eight years' standing;" "heart disease and paralysis of the left side;" "dyspepsia, female weakness, and spinal disease;" "abscess on the right jaw, hip-disease, and fever-sore;" "heart-disease, pressure on the brain, and nervous derangement;" "an acute lung difficulty," "cancer," "blindness of one eye and partial blindness of the other," "bronchitis and catarrh."

C. C. York, of Boston, has cured rheumatism of four years' standing, when one of the legs was drawn up, and the hands drawn out of shape; deafness, headache, and vomiting; a person who for two years had lost her speech; an external tumor, which had been growing two years; rheumatic fever; toothache; a scrofulous tumor and cancer.

John Scott, of No. 36 Bond street, New York, was originally a pilot on a Mississippi steamer, but for now over five years has been used as a healing medium in St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland, and in this city since February, 1858. He is now receiving at his house from 40 to 100 patients a day, and is working many strange cures, principally by imposition of hands.

In this way he has cured an arm of a physician, poisoned in a dissecting-room ; rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, even where the limbs were drawn up and distorted ; total blindness ; a club-foot from birth ; fevers, particularly scarlet and yellow fever ; small-pox, even after breaking out ; cholera, of which he has cured hundreds and never failed ; paralysis, where, owing to age, the cure was slow and hard ; neuralgia ; displaced and broken bones ; insanity ; children dumb from birth ; epileptic fits ; issue of blood from nose, mouth, and womb ; ruptures ; falling of the womb ; piles ; dyspepsia ; scrofula ; cancers, sometimes by absorption, sometimes by removing them from the body, and restored withered limbs.

And all this, I repeat, by simply laying on his hands.

These are a few of the many cases of healing by laying on of hands, which are known among us. To detail more, or to spread out the evidence which I have in my possession, would exceed my limits. But this is enough to show the existence of the phenomenon now as of old.

Now, what is the inference to be drawn from these things ?

I prefer answering the question in the language of the earlier, as well as of the later fathers of the Christian Church :

Tertullian appeals to the power of the Christians over those possessed of devils, as a matter of fact and a proof of the truth of Christianity.

Origen claims that the signs, wonders, and various miraculous powers which followed Christ, were all "confirmations of His dignity," and he says : "None can doubt that the Apostles performed miracles, and that God gave testimony to their discourses by signs,

wonders, and various powers. Our blessed Saviour abundantly discovered that His power was nothing less than of God, by the frequent and incontestable miracles which He wrought, even in the presence of the Jews, but which they tried to evade on the plea that they were done by the aid of the devil." He says: "Christianity is not indebted, either for its origin or progress, to human influence, but to God, who has manifested Himself by means of various miracles, founding His religion thereon."

Arnobius asks, "Was He a mortal, and one of us, at whose voice sickness and disease fled away? whose presence the race of demons, hid in the bodies of men, could not endure? who caused the lame to run? whose light touch stayed the issue of blood, restored the withered hand, and gave eyes even to those born blind? * * * Who healed hundreds vexed with divers diseases?"

Eusebius says, "Observe his knowledge, his wisdom, his miraculous works! Surely the matter is divine, and such as exceeds all human endeavors."

Chrysostom says, "The Apostles did not introduce or spread the gospel by force of arms or wealth, but their words, simple in themselves, were sustained by miracles. In proclaiming a crucified Redeemer, they produced miraculous works, and so subjugated all the earth."

Augustine adduces the miracles of Jesus, as being more than unusual events, and he enumerates among them, the sick were healed, strength restored to the lame, sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, &c.

Paley, in his *Evidences of Christianity*, appeals to the miracles for proof; and Bolton, in his work on the same subject, says, "All parties agree in allowing that a miracle, if it can be proved authentic, is one of the strongest evidences any cause can possess."

Now, when we reflect that healing the sick is one of the miracles referred to by all these champions of Christianity, may we not ask what there is to change the character of the evidence when applied to Spiritualism?

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, June 27, 1859.

No. VIII.

SPEAKING IN MANY TONGUES.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune :

SIR : Some time since I published a tract, in which I mentioned several instances of speaking in many tongues, some of them within my own knowledge. And when I accepted the invitation to write these papers, I inserted a request in *The Banner of Light*, for similar cases, elsewhere, and in answer I received a large number of letters. From these two sources I compile the ensuing very general statement. I can do no more now, but will at some future day give them to the world in detail. It is enough now to say that those letters give names, dates, and places, so that the statements can be verified, and some of them are attested by several signatures ; and in some instances they record the speaking in what seemed to be a well-organized language, but it was unknown to the hearers, and might be merely unmeaning gibberish, which some has been that I have heard. I exclude from this statement all cases where the language was unknown, and I give only instances in which the mediums have spoken languages with which they were previously unacquainted. I mention names wherever I am permitted to, and I hold the evidence subject to the inspection of any who may desire it.

My daughter who knows only English and French, has spoken in French, Greek, Latin, Italian, Portuguese, Polish, Hungarian, and several dialects of the Indian, and sometimes not understanding what she

said, though it was understood by the auditor to whom it was addressed.

My niece has sung in Italian and spoken in Spanish.

Mr. Finney, of Cleveland, Ohio, has spoken in Greek, and interpreted it.

Mrs. H. Leeds, of Boston, has spoken in Chinese.

Mrs. Shephard, of Albany, N. Y., has spoken in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

Mrs. Dr. Metler, of Hartford, Conn., German and Indian.

Mrs. Gilbert Sweet, of New York, French, Italian, and Hebrew.

Gov. Tallmadge's daughter, in German.

Dr. John F. Gray, of New York, has witnessed it through the rappings and table-tippings, in Malay, Hebrew, and Spanish.

Miss Inman, of New York, has spoken in Spanish.

Mrs. Tucker, of New York, in Danish.

And Mrs. French, of New York, in nine different languages.

Thus far the extent of my tract. The following is a compilation from my letters :

B. S. Hoxie, of Cooksville, Rock Co., Wisconsin, relates several instances of two young men speaking Chinese.

Wm. R. Prince, of Flushing, N. Y., relates instances, one of Miss Susan Hoyt, and one a Mr. Smith, near Newtown, who spoke Italian.

Seth Whitmore, of Lockport, N. Y., states that his son, about 17 years old, spoke Indian, and at one of his circles, several of those present spoke in that language and in Italian, the mediums being Dr. G. C. Eton, Mrs. Heath, and Mrs. Scott, the mother of Cora L. V. Hatch.

Mrs. Mary H. Underhill, of South Malden, Mass., relates the instance of a medium's speaking Chinese.

Through A. D. Ruggles, of New York, French has been written, and that in answer to a sealed letter in French, where the French and the translation were both given in the reply; has written also in German, Armenian, Greek, and Latin.

Robert Wilson, of Keene, N. H., relates the instance of a medium's speaking in Italian.

From Braintree, Vermont, I am informed of a medium who has conversed in French, and of a medium in Barnard, Vermont, by the name of Frederick Davis, who "speaks almost (and I do not know but) all languages that are spoken in this age of the world."

John Ally, of Lynn, Mass., certifies that Mrs. John Hardy has spoken in the Indian and French.

Through J. B. Mansfield, of Boston, communications have been given in the Chinese, Greek, Latin, Italian, German, Gaelic, Hebrew, French, and Spanish languages.

Benjamin Dean, of Lee, Mass., states that his daughter, aged 11, has spoken and sung in Italian.

E. Warner, of Milan, Ohio, states that Mrs. Warner has spoken German and Indian.

Dr. James Cooper, of Belfontaine, Ohio, relates that his step-daughter, aged 14, has spoken or sung in the Seminole, Gaelic, German, Welch, Greek, Hebrew, Nantah, and others, amounting to nine in all.

Mr. J. G. Stearns writes me from Battle Creek, Mich., that he has spoken in Indian, Japanese, and French.

John B. Young, of Chicago, relates that his wife has spoken Italian. She and two others, one of them a boy, spoke fluently in Spanish to each other, and she and a young lady spoke and sang in German.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Toledo, Ohio, has spoken in the Pawnee tongue.

Here, then, are scores of instances, occurring in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, testified to under circumstances which preclude all idea of collusion, and establishing the fact as conclusively as human testimony can do so. What are we to do with it?

It is recorded in Scripture that when the Apostles were assembled on the day of Pentecost, they "began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance;" that there were then in Jerusalem "men out of every nation under heaven," and "every man heard them speak in his own language," and "they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying, one to another, What meaneth this? Others, mocking, said, These men are full of new wine."

Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, recognized among the spiritual gifts whereof he would not have them ignorant, "divers kinds of tongues" and "the interpretation of tongues." And the parallel between the past and the present will be complete when I add a fact mentioned, in some of these letters, that it has not been unfrequent that the unknown language, spoken by one medium has been interpreted by another, or by the same medium, the intelligence that is working this wonder realizing the difficulty experienced by Paul, "Wherefore let him that speaketh in an unknown tongue pray that he may interpret, for if I pray in an unknown tongue, my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful."

I repeat, What shall we do with this? We cannot deny the fact, for human testimony cannot thus be disregarded, and the question will be asked, Wherein has man's nature so changed since the days of old, that what he was once capable of he cannot do again? To regard it as a deception would demand a degree of credulity far surpassing that which we demand for the

testimony. To repeat that these people were "full of new wine," would be mocked at now, as it has been by all of Christendom for 1800 years.

It was regarded then, and has been ever since, that this manifestation of the "spiritual gifts" was evidence of the divine nature of the mission with which the Apostles were charged. And why, I would ask, is not the argument as good now as it was then, and why not as applicable to the new facts as to the old?

For my part, when I behold performed at this day, in our very midst, nearly all the wonders recorded in the New Testament, on which the Christian religion has justly reposed its claim to a divine origin; when I see even "mightier things" done now, as was then promised should be; and when I contemplate the sublime and beautiful truths which these wonders are the instruments of bringing to the attention of man,—I pause in breathless awe, and reverently acknowledge that

"The hand that made them is Divine."

Of those truths, I shall yet have occasion to speak in these papers. Now I will close this article by noticing a manifestation in some degree cognate with its subject, of which I have frequently heard, though I have never personally witnessed it.

Mr. A. O. Millington, of Springfield, Illinois, writes that "The Circle of Hope having taken their places at the table, there being visitors present, according to custom, the medium requested all to examine her arms, and all said they were free from any kind of unusual marks. Then, in a few moments, her arm became as cold as if it were dead, and my first wife's name came out in raised letters of about an eighth of an inch broad and high (all saw this plainly, a fluid lamp of two burners being on the table), and then went away or

disappeared. And, by request, the initials A. M. came back on her arm, and they also disappeared in a few moments. The name wrote was A. Millington, making eleven letters; A. for Almirah, the Millington being my own name. Now for the testimony, nine adults being present: A. H. Worthen, Illinois State Geologist; Sarah B. Worthen, wife of above, address, Springfield, Ill.; George Bond, provision dealer, Quincy, Ill. (is not a spiritualist, and permits me to use his name); B. A. Richards, book and job printer, Springfield, Ill., and Matilda Richards, his wife; Thomas Worthen; Molly Booth, the medium; Harriet Millington; A. O. Millington."

J. W. EDMONDS.*

Lake George, July 1, 1859.

* When I obtained permission to insert these articles in the *New York Tribune*, I was restricted to some ten numbers, of about a column each, and to the phenomena, rather than to the doctrines or philosophy, of Spiritualism. It was therefore quite out of the question to give in them a detail of the evidence in my possession, for I filled all my allotted space merely with results.

Republishing the articles in this form, I can now give that detail; and I do so in an appendix hereto, in which I insert the letters I received on the subject of this paper. And I do this the more readily, because I know of no other form in which there has been such a concentration of the evidence as is here displayed.

It will be perceived that some of the letters are not confined solely to the topic of "Speaking in Many Tongues." They were, however, so interesting in other respects, that I did not deem it worth my while to limit myself merely to extracts.

No. IX.

SPEAKING AND WRITING MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune :

SIR : All the kinds of mediumship, except speaking and writing, are necessarily slow in the process of communicating thought, for the reason that they convey it either by symbols, or by spelling out words and sentences, letter by letter. Hence it was, that as soon as the fact of spiritual intercourse was established, speaking and writing mediums began to be developed, that thought might be more rapidly conveyed.

This kind of mediumship, like all the others, is marked with a great variety of feature, and like the others, is capable of improvement by proper cultivation. In this connection I can speak only of the general characteristics, and chiefly of the mediumship after it has gone somewhat through the process of cultivation.

Those general characteristics are, that words and sentences are written or spoken, and thoughts uttered, which are not the product of either the mind or the will of the medium.

It is not always easy to ascertain that this is so. A medium is in your presence writing with ease, or speaking with fluency, and the natural inference is that it is of his own mind that he is doing so, and the evidence must, of necessity, be strong to establish that it is otherwise. That evidence will, however, be furnished to any one who will patiently investigate to the end. I have endeavored to do so, and I will mention some of the prominent evidences, to show that it is some other mind than the medium's that is at work.

1. One is that of the medium's speaking in a language unknown to him, in which, however, he conveys distinct thought and utters proper sentences, which are understood by those who are acquainted with the language.

2. Another is, that sometimes the medium knows, and sometimes he does not know, the thought he is thus uttering in a strange language, and that not at all at his option or under his control.

3. The medium frequently refers to events, and relates incidents unknown to him, but recognized by others present at the time as the truth.

4. He not unfrequently speaks of events and incidents unknown alike to him and to those present, but which are afterward ascertained to be facts.

5. He prophesies events which are to happen, and which do happen, and that sometimes in regard to matters with which he has no connection, and of which he has no knowledge.

6. He often describes persons, gives names, and delineates characteristics, which are recognized by others as correct, but of which he is previously ignorant.

7. He utters thoughts in conflict with his own sentiments, which he does not receive, and which he repudiates.

8. He writes and utters things of which he is ignorant at the time of their utterance. Such is the case with all the trance mediums. They do not know what they write or say; and I once had the services of a writing medium who was not entranced, but who frequently wrote of matters of which I *know* he is, even to this day, ignorant.

9. He displays knowledge of science and arts, which it is well known he does not himself possess, and uses

words and technical terms, the meaning of which he does not know.

10. He delivers discourses, marked by close argument and profound thought, far beyond his capacity. I have, for instance, witnessed a little girl, some ten years old, a foundling, with scarcely a knowledge of her alphabet, discourse with gentlemen of advanced age and of accomplished education, on topics, and in a manner that confounded them, realizing the account of Jesus at twelve years old, "in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions; and all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

11. And to add to it all, the medium is unable to do this at his pleasure, but only when under the influence of this unseen intelligence. I have often seen mediums try in vain to recall the power under circumstances when they had every inducement to success; and I have known the exhibition arrested midway, when the medium was mortified at the failure.

These and sundry other evidences which I have not now the space to enumerate, but which the candid investigator can readily observe for himself, will enable him to be certain that there are times and occasions when the medium is writing and speaking thoughts not his own, but flowing from a mind and a will outside of and beyond himself.

This is no impossibility, though it may seem so to some. The power is recognized by the learned, independent of Spiritualism. Wilkinson, in his treatise, "The Human Body, and its Connection with Man," speaks thus of it: "And so, too, if the soul or spirit, or any other spirit or influence, can make the imaginations or the thought-movements in the cerebral substance, these will seem as much our own thoughts as though no such influence

had been exerted. But in both cases, be it remembered, there is an object out of the faculty excited ; though, in the one case, the object is out of the organism externally ; in the other case, out of it internally."

There are, however, some considerations affecting each of these kinds of mediumship.

1. As to *Writing Mediumship*: Sometimes the writing is merely mechanical, the arm of the medium being moved by some other power than his ; sometimes he is unconscious even that he is writing ; sometimes he is aware that he is writing, but is unconscious of what letters or words he is forming ; and sometimes he is conscious of all he is doing, but is aware of the extraneous impulse ; sometimes he writes by impression, the thoughts being given to him, but the language used being his own ; sometimes he is aware of each word as he writes it, but is unconscious of what is the sentence that he forms ; sometimes he is conscious of the sentence, but is not aware of its connection with what has gone before, or of what is to follow ; sometimes he writes in his native language, sometimes in a foreign one, unknown to him ; sometimes he writes in characters apparently unmeaning, and seemingly mere "pot-hooks and hangers," like a child learning to write, and sometimes in well-formed hieroglyphics, which are interpreted and understood ; sometimes the distinctive hand-writing of the medium is preserved throughout ; at other times, through the same medium, a different hand-writing is carefully preserved for each spirit communing ; and sometimes the hand-writing of the communing spirit, which distinguished him in life, is closely imitated.

II. As to *Speaking Mediumship*: Here, too, there is great variety in the manifestation, and it is only of general features that I can speak—the principal difference

in the kinds being when the medium is entranced or in a normal condition. Between these two extremes there is every conceivable shade of condition.

I have known the mediums, when speaking, to have all consciousness suspended, so as not to see any object, or to hear any sound, or to feel any wound of the flesh. So I have seen them when only one of the senses would be suspended, as, for instance, to be unable to see, though hearing and feeling were acute. I have seen them when fully conscious of all that was going on, and yet without the power of exercising any control over their own organs, and I have seen when the medium was in the full possession of consciousness and volition, and yet was uttering the thoughts of an intelligence not his own.

I deem the latter the most perfected species of mediumship—for the supremacy of one's own individuality is left unimpaired. The trance and semi-trance state is resorted to only because the medium is so undisciplined that unless his consciousness and volition are suspended, his own thoughts and will color, interfere with, and sometimes interrupt the manifestation. And I have observed that mediums, originally used only in a state of trance, have gradually, as they have permitted themselves to be improved, been more and more in their normal condition when used.

This, however, is comparatively rare, and requires an uncommon degree of mental culture and self-discipline. I do not know that I have ever yet seen a medium improved to the condition of which it seems to me they are yet capable.

Under this state of things, there is one serious difficulty, too often overlooked: namely, that the mind of the medium will affect the communication.

Such has been the case with revelation in all ages of

the world. It is not, and cannot be, perfect, until man himself—the channel through which it is necessarily made—is perfect.

In the meantime, however, amid all these discouragements, at times it does come pure and undefiled, and there come to us, as of old, revelations of the greatest moment to man.

What they are, I shall have occasion briefly to relate in the next and last paper of the series.

J. W. EDMONDS.

Lake George, Aug. 15, 1859.

No. X.

THE END AND AIM OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune :

SIR: There is no topic connected with this subject less thoroughly understood than this, even by firm believers in the Intercourse, and even my conceptions of it, imperfect as they must necessarily be, can hardly be detailed within the limits of this, the last of my papers. I can attempt only to refer briefly to a few of the more important considerations.

1. No man or woman has probably ever lived who has not at some time felt a yearning yet once again to hold communion with some loved one whom death has removed from sight, and this prayer, so instinctive and so universal with the whole family of man, is now, in the beneficence of a Divine Providence, answered more specifically and more generally than ever before known. And the first thing demonstrated to us is, that we can commune with the spirits of the departed ; that such communion is through the instrumentality of persons yet living ; that the fact of mediumship is the result of physical organization ; that the kind of communion is affected by moral causes ; and that the power, like all our other faculties, is possessed in different degrees, and is capable of improvement by cultivation.

2. It is also demonstrated that that which has been believed in all ages of the world, and in all religions, namely : intercourse between man in the mortal life and an intelligence in the unseen world beyond the grave—after having passed through the phases of reve-

lation, inspiration, oracles, magic, incantation, witchcraft, clairvoyance, and animal magnetism, has, in this age, culminated in a manifestation which can be proved and understood ; and, like every other gift bestowed upon man, is capable of being wielded by him for good or perverted to evil.

3. That which has thus dealt with man in all time is not, as some have supposed, the direct voice of the Creator, nor of the devil, as a being having an independent existence and a sovereignty in the universe of God, nor of angels, as a class of beings having a distinct creation from the human family, but of the spirits of those who have, like us, lived upon earth in the mortal form.

4. These things being established, by means which show a settled purpose and intelligent design, they demonstrate man's immortality, and that in the simplest way, by appeals alike to his reason, to his affections, and to his senses. They thus show that they whom we once knew as living on earth, do yet live after having passed the gates of death, and leaving in our minds the irresistible conclusion that, if they thus live, we shall. This task Spiritualism has already performed on its thousands and its tens of thousands—more, indeed, in the last ten years, than by all the pulpits in the land—and still the work goes bravely on. God speed it ! for it is doing what man's unaided reason has for ages tried in vain to do, and what, in this age of infidelity, seemed impossible to accomplish.

5. Thus, too, is confirmed to us the Christian religion, which so many have questioned or denied. Not, indeed, that which sectarianism gives us, nor that which descends to us from the dark ages, corrupted by selfishness or distorted by ignorance, but that which was proclaimed through the Spiritualism of Jesus of Nazareth, in the simple injunction : "Thou shalt love

the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

6. As by the inspiration through a foundling of the Nile, there was revealed to man the existence of one God over all, instead of the many deities he was then worshipping; and as, by the inspiration of Him who was born in a manger, there was next revealed man's immortal existence beyond the grave, of which even the most enlightened had then but a faint idea, so now, through the lowly of the earth, comes a further revelation, confirmatory of those, and adding the mighty truth what is the existence in which that immortality is to be spent.

Throughout all the manifestations—in every form and in every language—whatever the discrepancies, uncertainties, and contradictions on other topics, on this of the nature of man's future existence, all coincide and harmonize. It comes in broken fragments of scattered revelations, here a little and there a little, part through one and part through another, but forming, when gathered together, a sublime whole, from which we can surely learn the nature and condition of the life on which we shall enter after this shall have ended.

This, as I understand it, is the great end and object of the movement, all else being merely incidental to it. But it has only begun, and its progress is slow; not from want of power to communicate, but from want of capacity to comprehend. Much that has already been revealed, has not from this cause been received, even by the most advanced Spiritualists, and, of course, not given to the world. But the work is going on. More is added day by day. And it will not be long before

enough will be received by all to open to their conception a knowledge of our future existence, whose value no man can calculate—whose effects no man can imagine.

7. Enough, however, has already been given to show that man's destiny is PROGRESS, onward, upward, from his birth to eternity. Circumstances may retard, but cannot interrupt this destiny, and man's freedom is that he may accelerate or retard, but he cannot prevent. He may hasten, as did one whose life on earth had been devoted to doing good to his fellows, and who said to me that he had passed away in the full consciousness of the change, had found himself surrounded and welcomed by those whom he had aided while on earth, and had paused not one moment in the sphere of Remorse ; or he may by a life of sin and selfishness, retard it for a period long enough to satisfy the vengeance even of an angry Deity—if such a thing can be.

8. Our progress is to be alike in knowledge, in love, and in purity. Alike in all it must be. And any circumstance which causes us in any one of these elements to lag behind the advance in the others, is sure to bring unfortunate consequences in its train, though not always unhappiness. So clear, so universal is this injunction to progress in all three of these elements, that the heresies which spring up among us from our imperfect knowledge of them, need give us no alarm. Even the doctrine of Free Love, revolting as it is, but which some misguided ones have attempted to foist upon our beautiful faith, need cause no anxiety ; for profligacy in love is incompatible with progress in purity. And while the command is, "Love ye one another," so ever attendant upon it is that other, "Be ye pure, even as your Father in heaven is pure."

Incidental to these more important points are many

minor considerations, on which I cannot now dwell. By a careful attention, they will all be found consistent with these weightier matters. Distorted sometimes by the imperfection of the mediums through which the intercourse comes, and sometimes perverted by the passions of those who receive it, yet, carefully considered and patiently studied until understood, I can safely assert, after nearly nine years' earnest attention to the subject, that there is nothing in it that does not directly tend to the most exalted private worth and public virtue.

True, to some it is a mere matter of curiosity, and to others a philosophy, but to many it is now, and to all in the end will be, a religion; because all religion is the science of the future life, and because it never fails to awaken in the heart that devotion which is at once a badge and an attribute of our immortality.

J. W. EDMONDS.

APPENDIX.

SPEAKING IN MANY TONGUES.

Extracts from Spiritual Tract No. 6.

"She was next developed to speak different languages. She knows no language but her own, and a little smattering of boarding-school French ; yet she has spoken in nine or ten different tongues, sometimes for an hour at a time, with the ease and fluency of a native. It is not unfrequent that foreigners converse with their Spirit friends, through her, in their own language. A recent instance occurred, where a Greek gentleman had several interviews, and for several hours at a time carried on the conversation on his part in Greek, and received his answers sometimes in that language and sometimes in English. Yet, until then, she had never heard a word of modern Greek spoken."—*Extract from Vol. ii., Spiritualism*, p. 45.

The foregoing is my account, in very general terms, of my daughter's mediumship. Let me here specify some of the instances more particularly :

One evening there came to my house a young girl from one of the Eastern States. She had come to New York to seek her fortune. Her education was that which can be obtained at a common country school. She was a medium, and was accompanied by the spirit of a Frenchman, who was very troublesome to her. He could speak through her, but only in French. For more than an hour a conversation went on between my daughter and the Spirit, speaking through Miss Dowd. They both conducted the conversation entirely in French, and both spoke with the rapidity and fluency

of native Frenchmen. Miss Dowd's French was a *wretched patois* of some of the southern provinces of France, while Laura's was pure Parisian.

This occurred in my library, where some five or six persons were present ; and Miss Dowd is still living in this city.

On another occasion, some Polish gentlemen, entire strangers to her, sought an interview with Laura, and during it, she several times spoke in their language words and sentences which she did not understand, but they did, and a good deal of the conversation on their part was in Polish, and they received answers, sometimes in English and sometimes in Polish. The English she understood, but the other she did not, though they seemed to perfectly.

This can be verified only by Laura's statement, for no one was present but her and the two gentlemen, and they did not give their names.

The incident with the Greek gentleman was this : One evening, when some twelve or fifteen persons were in my parlor, Mr. E. D. Green, an artist of this city, was shown in, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Evangelides, of Greece. He spoke broken English, and Greek fluently. Ere long, a Spirit spoke to him through Laura, in English, and said so many things to him, that he identified him as a friend who had died at his house a few years before, but of whom none of us had ever heard.

Occasionally, through Laura, the Spirit would speak a word or a sentence in Greek, until Mr. E. inquired if he could be understood if he spoke in Greek ? The residue of the conversation, for more than an hour, was, on his part, entirely in Greek, and on hers, sometimes in Greek and sometimes in English. At times, Laura would not understand what was the idea conveyed

either by her or him. At other times she would understand him, though he spoke in Greek, and herself when uttering Greek words.

He was sometimes very much affected, so much so as to attract the attention of the company, some of whom begged to know what it was that caused so much emotion. He declined to tell, but after the conversation ended, he told us that he had never before witnessed any Spirit manifestations, and that he had, during the conversation, tried experiments to test that which was so novel to him. Those experiments were in speaking of subjects which he knew Laura must be ignorant of, and in frequently and suddenly changing the topic from domestic to political affairs, from philosophy to theology, and so on. In answer to our inquiries—for none of us knew Greek—he assured us that his Greek must have been understood, and her Greek was correct.

He afterward had many other interviews, in which Greek conversations occurred.

At this interview, which I have described, there were present Mr. Green, Mr. Evangelides, Mr. Allen, President of a Boston bank, and two gentlemen whose names I forget, but can easily ascertain, who were large railroad contractors in one of the Western States, my daughter Laura, my niece Jennie Keyes, myself, and several others whom I do not remember.*

My niece, of whom I have spoken, has often sung Italian, improvising both words and tune, yet she is entirely unacquainted with the language. Of this, I suppose, there are a hundred instances.

One day my daughter and niece came into my library, and began a conversation with me in Spanish,

* I have since been reminded that Governor Tallmadge, Mr. Flagg, former Mayor of New Haven, and a friend of his, were among those who were present.

one speaking a part of a sentence, and the other the residue. They were influenced, as I found, by the Spirit of a person whom I had known when in Central America, and reference was made to many things which had occurred to me there, of which I knew they were as ignorant as they were of Spanish.

To this only we three can testify.

Laura has spoken to me in Indian, in the Chippewa and Monomonic tongues. I knew the language, because I had been two years in the Indian country.

I have thus enumerated Indian, Spanish, French, Greek, and English, that she has spoken. I have also heard her in Italian, Portuguese, Latin, and Hungarian, and in some that I did not know.

The instances are too numerous for me to recall the names of the persons present.

I will now mention instances through others than her.

A man by the name of Finney, a carpenter, of very limited education, living near Cleveland, Ohio, was once giving me a communication, for he was a speaking medium. The subject was self-knowledge, and while I was writing it down, I spoke (*sotto voce*) *Gnothi Seauton*. He paused, repeated the Greek, and added, "Yes, know thyself."

Mrs. Helen Leeds, of 45 Carver street, Boston, a medium of some note in those parts, has very often spoken Chinese. She is of very limited education, and never heard a word of that language spoken.

This occurred so often with her in a former stage of her mediumship, that I suppose I may say that there are thousands who have witnessed it. I have myself witnessed it at least a hundred times.

In the early stages of my investigations I kept very full minutes of all that occurred. From my records I make this extract :

"ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH INTERVIEW.

"Nov. 3, 1852.

"There was a special meeting of the Circle of Hope last evening, to meet some of our friends from Albany. Besides the members of the circle (the circle consisted of Mr. Sweet and wife, Mr. Wood and wife, Mr. Ira Hutchinson, Mr. Comes, and myself), there were present, Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Haight, of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mettler, of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. J. B. Mettler, of New York, and Mrs. Heath, sister of Mrs. Ambler.

"Mr. Ambler was soon thrown into the magnetic state, etc. * *

"After he came out of the trance-state, Mrs. Shepherd was affected, and spoke in several languages. She occasionally spoke English. * * * And she continued for an hour or two thus to speak in some foreign language. It seemed to us to be Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. * *

"Mrs. Mettler was then thrown into a trance-state, and she was developed for the first time in her life to speak in diverse tongues. She spoke in German and what seemed to be Indian.

"And they two, *i. e.*, Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Mettler, then for some time conversed together in these foreign languages.

"Occasionally they spoke in English and sometimes in broken English."

I have looked in my records, but do not find it, though I very well remember the fact, that Mrs. Sweet, of this city, another of our mediums, of very little education, has often spoken French.

[Since writing the above, I learn that she has also spoken Italian and Hebrew.]

I have a number of times, witnessed a cognate manifestation, when the communication was through the rappings, and was given in a foreign language, though the medium knew only the English.

P. S.—I now add to the foregoing :

November 1.—To-day, at our Conference, I mentioned this subject, and asked if any of those present could give me any further information. The attendance was

unusually small, there not being over a hundred present, but I received the following reply to my inquiry :

Dr. John F. Gray mentioned having had communications through the rappings and table-tippings, in the Malay, Hebrew, and Spanish languages. The communications were spelled out, letter by letter, and written down. He obtained translations of all of these from persons versed in the different languages. He has records of it all, specifying where it occurred, and who were present. He will probably give me an extract from them. If he does, I will send it to you.

He mentioned one instance, where Professor Bush, who is a Hebrew scholar, was present, and he called the Hebrew Alphabet, and wrote the communication down at the time, and afterward translated it, no one present but himself being acquainted with that alphabet.

Dr. Abraham D. Wilson, another physician of high standing, stated that the late Mr. Henry Inman, the *artist*, told him that when his daughter was developed as a medium, she repeatedly spoke Spanish, of which she had no knowledge.

Mr. David Bryson stated that at a recent circle, where Mrs. Tucker was the medium, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Taylor and others were present, the medium spoke fluently an unknown tongue, and conversed with a Dane, who was present, in the Danish language.

Mr. Taylor was at the Conference, and confirmed Mr. Bryson's account.

Mrs. Richardson relates a recent incident of a woman named Greenleaf, who spoke French. And Mrs. French, the medium, well known here and at Pittsburgh, stated that through her the Spirits had spoken nine different languages.

She relates a recent instance, where Mr. Henry C.

Vail being present, she was addressed by an Italian female, and led by her to a part of the town where some fourteen Italians were huddled together in one room, in a great state of destitution and sickness, and where Italian was spoken through her to them with entire ease. And she mentioned an occasion at Washington, where, in the presence of Governor Tallmadge, and Mr. Giddings, M. C. from Ohio, she spoke French fluently.

All these are cases where the parties speaking knew only one language—the English.

This is the gathering of one afternoon only. I can form no idea of the extent of the evidence that might be gathered by a more extended inquiry.

But is it not enough for all, except those who would not believe, though one arose from the dead?

The following are the letters I received, in answer to my call in *The Banner of Light*:

Cooksville, April 9th, 1859.

Messrs. Editors :

Seeing a call in the *Banner*, from Judge Edmonds, for facts in the phase of Spiritualism—speaking with tongues, I thought I would write an account of what transpired at our circle about two years ago, and you can make such use of it as you may see fit, to advance the cause of *truth*. We had continued our sittings about three months, every Sunday evening. Two young men, one a brother-in-law of the writer, and the other a personal friend, were mediums, who had been controlled by spirits speaking through them, showing very clearly the different condition of minds in the other state of existence. About this time, at a sitting, only one of the mediums being present, he was controlled in a manner very strange to us, but after a

short time began to speak in a language that we could not understand, but was recognized by my father and brother as the Chinese, they having been acquainted with many of them in California, but could not speak the language. At the next meeting of the circle, both mediums were controlled to speak in the same language, and, after talking a few moments, appeared to recognize each other as mutual friends, and, indeed, were so boisterous in their greetings that a man living in the other part of the house, who was not a believer, came in to see if we had not some Chinamen for guests, as he had traded with them in California, and knew something of their customs. They were controlled frequently after this ; one of them would sometimes sing in the same language and talk, while the others would interpret. None present could speak Chinese, and the mediums never saw a Chinaman. Our circles were free to all who chose to come, and oftentimes the room was full. All were ready to admit that they had heard a foreign language spoken, neither could they doubt the mediums, as they were both worthy young men, or solve the mystery ; but the saying of Christ, in the parable, proved true—"They will not believe, though one should rise from the dead."

* * * * *

You must excuse this long letter, and use as much or little of it as you think best.

Yours, for truth,

B. S. HOXIE.

N. B.—For reference to the above facts, I will give the following names, residents of Cooksville, Rock Co., Wis.: Allen Hoxie, Earle Woodbury, C. A. Howard, I. Woodbury, I. Baker, G. A. Backenstoll, S. P. Hoxie,

and many others who were present could witness to the same.

B. S. HOXIE.

PRINCE'S LINNÆAN BOTANIC GARDENS AND NURSERIES, }
Flushing, L. I., near New York, April 16, 1859. }

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Dear Sir: I noticed your desire to be advised of persons speaking in a language they are unacquainted with. I have heard Susan Hoyt *once* deliver an Italian patriotic oration, which was translated, as she proceeded, by an American who understood the Italian. I have studied the Italian, and realized fully that she spoke in that language, and her gestures were very vehement, and appropriate, as representing that nation.

There is a man, about 35 years of age, residing near Hempstead swamp, one and a half miles below Newtown—I think his name is Smith, but the Hoyts can tell you—whom I have several times heard deliver Italian orations in the most declamatory style, and with whom it is very common to do so. He was frequently at Hoyt's, and the first time I heard him, I asked some person whether he could speak English at all. When he came to himself, he told me who he was, and that he never had read a word of any language but English. He was so under the control of these Italian spirits, that he would sometimes be influenced for several miles, when walking to Williamsburgh, and his friends were afraid to have him go there alone.

I am, very respectfully,

WM. R. PRINCE.

Lockport, March 28, 1859.

Very dear friend J. W. EDMONDS :

I am an illiterate, in my second childhood, on the commencement, since St. Patric's day in the morning, of my seventy-seventh year, consequently, I hope proper allowance will be made in this communication for bad spelling, bad grammer, and confused ideas in what I shall relate, and that if you should see fit to take notice of any part of it, that you will select such parts as you see fit, and use your own language in order to convey the ideas that I shall try to convey. I saw in the last week's *Banner of Light*, a notice or request of instances, in which a medium has spoken in a language unknown to them at the time. I am inclined to relate to you an exhibition of my son, about three and a half years ago, whose age at the time was about between seventeen and eighteen years. We were having a circle at the house of our medium, Dr. G. C. Eton, of this place. Dr. E. was sick at the time principally confined to his bed, but having been repeatedly controlled by the spirit of the much heard of Wanhas, an Indian Chief so called, who had influenced Dr. E. in nearly every instance in his healing powers. At this time, the Indian W., would not influence Dr. E. much, for fear of injuring his health, but seemed to cause him to assist in controlling my son to speak, being controlled by another spirit by the name of Pickawa (I would here remark, that my son never knew a word of Indian language), but at this time jumped on to his feet very suddenly, and commenced talking with a clear and distinct language, loud and earnest, and went through with all the Indian war evolutions, the manner of using the tomahawk, scalping-knife, bow and arrow, and various tortures and effects of such cruelty. After which his voice seemed to change, become more plaintive, and he seemed to go

on to show the vast difference between war and peace, imitated the smoking the pipe of peace, and the various phases of peace and quietness among men. Another instance, about the same period of time, when the Aborigines seemed to have more controll over our medium, in the begining of our spiritual carear, than any other race : We were at the hall in Lockport, called Taylor's Hall ; had a circle of some thirty or more ; among them was a son and daughter of mine, mediums ; my daughter was at that time quite a developing medium, by some means, and got quite a large share present under Indian influence. They all talked the same language, and went through the war dance ; when through, smoked the pipe of peace, and each one went round and shook hands with all the rest. There were one or two present, that understood some of the Indian language enough to know, that they talked the regular language. After they were through with the Indian pow-wow, another scene was exhibited through the Italian influence. We learned that by a gentleman present, who understood the Italian language partially, and could ask and answer questions in their dialect (I have forgotten the name of the gentleman), he said he had been in Italy some length of time, and had learned considerable of the language, and knew the mediums spoke the language correctly. The mediums were Dr. G. C. Eton, Mrs. Heath, and Mrs. Scott, the mother of Cora L. V. Hatch, who each took an active part in the tragedy, Eaton, and Mrs. Heath, were the principal speakers, E. commenced with a short sentence, which was replied to by Mrs. H., they spoke back and forward in parliamentary order, several times with considerable length, then Mrs. Scott had something to say, so they went on alternately for a while with beautiful language, and gestures ; they next commenced singing in prose,

long sentences, the tune adapted to the language. The whole being in prose, the tune was sung but once over in each sentence, very solemn and very beautiful, Mrs. H.'s voice was very clear and extensive, she would sing up to the skies, or down to a low bass. I think, I never heard so beautiful and sweet singing at any other time. That part of the exhibition was extremely interesting to me ; the old ignoramus, who has here tried to describe the, to me interesting exhibitions of that evening. If any part will interest others, I am willing it should be read with proper mending ; perhaps those things new, and interesting to me, will not be so to others, who have experienced the like more than I have done, though they ingraft beautiful impressions into my mind. Having the benefit of a ripe old age, I can't but anticipate a spiritual acquaintance ere long, with those spirits, who have in my presence, manifested so much love to us in the form, and so much happiness in their enjoyments in their happy abode in the spirit existence. God bless and prosper the glorious cause.

SETH WHITMORE.

South Malden, Mass., April 2, 1859.

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Dear Sir : Seeing in the *Banner* your request to forward anything in regard to speaking in many tongues, I send you this account :

Hiram Smith was born in Massachusetts, Aug. 26, 1815, of American parents ; was brought up in the Unitarian belief ; in 1840 read, in Buck's Theological Dictionary, that there were about three hundred sects or creeds in the world, all conflicting with each other ; became an unbeliever in revelation and immortality. In 1854, became unsettled in this opinion by witnessing

some physical manifestations ; was told by a medium if he would leave off the practice of smoking tobacco he would become a medium ; Jan. 1, 1858, he resolved to do so ; Feb. 1, his hand was first moved to write (this is enclosed) ; the other was written March 27 (this week), and purports to be addressed to Judge Edmonds (by request). The medium is impressed with the idea that the letter suggests the utility of a convention of mediums who speak in tongues, at some future day, when necessary forces can be brought to bear. The same spirit wrote both, as far as we can judge ; and, what is very remarkable, he says he came from the planet Saturn. No words that I can use would serve to convey an idea of the nicety, refinement, and polish of his feeling and manner ; cannot bear to be approached by any other than a polite address ; in short, his religion seems an impersonation of reverence for the most beautiful in nature and art. Music must be wavy and sound soft to suit him. In dancing, he moves the medium as if on air ; the visions he shows him are of the most beautiful order—flowers (always reminding the possessor of natural flowers there are perennial ones), shells, architecture, and natural scenery, colors—singly, blended, and contrasted (the medium is a dyer by trade) ; has belonged to a circle of ten, four of whom are mediums, for more than a year. This spirit has joined in the dancing, which has been various, but would seem much annoyed when undeveloped spirits were brought to be elevated. To our great surprise, we found he knew nothing of Christ, and said he never inhabited a mortal body on this earth ; always requires water, and drinks standing, apparently wishing our souls' health. I would like to direct your attention very particularly to his great nicety of manner, the least awkwardness or coarseness offending his sensi-

bility—he says he is a teacher on his planet—has imparted his qualities to the medium so fully that he has made him almost a second self, in many things, and, instead of being careless in manner and habit, he desires to surround himself with everything beautiful, morally and physically. These high teachings are not all gained in the circle ; the medium lives alone, and when he retires at night he listens to the sweetest flow of language, and while walking in the fields, the spirit addresses the moon and stars, gesticulating appropriately to the impressions given, the pronunciation resembling the Portuguese, as near as we can judge, by the continual roll of the tongue.

He commenced to speak five days after writing ; there seems formed the strongest friendship—another David and Jonathan. The medium's gratitude for spiritual light is great ; he says he would not return to his former condition for any worldly wealth. His greatest desire is to convey the teachings he receives to others ; but for want of a grammatical knowledge of his own language, this spirit says he cannot translate for him suitably for that purpose ; he would take time to prepare himself, if thereby it might be the means of doing good.

He has been influenced by no other spirit, excepting three months after the commencing of his development, a Chinese spoke and sung seven successive nights, in regard to his domestic affairs, always leaving him in a calm and happy condition, and two or three times an English spirit.

The spirit purporting to come from Saturn, has not allowed other spirits to give his medium impressions till since they have become interested apparently in the force and beauty of the Christ principle to keep the soul safe in the midst of what, to the Pharisee, would seem contaminating.

From a conversation lately held with the medium, by one of the circle, there seems to be no doubt that two souls have been born into the brotherhood of the Great Medium, instead of depending upon intellectual refinement as the ultimate of the soul of man. This spirit has shown himself to the medium as a large-sized man, of fair proportions, white hair reaching to his shoulders, a loose upper garment, drapery sleeves, the edges ornamented by points, short breeches without buckles, close stockings in the style of the day of Washington.

I send you, with the consent of Mr. Smith, a daguerreotype and specimen of his hair, to assist in judging of the quality of the manifestations through such a medium. He is conscious and diffident, or we could judge better to what age and people he belonged.

Mr. Smith wishes me to say that any directions that may help to his farther development he will thank you for, but fears asking too much. But let it be as it may, his hope is that this account may benefit those who are in want, as he was, of this great light.

Have seen and heard you at the Melodeon, on your last public visit to Boston, and, looking to you as a defender and loving guardian of Spiritualism, I submit the foregoing to your notice, if you please, and hope you will allow me to express my filial respect now and ever.

In behalf of the medium and circle,

MARY HEALD UNDERHILL.

New York, April 7th, 1859.

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Sir : Knowing that well-authenticated *facts*, bearing on the subject of spiritual intercourse, are interesting and valuable to the earnest seekers after truth of the

present day, I here beg leave to relate the following incidents which lately took place under my immediate notice, at our residence, No. 47 West 13th street, New York. Hardly a day passes, with us, without some remarkable manifestation of spirit power and presence. A short time since, the following *sealed letters*, written in different languages, were most accurately copied out and answered, through the medium, Mr. A. D. Ruggles, who, it will be remembered, was associated with the late Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, in his extensive investigations of Spiritualism.

A Mr. Anderman, a wealthy German farmer, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, brought a sealed letter, in German, to be answered. It was accurately copied by the medium.

Also, a sealed letter was brought by Dr. Johnson, of 73 East 12th street, of this city, and the letter was a complete medley of almost all languages, ancient and modern. This was also copied exactly.

Mr. Audonian, an Armenian gentleman, from Constantinople, attending medical lectures in the Thirteenth street College in this city, wrote a long letter in his native Armenian language, and, carefully sealing it up, requested a copy and answers, both of which were given in the presence of Dr. Orton and Mrs. Cora A. Syme. His spirit father copied the letter, and answered it correctly, besides writing various maxims in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Phonography, and French.

It is well known Mr. Ruggles has no knowledge of any of these.

Monday, April 4th, 1859.—Mr. Lapham, of 37 Park row, requested the medium to translate some Greek for him, doubting the spirit's ability to do so. Mr. L. retired to the farthest corner of the room, and secretly wrote on a piece of paper a sentence, which the medium was immediately influenced to repeat.

The sentence was in Greek: "Ζοε μου σας αγαπω" (Zoe mou sas agapo); and when requested to translate it, it was immediately rendered, "My life, I love thee," which is correct.

A Mr. B., of Morrisania, wrote some Latin phrases, and having inclosed them in a securely-sealed envelope, requested an answer to his questions. The phrases were copied out correctly, and also *incorrectly*, as Mr. B. had written them, and the translation was given. All of which Mr. B. acknowledged to be correct.

Sunday, April 3d.—Mr. F. A. Goodall, of 47 West Thirteenth street, New York, desirous of "trying the spirits," addressed some lines, in French, to his spirit friends, inclosed them in an envelope, and securely sealed it, using a private stamp for the sealing. To open this letter, or tamper with it in any way, would be impossible, without detection. He then handed it to Mr. A. D. Ruggles, the medium, with a request to copy and answer it. The letter was then left in a desk belonging to a lady in the house, Mrs. Wines. In the evening the medium, in an upper room, and engaged conversing with Mr. Weston and Mr. Goodall, was suddenly influenced to repeat *viva voce*, nearly the whole of the letter, both in English and French. The next evening, at the request of the spirits there assembled, at the medium's room, the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. E. B. Wines, Mr. J. W. Weston, Mr. C. E. King, Mr. R. Lapham, Mrs. Cora A. Syme, and Mr. F. A. Goodall. They were requested to form a circle, and sing, which was accordingly done; the singing, however, was not always of a very orderly character, and the medium, seated about ten feet from the circle, would occasionally laugh, and joke, and sing with the rest of them; but, strange to say, his hand was influenced to write, all the time of the sitting, although the mind was apparently on other

subjects. It must be borne in mind, that the medium did not touch the letter the whole time, for it was held by Mr. R. Lapham, one of the circle. Soon the French words inside the letter were given, with an exact translation into English. Then came the answer, as from a spirit friend, in the French language, also very appropriate in its nature, and also correctly translated into English. The medium, it is well known, does not understand that language. Not the least curious feature of this phenomenon was the copying exactly the peculiar signature to the letter. We decided that Judge Edmonds should be requested to open the letter, in the presence of witnesses. The persons composing the circle then went to his house, where the Judge opened it, and the copy was found to be perfect.

The signature of each composing the circle was obtained as testimony to the facts above mentioned.

FREDK. A. GOODALL.

The following was handed to the medium, inclosed in an envelope, sealed with five seals, and addressed :

“Pour mes amis,
dans l'autre monde.

“Es tu heureuse, mon ange que me suit ?
Et veux tu me soulager—
Me communiquer de telles tes belles pensees
Afin que je sois heureux.

Est ce que tu peux me donner
des nouvelles de mes amis en
Angleterre ?

“FREDERIC
AUGUSTE.”

Without breaking the seal or opening the envelope, he wrote for answer : first, an accurate copy of the note in French, then the following translation of it, and answers to it in French and English :

English of the same.

"Art thou happy, my angel, who follows me? And wilt thou comfort me, to communicate to me thy beautiful thoughts, in order that I may be happy? Canst thou give me news from my friends in England?"

"FREDERICK
AUGUSTUS.

"For my friends in the other world."

"Je suis heureuse,
Et veut vous soulager,
Et je parlerai encore,
"On vous a blame plus d'une fois.

"ELLA."

"I am happy,
and will comfort you,
and I will speak again.

"They have blamed you more than once.

"ELLA."

And certified to me by the following signatures :

"FRED'K A. GOODALL, 47 West 13th street.

"R. LAPHAM, 37 Park row.

"C. A. SYME, New York.

"C. B. WINES, do.

"CHAS. E. KING, of Waterford, N. Y.

"J. W. WESTON, 47 West 13th street,

"A. D. Ruggles, medium."

Keene, N. H., March 23d, 1859.

J. W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir: I notice a request from you, in the last *Banner of Light*, for further information in relation to "speaking in unknown tongues."

Doctor Winslow B. Porter, of Paper Mill village, in Cheshire Co., N. H., was present at my house in Keene, N. H., on two evenings in March, A. D. 1858. On each evening he addressed us in Italian—a language *with which he is not acquainted*. Mr. Parker played upon a violin; Mr. Hadley accompanied him upon the Melodeon, such tunes as they themselves selected. After the tune was once played over, the spirit controlling Porter would commence a song, apparently improvised for the tune, as the metre was correct, and occasionally a chorus was introduced, if the tune allowed of the same. The performers were skeptics, and varied the tunes as much as possible, in order to test the power influencing him. In this way, six, eight, or more songs were given each evening. I understood French sufficiently to converse in the language; Spanish, sufficiently to read it easily; Italian, sufficiently to read it, or to understand the general tenor of a conversation carried on in that language. Doctor Porter is a gentleman of high respectability, in a most excellent practice as a physician, and no person who knows him will hesitate to bear witness to his truthfulness as a man, however much he may doubt the manifestations of spirit presence as given through him. Dr. Porter is never entranced, but only lends the use of certain organs, when they, his spirit friends, desire to manifest themselves.

He (Porter) can resume control at any moment, when he sees fit to exert his will power, and it frequently

affords much amusement to witness the mixture of influences ; sometimes a sentence from himself, next a sentence from the invisibles, and so on, alternately. On the two evenings above mentioned, the addresses, and the songs sung after the addresses, were Italian, a language not understood by Dr. Porter. Mr. Newton, of *The Spiritual Age*, is well acquainted with Porter, I believe. He is not a public medium. The persons present on the occasion mentioned, were : Mr. William Everett and Mrs. Everett ; Mr. Jonas Parker ; Mr. Ethan Hadley ; Miss E. Brown and R. Wilson, of Keene ; Mr. P. C. Peters ; Mr. Nales, of Alstead ; Miss L. T. Ballou, of Nashua, and several gentlemen from different parts of the country.

Truly and respectfully yours, &c.,

ROBERT WILSON.

Braintree, Vermont, March 29th, 1859.

Hon. J. W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir : Pardon me for thus infringing upon your valuable time ; but seeing a notice in *The Banner of Light*, that you can have space in the *Tribune* to discourse upon Spiritualism, and you wish to have friends send you more facts, as respects mediums speaking in various languages, I thought I would write what has transpired under my observation, of this nature.

In the month of February, 1858, I was living at the residence of John Paine, in the town of Leicester, Addison Co., Vermont. Mrs. Sarah P. Paine (a daughter-in-law) lives there. She is a medium. During said month there was a France Frenchman came there to investigate Spiritualism. He had no faith in it, as he was a Catholic, and opposed it very strongly.

In a few minutes, the medium became entranced, and commenced talking to him in his own tongue, so he perfectly understood her. The medium and himself talked a considerable time ; nobody in the room understood them, except said ones. He soon requested her to write his name in French. She did so, and besides, she wrote his father's and mother's name in like manner. He said his father and mother were both dead, and, furthermore, that there was not a person in the United States that knew their names. The medium never saw the man before. She has no knowledge of any other language except her own (the English).

There were numerous persons present. I cannot now recall all their names, but will give the following :

Mr. Joseph Morse, of Leicester.

" D. S. Smith, " "

" Isaac Morse, " "

" John Paine, " "

" Edward Paine, " "

" Nathaniel Churchill and lady, of Brandon, and my humble self.

I cannot tell the exact day of the month, but I should think about the 20th inst.

The above-named persons are still living in the respective towns. I lived in the Paine family nine months, and can truly say I never saw anything in the form of tests come through said medium but what was correct. I can supply you with any amount of tests from that family.

There is a gentleman by the name of Frederick Davis, living in the town of Brainerd, Vt., that I am well acquainted with, that speaks almost all (and I do not know but all) languages that are spoken in this age of

the world. I have known him to stand and speak hours together in different tongues. I can give instances, in any quantity, of his speaking in that manner ; but as I think you will have enough communications of like character, I will rest satisfied with what I have given.

Yours, for the cause of humanity,

NELSON LEARNED.

Lynn, March 24th, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

Seeing a call in the *Banner* of the present week for evidence on the subject of "Speaking in Tongues," I present the following for the Judge's benefit :

Mrs. John Hardy is an unconscious trance-speaking medium ; knows nothing of the French or Indian languages, having studied neither.

There is an Indian spirit that controls her, by the name of Sachma ; who also has performed many cures through the medium. He talks Indian, and then gives us the English, as nigh as he can. It is a remarkably good test.

There is also a spirit that has controlled her—a young French girl by the name of Louisa Dupont—an actress, I believe. She has spoken before a professor of languages, and her style and speech pronounced correct. The professor put an indecent question (in French) to her, so he admitted, and received a correct answer, which so mortified him that he took his hat and left the house.

She has not spoken through this medium within the last ten months.

The French girl has spoken before the following persons, whose names I take the liberty to send, but not

for public use. The Judge might, if he deemed it proper, address a line to some one or more in regard to the matter.

Yours, for the cause,
JOHN ALLEY 5th,
No. 8 North Common street, Lynn, Mass.

Boston, 25th March, 1859.

HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS :

My Dear Sir: In a late *Banner* I noticed a request of yours, in which you required all such mediums as had written languages foreign to their own, and through *spiritual influence*, to forward you a list of the same, for what purpose you did not state; but presuming you purpose weaving an article for publication (as we notice many from your able pen), I do not hesitate, and by the request of many spiritual friends to us both, to send a list of those languages which have been given through my hand, and all foreign to my own, which any one knows to be very imperfect English.

Many of these languages have been published in the spiritual papers, which you have doubtless *noticed*. Below, will give you a list, and if you see reason or think proper to make any allusion to them in your article, you are at perfect liberty to do so; should you wish farther knowledge respecting them, you may call on the editor of the *Banner*, who will post you satisfactorily, or I will be pleased to communicate anything in my power which may assist you in your noble work.

LIST.

Chinese, Greek, Latin, Italian, German, Gaelic, Hebrew, French, Spanish.

My correspondents from France, Germany, and Scot-

land, are anxious I visit them ; they urge me hard to come, feeling my peculiar phase of mediumship would create an excitement that might prove beneficial in spreading this great truth throughout that region, and I have about made up my mind to go.

I have fought hard for the cause the past four years, though I have been falsely accused, and slandered most shamefully ; yet my tests were never more astonishing than at the present, nor were they ever as frequent as at this time. I seldom ever fail in the presence of the writer of the question.

Make my kindest regards of remembrance to Miss Laura, and accept the same for thyself.

Your most obedient servant,

J. V. MANSFIELD.

P. S.—If you have time to write me, do so. M.

My Hebrew test, Theodore Parker has, and as he is away, I cannot send it you ; the Greek, you will recollect, was to Prof. Felton—rather it was a Greek letter, written in English, by Menander. The Italian was written to an Italian letter held in the hands of one of the most celebrated Italian singers in the world, now living—a lady now in Boston. French, Latin, and Spanish is almost every-day occurrence, and yet I do not know one from the other.

MANSFIELD.

Letter answered in Gaelic by J. V. Mansfield.

A gentleman well acquainted with the Gaelic language, recently wrote a letter, addressed to Donald McBeth, a friend in the land of the departed, sealed it in three envelopes, marked with several private marks, so minute as not to be distinguished by the eye, unassisted by the magnifying glass. This letter was placed in the hands of a second party, who gave it to Wm. A.

Kenrick, of Roxbury, a skeptic as to the phenomena of Spiritualism, and Mr. K. carried it to Mr. Mansfield's office, and left it for answer. The following are copies of correspondence :

LETTER.

A dbomhuill Mhic Beathaig, thee do chairdan aun imehurst mhor bho'n, adk' fhag thee'n saoghal sogun fhios aca, ciods au diol bais a chaidh a chhr ort, a nes ma tha e'en comas dhultse fios a thoirt dhoibh mar a chaidh hbo char as au rathad agus innis dhomhsa troimh'n litir so caite au robh snin cusdeachd ma dheiradh agus thoir dearbh-aidheau dhomsa gor a he do sprordsa a tha doi a thoirt freagraah dhomh, agus matha, e iomechindh dhuit innse innis dhomsa co dhuibh tha thu fein ann au staid shona no mishona, chau eil tuilleadh agams ri radh aua sau so elau leat.

Misido charaide dileas,

ALASTAIR FRISSEL.

TRANSLATION.

DONALD MACB :

Your friends are very uneasy about you since you left this world, for they know not what kind of death you died. Now, if it is possible for you to inform me how you was put out of the way, and tell me through this letter, and where we last met, and give me proof that it is your spirit that gives the reply ; and further, let me know if you are in a state of happiness or misery. I have no more to say. Good bye.

Your affectionate friend,

ALEX. FRASER.

To this letter the following answer was written by Mr. Mansfield :

ANSWER.

TRANSLATION.

ALASTAIR FRISSEL :

ALEX. FRASER :

O, thusa air bheag crei-
dimh car son a bha thu
fuidh amlhurus.

O, thou of little faith,
wherefore dost thou doubt?

MACB.

MACB.

When Mr. Kenrick called for the result, he pronounced the letter to be in the same condition as when left; that it had not been opened, and private marks were correct and undisturbed. He further remarked that it would have made no difference had it been opened, for he was satisfied that Mr. Mansfield did not understand the language employed; and that not one word in the answer had been employed by the writer, so that Mansfield could not have taken his answer from the letter. The answer, though short and not direct, he said was characteristic of the person addressed.

It will be noticed that the signature written by Mansfield—"MacB"—is not in the Gaelic in which this spirit is addressed, so here is at least one test :

Mr. Editor :—You said that one Chinaman got a letter from his father. I that Chinaman.

I went to Mr. Mansfield, your great spirit postmaster. I wrote my father who died twenty years ago in China. I been this country eleven years. I am told write letter to Mr. Mansfield; me send it to him and my father he answer me. I do so. All right. He says to me my mother dead. I know not. Very strange !

On Wednesday I go again see that Mr. Mansfield. I write him another letter and seal it up strong. I no think Mr M. do any more letters for me. I have him fastened in two papers—envelopes—hold on him all

time. Mr. Mansfield hand he jump, and his hand go very fast, and I see him writing Chinese, and in one or two minutes my father tells me all about my letter ; tells me about my mother and brother, and says other things to me, and that I don't write Chinese as well as I used to

Answered in my hand.

CHARLES AR SHOWE,
Native Canton Chinese.

Lee, March 26, 1859.

Dear Sir:—I see, by the *Banner of Light*, your call for additional evidence of "Speaking in Tongues."

Some two years ago my daughter (Gertrude), aged eleven years, commenced singing in the Indian dialect, in a tune entirely new to the whole family, consisting of ten persons, which very much surprised us all ; after singing several verses, I exclaimed "*How beautiful!*" when the controlling spirit said in English, "O, I am not much of a singer, but there is a pretty squaw here who will sing to please you." Well, sure enough, the girl immediately commenced singing a different tune in a different voice in the same dialect, but more pleasing than the first, and what is to the family very singular, she has never since that evening been controlled to sing in that or any other dialect but her native tongue. She had never heard or read a syllable in the Indian tongue. These are the simple facts ; but as for the philosophy, I cannot speak—perhaps you have it.

Respectfully, yours,

BENJAMIN DEAN.

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Milan, (Ohio), April 4, 1859.

Hon. J. W. EDMONDS :

I learn from a late number of the *Banner of Light* that you "desire additional evidence on the subject of 'Speaking in Tongues,'" and request "the friends in all parts of the country to transmit to your address an account of any instance in which a medium has spoken in any language not known to her at the time, giving details of time and place of occurrence, and the names of persons present." In compliance with this request, I send you the following :

In the month of February, 1857, in company with Mrs. Warner, I was visiting at the house of Mr. Lewis S. Pope, of Troy, Geauga county, Ohio. One evening, Mrs. Warner, being troubled with a cold and hoarseness, was controlled by what purported to be an Indian spirit, and commenced doctoring her chest and throat. While engaged in this, a young German, whom the family called Milton, came into the room. He was suffering with a severe headache, but made no mention of the matter in Mrs. Warner's hearing. She went to him, and in a few moments, by the simple "laying on of hands," relieved his head. She then told him, in broken English, that a pale spirit was present, one who had left the form "across the big waters," and wished to talk with him. After a pause, she began to *talk in German*, and among other things, repeated to the young man, as he declared, the *last words said to him by his mother on her death-bed*. At this, the young man, who, up to that time, had been skeptical, burst into tears, and said he "gave it up." He was convinced that his spirit mother was there, and had spoken to him in his native tongue. On being questioned by members of Mr. Pope's family, he repeated the German to us, and

then the translation, the last words of which were, "*My dear sons, I can give you no more bread.*"

Mrs. Warner had never heard a word concerning the family of this young man. She did not then, nor does she now understand one word of any language except her native English.

Mr. Pope is among the most respectable citizens of Troy. The various members of his family, including the young German, will endorse the truth of the foregoing statement. Their post-office address is, "*Welchfield, Geauga county, Ohio.*"

A few evenings prior to the occurrence related above, we were at the house of Mr. Hiram Lane, in Windham, Portage county. A large number of friends were present from Newton Falls and Braceville. Among those from the latter place, were Mrs. Mercia Lane, Miss Emma D. Rood, now Mrs. Emma D. R. Tuttle, of Berlin; Mr. Hiram Barnum, his son, Sizer, and an aged widow lady, named Davis. In the course of the evening, the younger Mr. Barnum being "controlled," commenced talking in what we call Indian, Mrs. Warner also being controlled at the same time, and conversing with him apparently in the same language. At the close of the talk, Mr. Barnum sung several Indian songs in another dialect—Mrs. Davis calling for them one after another, and declaring that she understood them. She stated that she had lived, when young, near or among a tribe of Indians in the State of New York; that she had often heard an Indian of the same name as that given by Mrs. Sizer Barnum, sing those songs, and that she knew they were given by the latter in a veritable Indian dialect.

Other persons were present who had been familiar with Indian life and customs, and they, as well as Mrs. Davis, averred that the Indian habits and manners, as

delineated by Mrs. Warper and Mr. S. Barnum, were true to the life. Yet neither of these persons ever saw a wild Indian, nor can they, in any manner, delineate the peculiar characteristics of that race without being under what we call "*spirit control*."

Mr. Hiram Barnum's post-office address is, "Braceville, Trumbull Co., Ohio." If written to, he will verify my statement, and also forward the testimony of Mrs. Davis. He is a prominent citizen of Braceville, and was once a practicing lawyer in Akron.

In the month of September, 1857, Mrs. Warner, whose residence was then in Geauga county, visited Milan, for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures. At the close of her last lecture, she gave a short address in Indian, and then proceeded to interpret it; the interpretation being an earnest appeal in behalf of the remaining Indian tribes. A citizen of Milan, named Merrill, at that time a member of good standing in the Presbyterian church, was present, and was so satisfied of the genuineness of the Indian talk, that he expressed himself convinced of the fact. On the following evening a circle was held at the house of Mr. William E. Mann. Mr. Merrill was present by invitation. Indian talk and other manifestations were again given through Mrs. Warner, Mr. Merrill declaring them to be genuine. Mr. M. stated that he had, from his childhood, until he was 18 (eighteen) years or more of age, lived among the Indians; that he could *then* talk their language as fluently as he could his own; and although, from having had no practice in that tongue for many years, he could not *now* converse in it, yet he retained sufficient knowledge of it to know when he heard genuine Indian talk. Below I give his certificate:

I hereby certify that the facts, as related in the foregoing statement of E. Warner, are substantially true ; and also, from having conversed with Mrs. Warner, I am satisfied that she knows nothing of the Indian tongue in her normal state, while I know that when under that influence called Spirit control, she can and does converse in the Indian tongue.

JAMES MERRILL.

Milan, April, 1859.

I send the foregoing to be made use of as your judgment may dictate.

Respectfully yours,

EBENEZER WARNER.

P. S.—I could furnish matter sufficient to fill a good-sized volume, being tests of almost every variety of form given through Mrs. W. In describing spirit friends, and giving their peculiar characteristics, she is very successful. In one instance she described the spirit of a lady so accurately that her husband was completely satisfied ; and, a few days after, she selected his daughter from a public audience, on account of her almost exact resemblance to the mother, whom she had seen in the spirit form. The parties were all strangers to her, having never seen them before.

In healing, although always desirous of avoiding it as a profession, she has had marked success. In two instances she has restored sight to the blind ; and in innumerable cases of scarlet and other fevers, she has broken up the disease in less than half an hour. She claims to be controlled by Priesnitz. Her manner of cure is to pass the hand briskly over the throat and chest, dipping it often in pure soft water. If there is much inflammation, she prescribes wet compresses, the water being cold or warm, according to the nature of

the disease and the constitution of the patient. Never gives any medicine. She has perhaps never read a page in a medical work. In two cases only has she lost patients where she gave encouragement that a cure could be performed—both of them old chronic cases, and one of them B. F. Wade, Jr., nephew of Hon. B. F. Wade. But I am writing more than you asked for, and what perhaps will not interest you.

E. WARNER.

Bellefontaine, Logan county, Ohio, }
April 5th, 1859. }

J. W. EDMONDS, Esq. :

Dear Sir and Brother:—Having noticed a request made by you, that persons who knew of mediums speaking languages not their own, would communicate the facts to you, I now do so, that a little more may be added to the evidence already collected by you :

1. Charlotte A. Moses, now Bogue, a step-daughter of mine, was controlled in Litchfield, Medina Co., Ohio, by a Seminole Indian, who spoke the language so perfectly as to keep up a conversation with a man who had spent several years in Florida, among the Indians, and could speak their language. She was but about 14 years of age then (she is now 18 past), and had never seen an Indian in her life.

2. About the same time, or shortly after, she was controlled by a spirit who claimed to be Burns, the poet, and spoke broken English with a strong Scotch dialect, improvising the most beautiful poetry, frequently for more than an hour at a time. Occasionally she would speak Latin—said to be such by persons who under-

stood it. Hundreds of persons have heard her improvise in Litchfield, Grafton, and other places, and Elijah Woodworth, and some Scotch persons at Elyria, Ohio, understood the *Gaelic*.

3. Here, at Bellefontaine, she has frequently sung beautifully in German, which was understood, or the greater part of it, by Joseph D. Baxter, Esq., and myself. She very frequently spoke what purported to be the language spoken by the Druids, being controlled by a spirit which claimed to have been a young girl who had been sacrificed to their god or gods. There was no one could understand it, but it resembled the Welsh very much—in fact, some of the words were Welsh, I know, for I had some little intercourse with Welsh folks in my younger days, and I noticed that some of the words were the same as those made use of by them. Brother John Miller, of this place, has detected Greek and Hebrew words frequently, in a language which was often spoken through her here; and she often made use of words, when under Indian control, that I was well acquainted with, they belonging to the Nanotah tongue, spoken by the Indians of the North-west. I could at one time understand considerable of this language myself, and many of the words, particularly names, are still familiar. Something still more strange happened one morning at Litchfield. She was controlled by an Indian who said he knew me, but I had no recollection of him until he told me that I had once given him a finger-ring. I did not recollect the circumstance until he told me that he came into a grocery at Iowa city, and sat down upon a bench behind the stove, and threw his blanket off, leaving him naked from the waist up; and that I was there, and tried to talk with him as well as I could in his own language; and, also, that I had

given him a ring. I then distinctly recollected the whole circumstance, which had happened more than fourteen years before.

As near as we could ascertain, some nine different languages were spoken through her at different times, and very many persons have heard her both speak and sing in tongues she had never heard. The German singing was most beautiful and perfect, and yet she had scarcely ever heard a German word spoken, having been raised among the Yankees in Northern Ohio.

For confirmation of what I have stated in the first paragraph, apply to Rufus Moses, Samuel Sawyer, Mrs. Quilhot, and others, at Litchfield, Medina Co., Ohio. The second to the above-named persons, Elijah Woodworth, traveling, A. Perry, Mr. Stebbins, and others, at Elyria, Lorain Co., Ohio; and for the third, to Joseph D. Baxter, John Miller, R. B. Pash, and others at this place.

It is scarcely necessary to say that she is quite illiterate when not under influence, being scarcely capable of speaking her own language. The above is but a rough sketch, written hastily, but may be relied upon as the truth. If you wish any other information in regard to this matter, and also another medium (Miss Benedick, of Clyde, Ohio), I will communicate it after hearing from you. Hoping that our good cause may prosper, and that your efforts to enlighten the world may be blessed, I am yours, &c., for the Truth,

JAMES COOPER, M. D.

Battle Creek, Mich., March 6, 1859.

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Dear Sir:—Complying with your request, I take the pleasure of giving you a little history of my medium-

ship, respecting the gift of tongue. I am a Psychologist by profession, and I challenge the world to produce my equal ; you may think this boasting, but read the notice I send you, and judge accordingly. But to the purpose : In the year 1856, on the 15th of June, at a circle of Mr. Robert Willard's, at Louisville, Landing, on the St. Lawrence, N. Y., I was developed to speak Indian, and was told to be a healing medium ; I was controlled by an Indian spirit for more than a year. Since then, I have been rising from one plane to another, until I have become a very powerful developing medium. I speak Japanese, Normandy French, different Indian tongues, &c., &c. After placing my subjects in a psychological state, the spirits, in different languages, through my organism control my subjects to delineate the manners and customs of different nations. I send you a miniature picture of my new teachers : A Friar and his sister, a Countess, who speak Normandy French through me in my normal state. The lady—Zidia by name—controls me to draw. I have a Count Telasi in my circle, who gave me his history through two different writing mediums. I shall soon wend my way eastward, to meet my old friends at the Great Convention at Watertown, New York. For particulars respecting my education or anything else, I will refer you to my brother, the publisher in N. Y., C. S. Stearns. You can make such use of this as you think best to advance the cause of truth. Please get a history of the Friar and his sister through some good medium. I have very large, beautiful pictures of them through W. Anderson, the spirit artist. I go to Jackson for the next two weeks, where I shall be pleased to hear from Judge Edmonds.

Yours, truly,

J. G. STEARNS.

Chicago, 5th April, 1859.

DEAR JUDGE :

Having seen a notice in the "*Banner of Light*," that you solicited reliable facts from the friends of Spiritualism throughout the country, regarding spirit manifestations, especially that phase of it known as speaking in foreign tongues, I take pleasure in responding. Before proceeding, allow me to congratulate you for the bold and upright manner in which you have entered the field of reform, and for the noble bearing which you have manifested in advocating the glorious truths of the living gospel of to-day.

Maligned, ridiculed, and persecuted by a sectarian press and a tottering priesthood, you have pressed onwards with unflinching steps, neither turning to the right nor the left, carrying peace, joy, and immortality to many a longing soul.

Had there been but one lacerated soul soothed and comforted by the tidings imparted by your years of toil in this glorious cause, then you had gained a renown greater and more lasting than the world's hero of a thousand battles ; such laurels belong to eternity, and will grow in beauty and splendor as humanity advances to true nobility and true manhood. Your coronet is one given you by the angels, and will grow in brilliancy as the ages roll on, and unfold the destiny of man ; and when your work is finished below, celestial beings will carry you in triumph to their homes of purity and extatic bliss. Such being the reward in store, be not discouraged with the buffetings of the world or the thunders of old theology, for in due time your harvest will come, and thousands of the redeemed will add to your crown of glory.

Till recently, I have lived in Rockford, where I have

resided for upwards of six years. My wife and family came from Scotland, between six and seven years ago, and we settled on Rock river, in the above city.

Since I became a believer in Spiritualism, I labored with all my might in advocating its claims and defending its principles when assailed, and during the few years of my residence in this country, I have had the following mediums and lecturers staying at my house : Miss Beebe, Mr. Brittan, Mrs. Coan, A. B. Whiting, Henry C. Wright, and others.

Fully four years ago, I commenced having circles in my own family, for the purpose of investigating modern Spiritualism, and very soon found that my wife was a medium for Spirit manifestations. When this truth manifested itself, my wife felt very much grieved and annoyed, and would have given anything had it been otherwise ; for a long time she resisted the influence which put her in a trance, and spoke through her organism, but was finally overcome of her prejudices, and her joy became as unbounded and thrilling as her sorrow before was harassing and almost unbearable. Like most of the working classes in Scotland, she received nothing in the way of education, but what is offered through the common schools of that country.

With this preface, allow me now to give you a few tests received at our circles, which I will relate in as few words as possible, and in the plainest manner ; and should any of them be deemed by you of importance, they are cheerfully at your disposal.

1st. At a Circle held in Dr. George Haskell's, when the following gentlemen were present, viz.: Dr. Budd, Hon. Anson Miller, H. P. Kimball, Benjamin Kilburne, and some dozen more, the following manifestations occurred. My wife having been frequently magnetized, and several skeptics being present on the evening in

question, one of them suggested that the spirit speaking through her might turn out to be nothing more than the mere control of the magnetizer, who was then present. This person proposed that the power now influencing her should be withdrawn, and the mesmerizer should put her under mesmeric influence, and try what he could do in making her speak. At his suggestion, she at once came back to her normal condition—was magnetized, and, through the will power of the magnetizer, commenced singing, with much beauty and pathos, that well-known song, "Annie Laurie." This demonstration, for the time being, gave great satisfaction to the skeptics, and fully proved the correctness of their theory. But their exultation was but short-lived; for as she was singing the last verse of the song, and while in the middle of a line, the previous influence, which purported to be an Italian female by the name of "Leonore," took her out of his hands, so that he could do nothing more with her. He tried hard to get her to finish the song, and failing in that, he did his utmost to throw the influence off; but, for the first time with his subject, he found himself entirely baffled. One of the skeptics, seeing the unexpected change in the programme, made a request that if the medium was now controlled by an Italian, that they would influence her to sing in that language. Wonderful as it may seem, the request was immediately complied with, and all were thrilled with delight with the harmony and beauty of the musical performance. There were no Italians present, yet there were several who understood a good many of the words used, and pronounced it good. This manifestation startled the medium, perhaps more than any one present. On many a subsequent night the medium has been taken in a similar manner out of the hands of the magnetizer, and made to sing for hours in

this foreign tongue, and also to speak both in Italian and English.

Test 2d. At a Circle in Dr. Rudd's where most of the above gentlemen were present, a concert in the Spanish tongue was given, which lasted over two hours. Shortly after joining hands, my wife, a young lady (Miss Scongall), and a boy, a stranger to both, got simultaneously influenced, and commenced speaking fluently in Spanish to one another. After fifteen minutes' spirited conversation, the trio arose to their feet, commenced a difficult piece of music in Spanish, each took part, and sung in perfect harmony ; piece after piece was sung, each retaining the part they commenced with, until some dozen pieces were executed with beauty and in perfect harmony. Between each piece they would join in lively conversation, and discuss the next piece they were to sing. After the singing was over, the three personified a death scene, and gave a beautiful representation of the new-born spirit, as it is born at death. The scene was so brilliant and thrilling, although in a foreign tongue, that language fails in giving the slightest idea of its grandeur. After this the three mediums came back into their normal condition at the same time, and when told of what had been done, were surprised and confounded. Shortly after, the young man was influenced by another spirit, and explained what we had witnessed. The spirits who gave us the concert through the mediums were Spaniards, one brother and two sisters, and that while in the body they made their living by professional singing ; that to-night they had come not only to gratify and instruct, but to prove that the day of "Pentecost" was not a thing of the past. I may state here that it can be proved beyond a doubt that none of the mediums referred to, could or can,

except under spirit influence, talk in any language except their mother tongue.

Test 3d. Miss Scongall and my wife had been influenced by what purported to be German spirits, to sing and converse in German for several nights, but there were none in the circle could be sure of it being that language. Wishing to "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good," I called upon a German doctor, by the name of Dr. Ealer, and requested him to visit my house and test the matter fully and dispassionately. He came for two nights at my solicitation, and on these occasions conversed with both mediums for upwards of half an hour in his own native tongue. His *surprise* was great on hearing in his own language "the beautiful things of God ;" but his *delight* and *joy* was infinitely greater.

I could easily multiply similar demonstrations, occurring at our circles, where these mediums were influenced to sing and speak in Italian, German, and Spanish ; but the three now given are as good as one hundred in proof of their spiritual origin. I have many striking tests, besides the gift of tongues, which I might relate, proving beyond all cavil, the identity of the spirit controlling ; but, as I am informed you only want those belonging to this one phase of Spiritualism, I will not farther tax your patience.

Should you wish any farther information upon the above facts, or wish me to relate more of my experience, I will gladly comply with your wishes as soon as made known.

Wishing that God may speed you in the good work, and that angels may bless you with the joys of their pure and elevated station,

I remain, with deep respect,

Your sincere friend in the cause of truth,

JOHN B. YOUNG.

Toledo, April 9th, 1859.

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Sir:—Noticing your request for facts in regard to mediums speaking in different tongues, I will speak for one of the many who, at this time, speak different languages. I am a clairvoyant and trance-speaking medium. I am also controlled by poets to improvise from any subject that may be given in an audience. I am controlled at times by an Indian spirit. I cannot interpret the language, and therefore have not been able to declare it a correct pronunciation ; but meeting with a gentleman, not long since, who declared himself a skeptic, and believed it the result of his own mind, he told me he should set his will-power against me in giving any description of friends in the spirit-world. My Indian spirit began to talk to him in the Indian tongue. I was at once thrown in clairvoyance, and described to him an Indian chief, who, he said, died three weeks previous to his leaving Iowa. My guide recognized the spirit, and gave many grand tests to this gentleman, who understood the language of that nation, of which I am able to report by his authority to be the Pawnee. I will send you a private letter that this gentleman wrote me after his return to Iowa, and you may select such portions of it as you think beneficial to the cause. He did not write this letter for publication, but for the benefit of our circle here in Toledo, and you must arrange it to your own satisfaction. '

If it would not be too much trouble, I would like to have it returned. If you wish any other references in regard to my medium powers I can give them.

Yours, with respect,

Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON,
Toledo, Ohio.

P. S.—There is an article in the *Sun Beam* in regard to my lectures.

S. M. T.

Vinton, Feb. 17th, 1859.

RESPECTED MISS :

It is with pleasure that I, at this time, write you, informing you that we are all well, hoping you enjoy the same blessing. It was two days after you left Shelby, that I started for Iowa, and I was much amused to hear the gods of war in Shelby speak about Spiritualism, and their opinions about the theory and practice—some believing it to be spirits, and others denounce it as a humbug ; and so I left them to work out their own salvation with fear and hope.

But, as you are aware that I am an unbeliever in the doctrine of spiritual intercourse, my opinion still is, that it is power of mind over mind, and as it is a subject that has not attracted my attention much as yet, I do not know how I would view it, had I a chance to thorough investigate the subject to the satisfaction of my own mind. But one other thing comes up to my mind just now that I cannot reconcile, that is, your speaking the Indian language, and so precise, correct, and characteristic of the language in the wigwam used by them. The last evening that you was in Shelby, I was much amused, and would like to have seen you the next day to interpret some of them noble ideas. At one time, I almost concluded the heavens and earth were coming together, in point of language, and again the war-path was shaken off, and the blue water of the terrible Mississippi were often adverted to it, and I almost concluded that I could see the proud warrior standing before me in that far off country, and again the scene at the warrior's grave, I must acknowledge it to be the very scene in language, and also in justice, as it transpires here where hundreds of them are together and make the woods ring with their voices,

and as they answer back from far off cliffs ; the scene may be more wild and romantic, but not more correct. Again, I must speak of the description that you gave of this country ; the road from Cedar Rapids to Vinton, is 25 miles, and as I came home could but admire the grandeur and beauty, and again to think that you described the scenery that decorates the noble river (Red Cedar), and the beautiful small streams that are to be seen by the travelers, the scenery is enough to enchant and charm the mind of God's noblest workmanship ; and again, when I call to mind the scene at Spirit Lake and my own captivity, I stop, and with astonishment and awe, exclaim how wonderful are the ways of Him who rules the destiny of the sons and daughters of earth, and how high the mind is susceptible to soar ! But Deity alone knows, and as the power of mind over mind has an influence, I anticipate the happy time when we all will understand more about this strange phenomena that I for one don't understand.

I arrived at home on the 6th of this month, and found the family all well. We have beautiful weather here this winter, not very cold but dry ; there has not been an hour's rain here for three months. I found sleighing when I came home. Please excuse haste, mistakes, &c. Write to me on the receipt of this.

Yours, truly,

JACOB WETZ.

Address, Jacob Wetz, *Vinton, Benton county, Iowa.*

Greenbush, April 5, 1859.

BROTHER EDMONDS :

May this be yours to peruse, and also for the cause of a great and a mighty truth. I saw in the last "*Banner of Light*" a request of your Honor to receive evidence from your friends in regard to mediums speaking in different languages, therefore I will address you a few lines in regard to the subject. About five years ago, I heard the rappings in my house then in York State ; after a careful investigation, I became satisfied that it was a power beyond mortal man to comprehend, unless attributed to departed friends. After moving west, a young boy that I took out of the Asylum in Buffalo, became a medium, by whom we had a great many proofs of disembodied minds in space, which I will not detail, owing to time and space it might occupy. About two years ago, while on my road to a neighbor's—not to Damascus, as the noble Paul was going, but to meet a few friends—while seated at the table, I felt a strange influence advancing over my system, I looked around to see if my friends discovered the same, and moved back from the table ; my limbs raised up very rapidly, I was forced on my feet and spoke some time.

Again time rolled on ; I attended a lecture—subject Spiritualism. There I was forced again on my feet by an invisible power, and talked in the Indian language before quite an audience. Since that time I have been influenced by that power or a similar one at my own residence, speaking Indian language, and interpreting the same. I will also say that I do not understand one word of the same while in my normal state. By desire, I can now pass into this state with a passive mind, and speak in Indian, and also interpret the same ; also, in my own house I have talked in French and sung the

same, and also interpreted the same. I do not understand the language when in the normal state. There was a number at my residence at that time, and I will obtain some of their names for evidence for you, if by so doing I can benefit my fellow man.

Yours, truly,

GEORGE W. HERSLY, *Medium*.

Augus. Heniman,
Mrs. S Heniman,

Mrs. M. Hersly,
Charles H. Phillips.

Gorham, April 23, 1859.

HONORED SIR :

I see by a late number of the *Banner of Light*, that you would like forwarded to you *any* case of any medium speaking in any language with which they were unacquainted. I suppose it makes no difference whether that language be *spoken* or *written*, provided the medium is *known* to be *totally unacquainted* with it. I have in my possession one such case, through the hand of a writing medium whom I have known from my youth, and whom I am *positively certain* knows no other language than the English.

A copy of this communication I enclose to you, with the request that you send me the translation (if there be any language to which it belongs), that I may compare with the translation given by the spirits.

COMMUNICATION.

This spirit gave his name

Festo monti duns von	and his nation, but as no
Esto funndis mento don	one was present who un-
Senn non dejuan ji Festo	derstood any language oth-
monti monti me Juan pluto	er than English, we of

neros ton Sendevango San- course were in the dark as
go me Lonas juan denants to its truthfulness. If you
je. desire further particulars,
please address Otis T. Hall.

SACCARAPPA, *Maine*.

P. S.—I would just say that her readiness in writing
acrostics was wonderful.

Yours, truly,

OTIS T. HALL.

HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

Agreeable to a notice in your paper that Judge Edmonds would like to hear from the mediums in any part of the country that has spoken language not known to them at the time, and feeling it to be a duty to God and the doctrine in general, and believing it to be the work of God that spirits do communicate with the inhabitants of the earth, we the members of the first circle in the town of Cornville, county of Somerset, and State of Maine, do forward to you some of the proceedings of our circle. It is composed of twelve members, and is called by the spirits the enlighteners of the dark spirits ; it was formed on the evening of the 29th of March, 1858 ; the first three evenings we had nothing but writing ; after the third, we had trance speaking through Mrs. Amelia D. Gross. We have met together three times a week, on an average ; there has been eighteen different languages spoken through her in a trance state ; we have six mediums that write different languages, that the writer cannot read. Mrs. Gross reads them in the language they are written, then translates them by impression into English. Three are

spoken on the Sandwich Islands, differing ; one from the south of France ; one from the South Sea Islands ; one is written in characters by the spirit of an Indian doctor through William Davis, a boy nine years old. The undersigned are those who write languages they cannot read.

Mr. GEORGE GROSS,	Mr. NATHAN S. DAVIS,
Mr. ALBION NAY,	Mr. M. JONES,
Miss E. WARD.	

We have no knowledge of our own about those languages. What knowledge we have of them comes from the spirits ; they tell us what language it is when spoken. We, the members, do testify, that this has been done every time we met, since the medium commenced to translate, which is about three months.

Mr. ENOCH ROWELL,	Mrs. COMFORT ROWELL,
" GEORGE ROSS,	" AMELIA D. GROSS,
" NATHANIEL S DAVIS,	" ESTHER C. DAVIS,
" SAMUEL B JONES,	" MILISSA JONES,
" ALBION NAY,	Miss FLAVILLA JONES.

Burlington, Vt., April 4th, 1859.

J. W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir : Having noticed your call for accounts of any instances where mediums have spoken a language not known to themselves at the time, I cheerfully forward to you the following :

Attended a circle this day at Mr. J. Wilkins' house, in Williston. Present, Mr. Wilkins and his wife ; Mr. R. Munson and his wife, and Mr. W. Edwin ; the first of the named persons and the two last, are mediums but

recently being developed ; they were all influenced about the same time, and Mr. Wilkins spoke in a foreign language wholly unknown to himself or any of the persons present. The first sentence spoken was a verse in poetry—the translation of it was written through the hand of Mrs. Munson, and was as follows :

“ Shall priests, whose creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe,
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know ?”

Mr. Edwin, in a trance, said, “I see the spirit that spoke through the medium ; he is of small stature, dark complexion, black hair and black eyes ; says he was an officer under King George ; he deserted from the army at Kingston, U. C., went to South America, and died there in 1825, on the River Xaugua ; says he was an Italian, and his name is A. Montes.”

I would here state, that Mr. Wilkins is a respectable mechanic, truthful and honest, and makes no pretensions to literary acquirements ; says he knows nothing of the language spoken through him, and makes no effort of his own at the time his organs are used.

Mr. Edwin is a farmer, strictly honest ; and Mrs. Munson is the wife of a farmer, also truthful, and often talks under influence in circles, with Mr. Wilkins, in the same foreign language.

Should the above facts be considered of any value towards the object in view, or should you desire any further steps to be taken by writing out the words spoken, please address me a line, and the same mediums will sit again.

Fraternally, yours,

R. M. ADAMS.

P. S.—Mr. Wilkins has spoken in one other language not his own, as he informs me.

Box 3359.

Chicago, 20th April, 1859.

J. W. EDMONDS, Esq.

Dear Friend: I received your letter of the 13th inst. on the 16th, and the tracts on the day after, for which accept my thanks. In compliance with your wish, for facts which I have witnessed while investigating spiritualism, I cheerfully comply.

I will relate them as briefly as possible, and should any of them be deemed by you of importance, you can relate them in your language, and with what comment you may deem proper. I assure you that I am really glad that the facts of our beautiful philosophy are going to have such a prominent place as the *New York Tribune*, and that they are committed to such an able advocate. I anticipate much from your letters in that popular and widely circulated newspaper.

Previous to my investigation in spiritualism, which is now fully four years, I was an inveterate skeptic, and, like the most of Scotchmen, stubborn in the extreme, until convinced beyond a doubt. I am now more than a believer in spirit intercourse. *I know it to be true*, and no bogus mediums or silly recantations can ever shake my knowledge as to the demonstrations I have witnessed.

One evening at our circle, my wife was influenced by the spirit of a Mary Dabiel, of Glasgow, Scotland, and through her communicated her birth into the spirit world. This young lady, whom I knew while living at Glasgow, was, when I left the city, confined in a Lunatic Asylum of that place, and for five years I had not heard a word concerning her; wishing to "prove all things," I wrote to a friend of mine who now lives in New York, and whose father still lives in Glasgow, to

make inquiries concerning this young lady, and let me know the result. In some three months after, I received a note from my friend confirming in every particular the communication given through Mrs. Young ; now no one member of the circle had the slightest idea of her death, consequently the intelligence was beyond our knowledge, and independent of us—besides the characteristics of the young woman were very striking

No. 2. On another occasion, a new influence controlled Mrs. Young, and in the broadest Scotch dialect gave her name as a Mrs. —, of Paisley, Scotland, and said she had died a few days ago in that city. The spirit was that of a young man's grandmother, one of the members of our circle, and but a year or more in this country. Three or four evenings after, the same spirit came through a Miss Scongall, of Rockford, Illinois, a young lady unacquainted with Scotch, and the same broad dialect, peculiar to the spirit, was repeated, and the same history given of her death ; besides, many other details of the house of her former abode, the garden, fruit trees, berry bushes, &c., &c., giving their exact location. This medium was not present at the first manifestation, and none of the circle had informed her of the fact. The young man to whom the communication was addressed, asked many questions regarding the identity of the spirit and his friends in Scotland, and in every instance got satisfactory answers. One of the questions was very significant and satisfactory, as the young man himself could not have answered it ; here it is : Can you inform me what were the last words you uttered as I was bidding you farewell before leaving for America ? The spirit in reply gave the very words which passed between them, and which the young man remembered as soon as he heard

them, besides the particular part of the house where the two stood, was faithfully repeated and admitted. For a number of nights in succession, this spirit, through Miss Scongall (now a public speaker), gave unmistakable proofs of her identity, and left no room for doubt. So sure was the young man of the truth of what he witnessed, he at once wrote home to his friends, informing them of his grandmother's decease, and giving the source from whence he derived the information. Letters subsequent to this *reluctantly* admitted every thing as communicated, and served as another crusher to those believing in mind-reading as the cause of all the knowledge received through mediums. In connection with the same spirit, let me here relate another pleasing incident as establishing her identity.

A gentleman from Quincy, Illinois (Wm. Brown, Esq., baker and candy manufacturer), who has lived in that city about fourteen years, and who carried on the baking business in Paisley, Scotland, was on a visit to my house in Rockford, and while there made a request to have a sitting with Miss Scongall. I accompanied him one evening where they were holding a circle, and introduced Mr. Brown as a friend. As we entered, Miss Scongall was influenced by an Italian spirit, but almost immediately the spirit of the old woman took control, and at once recognized Mr. Brown as an old friend. (Mr. B. used to supply her with bread in Paisley.) He assumed entire ignorance and asked, "Who am I?" At once she answered, "Oh, I ken you brawly; (I know you well) you are the man that supplied the bodies (people) with bread, &c." She farther went on, and described the house he occupied while living in that city, his wife, brother, and other relations. Now be it remembered, the medium was an entire stranger to her and all of his friends, yet in no instance did she make a mistake or deviate from facts.

No. 3. At one of our family circles, and through Mrs. Young, medium, the following demonstration occurred :

A brother of one of the members of the family, endeavored to control the medium's organ of speech, but after many attempts failed in doing more than giving the name. This man had two brothers dead, one dying a natural death, and the other by drowning, and he requested more evidence of his brothers' identity than the mere name. Immediately after, the medium went into a deeper trance, and shortly after went through the painful scene of a person drowning ; the very gurgling of the water was heard in the throat as the medium seemed to expire ; for some time all animation seemed to cease, and when she breathed natural, we all felt much relieved. This so far answered to the name given, but as the person getting the proof was a confirmed skeptic, he still sought for further proof. It was at once given—several secret signs known to Odd Fellows, and known to this man only in the circle, were exhibited and recognized and repeated several times, until the man warmly replied : "I am convinced, I am fully satisfied, it is indeed my brother." Now, this man, while in the body, was an Odd Fellow, in the same secret society with his brother in Edinburgh, Scotland, and while bathing one morning, he took the cramp in his legs and was drowned.

No. 4. At the close of a circle in my house, Miss Scongall became entranced and described the spirit of a young man standing near one of the men present. His dress in every particular was described—the color of his hair, the shape of his forehead and his age. He was at once recognized by his friend, but he said there must be some mistake as he was living with his brother

at St. Charles, Iowa, and that he had received a letter from him a few days ago. We were all put back by this apparent contradiction, but in two days after this same person received a letter from the other brother in St. Charles, stating that on the Saturday (the day previous to the manifestation), he and his brother were out in a small boat fishing, that the boat upset, his brother drowned, and up to that time his body had not been recovered. A few days after this, the spirit appeared to his aunt while in the garden, and made her tremble from head to foot; this lady is a member in one of the orthodox churches of Rockford, and is bitterly opposed to spiritualism.

No. 5. My wife becoming entranced, commenced a beautiful address on the beauties of spirit intercourse, but from some indisposition of the medium the communication stopped as it became very interesting. As the most of the addresses received through our mediums were written down as delivered, we preserved what was spoken on this evening, and hoped to have the same subject resumed on some future meeting. The next circle we held, Miss Scongall, who was absent at the previous sitting, became influenced, and, strange to relate, began at the very place where Mrs. Young left off, and finished the address. In comparing what was spoken by each medium, not a single word was wanting, and not a word too much—it was in fact as complete as it would have been had it come through one medium. Now, as Miss Scongall did not see the part written, as spoken by my wife, is it unreasonable to conclude that a disembodied spirit spoke through them both?

No. 6. One night, after retiring to bed, I saw the spirit of my grandfather standing by my side. I was

as wide awake as I am now, and as competent of judging of what I saw. I put out my hand at once, as I would do to a near and dear friend, and received his in return. For sometime I questioned him as to his spirit home, and was gratified beyond the power of language to express, in having them all answered.

While talking and exchanging feelings kindred to us both, all at once the objections put by opposers came vividly before my mind, and I at once said, How am I to know that this is my grandfather, how do I know that I am not deceived ; cannot you give me some evidence that will appeal to my outward senses ? No sooner had this passed through my mind than at once he lifted up his hand to my gaze and requested my particular attention to its formation. I looked steadfastly at it for sometime, and then noticed one of the fingers turned flat down upon the palm of the hand. "Ask your father (he said) concerning this, and you will be satisfied of my presence." Next morning, through consultation with my parents, I found that my grandfather had the same finger as shown to me, and in the same position, resting upon the palm of his hand ; the facts are these : when a boy, he had one of his fingers cut with broken glass, it festered and he lost the use of it entirely ; the doctor seeing it in the way of the others, had it so fixed as it would lie flat upon his loof, and therefore be out of the way when using the hand.

My grandfather died when I was very young, and this was the first intimation I received of such a finger and in such a position. Thomas, in being permitted to put his hand into the side of our Saviour and feel the print of the nails, exclaimed, "My Lord and my God !" In witnessing the proof of my friend's identity, I felt grateful to "my Lord and my God," that man's immortality could in this age be demonstrated as it was eighteen hundred years ago.

No. 7, and last for the present.

About six weeks ago, while in Rockford, I was waited upon by a gentleman from Beloit, Wis., and requested to preach a funeral sermon. A Mrs. Williams of that place, a strong and consistent believer in spirit intercourse, and one who died in the smiles and fond embraces of an angel band, as they waited to bear her beyond the troubled Jordan, had made a request previous to her flight, that a spiritualist should officiate at her funeral. Having consented to deliver an appropriate address, I arrived in Beloit about 1 A. M. on the day of the funeral. I put up at the Bushnell House of that city and very soon found myself in a comfortable room, and prepared for a few hours' sleep.

Although very drowsy while on the cars, I now felt so much the opposite that I wondered what it could mean, but I soon got an explanation ; a soothing influence came stealing over my whole system. My blood seemed to dance with ecstatic delight, and I felt a stream of baptismal fire pouring through its hallowed spirit into the very depths of my soul. Oh ! joy unutterable to thus have a foretaste of Heaven, and feel the electric flash from enfranchised spirits. While in this condition of bliss, I saw the full form of a female spirit, all radiant with smiles, and a bright halo encircling her high and noble brow ; the features and the whole expression were as distinct to my vision as the paper on which I now write, yet I could not recognize her—neither derive her mission. As I looked in rapt admiration, she approached my bed-side, and imprinting a kiss on my forehead, thrilled my soul by saying, "I am glad you have come." At this moment she vanished.

After breakfasting, I called upon Mr. Williams, the husband of the departed, and while conversing with

him, a friend called for the purpose of looking upon the face of the dead. Having an impression to look also, I accompanied the friend into the room where the body was laid out. On the sheet being removed, and my gaze meeting the face of the dead, oh! what a surprise awaited me; although I had never seen the departed sister while in the body, yet, blessed truth, there was the form of her whom I saw for the first time, in my room at the tavern, and who was the first to cheer me on my arrival in Beloit, saying, "I am glad you have come." There before me was the same pleasing features, high forehead, and intelligent look; everything, in short, the same so far as the form and the outward expression was concerned; all that was wanting was the spirit that gave vivacity to that body, and spoke such sweet and loving words through her sparkling eyes. To me (who had first seen her in her spiritual form), it was a sight such as I loved to contemplate, and for the first time in my life I felt cheerful in looking upon the cold and lifeless form. The spirit of our sister I felt was near, cognizant of all our movements, and this was a source of strength while delivering the funeral address. Excuse this tedious letter—the *theme is grand*. If convenient, please send me a copy of the *Tribune* with your letter.

Ever yours, with lasting respect,

JOHN B. YOUNG.

Springfield, Ill., April 10th, 1859.

JUDGE EDMONDS:

Sir:—Feeling that the time has come that we need something more than musty creeds, and cherished dogmas to found life beyond the grave upon, and knowing that I and a host of others, are in possession of

that something, and knowing that you, respected sir, are about becoming the champion of that something, I sit down to respond to a call made by you for authenticated facts.

We have a medium (a young lady of about twenty), in our circle, by the name of Miss Mollie E. Booth, through whom a great many wonderful manifestations have been produced, from which I select one only—that of the writing on the arm—under circumstances where there can be no possible collusion. From several sittings of the circle, I will choose out Tuesday evening for the following reason, that there were visitors from other cities present, who were not believers in spiritualism, who kindly permit me to use their names.

The Circle of Hope, having taken their place at the table, there being visitors present, according to the custom, *the medium* requested *all to examine her arms*, and *all* said that they were free from any kind of unusual marks ; then in a few moments her arm became as cold as if it were dead, and my first wife's name came out in *raised* letters of about one eighth of an inch broad and high (all saw this plainly, a fluid lamp of two burners being on the table), and then went away or disappeared, and, by request, the initials *A. M.* came back on her arm and they also disappeared in as few moments ; the name was A. Millington, making eleven letters—A. for Almirah, the Millington being my own name. Now for the testimony—nine adults being present : A. H. Warthen, Illinois State Geologist ; Sarah B. Warthen, wife of the above—address Springfield, Illinois ; George Bond, provision dealer, Quincy, Ill., (is not a spiritualist, but permits me to use his name).

B. A. Richards, book and job printer, Springfield, Ill., and Matilda Richards, his wife.

Thomas Warthen.

Mollie Booth (the medium).

Harriet Millington.

Members of the circle in Springfield, Illinois. Make such selections as seemeth good to you. God bless and guide you in this and all that is right.

A. O. MILLINGTON.

P.S.—I use all these names by special permission of each one present.

A. O. M.

In the first place, then, I remark, that I know of no mode of spiritual intercourse that is exempt from a mortal taint—no kind of mediumship where the communication may not be affected by the mind of the instrument.

Take my own mediumship as an illustration. The visions which I have are, as I have remarked, impressed on my mind as vividly and distinctly as any material object possibly can be, yet in giving them to others, I must rely upon and use my own powers of observation, my own memory, my own command of language, and I not unfrequently labour under the difficulty of feeling that there is no word known to me that is adequate to conveying the novel idea communicated. I am often conscious that I fail, from poverty of language, in conveying the sentiment I receive with the same vigour and clearness with which it comes to me. So it is also with what I may call the didactic teachings through me. Sometimes the influence is so strong, that I am given, not merely the ideas, but the very words in which they are clothed, and I am unconscious of what I am going to say until I actually say it. At other times the thought is given me sentence by sentence, and I know not what idea or sentence is to follow, but the language used is my own and is selected by myself from my own memory's store-house. And at other times the whole current of

thought or process of reasoning is given me in advance, and I choose for myself the language and the illustrations used to convey it, and sometimes the order of giving it. But in all these modes there is more or less of myself in them, more or less of my individuality underlying it all. It must indeed be so, or why should I speak or write in my own tongue rather than in a dead or a foreign language unknown to me ?

I have noticed the same thing in the Doctor, and more than all that, I have observed in both of us that our communications not only at times contain what may be called Americanisms, but expressions peculiar to our respective professions.

It is, therefore, rarely that either of us can say that the communications through us are precisely what the spirits designed they should be, and as they designed them ; and consequently it will never do to receive them as absolute authority, however agreeable they may be or however consonant to other teachings.—“Spiritualism,” by John W. Edmonds and George T. Dexter, M.D., Vol. II. page 39.

INTRODUCTION.



(*Letter to the "Boston Banner of Light."*)

NEW YORK, September 20, 1866.

EDITOR OF THE BANNER :

DEAR SIR :—In the early part of last summer, at one of our spiritual Sunday meetings, the speaker gave an account of the reception in the spirit-world of General Scott, who had then recently died.

Some of our newspapers, in their usual style of treating this subject, ridiculed the matter ; and as the address referred to had been eminently correct, I at once gave notice that I would deliver a discourse on the same topic at the same place, and I did so accordingly.

The discourse—as all mine on this subject are—was extemporaneous. The house was as usual very crowded, and there were many present who were not Spiritualists; and for several days afterwards I was spoken to by those people and others so much, that I determined to write it out and publish it.

But my summer vacation was at hand, and I was just about retiring—as is my custom—out into the woods to my country place, Cheonderoga on Lake George, and I was so pressed with my other avocations that I omitted to do so.

I have just now returned to town, and the subject of my discourse is again called to my attention, and I regret that I had not written it. But it is too late, for I cannot now, after the lapse of three months, remember its details with sufficient distinctness to report it.

I was last evening conversing with Mr. Owen on the subject, and as he was not at the meeting I was giving him some of the details of which I had made some minutes, and it occurred to us that some of these details might be interesting to our friends. I have therefore caused those minutes to be copied, and now send them to you.

The fact of spiritual intercourse having been proved by such a great mass of testimony, and being so generally received in this country, the attention of our people is now mostly given to the purpose for which that intercourse has been vouchsafed; namely, the revelation of what is the life beyond the grave.

My discourse was directed to the condition of things immediately or soon after the entrance of the spirit into that life; and I gave quite a number of instances out of very many cognate revelations which had been made to me. Among them were the three which I send you.

You will perceive that I have added some notes, which are calculated to make the papers more intelligible to those who are strangers to our localities and persons.

You will also perceive that I have taken pains to give names, so that no one can suppose them to be mere fancy sketches, but have all the authority which real names can give them. With that view, you may, if you please, publish this note in connection with them.

There is a vast deal which has been revealed to us on that subject. Nothing can be more interesting, and I only regret that I am not so situated as to be able to gather it together and give the whole of it to the world. It will be done in time, undoubtedly, but I am afraid not in my time here.

I am, as ever, truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

WITH MY BROTHER.

NEW YORK, *April 1, 1863.*

ON the 7th of February last my brother Frank died, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, at his residence in Bronxville, about twenty miles from this city.

He had been somewhat ailing for about a week, but not very sick—not enough to be confined to his bed. At his usual bedtime he retired, telling his wife that he felt better; and as the doctor had also said he was so, he urged her to sleep, and not worry about him. About four o'clock in the morning she woke and found him sitting up in his chair quite dead, and his extremities cold, so that he must have been dead some time.

Once or twice since then I have been aware of his being near me, but that he was not ready to commune with me. Night before last through Mrs. T., he conveyed to me a wish that I would go to some medium, so that he might talk to me.

To-night, accordingly, I went by appointment to Mrs. Hayden.

Very soon the raps came on the table, rapid, distinct and cheerful.

Mrs. H. asked the spirit to give his name.

It was spelled out, "Francis Edmonds."

I said there was a middle letter.

It rapped out "W."

I asked who was with him?

He rapped out, "Sarah" (my wife), "Samuel" (my father), "John" (my brother), "Lydia (my mother).

I asked him if, when dying, he was conscious he was going?

"Yes."

Did you think when you got out of bed that you were going to die?

"Yes."

When I saw your corpse, I read in its face a feeling that "I'm dying, I know, but I fear it not; I can face the music." Did I read aright?

"Yes."

Then the medium's hand was influenced, and she wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN: I am much happier than I can express, that I have power to return to earth, a conscious, living identity, and have power to convey to you my wishes and experience. As you are aware I was always opposing you in this theory,* and now in all due honor to you, I feel it no more than duty to return and tell you that I was terribly mistaken, brother, while you *were* and *are* correct; and I crave your forgiveness, if I might unwittingly or through ignorance have opposed you so as to have made myself disagreeable to you or yours, and which I sincerely acknowledge to be wilful stubbornness on my part, fighting against well-authenticated facts. But, brother, there is nothing so positive as tangible evidence, and such as I have had. I, however, feel sorry that I was unwilling to see the truth, until this most positive person:

* He was a strict member of an Episcopal Church and a vestry-man. He was very much disturbed by my advocacy of Spiritualism; not merely because of a supposed conflict with his religious notions, but also because of its apprehended effect upon my judicial position, as it was threatened to introduce into the Legislature a motion to remove me from office, and it was feared that my re-election to the position would be defeated, as it was on the expiration of my term of office in 1858.

experience was forced upon me, which I could not, *dare not* refute. And just as soon as I felt that I could communicate with you, I desired to make the acknowledgment and receive your blessing.

"I am happy here—much more so than I dared to hope. Have met father, mother, brothers, and your dear Sarah. She is so cheering, I wish you could see her ; full of the milk of human kindness and love to all ; is near you most of her time, shedding rays of love over your pathway.

"Speak to me, brother.

"Your affectionate brother,

"FRANK."

I then spake a few words, expressing my joy at this communion with him, and he wrote :

"My spirit with all its influence is with you forever."

I then spoke of the happy condition in which he had left his family ; that he need have no concern for them, but feel himself at liberty to roam through his new world and learn.

He wrote :

"I fully realize that, and feel to thank you sincerely for your timely and most wise aid ;* that has troubled me less than my opposition to you. I knew in that I was wrong, and I could not progress until I had acknowledged it. Now I ask for no more. My cup of joy flows over."

I said something about his wife, and he wrote :

"But I should like so much to speak with her. Now that I have tasted of the bread of life, I desire her to eat thereof, that she may never hunger again. Would she listen, think, to the call of nature ? or is she so much like me that all persuasion only sinks her deeper into skepticism ? I will try to influence her to see, hear, believe, that

* Some time before his death he had shown me a will he had executed. I advised against the disposition which he had then made of his property, and suggested another mode, which he adopted. It was that he now referred

she may be as happy as I am. Would it not be gratifying, brother?"

I then said to him that in two respects he could be of great service. One was, he knew the weaknesses of my character, and could impart strength to me where I needed.

He wrote :

"I will, if I see wherein you lack in anything, with my whole soul, and call angels to my aid, too."

I said the other was, that as he had passed away in the full vigor of his intellect, and knew well what this world is, he could impart to me things that he learned in the spirit-world, that would aid me in reaching this. He wrote in reply :

"I am perfectly astonished to find you so susceptible and intuitive.* I never gave you credit for that, but now I see a great truth, I am willing to acknowledge it. I will be most happy hereafter to come to *you*, now that the communication has been established between us, and give you my experience—my first impressions in spirit-life, as I see it here in the spheres. And again when I see you in conversation with others—skeptics—I will put words into your mouth that will confound them, and force belief. Nay, I will lose not one moment in imparting to you all the good I can, as a small compensation for my wilful opposition to you while I was here.

"FRANK."

I then asked him what were his sensations or perceptions, after awaking to consciousness after his death. He answered :

* Here he referred to this fact : On the discovery of his death, I was immediately sent for by express. On my arrival at his house, his wife told me she found him sitting in his chair, an unlighted candle in its stick on the floor by his side, his right hand hanging over the arm of his chair, from which had dropped a match-box, scattering the matches on the floor. She supposed that the dropping of the box had awakened her. I told her no; that he had been dead at least two hours before she had discovered it. He told me in these interviews that that answer of mine had been prompted by him.

"Surprise; perfectly amazed at what surrounded me I saw my dear Dolly sleeping sweetly, and blessed her. Knowing how much alarmed she would be at the mortal, form of her dear husband inanimate and lifeless, and tried to make the blow as soft as possible. I suffered so much that I could not remain in bed, so got up to get breath, and soon passed away.

"As I saw earthly objects fading, I saw our dear mother's spirit, which convinced me I had made a great change. Then soon saw father and brothers. I was satisfied I was gone from earth.

"I had feared the pangs of death, and not suffering them, I thought at first it must be a delicious sleep, on waking from which the stern realities of life would be made manifest. But to my joy and great happiness, that was not so."

I asked: What next did you see?

He answered:

"My darling boy, whom I had so deeply mourned—then vast beauties in art and nature—soft, gentle atmosphere, sweet with perfume; sweet melodious music, and bright faces beaming love upon me, bidding me welcome to their abodes of bliss. Oh! I was overcome with joy, and wanted all my friends to die instantly, that they might realize what I was enjoying. But they told me that I must not carry my selfishness into spirit-life—that was to be left behind. They whom I desired had glorious missions to perform among men, and must live for the good they could do to mankind, while I must aid them with my influence and experience. I was too happy, and wept with joy; then came to you, and tried to speak to you through Laura. But I was fearful I might injure her, and desisted. Then I tried to have you see me, but could not convey my full idea, but now I will be able to."

Well, I asked, what have you been doing since?

He answered:

"*Everything in my power that would impart, even in a small degree, good to others.*"

I asked if he had not gone forth to explore the world he was in ?

He answered :

"Very little ; only so far as I could see, or had progressed."

I asked : When you saw father, mother, etc., did you see them as you saw on earth, or was there a difference ?

He answered :

"Not any apparently, only upon scrutinizing them I saw an ethereal appearance, a luminous brilliancy from within."

I asked if he had looked at his watch when he got out of bed, so that he could tell the time ?

He answered :

"Twenty minutes past one o'clock, and at twenty minutes to two I was gone from earth."

I inquired if he could tell me what had made his condition there so happy and joyous ?

He said:

"The knowledge that I lived on in happy consciousness."*

But I remarked: The vicious and depraved must have the same consciousness there ?

He said :

"Well, I had tried to live an honest man ; they tell me that assisted me to be happy. I do not, in looking back through the area of time, see that I have wronged any man."

I then said: We had taken as much of the medium's

* It was in these interviews only, that I learned for the first time that, though a strict religionist, he had all through life, and up to the very moment of his death, been tormented with doubts, which he shared with almost all the educated world, whether he should indeed live after death, as an individualized, conscious being.

time as we ought to ; and I wished to arrange with him a time when I should come again.

He wrote:

"I will come to *you* when you are alone in your study. Look for me at night, about nine. I do not know what night, but VERY SOON.*

"God bless you, my good brother.

"FRANK."

I then asked: Have you anything more to say ?

And it was written :

"MY OWN DEAR HUSBAND—No. But I have a word to say before we part from the medium. *We* never part.

"I am more than happy that Brother Frank has been able to give you so full an account of his short sojourn

* I will add here that this promise was performed.

Several months after this interview I was alone one evening in my library—between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, when all my family had gone to bed.

I was sitting in my easy chair, looking into the grate and cogitating a question in ethics which had long troubled me, and on which I could arrive at no satisfactory result.

I had been so occupied some time, quite unmindful of everything else but the unsolved and troublesome problem in morals.

I perceived there was some one in the room. I looked up from the grate and saw my brother standing within two or three feet from me. He had then been dead some fifteen months and he now looked grave, whereas on all the other occasions of my interviews with him he had been very hilarious and joyful.

He told me that he had been sent to answer my question. I answered that I was delighted to hear it, for it was beyond my power of solution.

He then went on to tell me his solution of the question. After he had got through, I said nothing to him in reply, but turned away, and again looking into the grate I thought over his explanation. I put what may properly be called my lawyer mind upon his explanation, and in my thoughts sifted the matter thoroughly. I *said* nothing, I merely thought over his explanation, and scrutinized it with all the astuteness of which I was capable. This, however, was done mentally by me. But he said—addressing himself to my thoughts—"I see I must qualify what I have said." He proceeded to do so, and answered some questions which I put to him. And finally I said to him, "I now understand the matter. It is now clear to me," and thereupon he vanished from my sight.

here. He is overcome with joy at being able to come to you, and we are all happy for his sake.

"I need not say anything in regard to my assistance, for that you fully realize, and very often feel it too. My sacred love to our darling Laura, and blessings long and lasting for yourself.

"From your ever watchful, affectionate

" SARAH.

"Love from ALL."

NEW YORK, *May* 29, 1863.

To-day I called on Mrs. Hayden, and through her I had the following interview with my brother. He wrote :

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am very happy to come and respond to you again. I have been to you both directly and indirectly several times since last I conversed with you through this medium, and on each occasion have endeavored to show you that I was making rapid progress as a spirit, and began to see the great laws of our being as operating in harmony with matter, and now I hope I shall be able to respond more distinctly to you than I was able to hitherto.

"I scarcely need say I am very happy, for I believe you already fully realize that, and feel happy with me in my great joy. Oh ! how beautiful it is, John, to change from death unto life ! I see the great world of causes. We can better harmonize our natures with the effects, and manifest charity to those in ignorance who cannot see the light as we do. Then you will say that I was unwilling to see truth as it was made manifest prior to passing from earth. True, I was. But now I see what I could not when with you, and I am made doubly happy by the glorious change. Speak to me, brother, and I will write more.

" FRANK."

I asked him what it was that kept him near the earth ?

"Dear friends that I have left that do not see as I now

do. I am anxious about them. Then there is an experience I gain from you and others that seems necessary to my spiritual progress."

Have you, since I last conversed with you, learned any more definitely why you are happy?

"Yes. That I had found all things here vastly beautiful and different from what I had expected; I was so happily disappointed. As has been expressed, I wronged no man, and have a keen appreciation of truth. And then an influence that I got from you, brother, helps me to see and understand more readily and rapidly than I would or could have done if left to myself. It is like placing a powerful glass over a half-blind man's eyes—I mean your influence to me."

I referred to the law of progress in love, purity, and knowledge, as at the foundation of his happiness.

"It elevates the mind," he answered, "and makes it advance in the great love and truth of intelligence, and brings man nearer to the Divine Mind—Love being positive—and he who possesses much has less of the lesser good in him, and is, in consequence, pure here and nobler in his nature.

"I have hardly expressed this as I desire it. I find some difficulty in the use of language to convey my full idea; yet your comprehensive mind may understand my meaning."

I asked him to illustrate by some case then near him, and suggested to him to take the case of our father and mother, or his wife and mine, and as he would observe a difference in them, tell me what was the cause of this difference.

"Well, it is impossible for those educated in strict Church rules to progress beyond that plane, and where there is a sectarianism there cannot be Spiritualism. The two are incompatible, as much so as mixing oil and water. My wife is strict in those forms. Your angel Sarah is far ad-

vanced in spirit, and has had your assistance to help her to see the truths in Nature and Nature's God. Hence, therefore, the difference is very clear, and soon comprehended. This is the great check to so many, and must be unlearned before the Angel of Truth can enter the soul."

I began a question by saying that I supposed, to elevate man, we must appeal to his affections and his reason, and—

But he interrupted by writing :

"Decidedly, and that alone. For you bring before him an angel wife or loving child he may have parted with in his youth; then show him by argument a positive evidence that your ground is tenable, and you can bring down the most positive will in man. They are, brother, the keys to unlock truth to man."

I then resumed my question by repeating the part above written, and adding: Now you say you are happy, and are so because you were an honest man and wronged no one. What I want to know is, why this is so?

He answered :

"I must go back to the angel mother who gave me birth, for the principles inculcated in me in youth. Also the other side of the picture: the degradation and misery that disobedience and falsehood bring upon man. With those principles I grew into manhood, and could see the virtue within myself. Then the love to do right was paramount with me.

"But during the period that I was developing into a mortal life, that fine-toned mind was aspiring to God for strength and power to bring forth a loving, noble child, and the attending angels upon the fœtus from its first conception, all lent an influence that produced the harmony in my morals, and the man you knew in me.

"FRANK."

I told him I had received similar teachings as to my own origin, and wished him to ascertain from mother how that was as to me.

He answered :

"MY BROTHER,—I must get the information from our dear mother in order to give it to you as it was. Now I cannot give her mind, it being absorbed in one of her holy missions of love to mankind. Oh! that you could see her! Your soul would be satisfied, and you would add, 'Let me go to her, that I may be near enough to her influence to be like unto her.'

"I am so happy in her pure presence! Then surely all to whom she gave birth must have a goodly share of Divinity, for she was emblematic of His holy mind and beneficence. Then you must share with His love, and are surely endowed through His angels with rare powers, and are one in ten thousand in power, intellect, and depth of sight; and this, or very much of it, is the holy influence of *our mother*."

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, *June 4*, 1863.

This afternoon I had another interview with my brother; Mrs. Hayden being the medium, and Laura present.

We sat at the table for some little time without any manifestation, and during the time I yielded to a strong desire to write the names of my father, sister Lydia, and brother Sam. Soon the raps came. I asked who were present. It was written:

"The whole family. We have all come to greet you. Well, brother and dear Laura, I am most happy to meet you here, and hope I shall be able to edify you as well as give you instruction. Any word for us?

"FRANK."

A different influence then came to the medium, and in a different handwriting it was written:

"MY OWN DEAR DAUGHTER,—I am very happy to come to you through the hand I have influenced for you before, and give you words of assurance and love. I am ever near and around you, soothing moments of disappointment and fatiguing care, and blessing you on waking into consciousness, and giving you strength to support you during the hours of duty through the day. And when the soft mantle covers the earth, obscuring the light, I fold my arms around you and bless God that you have passed over the day of care with strength and fortitude; then bless you and imprint love's kiss upon your head, hushing you to rest and guarding you during sleep. Sometimes I take you with me, in spirit, to my beautiful spirit-home, and try to impress the vision upon your soul, that a holy influence may surround you, my own darling *baby*; that naught but love and purity can approach you. So you see, though lost to sight, I am yet ever near and most dear to the memory.

"I have been assisting your uncle Francis to progress where he could see beauty in spirit; and have hoped that he could come to you, knowing your influence would assist him also. He is now greatly happy with his own family, and has been made doubly happy in coming to your dear father. He has given up his time for me to speak to you; then I will assist him to write to you both.

"I paused to see what you were writing, darling, thinking it might be for me; and I reply, yes; that will pass away like a fleeting cloud, without leaving even the appearance of a shadow. Fear not; look to the right and all will end well. It is the wish of the angels who surround and minister unto you.

"Ever near in love is the spirit of your devoted

"MOTHER."

Then she added, "Well, dear father, you speak to brother Frank now."

I then reminded Frank of the inquiry I wanted him to

make of mother, and asked him if he had done so. He wrote :

"She said your peculiar character was a most positive and sure evidence of her prayers having been answered in respect to you. And I think as she does. You have more than your share in *man*, and oh ! so much of it is owing to our blessed angel-mother. Everything was most propitious during her gestation with you. F."

I referred to the fact that my inquiries had pointed to the moral causes of his happiness, and he had answered as to the physical causes, in respect to which I had not learned enough even to know how to inquire.

He wrote :

"Seeing distinctly your old theory, and feeling keenly the truth of what you were speaking, I gave the true idea and that which accorded with my own limited knowledge of the origin of all that was really good in us. That is why I have launched off into another field instead of replying to you."

I was then silent for a moment or two. He wrote :

"Come ! what question ? Don't spend your time idly."

Laura remarked : "That is so like him !"

He wrote :

"Well, I like things done up well, and with despatch."

I said my pause had arisen from the difficulty I had in shaping my questions.

He wrote :

"Ask them in any way. I shall comprehend your meaning and give my own answers."

I then said something about the combination of physical and moral causes of happiness.

He wrote :

"Moral and well-balanced physical. The physical gives strength and power of balance to the moral. Hence, it is necessary to have a good equalized physical ; then the

structure will be fine in proportions, keen in perception, with all the attributes well and perfectly harmonized. It is the whole combination. One would not be perfect without the other. I could not have enjoyed what I have, had I been differently mentally and physically organized."

I then asked if that happiness flowed of itself, as a necessary consequence of that combination; or was there, to his present condition of existence, an unseen world, capable of sending down its happifying influence upon them, when thus they were made accessible to it.

He answered :

"Why, there is a great centre to which we all look for aid—we being the circumference, and gradually and finally aiming to the centre from which emanates *all* that is beautiful and good."

But, I asked, is not the intermediate space between your circumference and that centre occupied by intelligences invisible to but capable of influencing you as you influence us?

He answered :

"Peopled more thickly than earth; each aiming towards the great centre; some more perfect than others, and able to enjoy more keenly."

I asked how he knew of that existence—from his own knowledge or from information?

He answered:

"I see and know and have tasted myself."

I asked him if he would not talk with Laura."

"Anything she desires to ask of me."

She asked him what he was doing.

He answered:

"I am studying the laws of God and of man; studying to get what I left unlearned on earth, to wit, my spiritual nature, which was undeveloped, uncared for."

She asked if he saw art in his world.*

He wrote :

"Oh, beautiful ! charming ! beyond anything that the mind could conceive in the world."

She asked which had most power—art or music.

He answered :

"Music has the most power. It will cheer the soul and give it new life to appreciate art. I speak what I say from personal experience.

"The music was in my soul, and has made me a new man. And I am more happy than I can express."

I said to him :

By the way, Frank, I must congratulate you on having become a grandfather.

"Thank you. I have been aware of that for some time, having been a witness at the birth of the beautiful being."

Laura asked him if he would not come to her.

"I can after a little time. I have avoided it, fearing I should be too boisterous. I will, with your permission, soon come to you."

I asked him if I had been correct in supposing Mr. Van Buren had been near me ?

"Yes. He had something to say to you, at the time we were at your house, upon the affairs of State; but it is of no consequence now, having passed the period of interest. He would be happy to speak to you."

Laura then spoke of visions, lately presented to her, of contrasts between Great Britain and this country; and it was written :

"You will see those contrasts brought out soon between the two countries.

V. B."

* His occupation had been that of a banker; but he had been, also, an artist, and had painted many pictures which had acquired quite a reputation in that direction.

Then Frank added :

"Well, my dear brother (and niece), I am most gratified to have had this interview. I hope it may happen soon again. God bless and be with you constantly, is the entire prayer of ALL.

"FRANK."

WITH MARTIN VAN BUREN.

CHEONDEROGA, ON LAKE GEORGE, }
July 27, 1862. }

A few days since, Martin Van Buren, former President of the United States, died. Some fifty years ago I was a clerk in his law office and an inmate of his family. An intimacy then grew up between us which has never been interrupted. His funeral is to take place to-morrow.

Last night, after I had gone to bed and the family had all retired, I saw him and my father near me. My father died thirty-six years ago, and he and Mr. Van Buren had been friends in life.

When, last evening, I saw them, my father was standing in the middle of the room, on my left. He had an alert, cheerful look, and was easy and unconstrained in his attitude. Mr. Van Buren stood against the wall on my right, near me, and six or eight paces from my father. He had a puzzled look, as if he did not comprehend his condition. He recognized me and my father. He knew that my father was dead, and that I was not, and that he, too, was dead.

I did not observe what first took place between them. My attention was first particularly attracted by Mr. Van Buren's saying: "I don't understand this. I know I am dead, but I am the same I ever was. I am on the earth yet. There are my family, my home, my country; and the matters that interested me in life just as near me as ever,

yet removed from me ! Can this be the death I have thought of so long, and this to be my life after death forever ?”

This thought seemed to goad him into action. He had felt a strong but undefined attraction toward his right hand, and he turned in that direction and bending over, began with great activity, as it were, to pull up weeds that grew in his path, and thus worked his way slowly away from me.

When he paused a moment in the earnestness of his toil, my father said to him, “And can you suppose that there is for you an unchanging forever ? Look out upon the whole universe of God, and see if you can find anything that stands still. Motion, activity, is stamped upon everything He has created, and can it be that the Immortal Soul, which we are taught is the master-work of His hand, is alone exempt from this universal law ?”

“But,” said Mr. Van Buren, “we have been taught that as the tree falls, so it lies—even Scripture says so.”

“Are you sure of that ?” answered my father. “And is not that saying one of the errors which are taught by the ignorant of our earthly guides ? We have many such errors to embarrass us in our spirit-life, and that we have first to unlearn. This is a sad mistake. The tree does not lie as it falls ; it instantly begins to decay, and ere long, in obedience to this universal law of motion, it is utterly gone.”

The thought evidently struck Mr. Van Buren with great force. He abandoned the toil in which he had been engaged, and returned again toward us, and on returning, remarked that he could not feel that he had merited such an eternity ; for he had endeavored in life to perform his duty in all situations as well as circumstances would allow.

“Yes,” said my father, “and therefore it is that I—who have been more than thirty years in the spirit-world, and

whose religious belief in life was pretty much like yours—and many other friends of yours, are now permitted to come near and aid you. Had you availed yourself of the very many opportunities for mischief or evil which your earth-life afforded you, we, at least, could not have approached you. Now you have wife, children, and many friends, and among them that strange brother-in-law of mine, Gorham Worth,* ready to aid you as you will make yourself accessible to them."

"I can perceive," said Mr. Van Buren, "their presence, but I cannot see them. You and the Judge I see, for there is a bright light around you both. I see none such around me. Why is this?"

"Look around," said my father, "and tell me by what light is it that you see anything. It is not by the light of the sun or of lamps or fires. In the spirit-life each generates its own light."

"Am I, then," said Mr. Van Buren, "to be forever dependent on others for the light by which I am to see?"

"By no means," was the reply. "You, too, can generate your light when you shall have embraced the idea of that motion which is the instrument of its creation."

"Motion!" said Mr. Van Buren, musingly. "What is motion for the soul? Surely not change of place—that is motion for the body rather."

"Cast your mind back," said my father, "on the life of four-score years you have spent on earth, and tell me if your soul has not moved in that time?"

"Moved? Yes, it has grown and progressed far beyond what it was in my childhood."

"Then behold," proclaimed my father, "your question is answered! Progress is the motion of the soul, and an Eternity of Progress is the Destiny of Man!"

* Mr. V. B. and my uncle G. A. Worth had been intimate and fast friends for fifty years, and ever since their boyhood.

For some time Mr. Van Buren seemed lost in thought. His clear and vigorous intellect seemed at once to embrace the two great truths of spirit-life—those of light and progress—and the self-control for which he was distinguished enabled him very easily to cast off old errors, and to receive new truths, however unexpected.

After a while he turned to my father; his puzzled look was gone, and instead his countenance wore its habitual expression of calm good temper, and he said:

“Come, then, General, show me this new world, and teach me to escape from a condition so unpleasant as that in which I find myself.”

“Let us on, then,” said my father; and they seemed to move away without any effort, but by the mere act of volition.

Mr. Van Buren did not appear to perceive the motion, but suddenly found himself amid a cluster of houses.

“What!” said he, “have you houses in this world?”

“And why not?” answered my father. “For eighty years your ideas of comfort and happiness have been associated with houses and a home. Is all that to be in vain? and are you suddenly so utterly changed that they would cease to be attractive to you?”

“No, indeed, I am not,” was his answer, “for I am strongly drawn toward that humble cot where everything seems so calm and quiet, and where I feel as if I could find the repose I so ardently crave.”

“What is it that attracts you to it? Is it curiosity merely?”

“No, not entirely, though I long to see what it can contain to give it such an air of repose. I feel something more than that attracting me.”

“Nor is it,” added my father, “that long row of friends who crowd one side of the path by which you are approaching it. They are at present rather repulsive to you. You are not yet prepared to receive and welcome them. Let us enter, then, and see what is the cause of attraction.”

They entered a sort of covered porch, and there paused a moment. Mr. Van Buren put his hand to his forehead, and again seemed buried in thought. After remaining so for a while, my father gently touched his arm, and said :

" Know you why it is that the memory of fifty years ago is so lively within you, and all associated with her whom you loved so truly in life, and who for that half century has been your guardian-angel in life? It is because you are about entering her presence. The progress you made in knowledge during your earth-life has enabled you to comprehend at a glance great truths that are necessary to your understanding of the life unto which you are ushered, and which many, very many, find it hard to understand. Your progress in purity has made you accessible to me and many other friends who have been enabled to lift you at once from your uncertainty, and start you on your unending progress, and your faithful and undying love is now about to receive its reward in that reunion, the mere approach of which already fills your heart so full. You are to learn what your wife long has known, that death joins the ties which death destroys.

" That reunion we may not behold. It is sacred to you two, and to your God. Here our task ends. Here we bid you farewell, though only for a while, for we shall meet again. Now we leave you in her care, who is better fitted than we are to point to you the upward path, and to lead the way."

Then my father and the friends of Mr. Van Buren who had been present assisting him, retired.

It seemed to me that when my father and Mr. Van Buren started to move away from the scene around me, my spirit moved with them and witnessed the scene, though taking no part in it. And I observed that when my father ended his last words, Mr. Van Buren was too full of emotion to reply. He gave my father a look which told how fully his mind comprehended the scene and its incidents, and how thoroughly his heart was prepared for the result.

WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RAVENSWOOD, June 9, 1865.

This afternoon, while sitting on my piazza, I had a communication that purported to be in the presence of Abraham Lincoln and his slayer, J. Wilkes Booth, and with their participation—the spirit speaking being one that has communed with me a long time, and thoroughly understands the *modus operandi*. I made no minutes of the interview at the time, and now, in the evening, write it out from memory. The interview continued about an hour.

When Lincoln woke to consciousness in the spirit-world, he was surprised and somewhat confused; for he had no idea that he was dead. The shot that slew him, instantly suspended all sensation and consciousness, and he was not aware of what had happened to him. This condition of bewilderment did not, however, last long. He was familiar enough with Spiritualism to understand what death is; and he was not, as many are, astonished at the state of existence into which he found himself ushered.

He perceived himself surrounded by many whom he knew to have been long dead, and he was soon fully aware of his condition, and soon learned the events that had caused his death. The feelings that then overcame him were very great. He found himself surrounded and most cordially welcomed by very, very many, for whom he had ever entertained a high regard. He felt their warm sympathy and love for him, and he saw at a glance enough of the bright and beautiful world into which he had entered, to be able to appreciate how great and happy was the change for him. At the same time there arose in his heart a feeling of anguish for the suffering which he knew his family must be enduring; he was filled with anxiety for the effect which his assassination might have on his country and its cause, which he had so much at heart; and he felt the grief and sympathy of the whole people at his "sudden taking off."

These feelings drew him strongly back to earth, and overpowered the more natural desire to pass away at once into the happiness that was apparent to and waiting for him.

Of his feelings for his family, nothing more was said; but a good deal was said of the country and its cause. He had two sources of consolation. One was in the good sense and patriotism of his countrymen, to which he had never appealed in vain; and the other was, his own confidence in his successor.

He had loved the whole people with a warm and ardent attachment, which had been continually growing stronger, as he had in the progress of events seen how true and loyal and self-sacrificing they were; and he was deeply touched at the manifestations of their regard for him, which met him everywhere and at every moment; and he felt an abiding confidence that they would come out right even in this emergency.

He had formed a tolerably high estimate of Vice-President Johnson's character, and felt assured that he would be all that the occasion required.

He had looked upon the incidents which had occurred at Johnson's inauguration as accidental, and not as indicating a habit; and he was quite sure that the effect of those incidents upon Johnson would be salutary, as calculated to restrain a disposition ardent in itself and somewhat untutored, and which would be the better for the lesson of the necessity of self-control which had been taught.

These were thoughts of his earth-life—they accompanied him into his spirit-life, and were greatly strengthened by what he was now able to see and to learn of Johnson's intentions.

These inquiries and anxieties of his, and the universal love and regard for him that were shown everywhere, strongly attracted him to earth; and they, together with a faint idea that he had still a mission to perform in connec-

tion with the not yet fully suppressed rebellion, kept him near the earth until the author of his death was also ushered into the other world, and then they met.

Made aware that Booth was mortally wounded and must soon die, Lincoln approached him and was nigh unto him at his death. By this time Lincoln had obtained full consciousness in his spirit-life, and was in complete possession and control of himself. It was therefore with calmness and without any excitement, that he awaited Booth's awaking to consciousness. When Booth's consciousness came to him, he was not surprised, as Lincoln had been, for he had expected to die, and his own sensation had not been entirely suspended during the time he had lingered after he was shot.

The first living thing that Booth encountered in the spirit-world was Lincoln; and he met him with a bold and defiant air, as if glorying in the act he had performed, and ready to fight in defence of it. The feeling that he encountered in Lincoln was not, however, at all calculated to feed this defiant mood. On the other hand, Lincoln was kind and gentle to him, and manifested only sorrow and compassion for Booth—not a tinge of harshness or animosity being found in him.

This state of things Booth could not bear, and he turned away from Lincoln to leave him, torn and distracted by a variety of emotions. The act he had committed had had its origin in a variety of motives. A defective intellect had enabled him to persuade himself that the work was a meritorious one, and his unregulated love of approbation had persuaded him that he would be lauded for the act, and be regarded as a martyr.

The selfishness there was in this motive he could no longer conceal from himself, and he saw that it was irresistibly manifest to all whom he encountered. He tried then to flee the society where such was his fate. He succeeded partially in doing so, but in his search for those who

could sympathize with and applaud him, he found universal condemnation; and he found that even on the earth those who had shared his sentiments, united in condemning his act. He could find sympathy only with those whose darkened and miserable condition awakened his unmitigated abhorrence.

Amid this distraction he felt himself drawn back into the presence of Lincoln by a power which he could not resist. That presence was most repugnant to him; yet he found himself unable to avoid it. Again and again has he tried it, and sometimes with success; but go where he would, be his associates whomever they might be, he ever feels, in spite of every effort, a power drawing him back to the presence of Lincoln, and with those with whom Lincoln associates; and there he ever encounters the same oppressive feelings of sorrow and compassion toward him, and is ever attended with the consciousness that his own darker motives cannot be concealed.

He meets this state of things sometimes with the same defiant temper with which he entered the spirit-world; but this does not endure for any length of time, for he encounters nothing to keep it alive, and he cannot find the equality which could alone render his defiance of any moment, and its impotence is manifest to him, and he sees that it is equally manifest to others.

Seeing no end to this, his defiance, when the evil mood is predominant in him, gives way to despair, and he would welcome annihilation as a refuge. At other times, when his better nature permits, he is filled with sorrow and remorse, which yet his pride prevents his yielding to. Still he feels how vain is his pride, for there is ever with him that terrific consciousness that every feeling of his—be it shame, pride, remorse, defiance, or despair—is known at once to all with whom he is thus obliged to associate.

Such is his present condition: compelled ever to be in the presence of his victim, and to receive only manifesta-

tions of pity and sorrow; ever aware that his inmost soul is known to all who behold him; aware that the cause for which he made so great a sacrifice is utterly ruined, and that his great object of self-elevation is defeated, and his sacrifice was in vain, he has entered upon his spirit-life with painful recollections of the past, with agonizing realities in the present, and no hope for the future.

In the mean time Lincoln is enjoying happiness far beyond anything he ever anticipated. It fills his heart so full, that he is overpowered and silent. He has already met, and is almost constantly attended by many of those who have died during the Rebellion, and whose patriotism was as pure and as ardent as his, and whose full-flowing sympathy is ever before him; and by very many of those who were engaged in our Revolutionary War, and who welcome him as the man who has finished the work which they but began. He meets, also, many a slave emancipated through his instrumentality; and many a one of this and other countries whose hostility to slavery awakens in them love and admiration for him; and he feels in the whole atmosphere around him a quiet and a repose most grateful to him after the turmoil of the last few years of his life. He is thus realizing daily the true condition of his present existence. His attraction to the earth is fast wearing out, and it will not be long before he will pass away to his far-distant home, and feel only an occasional impulse to return to earth.

P. S.—I add to this communication these facts:

The foregoing was published in the "Banner of Light," of Boston, on the 22d December, 1866.

On the 26th of that month I received from Dr. Thomas J. Lewis, of Chicago, a letter, giving me the results of a circle held in that city a few weeks before, and prior to the publication in the "Banner." In that letter it is said: "Dr. B. P. Randolph was present, and was controlled by the spirit

of Booth, who reported that he was ever in the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and he was in that position very unhappy. Mr. Randolph, being unconscious, did not know who had controlled him, and he does not know now, as that spirit requested that he should not be told that he (Booth) had controlled him, as it might have a bad effect upon the medium, probably on account of R.'s erratic character."

And now, September 25, 1868, I have received this communication through a writing medium:

"You are the only man, in all that I have met or attempted to meet, who had the good sense and the charity to see that I only enacted my part in the great drama, and you gave me rest. I will tell you why. I knew the time would come when you would tell my mother that I had not done such a fearful thing as she thought.

"Mr. Lincoln and I understand this, and my work of restitution has already begun. You will see it when I am enabled to let you know more of

"J. WILKES BOOTH."

The following communication was the last which the Editor of the *Medium* received from Judge Edmonds, and it appeared in No. 211 of that journal, dated April 17, 1874:—

"New York, March 9, 1874.

"Dear Sir,—The enclosed article, from the *Banner of Light*, has been republished in the *New York Herald*, and has excited a good deal of interest, and I send it you for publication, believing that it will be acceptable to our friends in England.

"Although Judge Peckham and I had been on terms of intimacy for some twenty or thirty years, we had never exchanged a word on the subject of Spiritualism, though it would seem, from this communication, that he had been in his earth-life favourably impressed with it.—Yours,

"J. W. EDMONDS."

"Mr. Burns."

WHAT IS DEATH?

The erroneous ideas on this subject which have for so long a time been inculcated by the theology of the day, and the consequently false opinions which have prevailed among men, will evidently require much time and many teachings to correct. Such teachings, however, are now, and for a quarter of a century have been, coming with increasing frequency, and it seems to me to be the manifest duty of those who receive them to give them to the world.

Acting under that impression, I have already made public much on the subject, and now add to the number the following, which I have lately received from one of the victims of the late collision at sea between the steamer "Ville du Havre" and a British sailing vessel.

Judge Peckham was a member of the Court of Appeals of New York—the highest court in the state—and had acquired a high reputation as a jurist. He took passage with his wife in the steamer, and died in the bloom of his manhood and in the full vigour of his intellect, so that he was fully competent to comprehend and relate all that occurred around him. His spirit came to me lately, and identifying himself to my satisfaction, gave me the following communication, which I now transcribe in the precise language in which I received it.

New York, February 14, 1874.

J. W. EDMONDS.

"My Dear Friend,—I shall waive all ceremony with you, and enter upon this our interview, not assuming, but knowing, that you are aware of my presence almost as tangibly as when I last met you in Albany, in the Court Room, where you and I had listened and tried to be still, out of respect to the majesty of the law. You left the Court Room in advance of me. I tried to see you again, but you left that evening. We meet here again under different circumstances. I will not say I am from the higher court to-day, for as yet I have found no court or sphere into which your thoughts, which represent your spirit, do not come. Hence there are no severed links in our friendship when we still sit in council with those we knew and loved.

"Had I have chosen the manner of my departure from the body, I should not have selected the one to which I was obliged to succumb. However, I find no fault now that I realise the life which has opened before me so suddenly, so strangely.

"In the dying moments I lived my life all over. Every scene, every act passed before me as vividly as if written on my brain with living light. Not a friend that I had known in early or later life was forgotten. I saw as I sank, with my wife folded to my heart, my mother and father. The former lifted me out of the wave with a strength which I can at this moment feel, and I have no recollection of suffering.

"From the moment that I knew the waves would engulf us I had no sensation of fear, of cold, or of suffocation. I did not hear the waves break. I parted with that which was my body, and, with my wife still in my arms, followed my mother whither she led me.

"The first sad thought was for my dear brother. This my mother saw and felt, and at once said, 'Your brother will soon be with you!' From that moment sorrow seemed to fade away, and I sat down to look about upon the scene through which I had so recently passed. I felt solicitude for my fellow-passengers; looked for them, and saw them

being lifted out of the waves in precisely the same manner that your strong arm, nerved by love, would lift your drowning child from the great waves which would swallow him up.

"For a time this appeared so real, that, had it not have been for the presence of those whom I knew to be dead, I should have believed myself acting as rescuer with the spirits.

"I write plainly to you, hoping that you will send words of comfort to those who imagine that their friends suffered mortal agony in drowning. There was a fulfilment of that glorious triumph of faith, and the shadow of death became an illumination, which enabled so many to say that death's waves were swallowed up in the victory which love hath brought to light in the ministry of angels and spirits.

"I need not tell you the greetings which awaited me when the many, whom you and I knew and loved, welcomed me to the realms of the life immortal. Not having been sick or suffering, I was ready at once to accept facts, and to move forward to the attractions which, if on earth's plane, have the power to charm away sorrow; how much more enchanting here, where the scene has changed so quickly, so gloriously, that we do not murmur at the haste, nor think that it is disappointment or accident that summoned us unceremoniously hither!

"I am aware that many will ask, if we could be helped to pass out of the body without pain, why could not the accident have been prevented? In our investigations we have learned this fact, namely, that the officer in charge was so entirely deceived in regard to the distance between the "Loch Earn" and his own vessel, that no power on earth, or that which the spirit-world could bring to bear, could have prevented it. Hence the collision was inevitable. There are conditions of sight, particularly on the water, when the water will seem to possess a power of deception almost marvellous and past belief. The ablest and best are liable to these conditions, particularly at just the position that these vessels must have been in. Hence there should be no blame attached to that man. It is done, and the survivors most need sympathy, and I know of no way to give it more direct than to assure them that their loved friends are not slumbering in the caverns of the deep awaiting the final trump to sound, but that at all times they await and look for the proper channels through which to echo the unmistakable evidence of life immortal.

"My thanks are due to our mutual friends, Tallmadge, Van Buren, Hill,* and many others, for this delightful reunion with you; nor can I end it without thanking you for a faith which, although silent between us, made me to respect you the more. I have come now into that nearer circle of friendship which I shall cherish, as I know you will, sacred as the love which makes us to rejoice in our Great and All-wise Father, who doeth all things well.

"Craving pardon for the length of my letter, I promise you and myself still further intercourse with your friend,

"RUFUS W. PECKHAM."

* The allusion here is to N. P. Tallmadge, U.S. Senator, President Van Buren, and Nicholas Hill, formerly an eminent lawyer at Albany, all of whom have frequently communed with me. J. W. E.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS, No. 12.

M E S S A G E S

FROM

GEORGE WASHINGTON

ON

Government and the Future Life.

BY

JUDGE EDMONDS.



NEW YORK:

FEBRUARY, 1873.

PREFACE.

NEW YORK, *February* 18, 1873.

The contents of the following pages were given to the world as far back as 1854 in the second volume of the joint work of Dr. Dexter and myself on the subject of "Spiritualism." Forming then a portion of some thousand pages published at that time, it was not to be expected—nor was it—that they would obtain from the world at large the attention which their importance and interest would seem to demand.

But since that publication—which is now out of print—the number of persons in this country, who would read anything upon the subject, has vastly increased, and the present condition of our people and our Government renders the teachings peculiarly appropriate at this time, and therefore they are given in this form, and alone by themselves.

The book, in which they then appeared, contained matters which were calculated to explain to the reader the origin of the teachings, and how they were given. To repeat that explanation here would take more space than can be given to it in this publication. I must therefore content myself with saying, that I was then a Medium, capable of receiving oral communications and of beholding spirit scenes—that I did then see the scenes referred to—that the contents of these pages did not originate in my mind, but were given to me by an Intelligence which professed to be, and which I then believed, and do still believe, to have been the spirit of George Washington.

J. W. EDMONDS.

MESSAGES FROM WASHINGTON.

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.,
SATURDAY EVENING, *August 19, 1854.*

This evening a circle was held, and it was written through the Medium, that Washington wished to speak to me. Then through me it was thus spoken :

Of what moment would be a Revelation from the high court of Heaven itself to man, if it were not to affect and control his daily walk in life? Of what value would be a Religion that is assumed as a holiday garment only, and laid aside amid the daily duties of your earthly existence, or that would consist in mere profession without action? How imperfect and unavailing the regeneration of the human heart unless it were shadowed forth in your every act!

If the great object of the mighty movement which is now upturning the foundations of the moral world is to prepare mankind during their primary existence for an eternal one, then it must in the very nature of things, in order to be effected, stamp its impress upon every thought of the mind, on every feeling of the heart, on every act of the outer and inner man. In all his relations, domestic or public, civil or religious, affecting himself alone, or in connection with his fellow-man, its influence must be felt and must be all-powerful.

Man's regeneration cannot be confined within the limits of profession ; cannot be circumscribed by a portion only of his earthly duties, but it must reach every act, must extend over every relation, must embrace every duty. How otherwise can this life be a preparation for an eternal one?

How can man fitly prepare himself for the countless ages of eternity, if his primary lesson be devoted more to his material gratification than his spiritual elevation? How, if at the same time he attempts to serve the world, with its perversions and sinful propensities, and with only an equal devotion dedicates himself to his higher moral duties to his Great Creator?

Nay! It cannot be; and one of the fallacies which have flowed from the evils and misdirections of the past, one of the false teachings which have sprung from the same womb that has given birth to the infidelity that is so wide-spread among men, that it has travelled with its twin sister down the stream of time, is the dogma that Religion and Government have no connection with each other.

The Government that repudiates the dictates of religion, that repels from its action the moral lessons which descend from heaven to earth, cannot look to realms above for its origin or its inspiration, nor can it claim the aid of the bright and holy Spirits, who in obedience to His will, are now shedding His light abroad on the human heart. The Government that refuses to acknowledge the higher moral influences that are ever at work among men builds its foundation on the sand, and invokes to its destruction the frightful current of selfishness, violence and corruption, which have so long marked the dominant powers of the Old World, and have already made a frightful inroad upon those institutions which were built by your fathers of the last century amid prayer and thanksgiving to God.

No wonder that the happy land where Freedom hath her abiding place echoes so loudly with the iron tread of the Slaveholder! No wonder that the power and position of your rulers are held up to your people as the spoils of a sacked city to gratify cupidity and corrupt the hearts of the people! No wonder that the sacred fane of your freedom,

to which the eyes of the world have so long been directed, and around which cluster the hopes of your spirit fathers gone before, is polluted by the presence of the money changers! No wonder that again is demanded some fearless one to overthrow their tables and purify the holy temple of God! No wonder that alienation in the hearts of your people has taken the place of that brotherly love which once marked you as a united people! No wonder that Discord has stalked abroad in your land and seated itself in the high places by the side of Power and held it trembling in its seat! No wonder that now broadcast in the hearts of the nation is a feeling of despondency in reference to the future! No wonder that men are calculating the value of your Union as they would the value of cattle in your markets! No wonder that the enemies of freedom, throughout the world—and in Spirit Land too—are gloating over the scenes of corruption—of discord which my unhappy country now presents in the presence of man and God!

Oh! could you feel: could you see the anguish that wrings the hearts of those who toiled to make you free and happy—could you witness the gloom which the prospect of the future casts over their minds—could you behold the sad anxiety which now pervades the spirits of countless hosts who are engaged in this mighty work—could you feel as we feel the dark cloud that ascends from your midst to Heaven, bearing towards His throne the impress of man's most evil passions and repelling from your midst the holier and purer aspirations that are ready to descend upon you, you would start back appalled at the prospect, and, lifting up your hands and hearts as we do to the throne of The Most High God, you would unite with us in beseeching Him to have mercy yet on our common country and on mankind; beseeching Him to drive far from you the destroying angel that is revelling in

your midst, sapping to their foundations the institutions which were consecrated by our blood and our toil.

Deeply interested in the welfare of my country ; bound up as my heart even yet is in the continuance of its freedom ; looking on its institutions as the great fountain of freedom that was yet to flow over the whole earth, I ask myself "Where now is the spirit that made us free?" and from dark and dismal depths alone a voice answers "Here, buried beneath the load of oppression and selfishness which has grown up and overwhelmed us." * * * * *

Standing high amid the light which falls from Heaven's throne and casting my view back to the spot I love so well, I look in vain for the bright and beautiful light that ascended when I did and bore me companionship in my passage to the realms of the blest. Oh! think not, this is fancy's sketch. Deem not that it is the picture of a diseased imagination. It is a sad reality in your very midst, witnessed by God, by spirits, and by men ; mourned over by the good ; exulted over by the evil ; and casting over the prospects of the future its dark and gloomy cloud.

Ask yourselves if it is not so ! Ask your hearts to speak their fears as to the future ! Ask the enemies of Freedom upon earth ! Ask the downtrodden millions, who have ever looked to you as their beacon light and see if there will not come up from all these sources, one general response, "Alas ! Alas ! It is true." And if it is, on what foundation do you rest an expectation that your nation and its cause can merit the favor of God ? Upon what basis can you build your hopes of its perpetuity, and what is there to keep burning before the world, the light of your freedom which we kindled for man ?

The high destiny prepared for my country, its onward progress towards eminence and happiness, the influence of its example on the world, the spread of its important lesson

of self-government, where now are they? Spread abroad on this vast continent, flourishing in the full vigor of young manhood? Answer me, for ye yourselves know. For our part, instead of hearing the voice of your happiness, your virtue and freedom, ascending from around a thousand altars and meeting us on our approach to earth, we have to dive down through the black clouds you send up and exhume it from the prison-house in which your perversions have pent it up; and unless your downward progress can be arrested, unless you can be returned to the purity with which you started, unless the heart of the nation can be awakened to the fearful prospect that is before it, better far would it be that the land should again become the habitation of the wild man of the forest and the beasts on which he preyed. Better far that it should be so than that now, when the corrupt and crumbling institutions of absolutism throughout the world are tottering to their very foundations, the appeal of the oppressed of other lands can meet no response from this. Better far that the pestilence which walks at noonday should sweep through your habitations than that you should be incapable of cheering on their upward way the oppressed of other lands, on whom freedom is fast dawning.

Oh! I once thought that when this time should come (and well did my prophetic soul know it would come), that then my beloved country would stand out in the face of mankind a bright and shining light, not only proclaiming throughout the world the reality of freedom, but pointing the way to its sacred temple; that it should stand at its very portals prepared to assist their feeble steps up its toilsome ascent, and welcoming them to the fellowship of freedom, and the emancipation of man.

Then through the medium it was written:

This first part of our treatise on government as the preamble to fact, is most finished. Washington says he then wishes to give you a

vision of what exists here, to draw the comparison with earth, and then shadow forth the true government that ought to rule your land.

BACON.

WEST ROXBURY, *August 22, 1854.*

At a meeting of the circle this day, through me and from the spirit of Washington, it was said:

There is no perversion more firmly seated in the minds of my countrymen—none more injurious—none that is calculated to be more lasting in its effects, than that which attaches to the purposes of government the idea of augmenting wealth alone; or, in other words, that the chief end of government is to increase the wealth of the community.

Appealing as that idea does to the selfish propensities of the human heart, binding man in subjection by the cords of corruption, it has been cherished, fostered, and propagated by those who, clothed with power, have ever cared to exercise it rather for themselves than others; and it has been the chief instrument of maintaining the fatal fabrics of absolutism in all ages of the world. It has been most effective in enthraling man, and binding him in submission to the domination of his fellows.

Throw your mind back on the history of the past, and behold how frequent and successful has been the appeal of power on the part of the governors to the cupidity of the governed. It has lain at the foundation of all tyranny, has characterized the structures which absolutism has raised, and has even stood in the way of the progress of true freedom. And even when Freedom has leaped the foul barrier and moved abroad among men with cheering hope, it has often been arrested in its progress, and turned aside from its high and holy purposes by this same appeal. It has been with

anxious solicitude that in all countries and in all times, the apologists for arbitrary power have inculcated this principle as most vital, and as the end and aim of government.

It is not alone amid the shadows of absolutism that it has found its home; it has stolen into the temple of Freedom and taken up its abiding place, even in the presence of its holy altar, mingling its selfish aspirations with the prayer for liberty that would otherwise have ascended untainted, mixing its polluted breath with the incense that would otherwise have arisen in grateful perfume, and uniting its discordant cry with the cheering song of liberty among men.

Its deformity hidden by the disguise which man's perverted vision has rendered practicable, it has too often been welcomed as a fitting guest in the mansion of Freedom and been warmed into life by its fires, until it has been able to strike in its fangs and diffuse its poison on all around.

Unable, openly, to withstand the onward march of freedom which has sprung from man's progressive advancement, it has "stolen the livery of Heaven" to serve the purposes of evil, and covertly worked its way and infused its poison until the bloated and corrupted mass of humanity has yielded to its silent inroads, even while boasting of its victory over its open attacks. Stealthily, silently, yet with the tenacity of death it has wound its way into the very body of Freedom, substituting the convulsions of disease for natural action, the hectic of consumption for the glow of health, the appearance of prosperity for its reality.

Such have been its inroads in my country; and as time has rolled on, casting around her institutions the protecting embrace of power and permanency, the invasion of this principle has been silent, though sure, until many, very many, unmindful of the great lesson inculcated by our Revolution; with thoughts directed only to the accumulation of wealth; with energies bent only to the increase of temporal

prosperity, have taught themselves to look upon all government as having one legitimate object alone—that of increasing material individual wealth. Hence it is that there has been so great a departure from the principle which swayed the minds of the Fathers of our Nation, and a substitution in its place of the corrupting and debasing principles of action, which distinguish absolutism everywhere, and which cast their taint even upon our institutions, professing to be free.

Do you ask why I dwell with so mournful a tone upon this sad picture? Why my mind broods over the future which it shadows forth? It is, that we may try, ere it be too late, to restore the virtue of the past in the place of the corruptions of the present; bring back our Government to its original purpose, and once again impress on the minds of the people the legitimate and proper object of government, that in the exercise of their rights as freemen they may be swayed by purity of principle rather than the cravings of cupidity

Oh! could my countrymen descend with me into the hearts that are petrified by the exercise of unlimited power either on earth or in the spheres; could they with me penetrate the deepest recesses of the minds which sway such power, they would start affrighted at the advances, however disguised or covered they might be, of the feeling which is engendered. Oh! could they penetrate into those darker spheres, where, in unprogressed man, vice is ever festering, and where the dark clouds of selfishness, of cruelty, and of intolerance are brooding over the unhappy scene; where the love of self swallows up all regard for the future, all remorse for the past, all reverence for God, and all aspirations for purity, they would find the birthplace and the home of the principle whose inroads they have permitted among themselves.

Could they ascend with me into the brighter spheres where love and purity and happiness shed their mellow light over every heart and send their gentle tones of sweetest harmony upon each ear; where man's progressive advance toward high heaven is the daily object of desire and of view, they would behold that principle has no abiding place there, but is banished those happy realms. Oh! could they thus range through the spheres and o'er earth, and thus behold beneath the deceptive surface, the reality that is working among men, they would become conscious, as we are, that it is time to sound the alarm, that it is time to marshal the forces for the conflict; for on its event must depend the great question, whether Freedom shall continue to inhabit with us or take her flight to regions more congenial; they would feel how imperative is the duty upon every one to arrest the progress of a principle which is sapping our national freedom to its foundation, and assimilating our institutions and our fate to those which we have been taught to abhor, and which we so loudly profess to avoid.

Remember ever the great lesson which you are taught by your intercourse with the Spirits of the departed—so different from that which human teaching has so long infused into your minds—namely, that life in the spirit world is but a continuation of life upon earth, and that the legitimate object of the one is but to prepare for the other; that time—your time on earth—is but a stepping-stone to an eternity in the spheres; that the bias and direction of the mind and the affections which obtain on earth make their impress upon your existence after you have left it; that the perversions and misdirections which you imbibe during your primary existence affect and direct your life after it; that the truths which are planted in the soul while it inhabits its tenement of clay accompany and cheer it on its way through

the long ages of eternity; that there is now dawning upon the earth a light which can not only dispel the darkness which surrounds you, but can open to your view the life after death, its impulses, its duties, and its destiny; that you are receiving instruction and knowledge from those who have penetrated the future beyond the grave and who are now permitted, in the providence of God, to return and teach to you the great lessons which are opened to them, through the portals of eternity; that, standing amid the brightness of His wisdom and the softening influence of His love, receiving as they become more perfect the brighter and better lessons which flow from the storehouse of His Almighty mind, they are permitted to open to your view the pages on which they read these high and holy lessons, and are rendered capable of advancing you in virtue, in wisdom, and in happiness, and that by unfolding to you the knowledge which experience in the spirit life bestows upon them, they can advance you too upward and onward in your high destiny—can aid you to cast off the perversions and errors of life, and even upon your earth assimilate your condition to that of the spheres.

And know, that as in the form of your Government you have imitated the work of His hand as displayed among the worlds that sparkle in the sky above you, as you have thus learned in form to imitate the creations of His wisdom, so you may be taught to progress still farther and learn to infuse into that Government—thus in form assimilating to your planetary system—the order, the regularity, the wisdom, and the love which bind these systems together as one harmonious whole, and maintain them, ever moving in dumb yet joyful obedience to His commands, so that you may move on in your enduring orbits, progressing ever onward, developing ever the great properties which slumber within you, un-

known even to yourselves, and diffusing abroad in the Universe through which you move, the blessings of your obedience to His laws and of your advance in His love and wisdom.

WEST ROXBURY, *August 24, 1854.*

At the circle, after some manifestation through the regular medium, through me it was said, as by the spirit of Washington:

Having thus paused a moment to review the realities which have been laid open before you, and to contemplate how much life in the spirit world is but a continuance of that on earth, let us recur to our original purpose, and see how man, in his political relations in the spheres, as you would term it, is still the same being, possessed of the same attributes, and affected by the same tendencies.

As with you, so with us, in proportion as man advances from the savage condition of living, only as an animal, so does he develop the necessity of government. And the nigher he approaches toward the Godhead, the more does he recognize the duty, the necessity, and the obligation of order, regularity, and obedience to law and its ministers. It is only when you descend to the level of the mere brute creation that you behold a condition of no government. When there is infused into man the intellect of the immortal soul, there is impressed upon his instincts the necessity of government, and that necessity, I repeat, is more and more recognized as he advances upward toward his high destiny. And again, it is as man thus advances upward that his government becomes one of law and not of absolute or uncontrolled power. It is man's degradation, his retrogression, the growth and preponderance of his evil propensities, which pervert that government from its legitimate form of law to its degrading form of despotism; for it will soon be found that absolutism

comes as the legitimate offspring of anarchy and disregard of law, and sinks and dies in the presence of law and its domination.

Hence, in the history of your earth, you will observe that all those arts and improvements which have tended most to elevate man intellectually and morally, have flourished most when power was regulated by law, and that those works which have most manifested the might of man's physical nature have found a fitting existence amid the stern sway which has made the minds of the many bow to the will of the few. And it will be seen that man has most advanced in his career upon earth, when the government under which he has lived has aimed more at his intellectual and moral nature than his physical.

You will observe this in two ancient and contemporaneous nations. The whole purpose of the government of Sparta was the development of the animal nature, and all that history tells of Sparta is that she produced good soldiers and plenty of slaves. In Athens, on the other hand, attention was more directed to man's spiritual nature; and when history speaks of Athens, she points to her painting, her poetry, her eloquence and her philosophy, and traces their current down the stream of time, leaving on future ages, centuries after, the impress of the thoughts there developed.

So it is in the Spirit World. When you have been in those darker regions where despair and desolation reigned together, you have witnessed the rule of force, the government of absolute power, the domination of individual will, and you have beheld at once the degradation of submission, with the debasement of man, or to use a passage in your mind which now rises to your memory, you have seen how "Submission to the tyranny of man is commensurate with rebellion to the sovereignty of God."

Now behold government in the brighter spheres—not the

most elevated, but in those conditions which are manifestly above your condition on earth, and see if in the contemplation you may not learn some truths that may benefit your fellow-man there. Hereafter, perchance, you may behold government in still higher conditions of spirit life, and beholding how it, too, is impressed with the all-pervading law of progress, you may, step by step, witness its improvement, and perhaps, in time, be able to demonstrate to man on earth that obedience to the law of his moral and intellectual existence may be as intuitive as that which is witnessed in the hunger and thirst of his physical nature. But of that hereafter.

Now look upon the scene spread out before you, and of which now, as yesterday, you have a birds-eye view. Behold! this community is not so large but that every member of it may be personally known to its rulers. Thus the characteristics, propensities, attributes of all, the governor and the governed, are known to each other. There is no reaching forth here of the arm of power beyond the scope of knowledge, so that it may be exercised for the benefit of the ruler, with but little regard to the welfare of the subject. But the great end and object of its exercise is the advancement and happiness of all; and power here extends its authority no farther than it can be beneficially exercised for the benefit of all who may be subject to it, and who may come within its scope.

And observe—for you will see this principle everywhere—that the great object ever in view in the exercise of power here, is to enhance the happiness of man, by promoting his progress, intellectually and morally; by advancing him in purity, in love, and in wisdom, and thus surrounding him with the product of their combination, which is Heaven, wherever it may chance to be.

Now go with me and enter that hall. What see you

there? There is a convention of a limited number of persons, both male and female. They seem to be both aged and young, possessing apparently the wisdom and sobriety of age, with the enthusiasm and energy of youth.

There is one man presiding over the assemblage. His occupation seems to be to preserve order and infuse regularity and system into their deliberations. Hear you not the subject of their deliberations? You will perceive that they combine within themselves the advisory power of an executive council, the enacting power of a legislature, and the dernier resort of a judicatory.

I remarked to him, that is a combination of power which requires great wisdom and virtue, for the danger of temptation must be very great. He answered :

Yes, but is the combination incompatible? May not man advance to such a state as to become a safe depository for such powers? And if he may, do you not see that the combination in the same hands will enable them to temper justice with mercy, to enforce the stern mandate of authority through an appeal to the affection?

But I inquired, Do they execute as well as enact, perform as well as adjudge?

No, was the answer. Here the progress is not so great as to warrant that union, and consequently, here the executive is, in a great measure, though not entirely, separated from the legislative and judicial power. We will, by and by, observe the executive; but let us pause a moment here.

These men are selected for the task you see them performing, by the free, open, unbiassed voices of the whole community, male and female; for here woman stands by the side of man, the equal child with him, of one common Father.

When I say open choice, I mean as in contrast with the secret ballot which taints your earthly institutions, and which is as frequently the instrument of deception as it is the protection against oppression.

They are not selected for any definite period. So long as they discharge their duties well, the duty rests upon them. But each is subject ever to a public scrutiny of his conduct, and at any time the voice of that community may be taken, whether the individual shall continue longer in the position to which he has been elevated.

The power of removal exists with the power of appointment, and may be exercised whenever it is demanded.

I see you ask, in your mind, what is the qualification which elevates one to position here? and I answer, All other things being equal, he who is most ready to sacrifice self to the good of others, is the choice of the community; for these men are at once servants as well as rulers, and feel ever that the great obligation is to exercise power for the good of others, and not for selfish purposes.

Mark the character of their debates. You have been listening to their discussions. Do you behold anywhere the display of that intense selfishness which at once tramples under foot all regard for others, all obligations of time, all convictions of duty, that so often convert your earthly forums into the semblance of dens of wild beasts? Do you behold here the love of sarcasm and retort that rejoices in inflicting suffering, and that revels in the laugh which more frequently springs from gratified malevolence than from innocent enjoyment? Do you behold here the turmoil, the confusion, the uproar, the disorder, that seem to flow from the madness of intoxication, mental or physical? Do you behold here the eternal strife of man with man, that reminds one rather of the gladiatorial exhibitions of old than the deliberations of the Sanhedrim or the consultations of the

Areopagus? If you do not, if the clouds which thus obscure the atmosphere of mortal power do not here find an abiding place, to what will you ascribe the calm, the repose, the benignant atmosphere which rests upon this spiritual scene?

Look! In every heart you will find written, more or less distinctly, yet ever there, controlling, quieting, directing every thought and feeling, the injunction "*Love one another.*"

This command, which with them is a reality, and not a profession, has become to their hearts a disinfecting agent, that has driven away the malaria which in your earthly halls makes the mortal heart boil and bubble with the malignant passions that you have seen playing their part even in the spheres, and performing there their terrible task of inflicting misery upon man.

You will observe, too, that there is nothing secret in the deliberations of this council. Every thought is open to the inspection of others and to the observation of all who choose to look on.

Disguise! concealment of thought and purpose! They are unknown here, and no duty is more imperative than that of driving them away from their deliberations. They think openly before the world in which they live, and with them language and countenance are instruments of conveying truth, not concealing it.

Mark too! another characteristic of their deliberations—the extreme deference they pay each other. No matter whether the speaker be young or old, a novice among them or one long seated there, mark! how deferential they are to all he says. And can you not see the effect which this produces upon him, prompting him every moment to imitate the example thus ever before him of disregarding self in his regard for others?

I inquired, Have not these people some peculiar privileges, some exclusive right, as a reward for their toil for the common welfare? He answered:

There speaks the taint of earth, which cannot appreciate that virtue is its own reward, and that the virtue of self-denial is one, of all others, most prolific of happiness to the regenerated man! No! they have no privileges, but that of washing the feet of those whom they serve, and in return may find their own bathed with the tears of penitence, whose flow they have encouraged. They have the privilege of enhancing their own happiness by toiling for that of others—the privilege of advancing themselves by aiding the progression of all around them—the privilege of learning in the common cause, to be meek, gentle, humble in the exercise of power, for thus was He, who came to save man by unfolding to his view his true destiny.

WEST ROXBURY, *August 25, 1854.*

The Circle again met, and through me it was said:

I was again in the legislative hall of that sphere, and my spirit-guide, who, it seemed to me, was Washington, standing by my side, said to me:

You observe, this community is large and numerous. The higher powers of its government are exercised by representatives, chosen from and by the mass; but it is divided into many smaller communities, and each one of them into others smaller still, till they are reduced to circles or bands of from twenty to fifty each.

The whole community meets only by its representatives. The smaller communities often assemble together to receive

instruction and to deliberate upon matters connected with the common welfare.

Each one of these communities has its presiding and ministering spirits, its secretaries to record its proceedings and its own place of meeting. Each member is not only instructed but practised in the art of self-government, not only of the community, but of each individual member, it lying at the foundation of their system of self-government that each first learn to govern himself, and he who permits himself to lose self-control is at once deprived, and that by his own consciousness, of the power of interfering in the government of others until a proper frame of mind is restored to him.

This process of purifying the governing body is one of the most interesting and important institutions that obtain among them, and it is exercised chiefly by the individual who is affected by it. I say chiefly, because there are times when he is obliged to invoke and receive the aid of others in restoring his mind to its proper bias, and that aid is given as from brother to brother, and not as from ruler to subject.

It is attended with no harshness, has no form of punishment, but is kind, gentle, forbearing, and comes as aid to the distressed.

In communities, as near the mortal sphere as is this which you are now beholding, this purifying process is frequently resorted to, and with some one or other is almost always in exercise. But as you advance higher it will be less frequently seen, and gradually disappear until you arrive at spheres where it is unknown because unnecessary.

It is frequent where you are now looking, because there lingers around the individuals yet so much of mortal taint and earthly passions. With some it is long before that taint wears out, and they who are afflicted with it, are to their fellows objects of compassion, not of condemnation,

and instead of the hisses and yells of disapprobation which you hear at times in your mortal assemblages, you will here see the starting tear and the trembling lip pervade a meeting at the exhibition of the propensity which sets this process in motion.

And in him who offends it is not a feeling of anger that is aroused, but emotions of shame and sorrow that he should thus have touched the hearts of the brotherhood around him. The agony that in his breast follows the consciousness of error is known to and recognized by every one, and awakens in them emotions of sorrow alone, shown by the sympathy, the active comfort and consolation which are on all hands proffered to him in his distress.

On earth you would call this punishment; but we better understand here that it is the inevitable result of law, which is never violated by the conscious mind without bringing suffering in its train.

You have in your material existence the same law, both morally and physically. You recognize it in its physical aspect. You know that you cannot pervert any of your material organs from their legitimate office without inflicting pain. If you thrust your hand into the flame, it smarts; if you take poison into the stomach, it destroys; if you imbibe that which impairs and disturbs the action of the brain, you suffer, not mentally only, but in your whole nervous system. Then, in your material being you recognize through the instrumentality of your senses, that evil and suffering flow from the violation of the law of your nature.

With us it becomes a self-evident law, ever at work within us, morally and physically; and one most prominent result flowing from your death is the capacity to understand this law and the causes of its operation.

Hence, with us, we require no judges to condemn, no chains to bind, no prisons to incarcerate the offender. The

judge of the offence and the executioner of the law reside together in the heart of the convict, and instinctively perform their functions. Every man is a law unto himself.

Man, in the spheres, in all the relations of spirit life, bears about him ever the avenger of broken laws. Whether he is grovelling darkly amid the depraved and unprogressed or is working his toilsome way upward, he has within himself the consciousness of violating the laws of his Creator, and that consciousness works out its own task of retribution, and finally of purification. It will sometimes start from its course and seem to wander from its proper path—sometimes inflicting suffering, too severe and enduring, and at other times relaxing its rule, so as to fail in producing a lasting impression. Then comes the duty of the governing spirits to return it to its pathway and keep its action within due bounds.

This is manifested not merely in their political relations with each other, out of which now, this lesson has flowed to you, but in all the relations of spirit life, and you must readily perceive, that the happiness of our spirit life must increase as we advance beyond the reach of these mental aberrations and must diminish in proportion as we yield to them.

It is so in your life—invariably so—however much external or apparent prosperity may hide from your material vision the gnawings of the worm within; and with us, the same law operates only the more forcibly, because of the removal of the obstacles which your material nature so often presents.

Now, you have seen and have had told to you the great principles which mark political government in the spheres. There is, however, one more consideration, which is not a matter of positive enactment, but the result of circumstances

with us as with you on earth, and that is, goodness is rewarded, as well as vice punished.

That reward, each earns for himself. He asks it not from those around him. He reaches out no hand for it beseechingly to his rulers, but claims it as his due—lays hold upon it as his right—the more certainly and the more effectively that he is at length free from the material appliances which, on earth, so often stand between virtue and its reward.

Hence it is that with us, we need no judicatory to inflict punishment for error or administer reward for rectitude. Each man bears the court in his own bosom, aided and supported at times from without, but always open and at work within.

Now, look at the Executive Department of this Government, and you will see spirits presiding over the whole community, over each division and subdivision, revolving each like the stars of heaven in their orbit, marked out for them by the same Wisdom which has fashioned each, and started them on their eternal path.

You will observe that the great duty of those presiding spirits is not so much to rule over as it is to serve their fellows, that the passport to those positions is not so much a capacity to govern as it is a willingness to serve, and that the positions are assumed, not so much from the love of power as from the desire to do good to others.

Hence you will see throughout this whole community spread out before your view, partially progressed only as it is, and bearing about it still much of earthly taint, that the predominant feeling, cultivated and existing, is the desire to benefit others, and on that predominance is erected the happiness they enjoy.

You have already seen in your progress through space how the prevalence and domination of that feeling have made the realms you have beheld, one above another, more

bright, more beauteous, more happy, more joyous, so that long before you could, even in imagination, approach the gates of heaven, you have beheld man enjoying a beatitude far surpassing what poets have fancied, or the imagination has ever painted, as the happiness of Heaven itself.

So, on the other hand, you have beheld as you have descended amid darkness, misery and despair, that the absence of this feeling, this disregard of law, has been commensurate with the enduring suffering you have witnessed.

Now, child of Earth, pause thus on the threshold of eternity, and ask yourself, If man on Earth is not capable of making his mortal existence an epitome of that darkness on the one side, or of that brightness on the other? If he cannot drag up, on the one hand, the seething caldron of boiling passion and suffering, or draw down on the other the realization of the peace and happiness to which man can attain? See, if when imitating the wisdom of God, in the form of your government, you cannot infuse into it His principle of attraction, binding each member to its place, and thus making a harmonious whole.

Tell me if Wisdom shall thus speak from on high to mortal ears in vain. Tell me if the lesson of virtue and happiness which is spread out before you shall fall powerless upon the human heart. Tell me, will you still seek amid the shades below for the example of your lives? Shall virtue and its rewards, joy and wisdom and happiness, descend from the high spheres above in vain on your earth? Shall they float over a drowned world and return to the Ark bearing no olive branch, indicating a subsidence of the flood? Shall Heaven's gates be opened toward earth in vain? Shall its holy light be yet again repelled by the darkness you yourselves create around you?

Or are you, at length, ready to plant in your midst the standard of His almighty love, and rejoice as it unfolds

itself to the breeze of heaven? Will you receive it as the brazen serpent, created in the wilderness of your mortal propensities, to heal the sting of the thousand mortal reptiles that have followed your footsteps so long?

Choose ye! for the freedom of choice is yours. Choose ye the road in which you will travel; but in making that choice, oh! my countrymen! remember that the day once was when God shed abroad on your happy land the benignant light of His own freedom—that he gave it to you in charge for the benefit of mankind—that the responsibility of keeping, of sustaining, and of fostering it rests upon you, and upon you and your children to more than the third or fourth generation, the consequences for good or evil must flow.

Choose ye, then, wisely and well! And may He in His love and mercy aid you to attain the destiny that is within your reach, that of being the beacon light of freedom to an enslaved and benighted world!

We are taught that the intercourse is not supernatural—not the result of the suspension of nature's laws—but the product of those laws and of their legitimate action. As yet, we are in a great measure ignorant of those laws and of their mode of action ; but the results we see and can know—the effects are facts which, perceptible to our senses, appeal to our reason and demand the action of our judgments. From all that we have yet witnessed, we are warranted in the belief that the intercourse is in obedience to, and not in contravention of, natural laws—that so far as we are concerned on earth, mediumship is owing to physical organisation, more than it is to moral causes, and that all in the spirit-world, the unprogressed as well as the progressed, have the power of communing with and influencing us in a greater or less degree.

So, too, we are taught that there are spirits in the next state of existence whose propensities are evil. Not that they are a distinct race of beings, known in the old theology as Devils, and represented as a creation distinct from, and independent of, the human family, but men and women who have lived on earth, perverted and distorted morally, and have passed away from this primary existence with those perversions and distortions unchanged and aggravated by the desolation and misery, apparently to them without end and without hope, in which they find themselves existing. Selfish, intolerant, cruel, malicious, and delighting in human suffering upon earth, they continue the same, for awhile at least, in their spirit-home. And having in common with others the power of reaching mankind through this newly-developed instrumentality, they use it for the gratification of their predominant propensities, with even less regard than they had on earth, for the suffering which they may inflict on others.

We can detect when it is near us, and, no longer obliged to battle with it in the darkness of our own fears and ignorance, we can meet it boldly, and contend against it successfully. And, above all, we can expose its unhallowed intrusion upon the communion which is otherwise calculated to lift our hearts upward to our God.—“Spiritualism,” by John W. Edmonds and George T. Dexter, M.D.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

(Letter of Inquiry to Judge Edmonds, from Edinburgh, Scotland. His Reply.)

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,
CARLTON TERRACE, Oct. 5, 1872.

TO JUDGE EDMONDS :

Dear Sir,—Acting upon the message which you had the kindness to send me through a gentleman, whose name I do not know, but who is the cousin of a much valued friend and correspondent of mine, the widow of the late Professor ———, of the Glasgow University, who resides in Boston, Mass., that you would be pleased to hear from me, I gladly avail myself of the privilege.

Allow me to thank you cordially for the "Letters and Tracts," which you had the goodness to send, which I have got bound and the pencil superscription traced in ink. I value the gift more than you can suppose, and shall preserve it as a remembrance of one for whose moral courage, love of truth and high character, I entertain the most profound respect.

Will you kindly inform me if Dr. Dexter is still in the body?

It was with deep regret that I heard of your health being indifferent. That it may soon be restored is my most earnest prayer, and that you may long be able to perform your public duties, and continue the battle which you have so long and so nobly fought in the cause of truth. I rejoice to know you have the professional advice of Dr. Gray, one

of the most distinguished physicians of our time. I have a most lively recollection of his kind professional attention to me in 1858, for which I shall ever feel grateful.

I first heard of Spiritualism at Mackinaw in 1858, where I passed July and August, and met with many people from almost all parts of the United States. Spiritualism was often the subject of conversation, and I can now well remember my surprise at hearing very intelligent people believe in what I, in my ignorance, considered delusion—Spiritualism.

Upon my return to New York, in December, on my way home, I saw the advertisement of Mr. Conklin, a medium, and from mere curiosity, I went with my wife to his rooms, and was startled by the messages from my father and mother. My wife also had one from her brother. Upon the next day I repeated my visit, but had a most unsatisfactory *seance*.

On my return home I read the few books I could procure upon Spiritualism, which by no means convinced me of the truths, until I had frequent *seances* with D. D. Home, after which I became a firm believer in a future state, which has been to me the greatest blessing and comfort.

Unfortunately the whole subject of Spiritualism appears involved in perplexity and contradiction, with the exception of the certainty of a future state, and that our progress hereafter will depend upon the life we lead here. I yearn to know more, and it is in the belief that if anything more is certainly known, you, above all other men, must be familiar with it, and, I firmly believe, will not withhold it from any one in search of light upon a subject of such immense importance.

I read that "only low earth-bound spirits ever communicate." Surely, Washington, Channing, Chalmers, Adams and Swedenborg, and, perhaps, Bacon, never were "low spirits." Kindly tell me what is the truth? When we

leave the body, do our spirits inhabit planets of our own or other systems? If they do not, where is the locality?

If the scenery described by Swedenborg and Bacon be really and truly a delineation of Spirit-land, it very much resembles our own earth. There must be ranks and conditions of men there as here—ease and luxury, labor and poverty. We are told of the pleasure grounds of a gentleman's estate, and of the cottages of laborers; of a warehouse containing a great variety of clothing,—a home having wardrobe—of gorgeous apparel—fields of wheat, machinery, railroads and magnificent public and private buildings. If spirits move from one place to another with the velocity of light, what is the object of railroads or of wheat for immaterial existences?

Reason and conscience are my guides in everything, and I can't reconcile the visions of Swedenborg and Bacon to have a better foundation than those dreams of John at Patmos and of Ezekiel and others. What are we to understand by the heaven spoken of in the Bible? Is it to be regarded as a place of progress? When an evil spirit, after having been in a state of darkness, begins to perceive a glimmer of light, has he entered the precinct of heaven when he has progressed to that light? When the wicked and profligate spirits become disembodied, do they progress more slowly or more rapidly, according to the life they had led in the body, or what is the law of progression? I have seen it stated that repentance and sorrow alone bring them to the light, which I can't understand, for I believe that a certain amount of corrective punishment must first be undergone, but for what length of time, I presume may depend on the state of repentance. Have spirits said anything regarding the Divinity of Jesus,—that he is equal with God, or that while on earth he was only a mere man? Has anything been said regarding the resurrection of his body? or where he was from twelve years of age until he began his public ministry?

Is the Old Testament said by spirits to be anything more than a record of Jewish history and traditions, and the statements of prophets and seers, who said that they delivered the commands of the Infinite to his chosen people? That the Bible is pervaded by Spiritualism is, I humbly think, apparent, and also that the prophets and seers were media. If they were, the same uncertainty must have existed then as it does now in distinguishing true from false communications, for we are told that false prophets and seers were common.

Our most merciful and loving Father, in many places in the Hebrew Scriptures is reported to have delivered, through the prophets, commands and sentiments utterly opposed to my conception of his character. The imputation to Him of vindictiveness, cruelty, injustice, and capriciousness, I recoil from with horror. In our own time, we are directed to exercise our reason in rejecting or believing spirit communications. Will the same advice not be necessary with the old media, especially when we consider that many of their prophecies have not been fulfilled?

Have you ever had any communications which have induced you to believe that God at any time directly conveyed His mind and will to any man? Have you been informed that animals (the horse and dog for instance) exist in a future state, and there receive compensation for the cruelty which they so frequently have endured from man?

I was deeply interested by the perusal of Dr. Hare's work upon Spiritualism, but much more by his love of truth and by the earnest manner in which he conducted its investigation, undaunted by the sneers and ridicule of the very great majority of his contemporaries. It is much to be regretted that his work is out of print. Mrs. ——— with much difficulty procured for me a second-hand copy; also your two volumes. Is there no probability of new editions of both works being published? In America,

where Spiritualism has millions of adherents, surely some enterprising publisher will be found to undertake the work.

You must have accumulated a great amount of most interesting communications, which I hope you may be pleased to publish for the benefit of mankind.

Is there any published statement of the reasons which induced Dr. Hare before he passed from the body, to believe in divine revelation after the determined opposition which during a long life he had made to it? I have a deep respect for his memory. Is the likeness of him in his book a good one, and also that of yourself and Dr. Dexter in your own work?

I have heard of the apparition of a dog, which I have asked a lady friend and enthusiastic Spiritualist to commit to writing, which I enclose. No case can be better authenticated. She did not wish to give names without permission. The person who informed her is a man of great intelligence, and a well known man. The case is to me so remarkable that I can't resist troubling you with it.

I enclose a *memo* from another lady—one of the best I ever knew—a firm adherent to Spiritualism and very Orthodox, but has not yet drifted from the moorings of Calvinism, although I think she is sorely puzzled to reconcile it with the teachings of Spiritualism. She read and studied your large work very carefully, and is very anxious to be favored with your reply to her *memo*.

I am a believer in Christianity, but not in the Divinity of Christ. I once disbelieved in miracles, but thanks to Spiritualism, I now do not. I have been as free from vice and immorality as most men. Before I became a Spiritualist, my creed consisted in the belief that if I acted to others as I would they should do to me, I believed that if there was a future state, God would deal with me better than I

deserve, and I trusted entirely to His mercy. Now I have certainty for hope, and what a blessing it is to me !

If you kindly reply, will you permit me to read your letter to about half a dozen friends ?

Were I a younger man, I would again visit the States. I wish much to know you, to profit by your experience in Spiritualism.

With much respect, I am, my dear Sir, yours, very sincerely.

Apparition of a Dog.

The following account of the ghost or apparition of an animal having been seen, is the only case I have ever heard of, and it is well authenticated, as the lady who told the tale to my friend was one of the persons who saw the apparition.

This lady lived in the country, and one day the curate of her parish called on her. This gentleman had a large dog, a great favorite, but from its uncertain temper he was obliged to keep the animal chained up. While the lady was sitting talking to her visitor, she saw the dog enter her gate, and she told its master who was sitting with his back to the window. He could not understand how his dog could be there as he had left him chained. On going to the window they both saw the dog approach the window. It stood steadily looking at its master, and then, as if satisfied with having seen him, turned away toward the gate.

The gentleman instantly took leave saying, he must look after his dog or it would be getting into mischief.

On going outside he called him, but he was nowhere in sight, and his master then went straight home, where he found his dog lying in his kennel and chained, but dead.

Judge Edmonds' Reply.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 5th of October was received in due season, but has remained unanswered thus long because of the state of my health.

Your inquiries covered a broad field, and an attempt on my part to occupy it fully, which I desired to do, I found required more time and labor than my health would allow. I have waited in the hope that it might grow better, but in vain thus far, and now I sit down to write you under the conviction that I cannot do so as fully as I would. I regret this the less, because much of my answer would be but a repetition of what has already been printed. Thus Mrs. Hamilton's inquiry whether "the visions are real pictures or symbolic teachings," is answered again and again, in the very book in which she reads the visions. So your inquiry as to Doctor Hare's conversion is answered in one of my "tracts," which you say you have. And so, as to your inquiry as to there being animals in the Spirit World. You have the fact stated that there are, and I know of nothing more that can be said on the subject. .

It seems to me that your great difficulty is in getting rid of the effect produced on your mind by the teachings to which you were subjected in early life, so that when any new truth comes to you, you measure it by the standard of your preconceived opinions; and instead of permitting the one to uproot the other, you permit them to lie down side by side, and there they keep up a continual conflict. I can appreciate this state of things, for such was at one time my own condition. At length, however, I adopted a new mode of dealing with the matter, so that when anything new came to me, if it did not come in such a way as to enable me to form a definite opinion upon it, I held it in abeyance until enough should be presented; and in the meantime embraced

cordially that which did come in such manner as to enable me to form a satisfactory conclusion.

Thus, on two topics on which you touch, viz., as to whether God has himself ever spoken with man, and why Jesus of Nazareth has not communed more freely, and given a history of his immediate life between twelve and thirty-three years. The first of these must depend upon our conceptions of What is God? When you reflect how difficult, if not impossible, it is for the finite to comprehend the Infinite, you will readily perceive how vague must be our conception of Him, and how, of necessity, no two opinions of Him can be alike, and therefore no man can certify to the satisfaction of another that God has spoken to him directly. So when a spirit came to me, purporting to be Jesus, I could not know that it was him, as I could know and recognize my mother, my wife, or my brother; and when he told me of his nature when here, and his condition there, I could not know it to be true, however consonant I might find it to be with all the other revelations. Therefore, on those topics I hold my opinion in abeyance, but when that spirit told me that two things were to be avoided in this movement—namely, that we should not now worship man as a God, and should not favor sects, I believed and formed a definite opinion, not upon the “authority” of that spirit, but on the conviction of my own reason. I mention these as illustrations of what I mean, and there are very many things that have come to me imperfectly and by piece-meal which I deal with in the same manner, and hold my conclusion in suspense until I get enough to form a definite opinion.

In the meantime, however, there are matters that seem so clear and so distinct, that I can and do form a firm and settled opinion. Thus when spirits of those whom I have known intimately in this life, come to me and identify themselves to me by appeals to all my senses and my consciousness, I can know that they live beyond the grave, and I can

reason and believe that if they so live, I shall. So when I become satisfied that those spirits can commune with me, and convey their thoughts to me as in life, I can reason and believe that they can make known to me what is the nature of the life which they and I shall lead after this on earth is done. Here, then, are two important truths on which I can have a definite opinion—which I may know; and on that knowledge I can shape my life here, and that without being disturbed by my incapacity to comprehend the nature of God, by the ignorance of the exact character of the mission of Jesus, or by the rejected dogmas of any religion—Pagan, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Christian.

From all of them I can gather something of value, for I believe they have all been permitted for a purpose, and have come—the one better than its predecessor, because of man's progress in the capacity to receive what is higher and better. I look out then on all that is around me—on the revelations of the past, and the present, for a rule to guide my life here so as properly to shape my life hereafter. To that end, what matters it whether they have railroad, wheat and animals in the Spirit World? To know certainly that those things are to be found there, requires a far more intimate knowledge of what we are there than has yet been revealed to us. Revelations of that character are now constantly coming. Enough has already come to enable us to understand that some in the other life are almost as material as we are in this; and that others are so sublimated and spiritualized as to be incomprehensible to us with our present faculties and powers; and that between these two extremes the variety of condition is, if not infinite, at least inconceivable. So far is that true, that I may well say, that in all my experience, I have never known two spirits exactly alike.

There is very much for us yet to learn, very much yet to be revealed to us, before we arrive at the point of finding no difficulty in our way of comprehending the future life.

Take this as an illustration: We are told that there is a condition of existence beyond the spiritual into which we pass by a second death. See how broad a field of inquiry is opened to us by this fact! Is that which we may call the celestial the last stage of existence into which we are to pass? What is its nature? When and how do we enter it? etc., etc.

Recollect that we are dealing with Infinity and Eternity—an infinity of existence—an eternity of progress, and let us be admonished that we must wait for a higher condition of progress before we can hope to be able to comprehend.

In the meantime, what does it become us to do? Shall we stumble over all the obstacles which the effete religions of the past have put in our way? Shall we measure the new truths that are proffered to us by the exploded notions of that past? Shall we waste our efforts in inquiries into matters not essential to our progress, and not possible for us, at present at least, satisfactorily to solve? Or shall we rather devote ourselves earnestly to the pressing and important questions: Is there a future life? What is that life, and how are we to prepare for it?

I have chosen the latter path. Looking out for the object and purpose of this extraordinary movement of to-day, I see the blind superstition of the ninth and tenth centuries overthrown, and succeeded by the rampant Infidelity of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and now I see both those conditions yielding to the benign influence of a movement which is broadcast throughout the whole earth—not confined to Christendom alone, but conferring upon all people the happyfying and elevating knowledge of a future life.

Am I extravagant in holding this to be more important than all other inquiries? Am I fanatical in devoting to this topic all my faculties and awaiting in humble submission for the time when farther revelations can be made, and my capacity be so increased that I can receive them?

Upon this subject a great deal has been already given to the world—not so much in our periodical literature as in independent works, and more is constantly coming. I enclose you a slip cut from a newspaper, which will tend to give you some idea of what I mean, and of the direction which minds in this country are taking on this momentous subject.

I repeat my regret at having so long delayed my answer to your letter. Believe me, it has been owing rather to circumstances beyond my control than to any indifference to you or the subject of your letter. Truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1872.

P. S.—So much time has elapsed since my letter was begun and dated that I have an opportunity of supplying an omission which I have only now discovered on reading it over. It is this: That in the books mentioned in the “enclosed slip,” and in my two volumes (which you say you have), and particularly in Sections 62 and 63, of Vol. II., you will find answers to many of your questions, to answer which here, and in detail, would require more space and labor than I can now devote to the task. J. W. E.

December 30, 1872.

SLIP FROM THE “BANNER OF LIGHT.”

Judge Edmonds' Views in General.

Very early in my investigations into the phenomena of spiritual intercourse I imbibed the idea that its great end and aim was to reveal to us what was the life into which we were to pass from this earth-life, and in that was to be found its great blessing to mankind. About that time it was that I said to one of the archbishops of this country,

that, if it was true, it was destined to overthrow all the ideas or conceptions of the future life which modern Christianity was teaching, and to substitute something natural and comprehensible in place of the strange, mysterious, supernatural existence which that religion was describing.

Aware how deep-seated and wide-spread was this erroneous conception of the future throughout all Christendom, and knowing how slow a process it ever had been to change in the masses the notions which ages had sanctified by their adoption, I did not dream that I should live to see the day when this grand result should be attained.

I knew that the first step in the work would be to convince the world of the actuality of the intercourse, and that that, of itself, would be a tremendous task, because it would have to contend with our fear of ghosts, our abhorrence of witchcraft, our contempt for astrology, the superstition of theology, and the wide-spread infidelity which had ranged the majority of all Christendom in the ranks of those who doubted, if they did not actually disbelieve in the existence of any life beyond this. And it was very evident that to bring that about would require thousands of manifestations and much time—time not only for their reception, in the first instance, but for their diffusion abroad among men. I readily saw, therefore, that our first publications must be devoted to the manifestations, in the chief degree, if not exclusively; and I did not suppose that the time would arrive, in my days upon the earth, when our spiritual literature would extend beyond the first step, and occupy itself with the grander objects of this extraordinary movement. I knew that it would come in due time; but, judging from the history of the past ages, and the progress of former reforms in religion, I supposed that decades, if not centuries, would be necessary for the attainment of that end.

I had frequent conferences upon the subject with the

spirits who seemed to have the control and direction of the movement, and I found them much more sanguine than I was as to the rapidity of the effect upon the minds of men ; and therefore it was, that, after some ten or twelve years' operations with the physical manifestations—sometimes in most extraordinary forms—they informed me of their intention to withdraw them in a great measure, and thenceforth to direct their attention rather to the mental manifestations ; and they gave as their reason for so doing, that those manifestations were rather tending to pander to the love of the marvellous than to produce that conviction of the reality of an intercourse with the Spirit World, which lay at the very foundation of the reception of the intended revelation of what that future was.

Hence it has been—in this country, at least—that, for the last six or eight years, the intercourse has been and is now directed chiefly to the intellect and the emotions rather than, as formerly, to the senses ; the object being to convince the reason of the possibility and even the probability of an intercourse with the unseen world, and to satisfy the inquirer that his senses were bearing true testimony to his understanding.

Still, I thought that so much time would be required even for this second stage of the movement, that I should not live to see much done toward the final object in view. I rejoice, however, beyond description, to find that I was mistaken, and to perceive that, even in my day, our literature is rapidly assuming the form originally designed for it ; and my object now is to call the attention of Spiritualists to the fact.

I have observed all the way through, from the very first advent of the manifestations among us, and even when they assumed their most physical form, that every once in a while something would be said calculated to give us some idea—some faint notion of the nature of the future ; and I at one time hoped that I might gather together the scattered frag-

ments from the broad field over which they were flung, and present them as a whole to my fellow-men. But I was told that the time had not yet come for the work, and I fully realized my own incapacity for its proper performance.

There was another consideration impressed upon me throughout, which was this: The spirits who were engaged in this work told me at an early day that they were determined now to avoid the error which had been fallen into eighteen hundred years ago, and would not now, as in those days, concentrate all their powers in one person, so as, by their marvellous character, to induce an uninstructed age to worship man instead of God; and they should also diffuse those powers among many people, and broadcast all over the world; and in order to avoid the formation of sects, which had for ages been a curse to mankind, they would now take care that no one person should, under any circumstances, have an undue pre-eminence over his fellows in the work, and thereby give to one mind a rule over many.

I have, therefore, waited patiently and watched narrowly for the progress of events—for the approach of the anticipated result; and it seems to me that its advent is now upon us. Four works have lately been published, which seem to me to be significant thereof. I do not mean that there are only four among the great number of spiritual books, but there are four whose most distinctive character is in that direction.

The first one is Sweet's "Future Life," published by Wm. White & Co., Boston, early in 1869, and now gone to its second edition. It is devoted entirely to accounts of what is the "Future Life," and to a detail of the experience of many who have entered it.

Among those whose experience is thus given is Mrs. Hemans, Margaret Fuller, Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Voltaire, Woolsey, Richelieu, the Mechanic, the Preacher, the Drunkard, the Orphan Boy, the Man of Ease and Fashion, the Self-

satisfied, the Cynic, the Slave, the Queen, the Miser, the Erring One, the Idler, the Beggar, the Skeptic, the Convict, the Dying Girl, the Foolish Mother, the Disobedient Son.

All of these persons profess to give an account of their entrance into the "Future Life," and what they then and afterward found it be; and when we consider that there is no other mode conceivable by us of our receiving the information, except from those who have gone there, I am sure I do not overvalue the importance of the Revelation.

The second work to which I refer is "Strange Visitors," by a Clairvoyant, published by Carlton in 1869; republished by Wm. White & Co., Boston, in 1871. It contains communications of a literary character from Henry J. Raymond, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Irving, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Browning, N. P. Willis, Frederika Bremer; on science, from Prof. Olmstead, Humboldt, Sir David Brewster, Buckle, Prof. Mitchell and Dr. John W. Francis; on dramatic topics, from the Elder Booth and Burton; on art, from Charles L. Elliott and Gilbert Stewart; on theology, from Archbishop Hughes, and Lyman Beecher, Prof. Bush, and John Wesley; and on government, from Bonaparte and Edward Everett.

These various topics are touched upon, not merely as they are on the earth, but also as they are found to exist in the life beyond the grave, and some of the articles are intensely interesting.

Thus, as to the drama, Booth says: "The gift of speaking, and of representing individualities separate from our own identity, is a spiritual gift decidedly; and with us theatres and amphitheatres are as numerous as churches are with you."

As to theology, Wesley, speaking of the progress of Spiritualism, says: "Then the primitive Church of Christ will be revived again upon earth, simple and unostentatious; its creed will be the creed of Jesus Christ, the brotherhood

of man and the love of God for his children." This creed, you perceive, embraces the whole of the Spiritualistic faith, which is causing these great changes throughout the Church of Christ on earth. Lyman Beecher, after declaring that experience in spirit life had caused him to change his opinions, adds, "I see now that Beecher, Spurgeon, and a vast host of others, are teaching human souls the great truths which will fit them for life hereafter. I have done now with endeavoring to solve improbable problems, and with simple faith in man's efforts for his own progression, I give my testimony as to the uses of the Sabbath, and the advantages of religion in advancing their progress and in preparing the spirit for its future home."

Professor Bush declares that "The soul passes through many stages of existence in the process of refinement. The next state of existence to the material I term the spiritual, and the one beyond that the celestial, and beyond that, the seraphic."

"With us the transmigration is not veiled in darkness and mystery, as with you. We can see the spirit emerge from its old casement more ethereal than ourselves, but still visible, and we can hold communion with it."

Everett says, as to government: "An unlimited monarchy is not known in the Spirit World." "The one-man power is incompatible with spiritual laws." "In the government of the Spirit World every man can rise, and become for a space of time, the patriarchal dictator of a republic." "The prevailing form of our republic differs from that of the American republic in many particulars. Our term of office is shorter than with you; our directors are our fathers." "The inhabitants of the Spirit World are divided and sub-divided into associations or bodies, which, in your world, would be termed nations and states." "The emperor or dictator is chosen by the people," etc., etc.

The third work to which I desire to direct attention is the

"Arcana of Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle, published in 1870.

This work is professedly that of communing spirits. The writer says he is but an amanuensis, writing that which is revealed to him, and claims to have "faithfully, carefully, and conscientiously presented his impressions as they have been given to him by his masters, the invisible spirits."

The work commences with a general statement of principles, intensely interesting, and giving a fair and full exposition of what Spiritualism claims to be. For instance, it says: "Man is a duality—a physical structure and a spirit. The spirit is an organized form, evolved by and out of the physical body, having corresponding organs and developments."

"This spiritual being is immortal."

"Death is the separation of this duality, and effects no change in the spirit, morally or intellectually."

"The spirit holds the same relations to the Spirit World that man holds to physical nature."

"The spirit there, as here, works out its own salvation, receiving the reward of well-doing, and suffering for wrongful action."

"Salvation is attainable only through growth."

"There is no arbitrary law, final judgment, or atonement for wrong, except through the suffering of the guilty."

"The knowledge, attainment, and experience of the earth-life, form the basis of the spirit-life."

"Progressive evolution of intellectual and moral power is the endless destiny of individual spirits."

"The spirits are often near those they love, and strive to warn, protect, and influence them."

"Their influence may be for evil as well as for good."

"Communications from spirits must, then, be fallible, partaking of the nature of their source."

"Spiritualism encourages the loftiest spiritual aspirations,

energizes the soul by presenting only exalted motives, prompts to highest endeavors, and inculcates noble self-reliance. It frees man from the bondage of 'authority' of book or creed. Its only authority is truth—its interpreter reason."

"It seeks for a whole and complete cultivation of man—physically, morally, and intellectually."

It is to the elucidation of these principles that this work—a volume of 450 pages—is directed. It is—all of it—well worth the perusal, and particularly its seventeenth chapter, treating of "The Spirit's Home."

There is still another work to notice in this connection, viz.: "Real Life in the Spirit Land," given through Mrs. Maria M. King, and published by Wm. White & Co. in 1870. Vol. I.

In this work is given, among other things, the experience in the spirit-life of one who died from starvation in prison, in the seventeenth century; and of a mother, who was herself a slave, married to a slave who was sold away from her, and who had given birth to three children, who also were slaves; an account of the condition and education of children in the Spirit World; "a chapter in the life of a poet," looking marvellously like an autobiography of Shelley; the pauper's resurrection; the condition of a depraved spirit, of the inebriate, the gambler and the murderer; of a miser, smarting under the reflection of the good he had left undone, from his sordid love of gold; of a mother who by her own unworthiness was separated from her child; and an account of the mode of instruction designed to fit the spirit for an upward progression, "no means being left untried to aid the progress of the lower grade of spirits, who are so emphatically the dependents of the higher." All calculated to show how infinite is the variety of spirit-life, and yet how consonant it all is at once with our instincts and our reason.

In calling attention to these works, I repeat that I do not

mean to be understood as implying that they are the only ones devoted to this topic, or that they are the best yet given to the public. I am aware of others whose teachings on the same subject are as valuable. In my own two volumes, published seventeen years ago, there is much kindred matter, and probably there is no spiritual work that does not contain more or less of it. But what I mean to say is, that I rejoice to see thus begun the work of concentrating within accessible limits the revelations that are being made to us of the immortal life beyond the grave, and my object is to point out to the inquiring minds that are stirring all around us, where they can most readily approach such concentration.

I am fully aware how vast is the quantity of such revelations already made to man from the Spirit World—some of it only resting in the memory of the recipients; but much, very much of it already reduced to writing, and prepared for preservation and distribution to the world. Whether it will, like the Jewish Bible or the Christian's Testament, ever be concentrated into a single work, can not now well be divined. But we may well entertain the hope—nay the firm conviction—that if that ever does come to pass, the book will never be received as “authority,” binding man to a belief that he can not comprehend, but as an appeal to his head and his heart, to be received or rejected as the intellect or conscience may direct.

SECTION 62 OF VOL. 2 ON SPIRITUALISM, REFERRED TO IN THE
PRECEDING CORRESPONDENCE.

WEST ROXBURY, *August 23, 1854.*

The circle met, and through me it was said :

“I am beholding the internal organization of a community in the Spirit World.

“I am beholding the locality which they occupy, and it is a place, as much as any we occupy on earth, having all

the material surroundings which we have here, with its mountains, fields, and vegetation, with its animals and its residences. It seems, in many respects, like an earthly scene, yet with additions, new appliances, and attributes necessary to and flowing from a superior refinement and development of matter. Thus, I observe that some of this matter is transparent; so, too, I see that locomotion is sometimes by the use of the limbs as with us, sometimes by floating slowly through the air, and at others by darting with lightning speed from place to place. So, I see, what seem to be clouds, having the form and shape of what we behold in our atmosphere, but which are, in fact, aggregations or banks of light. So, too, I perceive that the light resting upon the scene, varying in hue and intensity, in different places, is not an emanation from a material ball like our sun, but is produced, self-generated, by every inhabitant of that locality—the hue of the light, which is emitted from each one varying according to the predominant feeling or propensity of each individual, and commingling with that of others, producing an endless variety and ever-changing colors. So, too, I perceive novelties to me hitherto unseen, and unimagined existences in man, in animals, and in inanimate matter.

“Thus I see corruscations of light unlike anything we witness here, too brilliant and intense, and too delicate and refined, to be perceptible to the mortal senses; and I behold in inanimate matter, many things which I cannot stop to describe, which are unlike anything ever beheld on earth, and which, I am told, are created for the purpose of contributing to the happiness and enjoyment of the sentient beings around.

“The air, the water, the earth, the living, moving beings have all of them attributes and properties unknown to us on earth, but which seem to be necessary to and commensurate with a more refined and elevated state of existence.

"I give a sketch thus general of what is before me, because I am so situated that I have a bird's eye view of this whole community and its surroundings, and I am told by the Guiding Spirit (who, I am told, is Howard, the philanthropist) who stands by my side, thus to behold as a whole, and not permit my attention to be drawn to individual or isolated things.

He says to me: "Can you convey to mortal minds a just conception of that which you behold here, and especially that which you, on earth, call space and distance? You measure that on earth by a standard peculiar to your condition there, and you can readily perceive by what a different standard you must measure it here. Thus, for instance, you perceive those buildings stand apart from each other—you would say, by your earthly standard—a few rods apart. Can you conceive or describe how far apart, measured by our standard? To make yourself understood, speak then the language, and use terms and phrases with which you are familiar. That will be enough to convey your ideas, and leave the reality to be appreciated by you when you arrive here and find yourself sufficiently elevated to comprehend the new state of things to which you will be introduced."

This spirit further says: "I see you are asking in your mind, why have buildings here—houses and residences—where there seem to be none of those atmospheric changes which render them necessary on earth? Let me ask you in reply: Do your mansions contribute to your happiness and enjoyment only by protecting you from the changes of your earthly atmosphere? Why is it, when the air is balmy and pleasant, and you require no roof to cover you from its influence; why, in the pleasant twilight of your day, or in the soft moonlight of your night; why, when the temperature is just at that standard when it is most grateful to you, do you still cluster together in your mansions and form a happy group around your hearthstone, rather than wander away

alone, enjoying the nature that surrounds you? It is because that in the idea of home and its associations there is something pleasant to the human heart. That pleasure lives with us in the spheres, and is not dropped with that outer garment which required protection from the weather.

"During the intensity of sultry heat, during the peltings of the storm, amid the icy chills of the northern blasts, your material bodies might demand the protection of a house; and if that was all there was about a house, or its uses or advantages, you might well ask, why have houses in the spheres? But as those moments when a house is a protection for the material body, are but few in comparison with the period of time during which you are otherwise enjoying your homes, so it cannot be difficult for you to conceive that a mansion can contribute something more to man's happiness than merely shielding him from the weather.

"Turn your mind back some forty years in your material life, and see how much happiness you derive from the recollection of the happy hours you spent in your father's house—see what memories cluster around you—and how effectively they can protect you, at this moment even, from the corrodings of present cares and anxieties. Step across the grave, and think you! that these memories die and are lost to you? And do you not perceive that in those memories is involved a source of happiness, connected with your earthly home, that is something more than mere protection from the weather?

"Turn your mind back," he says "to some of the scenes which you have yourself witnessed in the Spirit Land. Why did the hunter and his Indian companion erect their log cabin under that grateful shade, nestling near that overhanging rock, by the side of that bubbling spring and in view of that dense forest? It was because it recalled the

recollection of their happy home on earth. And be it ever remembered that in the MEMORY IS YOUR HEAVEN OR YOUR HELL.

"In the spheres as on earth, the rustling of the leaves, the dropping of the water over the little fall, the footstep of the approaching Indian were in themselves comparatively nothing; but as they carried the memory back over the vista of many happy years that had passed, they filled the heart with happiness, and brought up from its deepest depths, feelings of gratitude and love toward Him who had permitted, and toward them who had shared that happiness. Think, for one moment, how entirely the nature, the habits, the propensities, the deep-seated feelings of those two beings, which, by time, became engrafted into their very existence, must have been changed to have enabled them to have found happiness in any other form—that happiness which is the end and object of Spirit life.

"As on earth, so in the spheres, God bestows upon man the freedom to choose his own path to happiness. And as no two beings are constituted precisely alike, so no two find their happiness in precisely the same objects or occupations. Variety—infinite, unbounded, illimitable as space and enduring as eternity—is marked upon all God's works, and is overpowering evidence of the extent of His might and the depths of His wisdom. And that variety is found not only in the form of creation, but in its never-ceasing action and motion.

"Proceed yet another step in the retrospection of your visits here. Why, the beautiful gardens, the fragrant flowers, the grateful light, the pleasing variety of scenes that were spread out before you and unfolded to your view? That they might contribute to man's happiness, and by their infinite variety afford aliment to every heart. And pray tell me if you will not consent to this form of existence in the Spirit World, in what shape you will present it? What other

form can it assume that can in any way connect it with your life on earth ?

“Why was the mansion occupied by your spirit companion here, so like that in which she had taken her departure from your earth ? Her life here was but a continuance of that which had begun with you, and he who will read the human heart can easily appreciate the feelings which prompted her to cluster around her home in the Spirit World the memories which had formed so great a part of her previous existence. The change in her must have been marvellous, and unlike anything we know of in nature, that would have taken away from her the pleasure of those memories ; and even the statue of penitence which was placed among that shrubbery pointed to the past and to the future more than it did to the present ; for the reason that man, from his very nature, that nature which is divine in its origin and in its destiny, and which elevates him above the animal creation, *lives and enjoys more in the past and the future than in the present.*

“So, too, in your travels through the spirit land, in one place you found a castle tenanted by those who took pleasure in magnificence. Near it you saw the humble cot occupied by those of a different temperament, who found happiness in quiet and in obscurity.

“In one place you found a mansion surrounded by stately trees, because its inhabitants found pleasure in their grateful shades. In another, instead of trees, you saw an unshaded garden, filled with flowers and shrubs, and the thousand things that go to make up a beautiful parterre, and that was because its proprietors thus enjoyed themselves. You found one man toiling in a peculiar task for the purpose of elevating his fellow-man to his own condition of happiness. You beheld all the members of a family laboring together for the good of a whole community. These things were so because they thus found their happiness.

“ You saw evidences of advance in the arts and sciences. You heard music, vocal and instrumental. You saw teachers engaged in giving instruction. You saw communities engaged in consultations—because in all these things they found their happiness, and that variety which is stamped on all of God’s creations.

“ Why! You saw wild animals coursing through the woods and birds floating in the air. You heard the murmur of the running brook. You beheld the spray of the sparkling fountain. Nay! you saw, and as in your earthly life you used the gallant horse, because in those things happiness and enjoyment are found.

“ And while in these—as it were earthly objects—you discovered there was enjoyment in the Spirit Land, so too you beheld that these objects were ever lifting the heart in gratitude to the Bounteous Giver of All, and were but the means by which the soul was elevated to the contemplation of scenes and existences still higher, still more elevated, still more bright and beautiful, which were in their daily view. And amid it all—from the sea shell which rattled beneath your feet, though all nature, animate and inanimate, which surrounded you up to the bright and shining worlds, flashing in the far distance—you beheld that the beatified spirits who inhabited them were ever learning the important lesson that God is over all.

“ Boundless in His love, illimitable in His wisdom, he has bestowed upon man the capacity to live with Him forever, and has endowed him with the ability to understand and obey the law by which that existence can be made happy. And throughout all this, you have beheld the demonstration of the momentous truth THAT EXISTENCE IN THE SPHERES IS BUT A CONTINUANCE OF THAT ON EARTH, AND LIFE ON EARTH IS BUT A PREPARATION FOR THAT IN THE SPHERES !”

"In giving to man a revelation so important as that which embraces a knowledge of the reality of the life into which he is to be ushered, the spirits, as the ministering servants of Infinite Wisdom, have entered upon their task with a full knowledge of the difficulties which attend not only its being given, but its reception by man. Conflicting as that reality does with the crude, vague, and fanciful ideas which have so long obtained in men's minds, they are conscious how much error is to be unlearned before the truth can be welcomed; and they are aware that much time must elapse before the mortal mind will fully receive the momentous truth. Intangible, imperceptible to the senses on which man has been taught to rely for his knowledge, the difficulty of working out a conviction of the truth has not been overlooked by them. They do not ask that this revelation shall be received as authority, but they appeal to man's reason; they ask the exercise of his judgment; they direct your mind to all of nature that is around you, and they bid you behold how consistent this revelation is with every manifestation of nature in all her works; and they rejoice that it is not through the lips of one alone, but of many, that it can be given. They have approached their task with a realizing sense of its vast importance to man. Ages have rolled away while he was being prepared to receive it. Sparsely, and at long intervals, has Divine truth been given to him—here a little and there a little—while his mental capacity has been growing up to the ability to receive it. At length the hour has come, so long anxiously waited for by spirits in the spheres; and now that it is given, many a heart, while it is lifted up in thankfulness to God, trembles lest man in his darkness may yet once again reject it.

"The event is in His hands, but as His ministering servants do we toil. We may plant and we may water, but it is He alone who can give the increase. To Him we com-

mend you, and the divine cause in which you are engaged. And to Him we pray that in His fitting time He may bestow on weak, faltering man the capacity to receive a truth which can elevate him so high in his onward progress to the Godhead, and so prepare him for the mighty destiny that is before him."

THE FUNERAL OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

Full particulars of the sepulture are given in the *Banner of Light* of April 18th. The Rev. Dr. Tyng of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York officiated, being an old friend of the deceased. In his remarks he said, "Before the death of my venerable and beloved friend I received from him a request to officiate on this mournful occasion. Although for several years I have met him only occasionally, I never saw him but I felt that I was with a genial, tender, sympathising friend." The Episcopal (Church of England) service was used. A large number of prominent Spiritualists were present. The coffin was massive, velvet-covered, silver-trimmed, and on the lid was an anchor, a wreath, and a cross elaborately formed of flowers; also a plate bearing the words: "JOHN WORTH EDMONDS, died April 5th, 1874, aged 75 years." The body was taken by steamboat to Hudson for interment in accordance with directions written by the Judge on his seventy-fifth birthday, on the 13th of March, just a few days before his death. The following is a copy—"I wish to be buried in Hudson, in the same grave with my wife—not by her side, but in the same grave—that our ashes may mingle and become one earth, as our souls will be one in the spirit-world. In the monument to her memory, erected there by the Bar of New York, there are two vacant spaces left purposely for me. In one of them I want this inscription:

JOHN WORTH EDMONDS.

Born in Hudson, 13th March, 1799.

Died in —, —, 187—.

On the other hand I want simply these words:

Death joins the ties

Which death destroys."

In the same number of the *Banner of Light* is printed a message from Judge Edmonds spoken through the lips of Mrs. Conant, trance-medium at the free public circle, *Banner Rooms*, on Thursday April 9th, being four days after the Judge's decease. The allusion to the "Catholic Church" will be noticeable, and seems to require some explanation, which indeed is furnished by the message itself. Spiritualism is a spiritual Catholic Church—an universal faith, in the enjoyment of which the grandest union of numbers, and yet the most absolute freedom of individuality may be exercised.

MESSAGE FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

I suppose it would be impossible for me to make you understand, should I make the attempt, the mingled feelings of pleasure and pain that possess my spirit on coming here to-day; pleasure, because I am demonstrating the fact to my own soul that I can come, and that the faith of all my later years was something more than a myth—was a divine reality, founded upon the eternal rock of the ages, old as God Himself; pain, because I am aware of the many obstacles that present themselves between the giver and the receiver of these truths to dam up the river of life, to shut out the flood of light and render insipid what is all alive with infinite truth. I am also pained because of the many, many souls that are wandering in darkness concerning this great truth, many who would be glad to know whether it is true or false, who are standing upon the brink, scarcely daring to believe it, in fear that they may be mistaken, and, in losing their hold upon the old, may have nothing whatever to lean upon. I am pained for them, pained to know that they cannot move because of the weakness that possesses them, because of the humanity that enfolds them with its finite conditions. To me, the return of departed spirits and their power to communicate with mortals was something more than a faith, even before death; it was absolute knowledge; and, on entering upon my new home in the spirit-world, I found nothing strange, nothing absolutely new, nothing but what I had seen before and had been made familiar with. I had been there again and again, and my spirit was familiar with the home that was prepared for me; so, for me there was no homesickness. I left an earthly home and a body through which I had suffered most intensely, and, although it had served me well, even through suffering, I could not say I was sorry to part with it. I could only look at it and say, "Good-by, old friend. I am going on now to find new friends; and you? you will go back to the elements of Nature and be worked over into a better and finer form, and will serve some one else, no doubt, far better than you have served me, although you have done well for me."

So, with a farewell I passed on with the happy group of friends that had come to welcome me; and now, agreeably to promises, many of them made before death, I am here to announce that there is another life, that my faith was a reality, founded upon a truth old as God Himself, and that the spiritual philosophy is destined to overwhelm all else, and finally to join hands with the Catholic religion, and go on to cleanse the race of superstition, of spiritual ignorance and priestly bigotry. Spiritualism will rid the Catholic church of its bigotry; the Catholic church will do something for Spiritualism; and the two great powers, joined in one, will be a power on earth that shall be felt even unto the highest heaven. This will come as a necessity of the race. Whenever souls have need of great reforms, God gives them. Spiritualism has come in answer to the needs of human souls, and out of Spiritualism shall grow something diviner, grander, higher, purer, that all can realise, that the lowest and the highest can and will embrace; not one shall be left outside to say, "Wherefore am I left to mourn alone?" I know I shall outrage the feeling of some of my friends by this declaration, *but it is the truth*, which I am here to speak, and not to waive.

JOHN. W. EDMONDS,

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For several years the most active promoters of the spiritual movement have aided the Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution in creating a popular literature on the subject by depositing to current account various sums of money, to be taken out, at a special price, in such useful works as might be issued from time to time. This system has been somewhat extended in the case of the "Dialectical Report"—a 15s. book which, when re-edited and pruned of redundant matter, was a better book than in the original form, and was sold to subscribers at one-sixth of the cost. By this plan nearly 3000 copies were put immediately into circulation—a work which could not have been effected in the old way by years of advertising and the expenditure of four times the money.

The "Memorial Edition of Judge Edmonds's Letters on Spiritualism" furnishes another example in which, on the subscription principle, each participator obtained one or more copies of a valuable work at less than half the price charged for the cheapest department of literature.

The "Researches" of Mr. Crookes are also being issued on the same plan, and when complete the work will be offered at about one-third of previous prices.

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In establishing the "Progressive Literature Publication Fund" two objects are held in view: I. The production, and, II. The distribution of valuable works of universal interest in such a manner that the expenditure of any given sum of money will produce the greatest result. To be successful in the economical production and diffusion of literature it must first be stated what items increase the price of books, and then means may be employed which will lessen expenses and secure cheap works. The first and inevitable item is the cost of producing the books; then there is the author's interest therein, or copyright; thirdly, interest on capital; fourthly, publisher's profit, or working expenses; fifthly, the cost of advertising; and sixthly, discounts to the retail trade. By the principle of unity of interests and mutual co-operation now proposed these expenses may be reduced about one half.

I.—As to Production.

(a) *Cost of getting out a Book.*—This depends much on the number printed. Every depositor or prospective purchaser in obtaining other purchasers cheapens the book to himself. The manager, having a thorough knowledge of the printing and publishing business, can produce works as cheap as any house in the trade.

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(c) *Capital.*—This is the screw that keeps down all truly progressive enterprises. By the present plan Spiritualists and others becoming depositors may hold the screw in their own hands. Every depositor is a proprietor without any further risk than the amount of his deposit, and the risk in that respect is *nil*, as the publishing department has lately been supplied with an augmentation of capital to cover all its usual engagements.

(d) *Working Expenses.*—These are in all cases limited to the bare necessities of the case. The "Dialectical Report" and the "Memorial Edition of Judge Edmond's Works" are instances of wonderfully cheap books after the working expenses have been fully added. The more extended the circulation of any book, and the more frequently new books appear, the less will the working expenses be in proportion. The position which the publishing department of the Spiritual Institution now commands, after twelve years' standing, renders it the most eligible channel for the publication of Progressive works in the eastern hemisphere.

Depositors have full advantage of this position in associating themselves with this work. The same capital placed in any other house would not realise one half of the results. All prestige, copyrights, stereo-plates, engravings, and property whatsoever, are freely placed side by side with the contributions of the smallest depositor to produce a result in which all shall mutually participate.

II.—Distribution.

(e) *Advertising*.—This essential service can be chiefly performed through the organs of the Institution, and by prospectuses and placards to be used by depositors or their agents, the cost of which may be included in "working expenses."

(f) *Trade Discounts*.—These would be entirely saved; and depositors could even supply the trade on the usual terms and have a good profit.

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7th.—These advantages are offered to foreigners as well as to residents in the British Islands.

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