

E. Abbot, Jr.

from

the Author.

4
SPIRIT WORKS;

REAL BUT NOT MIRACULOUS.

A

LECTURE

READ AT THE CITY HALL IN ROXBURY, MASS.,

ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 21st, 1853.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

BOSTON:

BELA MARSH, No. 25 CORNHILL.

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P R E F A C E .



At the request of more than thirty highly intelligent and respectable gentlemen, my neighbors and friends, the following Lecture was prepared, and on the evening of Sept. 21, 1853, it was read at the City Hall, Roxbury, in the presence of four or five hundred attentive hearers. It was prepared for those who *know me*; and not designed for general circulation.

Not many days elapsed, after its delivery, before there came from Boston, an earnest request that it should be repeated there; and the inquiry has been several times put, whether its author would go to other cities and towns for the purpose of reading to such as might choose to hear. The invitation from Boston has been accepted, for the evening of November 1st, at the Melodeon; but my health and business each forbids extended excursions from home, and forbids the frequent repetition of the physical exertion required for its delivery. Under these circumstances I have decided to put the Lecture in print.

The views here presented will be novel to very many readers, and will not harmonize with their long cherished, fixed, and yet indefinite notions, concerning the condition, powers, and occupations of their departed kindred.

Friends would restrain me, for no one is so blind as not to see that a woval of belief in spirit agency, will be followed by the charge of mental weakness, delusion, or folly. The charge will come not from the weak and wicked alone, but from the wise and devout. It

will come from relatives and friends, kind and sincere. Such avowal therefore will not be made, by the calm considerate mind—excepting upon the evidence furnished through one's own senses, and that repeated over and over again—and weighed well in the mental balances. Even after this process, and when conviction cannot be resisted, there are in most cases circumstances which are allowed to stifle confession. Whether they justify this stifling, each individual must judge in his own case.

There appear to my mind, results too high and noble, involved in these ridiculed rappings and tipplings, to admit of my being deterred by the timid pleadings of worldly policy, or the sneers of those, however wise and kind, *who have seen none of the wonders*, from giving them the limited countenance and favor which my character for truth, sagacity, conservatism and benevolence may afford. What that character is, others must tell:—but let me say that however it may be rated, and however valuable it may be to me, it cannot be worth more than I would gladly pay for the extension of such influences through the world, as promise to flow from the lessons which man is beginning to learn from his elder brothers who have escaped from bondage to the clay, and soared to regions of clearer vision and more accurate knowledge.

When those who wish me well, advise me to refrain from my investigations, their words produce upon me much the same effect, as would be experienced were the devout heathen to beg me not to worship the Christian's God, or believe in Christ as God's best beloved Son, and man's best teacher and guide. The advice is kindly meant, and therefore kindly received; but it is given in absolute ignorance, and therefore is most properly disregarded.

Being unknown to fame, these pages may perhaps fall into the hands of many, who are ignorant of my personal history. For the last ten years my business has been that of a dealer in wood and coal. For the three years next farther back, I blended the labors of the

farmer, the preacher, and the editor of the *New England Farmer*. In the six years from '34 to '40, I mingled preaching, farming and legislating, but devoted my efforts mainly to the removal of extreme dyspepsia which had fastened itself very firmly upon me, carrying me near to the grave, and permanently unfitting me for sedentary pursuits—driving me to more active, out-of-door occupation. Three years prior to that, I was a preacher of the Unitarian order at Augusta, Me., having previously received theological and collegiate education at Cambridge. These statements, or something equivalent, may be due from me to my distant relative but near friend and pastor, Rev. George Putnam—who is *the* Mr. Putnam of Roxbury—and who might perchance be charged, abroad, with the offence of being author of so unclerical a work as this. The chief reason however for this egotistical sketch, is to show, that the mind which composed the following Lecture, however feeble and credulous it may be deemed, has yet enjoyed fair opportunities; has necessarily studied the simpler principles, at least, of physical, intellectual, theological and political science; and has often been called upon to weigh evidence and deduce conclusions. Whatever power and skill that mind possesses, were most strenuously and perseveringly applied, in the outset, to reason around or away from the opinion that spirits can and do work the wonders that are now seen and heard. But the facts—yes, the *facts*—were too plain and stubborn, to be either covered up or broken down. Once seen, they would, in spite of all old notions, keep before the mental vision; there they would persistently stand, distinct and strong, and would teach over and over again that there was something speaking as never man spake; that there was some hidden intelligence conveying its thoughts to me.

What then must be my course? It was neither manly, Christian, nor pious, to deny a conviction which the *facts*, that my own eyes and ears were witnessing, forced upon the mind. Delay, until assurance should become doubly sure, might be admissible. And not until an

entire year of the most faithful scrutiny, reflection and re-reflection, had passed, did it seem best to avow belief.

But at length—as a duty to God, to good angels, and to man, it was made—made without reserve—without qualification. I believed at first, because I could not honestly—no—nor even dishonestly help believing. The conviction came and stuck—and still sticks—and long may it continue to stick, for it is fraught with the richest, holiest, calmest thoughts and feelings which my mind has ever cherished, or in which my soul has ever bathed.

Reader, I ask not that you should believe because I do. But whenever there shall be opportunity, let me trust you will calmly look at *facts*, and follow wherever these heaven-born guides shall lead. Should they bring you to faith in spiritualism—in doing that, they will, *if such be your wish*, let you see and feel that there are helping hands and heavenward attractions, in those invisible witnesses around, who

“Hold *thee* in full survey.”

ALLEN PUTNAM.

Roxbury, Oct. 20th, 1853.

LECTURE.

IN compliance with an invitation from many of you, my friends, it is expected that I shall speak concerning "what are called, *spirit manifestations*."

This subject has attracted such extensive attention, and has taken such hold of very many minds, as to give it fair and urgent claims to be *investigated*. It is time that somebody should begin to *examine well* and to speak. Most of those men who have been at all trained to public speaking, sustain such public relations and duties, as debar them from free and fair examination, and consequently form satisfactory conclusions. *They* are not yet ready to speak—and not ready, for good and sufficient reasons,—they have had no suitable opportunity for investigation and reflection. But it happens that I hold no public station, have no literary or scientific fame to mar or lose, and no parishioners to dog my steps and growl out their discontent, if I swerve a little this way or that from the old ruts worn by the wheels of by-gone ages. In coming here, I seem to put little at stake beyond my character for *mental soundness*—unless, perchance, you should happen to suspect that coal from the wharf of a spiritualist would contain an undue infusion of *sulphur*; or opine

that invisible helps would lift the scale-beam too soon. On these points I trust you.

On an afternoon of July, 1852, an invitation was given me to go to a room fifteen or twenty rods from my wharf, and see a "spiritual medium." The invitation was accepted; and when arrived at the place, I found seven or eight of my neighbors, intelligent business men and mechanics, all ready to be my associate witnesses. We, all mutually acquainted, and yet strangers to the medium, set out the table, placed ourselves around it, and invited the medium to draw up and complete the circle. The entertainment was absolutely new to all of us, save one; and judging the others by myself, and by conversation held with them shortly after, I think there was little faith in any of us when we entered the room, that there would be any thing exhibited that we should be much puzzled to account for. Though disposed to be civil and courteous towards the young lady—medium—we were also as much disposed to find out whether she snapped her toes, or used concealed machinery. Seven or eight pair of eyes, having no particular sympathy with her or her operations, watched her narrowly for more than an hour in broad daylight, and with a purpose to detect imposition, if any should be attempted. We had been seated but a short time before raps were distinctly heard, apparently on the surface of the table before us, where no visible rapping power appeared. One after another of us, in turn around the table, asked for spirit friends. Sometimes there were raps in apparent response to the questions, and sometimes not. Once, and I think twice, a tune was very well drummed upon

the table before us, though visible drum-sticks were wanting. The other witnesses who were then present will excuse me if I omit particular notice of what came to them, and dwell rather minutely upon what there happened to myself. I do this, because it was in my own case only that I could have accurate knowledge of *the state of mind, in the person to whom the communication was being addressed*, which is an important point.

When, in turn it belonged to me to put a question, I asked—Have I a spirit friend here? (Three raps) Yes. Will you spell out your relationship? Yes. Then I took into *my own hands* the alphabet and pencil, and watched closely as possible *my own mental operations*. In answer to a mental question put by myself to myself—viz: Who among my departed relatives can it be? I thought of two grand-parents, two brothers, two sisters and two wives, as making up the circle from which I should most likely be addressed, if any one of them could address me. Then with the words brother, grandfather, sister and wife distinctly in my mind, (and as well as I can determine, my good old grandfather being the most prominent) I began to put the pencil upon the letters, and at B—brother, listened for a rap, but none came; passing on from letter to letter, at G—grandfather, I dwelt longer than upon the others, and by a glance at the medium tried to convey a hint that that was the place for a sound, but none came. Much the same was done at S, and with the same result. But I had hardly reached W, before the three sounds were heard; and soon the word *wife* was spelt entire.

Having been bereaved of two who sustained that

near relation to me, there was yet no clue by which to identify the rapper. My next question was—Will you spell your christian name? Answer—Yes. Then with thoughts upon both of them, I put the pencil to A, and had the raps, and at B also, and soon Abigail was spelt. I said to her with some emotion, Will you communicate? Answer—Yes.

Up to this time I had used the alphabet and pencil myself, and a friend had penciled down such letters as the sounds marked out. But now, I asked *that friend to take the alphabet and pencil*, and let me be the amanuensis. This change was made—and guided by the raps, he named letters and I put them down—each separately, not joined into words nor divided into sentences. Six or eight lines of letters were thus written out across a sheet of paper, while my own mind was very closely occupied in catching the letters which my friend was naming, and in putting them down in proper order. Occasionally I knew that the last few letters made a word; and at times, after getting two or three letters, the mind would anticipate enough to complete a word. But I had only indefinite knowledge of any sentence until the whole was finished. And I *have distinct remembrance* that when A b b had been given me, I was wondering what letter could be added that would make or help to make any common word. And when my friend named Y, my surprise was great—very great—for there I had, *Abby*. Abigail at the commencement. Abby at the close. This friend had been gone from me eighteen years; had never lived in Roxbury; had never been known, even by name, so far as I can learn, to any other person then present

than myself. And I am sure, that I not only did not anticipate the word Abby, but was wondering what the A b b could mean before the y was added. Now the *facts* in the case are that that lady's name was Abigail—she was so christened—she so wrote her name when connecting it with any legal instrument—but was called Abby, and so signed her letters. On this occasion she announced her name as Abigail at the commencement, but signed her affectionate communication to me—Abby.

Here we have a case in which it is morally certain—I think, absolutely certain—that neither the name nor its two-fold form was known to any one present excepting myself, as having belonged to my departed companion. Though watching the process of my own mind, I had no consciousness of furnishing any help to my friend while he gave the letters which spelt her name; no thought that he was getting her name; no consciousness that name, communication or any thing else was being drawn out from my mind, while *mine was the only mind present in which the facts regarding that name were known.*

If now, intellectual or physical science or philosophy can tell me what mind, in a living body, did furnish or could furnish all that my friend then, there, and thus spelled out, the science or philosophy must have some process, with the very simplest and plainest principles of which I have formed no acquaintance. I ask the objector to show me *what other mind* than that of my departed companion there and thus operated—and I will endeavor to give his statements a candid consideration.

Some weeks subsequent to the meeting above described, when thoughts of spirits and of the possibility of their speaking to us had become familiar, I sought another medium, and invited her to my own parlor and table. There her hand traced a few characters bearing a strong resemblance to letters of the Greek alphabet, though I could not identify them all, as such. In immediate connection with these characters her hand wrote *John Putmun*. At a still later sitting, this name, *John Putmun*, came out again, and in connection with it a long and good communication concluding thus:—
 “This is from your old grandfather, an inhabitant of the *Celestial* Heavens, given through the medium of R. G. Ellis, by *John Putmun* to my earthly child.”

Now I have no direct ancestor by the name of John, till I get back to one who settled in Salem, 1634. He came there with three sons, Thomas, Nathaniel and John. Also the name of Elizabeth Putnam, supposed to be a daughter of the elder John, appears on the Salem records in 1629.

These statements are introductory to the following. In December last the same medium's hand wrote *John Putmun, Junior*. You may notice that in both instances the name is spelt *P.u.t.m.u.n*, not *P.u.t.n.a.m*, as all of the family now spell. *Putmun* was formerly its pronunciation, though I am not aware that the family ever spelt *Putmun*.

This John, Jr. was one of my very great uncles,—the brother of my great-grandfather's grandfather. It happens that having been born and reared on a spot where my direct ancestors have lived more than two hundred years, the family traditions and records are

rather familiar to me. Few of my name—probably one other only of the name, knows much more about the family history than I do. We have long since learned, or at least believed, that John Putnam, with three sons—Thomas, Nathaniel and John—came from Abbotston in Buckinghamshire, England, and were in Salem in 1634. Also we have known that the Church Records in Salem contain the name of Elizabeth Putnam, under the date, 1629. But of the more remote ancestry we have no traces—no clue to even the name of any one of them. We know not from what port they sailed—at what time they left England—in what vessel they came—in what company—nor at what port they landed.

Now this very great uncle of mine has been communicative about family affairs. After introducing himself, and giving correctly the names of his father, brothers, sister and some nephews, and telling me that he had been in the spirit land 189 years, he gave the name of his grandfather as Hezekiah, and his occupation as that of weaver, in London; his great-grandfather, he called Josiah. Whether these names are correct or not I do not know. This John, Jr. said that he himself, with his father and brothers, were of the Mayflower's third company—sailed in her from Long Peak in 1630, and arrived at Plymouth, New Year's day, 1631. He said also that the father, John, Senior, was a printer in London (thus rendering it possible that he was once familiar with the Greek alphabet, and might once have known how to make such characters as the medium's hand traced, when he first presented himself at my table)—that he himself, that is, John, Junior, had lived

in Edinboro' and was a minister—that Nathaniel like the father was a printer—that Thomas was sickly and taught school in a barn—that Elizabeth came over before the others, with her husband, but not then married—"that father didn't like the match and she ran away,"—that she lived in Charlestown when father came—that her husband's name was John Putnam, a cousin. The narrator stated also that his father, the London printer, came from Yorkshire to London—and that his grandfather, the weaver, came from Abbotston. After landing at Plymouth, the father and sons, according to his account, removed to Boston on the other side of the river, (Charlestown?) and thence to Salem where they settled. This narration can hardly appear as wonderful to you as it did to me. My medium was a girl of eighteen, of only common powers and education—I think she knows but little of our colonial history; was at the time nearly a stranger to me, and never had occasion or opportunity to consult the few private unprinted records of the Putnam family, where alone the known facts could be learned. *She* must have been ignorant of the family history. *I* knew, or supposed that I did, of Abbotston as once the Putnam home—knew that Elizabeth's name was on the Salem Records in 1629—and that the names of the elder John and his three sons are found, 1634. This little is all, I think, that any one of the present generation knows about the family until you come down this side of 1634. This much *I knew already*. But as you have seen, he told much more which *I did not know*. And I ask, whose mind named the elder John and Nathaniel as printers? Young John as a minister? and Thomas as a sickly

schoolmaster, teaching in a barn? Whose thought gave me Long Peak, Mayflower, Plymouth and an elopement, (an elopement which so curiously accounts for Elizabeth's name being on the records, four or five years before we find those of her father and brothers)? My thoughts never ran in this direction. I had never associated the family with any other place than Salem, and never dreamed of Plymouth, the Mayflower, and Long Peak, as interwoven with their history. What mind was here at work? Be the statements true or false—and I care not which, so far as my immediate question is concerned,—be the statements true or false, what mind made them? The medium could not have hit so accurately the names and facts that *I did know*, and my own mind *did not imagine* the many that I did not know.

Since the above was received, I have seen in Farmer's Genealogical Register, that the Mayflower did leave England in 1630, a fact that I was ignorant of at the time when the communication was received. Whether the other statements will yet receive any thing like verification, of course I cannot tell.

Those three Putnam brothers built their cabins all upon the same brook. One of them near the tide waters—another about a mile, and the third about two miles, inland. I asked John, Jr., which of the brothers lived on the farm that was nearest to Gov. Endicott's or tide water? He answered, Nathaniel; and this is in accordance with my own previous information. Then I asked, which of them went farthest back into the woods. He answered—me, John. I disbelieved him and disputed him, but he insisted that it was so. I

did not believe him then and *do not believe him now*. Thomas, my direct ancestor, I believe, was the one. And now I wish *this difference of opinion between him and me to be marked and remembered*, for we are frequently told that all the matter of these communications, is by some unobserved process drawn out from our own minds. But, if it be so, how happens it that this communicator and I can't agree? If the whole came from my own mind there certainly should be no quarrel—no dispute—no difference of opinion.

Other things were stated by this pilgrim forefather that did not accord with my notions. "Spirits," he said, "mean to be correct in names and dates; but these are difficult to remember—more so by spirits than by mortals—*because spirits have no occasion to use them.*" He said also that the spiritual sense of Swedenborg, seemed to him, to be nearer the truth than any other form of Christian faith on earth. The medium is a Methodist, all others then present are Unitarians. "All evil," he said, "all evil has to reach its fullest expansion, and then, like a bubble, burst." Whence came this doctrine that spirits cannot remember dates so well as men? That Swedenborg's spiritual sense is the truest form in which man holds Christ's religion? And that, evil expanded, like a bubble, bursts? These were not my thoughts—they were not likely to be the thoughts of the Methodist girl. Whence came they? Let the objector be *definite* in his answer.

To go through minutely with each of the cases that I have witnessed would consume literally more than all the hours of a night. I must omit further details.

If strange, invisible beings do talk to us, you very naturally ask—What do they say?

One of them has said—"We are very much the same as when on earth, only a little progressed." *A little progressed*, from where *we stand*, is their avowed position, and the communications render the correctness of the statement probable. You will find among them the serious and the trifling—the grave and the gay—the wise and the foolish—the affectionate and the unfeeling—the devout and the irreverent. And yet in the main, though there will be striking exceptions, one will receive that which harmonizes with his own mental and moral tastes—or with the tastes of the medium—or with the general tastes of the company present. Good spirits seem to cluster around good men and bad ones seek their like. In most cases where quite a number of persons are assembled, there appears to be great diversity in the character of the attendant spirits. One will be much more likely to succeed in getting that which is satisfactory to himself, when he visits the medium alone, than when others are present.

You will permit me, I trust, to exercise some discretion in selecting what to present to you, from the many communications that have come to me. The very common-place in thought and expression, would give you neither pleasure nor instruction, though it may have been well suited to the circumstances under which it was furnished. The low—(for there are some such)—the low—of course you must wish me to omit—while the amusing and witty would be better received by you after more acquaintance with spirit conversation than they will be now. I begin with some that blend the moral and descriptive.

From my old Pilgrim ancestor, John Putmun, Sen., came these sentences.

“ Dear Children of Earth,—I, the spirit of your old ancestor come to hold sweet communion with you. I have watched the world—its progress in knowledge. Now I see noble works. Mighty ships float on the gigantic ocean ; grand forests have been swept down by the hand of man. Beautiful now are the works of God. Onward has man advanced, but gradually has mist enveloped the once pure soul of mankind. He has strayed from the paths of truth, and left the road that would lead him to join the celestial heavens. Ay, (his spelling, which he would not alter)—ay, I have seen oppression and sin cloud the Christian’s mind. Ay, I have beheld the name of God, the divine giver of all good, borne on the wings of *sectarianism*—thus has the world been made dark, and the spirit land dispelled by the thick atmosphere of gross sin. And now the redemption of the children of earth, is proclaimed by angels from the bosom of the Lamb, and the morn of Judgment is near. God, arrayed in sandals of holiness and the crown of brightness, is gently lifting the weak children of earth up, by sending his messengers to fathom the cloudy places of earth—to impart the dazzling truth of his mansions into the world. The prayers of angels have ascended to the Father—their voices have echoed through the perfect halls above. And now my child I want you to know the happiness to feel the angels impressing your fevered brow—to hear the melodious strains of exquisite harmony thrilling into your mind—to tread the paths of truth with the righteous, and think of the God that is ever shedding his love and mercy. This is from your old grandfather, an inhabitant of the celestial heavens, given

through the medium of R. G. Ellis, by John Putmun, to my earthly child."

A female relative who was taken from earth not many years since, said—"Around the earth are circles that are spheres. They widen in space, and as they ascend they grow of a dazzling hue. Those (spirits?) in the lowest circles, have the appearance of a dark body, and as I bring up your mind you would see that those in the higher circles were arrayed in bright robes, with countenances of serenely lovely expression. And you would see that the architecture and the horticulture and the moulds of the fine heavenly mansions differ vastly from the mansions below—that all things are in their pure state. Look down on the things of earth and you would see that all would appear like some diamond in a state of roughness and uncultivated. The atmosphere too would feel cold, and the air of earth frozen; and you would behold the things that once looked beautiful to the natural eye, now coarse and earthly. You would behold the dear friends that you loved in their truthfulness and in their sins." (Here the communication was interrupted and has never been finished.)

A long buried mother said to her daughter—"I am near with my precepts; and, oh, faint not, for I do not. Long have I endeavored to make you sensible of my presence: I come to help you through the waters of conflicting dangers. Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to thee of a finer wheat and sweeter taste that will add new strength to thy sinking soul."

And another mother said—"Beloved child, List to

the still small voice which whispers—*thy mother lives*. Now a pearly tear of sympathy arises from the fount of a mother's love. I would not chide you for you are surrounded by the shadows of doubt, which oozes out from the piety of your mind."

A near relative said to me—"I would insert a new branch into your finite being that shall bear the blossoms called *Spirit Love*. How happy am I now as I stand in my ethereal home and by the telegraph of love, speak to you. I can only give you the outlines of my home,—I have but to breathe forth a holy desire and there arises before me a vision filled with heavenly beauty—flowers spring up spontaneously before me—birds too make harmonious the air with their sweet songs of praise. I study much to find the purest jewels in the cabinet of wealth. I read the Holy Pilgrimage of St. Peter as he ascends to the city of God. I drink in the soothing words of Job which have grown out of his doleful lamentations.

I have a little cherub who visits me often. O, that you could behold her. Her countenance expresses the holiness of her soul. The rosy lips part only to breathe a prayer for earth's children. Golden curls float around her, and on her brow of innocence she wears the tiny blossoms of love. The garments which enshroud her are of celestial silk. The wings are like unto the golden hues of the sun. Even now as *I touch the fine thread of light which moves the medium*, she is drawing sweet strains from the Harp of Hope."

At another time, on a bright balmy morning in March, this same friend said to me:—

"How lovely is this morn—it tells of a more bedaz-

zling home beyond the sun. Joy to the inhabitants of earth, for Jesus of Nazareth cometh. *We* are strewing the path with flowers of Faith. *We* are opening the barred doors of the mind; and, with low murmurs, we bid the sons of God welcome the slain Lamb.

In my wild joyous thoughts I forget that you are waiting to receive new evidence of my presence—I forget that the vail of flesh is between us. Let me draw more closely to your earthly care and perplexities. My mission is to watch over you and my earthly treasure—the child which has traveled on through time's paths, and reached the age when the deep thoughts of the mind have burst forth to reason on all the mysteries of nature. You know not my affection for her." (The remainder of this was obviously too private for publication.)

As soon as that friend ceased communicating, another female relative said—

"My strain is not so eloquent as dear A's. I draw a rude unchastened picture. But my mission is to bring about the same termination. Like the avenger, I thirst for the blood of man's ignorance, to draw it out drop by drop, and to effuse into his veins a pure untainted stream which will give him new life. My fingers are employed in disentangling the threads of the beautifully constructed brain; to show man the use of each limb; to bid the murmurings of his restless soul to cease; to solve the mystery of his being. Though *we differ in sentiment*, yet we all are toiling for man's promotion."

When this friend had ceased, a lively little spirit, not a relative—and never known to me in the flesh—

one that is generally amusing and witty, but for once more serious, said :—" I am a little fellow, yet I feel that I can do some good in this great world. Only a few short hours did I breathe the tainted air of sin. My tiny spirit like a small bird, rose above its earthly parents' wings, to heaven. I found that I did not spring up spontaneously, therefore I sought to find out from whence I did come. So following a troop of angels, I found out there was another planet, inhabited by such odd and grotesque beings. [Don't slander us poor mortals, Natty, I said—" O, no," he replied, " good folks—good folks."] I could not bear to see them clustered around a board and in fear asking for *tests* ; I wanted to see a seraphic smile on their countenances ; so I just commenced to make them smile, and I found I had lots to do. I am happy—always laughing—and as the other angel says, *I will help to bring about the same end.*"

One more from a near relative—" I am always glad to meet you, but sometimes I fail in trying to enter a discordant circle. Pure spirits love harmony and seek its sunny influence. I find you still pursuing the shadows of spiritualism—go on ; and though you sometimes meet a hypocritical friend, who points out to you your folly, pass him by, and drive out from your soul all the mists of doubt, which rests its dew on your rising hopes. The small seed sown *in Faith*, and watered *by Hope*, will become a mighty Oak of Divine Trust. In the distance I hear the doleful hum of strife *for Light*. Like a majestic forest the proud hearts of men waver in the breeze of spiritual love. Truth, my friend, is appearing in many new forms, in tangible physical de-

monstrations and in soft whispers of angel voices. Man is weaving a strong chord of Faith. When the golden threads shall be twined, and the chord made strong, then, will *we* lift the vail, and this chord of Faith shall *hold it up*. Angel administrations are around you; they compass you with good. Man that for ages hath lain in the dust, arouses himself into new action; he casts off the shackles of sectarianism; and he views God not as a Satanic Master, but as a loving Father. Take *you* also the Saviour's cross; with it go forth; extend the hand of sympathy and assistance if need be to thy neighbor; pour the incense of truth into the heart that is stricken with grief; let the lowly and sick share thy bounties; help *us* to build Christ's kingdom on the earth, not to raise some petty machinery into notice, nor to exalt the vanity of the mind, but to draw out the Godlike properties in man's soul, and make him the calm, rational being for which he was intended. The reward will come;—when you administer the balm of peace, thy own heart shall feel the soothing antidote first—not in the glittering gold of earth, but the rich jewels of heaven. And when you have reached the valley of death, *dear departed friends* will welcome you to Zion's morn."

All these words, and very many more, of the same tone and spirit, have come to me through the hand of a young lady, of only common education, and common intellectual powers—and they were accompanied by the names of several different ones among *my departed relatives*, whom it seems impossible that she could ever have known by name. If the spirit and tone, if the sentiment and doctrine of these communications be de-

luding, then my heartiest prayer for each of you is, that you may be deluded. If these be the words, and thoughts and feelings of demons, let me welcome their presence and their influence, upon myself and those most dear to me. And let me respectfully, and in all truthfulness express the belief, that not many Christian congregations would be losers, were our clergymen to exchange pulpits with preachers such as these.

Some communications more explanatory of these wonders, throwing some little light at least into the darkness that broods over our subject, will be given next. And to them, let me invite as close attention and thorough scrutiny as you individually can bestow.

When the name of a departed relative had been written out, and while I was under the impression that a female friend was writing to me, I received as follows:—

“ The mortals of earth expect truth from the spirit land; they think that it is perfect, and that the angels are omnipotent. Oh, how far do they wander in the darkness of their own minds! The spirit home is *progressive*, like unto this. The canting hypocrite passes into the heavens with the same thoughts; the simple babe too passes into this new born life with all its child-like innocence. Each one has to mount the high ladder of progress.

The lower spheres are the abodes of Satans. The burning fire of carnal sins envelopes them in its scorching flames. The good are separated from the evil, and then do the evil-minded live out their determination of grossness that is interwoven in the mind when it enters.

There are millions in the spirit world that know not of the existence of this planet, even as the children of this earth know not of the starry worlds above. But on beholding angels descend to this hidden planet, they follow, and in wonderment behold a new world, and that world inhabited. Then do they find from whence they originated. These behold people asking questions, and they answer them in pure innocence and ignorance—*this* makes the discord. But God alloweth them to come for one great and good purpose; for it rouseth man's reasoning powers. Whereas if all was correct, the mind, after satisfying itself with spiritual food, would be filled. These discrepancies are blessings, for they are instruments that set in motion every slumbering energy.

The star of spiritualism has reached the horizon of investigation. Watch its gentle halo radiating the mist of doubt. The beauty you see passeth away, but the things of heaven pass not. Go on then to this real and eternal day and find repose there for the panting, worn out soul. From your Spirit Friend,

BEN. FRANKLIN.

P. S. Excuse me, sir, for taking her place; she could not have given this and I did it for her."

At once, I said: In your autobiography, Dr. Franklin, you stated that you, and two friends of yours, when young, agreed that which ever died first, should if possible return to the others and manifest his presence. But in after life you say, that though your friends have been long dead they have not returned to you; therefore you conclude they could not. Was this conclusion correct? He answered—"I found when I met them

that they indeed came back ; but I, dull, incomprehensive being, saw them not. Suffice it, that I am here with a shadowy, intangible form, but with a firm mind and understanding." Is this—I would put the question to the critical and logical mind—is this the style in which the school girl writes and thinks? Have any of you ever known me to write with equal *condensation and power*? But this came, and came more rapidly than my pen could follow, where either the girl or myself was author, if any spirit in the body was—and I surely had no consciousness of producing it.

Another communication seemed to be Franklin's, and yet appeared to come through my female friend acting as a sort of amanuensis or operator for him, and was addressed to a living female friend who was with me when the communication was received.

"Dear Sister,—It is the mystery of your being, *where* did this *soul* of mine come from? It came not from God's breath ; but it grew out of space and entered the beautifully constructed body which the Creator did prepare. The soul or spirit is composed of electricity. But, say you, this soul is an intelligent thing—yea, it is filled with thought—it feels, hears, sees and understands. Yet this free acting soul cannot exist one instant without air. This soul is clothed in immortal robes—it is eternal.

After the spirit ascends from the grossest body, it enters a body of etherial appearance ; and if thine eyes could behold it, to thy sight it would appear as a natural substance. This body can be thrown off at any instant, and the soul can enter any shape which the occasion requires. Man now views disembodied spirits in a most singular manner. He supposes them capable

of exploring, accumulating, advising, discovering all the invisible objects of the universe. He also sneers at the absurdity of an angel's stooping so low as this mode of communicating. He stops not to find out the laws which may govern so great a mystery, but after giving a passing glance, he either decides that it is a mere electrical volition of the will, or else, wise critic, is firmly convinced that it is from the Devil.

But I will not dwell on those *wise men*. Let me turn to the struggling band of investigators. I behold them cheerfully seeking the intelligence of heaven. Go on brave followers of Christ. You will all be carried to the utmost extension of your faith, and then will the glorious reality burst upon you that angels do hover near to bless. Ben. Franklin." But the communication, in reply to a question, went on thus—"Let me my sister, answer some questions of enthusiastic men.

"The spirit is, as you suppose, a shadowy, invisible object. It is enabled to communicate by an agent, termed by philosophic men, refined electricity. Yet this agent enables spirits only to make sound or motion. To convey a thought, the spirit has to make a strong volition of his will on the passive hand of a medium; or sometimes the spirit uses the brain of the instrument; and at all times uses the seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling and taste of the medium; but not the understanding of the instrument or the use of the medium's knowledge. We can look within a sealed parcel, not by the medium's sight, but through the mind of the person who sealed it. Names and dates we get in many ways. Sometimes out of the inquirer's mind, and oftener on the golden record above.

“Spirits cannot remain long in the immediate presence of their earthly friends. After staying one hour in the discordant sphere, our electrical agent is expended and our spirit strength exhausted. I must now ascend to a more congenial clime.”

One more communication from the same source.

“Do animals exist after death? They do. In the spirit land there is a separate domain containing all the various species of the brute creation. But they are in a peaceful state—the savage fire of their nature is subdued. They are not in a progressive state. Still angels as well as men, can awaken in the bosom of an affectionate animal a congenial love. The instinct can be cultivated, or the soul, in its lowest degree, can be, not exalted, but improved. Now the animal kingdom is free to all the ethereal inhabitants of the spheres; but the animals themselves are confined within the boundary line of their kingdom. So you see that it is utterly impossible for the roaring lion to go about, imparting the demoniacal feelings of his nature through the universe; or for the innocent lamb to mount on sylvan wings and pour into the weak minds of men its simplicity.

“I will give you an illustration, to let you see, in its true light, the cause of animal communications.

“Not long ago, I accompanied a large number of angels to the enlightened town called Springfield, there to impart more knowledge to the inquiring children of earth. We winged our way to the humble dwelling of an instrument of our cause, and there found clustered together a number of persons, each with different

motives ; and consequently many mixed spirits were attracted there. The *good angels* formed a circle *within* the line of human beings, while *the evil*, or *disgraced ones* formed a circle *without*. For a while the angels of light overpowered the disembodied demons of darkness ; but as soon as one of the angels vacated a place, that place was filled by an evil disposed spirit, and he, being stronger than the pure and holy beings who surrounded him, succeeded in banishing us all from the circle. We stood at a little distance, and observed the effect of the evil influences on the minds of the company. One of the assemblage, who scoffed at the beautiful and real, inquired for the spirit of an old horse. *We* anxiously watched the movements of one of the demons, who immediately answered to the foolish question, by producing loud sounds in imitation of a horse kicking. Then commenced the dark scene of confusion, I am about faintly to describe. The man who first caused the answer, inquired for the spirits of dogs, cats and many of the canine race, and received in answer imitations of scratches, kicks, and other low, discordant noises, such as are caused by embodied brutes. The bright guardians of light looked on in mute pity, as the spirits succeeded in entrancing the medium, and imitating the neighs and roarings of horses and lions. Thus you see, on the outside of the stage, it appeared to mortal eyes and ears, that the *spirits of animals* did produce the disgusting scene ; but behind the curtain were the *evil designing* operators. If they could have but beheld those evil operators, what a new chord might have been touched ! But the time has not yet arrived. Man must receive the evil, and overcome it

with good. The thin veil shall be raised, and the spirit of man shall *behold* the kindred spirits *he* attracts. Oh, children of the clay, why grovel in the dust? Let the *celestial ministeries of light* approach, and lift your minds high above holding converse with brutes. In this new era, let your feet be turned towards the narrow path which leads to the brightness of God's throne.

From your Spirit Friend,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

After some progress had been made in the preparation of this lecture there came to me the following.

"Gather in one heap the little facts which have come under your immediate observation. Trust not thy brother's eye for it oftentimes deceives him. Let thy foundation be of stone, and angels will wave the glowing banner of victory on the pinnacle.

Philosophers, *in the spirit world*, are seeking new modes to manifest themselves more clearly and forcibly. There are ten modes.

- 1st. Sounds.
- 2d. Movements.
- 3d. Clairvoyance.
- 4th. Spiritual discernment.
- 5th. Hearing.

The 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th will be unfolded as the wheels of time roll on. Speak of the past and present; leave the future to be revealed by beings higher than you.

From your Spirit Friend,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

Let these suffice as samples of the blended moral and philosophic. A few miscellaneous ones will be given now.

On one occasion there was written a name known to all of us. The first glance at it was a little startling—but since the man had once been my acquaintance and teacher at Cambridge—and as there had never been any other than friendly relations between him and me, I asked what he would like to say. The unexpected, but not unwelcome reply was, “Pray for me. I am not happy. I am alone in the enclosure of repentance.” Can the prayers of mortals avail you? I asked. He answered—“The prayers of mortals soothe me; no more till after your prayer for me to-night.” This incident has since prompted many a prayer, which, I trust has done me no harm, whether it has soothed him or not.

On one occasion, the names of my two nearest departed relatives were written out in gladdening conjunction, and I asked them to unite in a communication. These unwelcome words came in response. “I will not let your friends come. John Frost Parker of Ohio.” But why, I said, do you keep friends apart? “For fun,” he answered. Fun? It must be *low* fun, that would keep loving friends apart. Have you no disposition to oblige? “No.” Have you no fear of God? “No. God is an all-pervading essence. I cannot breathe in an atmosphere you have breathed, for you have taken all the God out of it. No spirit has seen God, for he is more transparent than themselves.” (When such utterances came, of course, thoughts of some graceless being arose in my mind, and I queried

mentally whether I would receive any thing more ; but he was obviously a thinker, and I concluded to let him go on, and do not now regret the decision. His next words were)—“I have not a single friend on earth now, and you oblige me very much by listening to me. I am grateful. I had talents but drowned them in strong drink. Strong drink is a curse and should be obliterated from the face of the earth. I died in Ohio, five years ago, at the age of twenty-eight—born in Philadelphia, and was a jeweller. I privately wrote some few sentiments, in moments of emergency, published in the New York Tribune. I had no family, was a young dissipated wretch. I would like to have Alice know that I live—Alice Goodwin—but don't speak of her ; it recalls old memories of a broken heart.” I said to him—Can I be of any service to you ? He answered—“You can unfold the goodness of my soul by letting me commune with you. My social qualities led me astray. My brain was too active, and I defaced the God of my nature in strong drink. John F. Parker.” Now any one of you knows as much about John Frost Parker of Ohio as I do, or as my medium does. We never heard of such a person, and there was no other one present when this communication came. And the question comes in with much force, What mind furnished the statements and thoughts ?

The red men who once owned our hills and plains, seem not to have forgotten their former homes. One day the following was written out for me.

“Me one that watches over his bones buried under your house. Me been in the spirit land one thousand and fifty moons. Me mean you no harm, though me

come from a low sphere, and me am offensive to the pale-faced angels. Yet me love the spot where me passed me happy youthful days on the then wild hunting grounds. Me cherish no bad feelings towards the white skin, who in days of yore wronged me red brothers of their homes. The Great Spirit teaches I to forgive. And me now would eradicate, with tears of blood, all wrong, and have peace and happiness in the stead of penury and despair.

Me can hear the hum of strife. Like the buffalo's cry it falls on me ear, and as he turns his dying eye on I, me strive to staunch the wound me had made. Me friend, me can tell you a tale of naked woes which me did suffer. Me was once a proud chief. Me had only to rub the golden god of me wishes and slaves rose up at me bidding. Even now a pang arises in me soul, as me am tortured with forgotten memories. Me tell you more some time. Me no understand English well. Old Black Hawk—me say *Old*, because me Son the Famous Black Hawk."

On another occasion, where four or five of our most intelligent and pure minded gentlemen with their ladies were present, the following was given. "Me glad to see the pale faces so happy; that your minds are big; that you almost leave the clay in your search after truth. Black Hawk is happy for you are going to join the etherial band, who comes from the Great Spirit to spread the light. Me holds now over you all the scythe of Love; me will cut down all the weeds of sin in your minds, that the blossoms of holiness may grow. Black Hawk hears the sweet spirits of harmony whis-

pering together, and the halo of the spirit world surrounds you all. Red Friend, Black Hawk."

These selections from the communications are made extensive, because of my wish to show that there is more variety in thought and expression than would naturally be expected from the medium or myself, and because nearly every one of them gives some new view or new thought, which though not specified by me, will yet be seen by the observing mind, and may furnish valuable suggestions. With this view let me detain you a little longer, while I describe one unique communication and furnish a few of this Spirit's sayings.

Entering a medium's room, one morning, I saw a gentlemanly intelligent man, apparently about thirty, sitting at the table and putting questions. Soon, a tiny rap was heard, and the name, Natty, was spelled out. "Who are you?" said the man. "I am *your brother*," was the answer. "No," said the man, "I had no such brother." "You had," said the rapper. "No," said the man. "Yes," said the other. "Well, let us see," added the man. "How old was you, Natty, when you died?" "Five days," was the answer. "How long since you died?" "Thirty-five years." The gentleman here bit his lip in thought, and said—"I believe there was an infant brother who died before I was born, but I thought they called him *Oliver*." "No," was the response, "they called him *Natty*, and I am he." "Natty," said the man, "*how do you know that I am your brother?*" "By love," he answered. "By love?" said the questioner; "but don't you love others, as well as relatives?" Ans. "We *like* others and *love* relatives?" "What," it was then asked, "what is the

difference between love and like?" The word LOVE was immediately written in large letters, two or three inches long, and *like* was traced under it in *very small* letters. "Natty," continued the man, "you are not my brother, but are some one else attempting to impose upon me." "I am your brother," was the earnest rejoinder. "Then will you tell me what sphere you are in?" "The fourth," he said. "The fourth, ah? Now I've caught you—for as you died in infancy you was fitted for the seventh sphere when you left the earth." "I *have been there*," was the response. "Have been there, and yet are now in the fourth? How is that? are you moving backwards? coming down?" "No, I am an adviser in the fourth." "*Adviser!* what is that? a sort of superintendent?" "Yes." "Oh, you are in office then?" "Yes." "Do you get any pay? We pay well for such things here." "Yes, I get pay." "What pay?" "*The pleasure of seeing those under me progress.*" I then said to the gentleman stranger, "Sir, you have found your *match*, if not your brother. I think I would own the relationship;" and in continuance I remarked, that this seemed to be a very bright, cheerful spirit; when there was written—"I am always laughing." My next remark was—"Natty, I should like to make your acquaintance." "Hand out your card," was the instant response. Finding no card in my pocket, I wrote, secretly, on a slip of paper—Mr. Allen Putnam, Eustis St. Roxbury—turned the paper over, placing the writing down upon the table, kept my hand over the paper, and asked Natty to make a copy. Instantly the medium's hand wrote—Mr. A. P. U. St. Rox. The writing on my paper had been seen

by me alone, and I was looking for a copy in full, but received only abbreviations, and those of every word. Eustis being reduced to the letter U. This closed my first interview with him.

Some weeks afterwards, when he was forgotten, the medium's hand wrote—"Mr. A. P. U. St. Rox.—I have used your card." "Natty," said I, "as you left the earth when *very young*, I would like to know how you learned the English language." He answered, "My mother knew it I think," and asked, "Will you let my mama come?" "Certainly, with pleasure." And the following was written.

"My Friend, you must not be angry with my darling boy. It oftentimes grieves me to have him, so pure, use such wild phrases. I am your friend as a soldier in the cause.
ELIZABETH Y——."

Very often this bright little spark comes out with something unexpected, amusing, or witty; but at all times he manifests a very marked disposition to be obliging and kind. Once when his communication seemed to be closed, I said, "You are not going, Natty?" "Yes—gone—don't you see the *dust fly*?" "Where," I asked, "do you pick up such phrases?" "Hear 'um."

On another occasion he said, "My friend, you must not put on a long face when you come to talk with supposed ghosts. You must not believe all they tell you to. You must not go to the end of the world and jump off because they tell you to."

When once I said to him, "How do you go to work, Natty, to use a medium's hand?" He said, "Why you

see, we just passes a *chain of light* around the wrist and that sets it to shaking. The next operation is to make it write, of course. Sometimes the words are allowed to pass through the brain. We *now* have such a power over this medium, that we can make her shake awfully."

"Try my wrist, Natty," said a lady who was present. "Dear Beloved Aunt, I've got a peck of love for you, but I can't make you trace my purified thoughts on the clean paper."

Running through, and underlying these cant phrases, and this flippancy, I think the careful observer will find food for thought; hints concerning the sources of information that flow from the departed, and concerning their modes of acting upon us.

There is not time for me to extend these quotations farther. Neither can I detain you by reflections and arguments that might be connected with what has been given. Though in many cases abridged, yet you have had from me, almost invariably, the language precisely as it came from the mediums. You have heard their words, and I leave them to tell their own story. That *I had no known agency in these compositions*, and that they are *fairly exhibited*, you will believe, if my character for veracity requires you to take my statements. It is pleasant to me, that I speak, on this subject, to those among whom I have lived for more than ten years. The singularity and strangeness of the facts would render them incredible, if stated by a stranger's lips. Whether I have sufficient character to gain credence for them is better known to you than to me.

Some uncommon *movements* and *vocal utterances* have occurred in my presence. I have seen a table move

without visible power applied to it, while it was fairly before my eyes in the centre of a still room. I have had table and stool *tip* very strongly and decidedly, when my own hands, and mine alone, were placed gently on, and when I was the only person sitting at it. Not however excepting when some medium was standing by, reaching over my shoulder, and putting his hand gently on the top of mine (for I am no medium). At such times, though a large table would tip quite over into my lap, *I* neither pressed upon the table, nor felt any thing like pressure from the medium's hand. So far as I can judge, neither of us did any thing more than just bring the hands in gentle contact, mine with the table and his upon mine.

I was once writing down a communication as it was coming through the medium, and having my left arm resting undesignedly upon my paper in such a position as to screen my writing from the medium's eye, when her hand and pencil came suddenly over my arm, erased a word in the middle of a sentence I had just written, and then wrote on her paper a word to be substituted for the one erased. Her pencil struck the word on my paper with precision and made a mark from its first letter to its last, and the whole was executed almost in the twinkling of an eye, while the word must have been in a position where her eye could not see it by any common law of vision.

Once when the medium had been using the pencil for some time, she suddenly held it out towards a gentleman who was sitting in front of her at the opposite side of the table and fixed her eye intently upon his; he returned her gaze—and there they sat, looking at

each other in blank amazement, until I was compelled to smile at their ludicrously unmeaning looks. At length the medium thrust her pencil into the gentleman's left hand and snatching another that he was holding in his right, looked at its *point*. This last action revealed to all of us the purpose, and caused a general burst of laughter. That gentleman had sharpened all the pencils when we sat down to the table, and when the medium's pencil needed re-sharpening, this scene occurred. Such an incident will have little force with you, for such an act might be performed voluntarily. The expression on the face of the medium made it difficult for the beholder at the time to see in her movement an intentional act. Very many little incidents like this have occurred in my presence, which coming out unexpectedly have taught very valuable lessons. Sometimes starting useful doubts, but generally giving "confirmation strong." Such incidents the narrator can seldom set before others with much effect or profit. I therefore omit allusion to any more of this class.

When seated once in the presence of a lady of very much more than common intelligence and cultivation, her hand wrote in very large letters—Emanuel Swedenborg—then straightening up in her chair, the lips parted, and for eight or ten minutes there flowed from her a stream of moving eloquence, pleading for the cultivation of devotional feelings and for the reception of truth among men—also expressing a wish that the whole New Jerusalem Church might be assembled in one vast congregation, and that he might be permitted "to thunder in their ears a warning not to follow him

in two opinions in which he was in error while in the body—one concerning the nature of Christ, and the other concerning man's progression." This lady of keenest intellect, and unquestioned truth, said that she exercised no thought, and willed no movement of the organs of speech, while the forcible and subduing eloquence was gushing through her lips.

I was once present where a man, apparently entranced, said, "There is one person in this room whom I have seen before," and rising from the table and passing round it to where some ladies were seated, he put his hand upon the head of one of them and said—"It is a *brother of this lady* whom I have seen before." Where, I asked, did you see him? Ans. "Near his home, which is near the water fifteen miles or more from here" (Roxbury); "he was one of the jury that sat upon my body." "What was your name?" He gave it. "Where did you die?" "In Boston, at the north part; was stabbed, robbed, and thrown overboard." "Who stabbed you?" He gave a name. "When was this?" "In 1851." "Where was your home?" "I was a sailor."

When the gentleman recovered from his obvious unconsciousness, he asked the family if it was not uncle William who had had possession of him and been speaking. They answered, "No." Then I asked him, if at any time he had been one of a coroner's jury. At first he said, "No," but immediately correcting himself said, "Yes—once. Three or four years ago, a body was washed upon an island off Marblehead, my home, and I was one of the jury that sat upon it—there were but two or three of us. We saw the appearance of a puncture in the side, and conjectured that the person

might have been stabbed—but the body had obviously been in the water for some days; was disfigured, and we knew no name. This is about all that I remember, and that is the only time that I was ever one of such a jury.”

You will notice that the apparent speaker in this case, said that he had before seen only one of the persons then in the room; *that person* was brother to the lady on whom the medium put his hand. I learned in the course of the evening, though I did not know it at the time, for I was among strangers, that the medium himself was *that brother*—he put his hand on his sister's head. Now let us suppose that this medium himself was the voluntary speaker, and that no spirit controlled his organs, and how does he appear? He says that he has never seen any person there present before, excepting *himself*, the lady's brother—although his mother, sister, brother-in-law and other relatives were present. Also he here gives a name to a murdered man—states the place and mode of the murder, and names the murderer—while as one of the coroner's jury he had found no clue to either of these things. A case worth studying.

Let this suffice of things which I witnessed in their production. Thus far I have stated nothing but what my own eyes have seen or my own ears heard. But there are some works which I am allowed to exhibit here, which were not produced in my presence. Those two pencil sketches that hang in frames upon the wall, seem to indicate good taste and skill, though in design and execution they are unlike any thing to which my eyes are accustomed. They are loaned to me by one of

our most highly respected ladies, living within a few rods of this spot, who tells me that they were done by *her hand*, but that she has exercised no thought or will about them. She has merely loaned her hand to some invisible limner. This you must take upon her veracity, which none of us will doubt.

In my hand is a piece of lace or edging, which is said to be the work of a girl ten or twelve years old, who, as the girl herself and her parents say, has never been instructed to do such work, and cannot do it *now* in her ordinary condition. But she heard in her ear the whispered question, "Wouldn't you like to learn to knit?" She answered, "Yes." "Get," said her invisible companion, "get some needles and thread and I will teach you." The materials were procured, and guided from stitch to stitch all the way through, by instructions whispered in her ear by some unseen attendant, she produced this piece of work. Such is the declaration of the girl, and the belief of her parents.

And now I show you another work of her's, which is equally remarkable. Neither the girl nor any one in the family as I am told and believe, has any acquaintance with the French language, nor is there known to be or ever to have been a French book in the house. Yet *here in this little album*, containing various communications from the sister and other visitants of the girl, written in exceedingly varied chirography, is one piece in *French*, the letters *printed*. The father states that one evening while the family were sitting together, the girl took the pencil and album and wrote for a few minutes. And when she attempted to read, she said— "Why, father, what have I got here? I have written

something that I can't read." He took the book and looked, and said to her in reply, "Nor I either." When the production was shown to me I knew its language and its subject, but wishing to get its meaning beyond a question, I asked a very much better French scholar than myself to furnish me a literal translation, which he gave as follows:—

TRANSLATION.

The benefits of civilization. For Poetry
Tasso born in 1547, died 1595.

"To the charming Eleonora, Tasso read his delicious songs of which the echoes still preserve the harmonious sounds. By her beautiful eyes his muse is inspired, so in his songs forever celebrated. Jerusalem is delivered—he remains the captive of so many charms."

I have ventured upon a less correct, but more free translation, as follows:—

"Tasso read to the charming Eleonora his delicious songs, the harmonious sounds of which are still preserved in echo. His muse was inspired by her beautiful eyes, and in his songs she was forever celebrated. And though Jerusalem was delivered, he remained the captive of so many charms."

My friend, the translator, tells me that in the biography of Tasso, he finds 1544 given as the year of his birth and 1595 as that of his death. The communication fixes the birth at 1547—but the figure in the album, though most like the 7, might be read 4, without very great violence. And if this were done the dates through the medium, and those in the printed life will be precisely alike.

The author of this French, whoever it may have been, by introducing Eleonora, and Jerusalem Delivered, shows more knowledge of Tasso's works than any of *us* can suppose exists in all the members of the family to which the young medium belongs.

Within the last fourteen months I have seen twenty-two or three different mediums—all but four of them private ones—taking no pecuniary compensation—and more than half of them are our own citizens, several of whom are now present in this assembly. I have spent very many hours in their presence. Have seen them at their homes—at my own home—and in the parlors of neighbors and friends. I have met and watched them in the broadest sunlight, and at evening. Every desirable opportunity has been furnished me for detecting machinery, jugglery, or imposture, and I have faithfully, but in vain, strove to find something mundane, a sufficient cause for all the wonders. That trick or humbug is *sometimes* attempted, by pretenders to uncommon-susceptibilities, no one will have a wish to deny. But very many of the mediums, private ones, are as much above these things, as are the *very best* persons among the witnesses.

One medium, an active, energetic business man of more than sixty years, has submitted himself to be used by me at any time, however suddenly called upon, whether in his counting room, or in mine—whether called in his shirt sleeves from the wood-pile or coal-bin, or dressed up and ready for company—and I have used him and watched him daily almost, and that too through several successive months. Many mediums have been watched for long periods, and under quite

varied circumstances; and, though the power exerted through any one of them is very far from being uniform, and though the mode of manifestation is in no two alike, yet I have seen no sign of its being anywhere applied by machinery; or of its being varied by any preparation or act of the mediums themselves. They deny, one and all, young and old, educated and ignorant alike—they all deny, and that too in the most private and friendly circles, where all the thoughts flow out, they *all deny* that they exercise their wills at all in the production of these wonders. And I cannot rate that *fairness* very high, which in the face of such a fact, will persist in saying that all of it is trick, imposture, humbug. More than one hundred thousand witnesses have looked on and yet are unable to prove to any extent the cheats alleged. More than five thousand mediums in this country, unitedly and persistently declare, that they use no machinery and practice no trick. My good friends, and near neighbors, Messrs. Howard & Davis, inform me that when furnishing standard weights for every town in the Commonwealth, they made no provision by which *evidence* is to be weighed differently now from what it was formerly—and if the old standard is still applicable, one would think that when a thing could formerly be established “by the mouth of two or three witnesses”—the mouths of five thousand may be allowed at least equal force.

I have read and digested most of the prominent works that have come from the press, purporting to find in machinery, demonology, or automatic action of the brain a power that is adequate to produce the strange works. It is not my purpose to review them—

I have not time for that. I simply desire to state that I have read and studied them, and they fail, in my mode of weighing evidence and judging of forces,—they fail, individually and collectively, to point out causes that are adequate to produce the many and varied effects that are seen and heard. “The bed” they furnish “is shorter than that” the facts “can stretch themselves upon it, and the covering narrower than that” they “can wrap themselves in it.” Jugglery, machinery, electricity, or automacy—neither of them can no more do the works that I have witnessed through girls of common education, or furnish such communications as some that I have read to you, than it could have produced and delivered the masterly eulogy upon Webster at Hanover, or that unique paragraph at Plymouth Rock upon the suspension of Nature’s laws. The only power named in the works referred to that will equal the case, is the demoniacal. If the works and words be those of demons, the majority of the actors in my presence must have been *very good* demons, differing very much in character from those of old, whose family name is thrust upon them. *Such devils*, are welcome angels, luring and helping the soul on and up to heaven’s portals.

Turning unsatisfied from these works that purport to show either mundane, or *sub*-mundane cause, and failing to find among the world’s familiar causes, any one that seems adequate to the works that pass before us—I listen to what purport to be the very words of the tippers, the rappers, the writers and the speakers. The unseen power seems to have a pencil and a tongue, and I ask that power what itself is—and it answers—

always and everywhere, it answers—"Spirit"—spirit not yours nor mine, nor the medium's, but the spirit of some departed human being. Yes, verily, the unvarying appearance is, that the actor speaks and gives his own account of himself—he says that he is spirit—spirit once fettered in human brain and limbs, but now released and elevated in power and privileges, yet not always in goodness.

Does such a witness speak the truth? Does he give his proper name, or is it a borrowed one? That one witness, or that several, should often testify falsely and deceive, is no more than any extensive observer of men would expect. There are liars no doubt both in the flesh and out of it. But that several thousand respectable persons, of all ages, classes and creeds, should, without concert, at different times and in distant places—not once only, but many times and always—that these, so many and so varied testifiers and witnesses as the many mediums make up—that these should all agree in telling *always the false* and *never the true*, is upon any fair balancing of probabilities, absolutely incredible. This position has intrinsic strength; look at it. In some form, this question, viz:—*What moves you?* has, within the last three years, been put to the hand or table of more than five thousand mediums, and in the presence of more than one hundred thousand witnesses. It has been put to young and old, male and female, Christian and infidel, believer in spirits, aye, (and mark well the class) to *disbeliever* in spirit presence,—to many and many a hand in each of these classes has the question been put,—*What moves you?* And the answer has been one and the same—always

and everywhere it has been—spirit; the spirit of some departed one. Now *such* a lie—if it be a lie—is as much a moral miracle, as visible angel presence would be a physical miracle. Put that case to the jury, where five thousand unimpeached witnesses have testified all one way, while no rebutting testimony is found—and on which side is the verdict? I repeat it, that the concordant word of so many witnesses, possesses *great intrinsic power*. I can do no less than take their word.

How are the sounds, motions, and communications made? *How do spirits work among us?* I say frankly, that *I do not know*. I do not *know*—and yet I have many conjectures and thoughts about it—and it is in my reply to this question, that I have hoped to be useful—hoped to say something that may tend to calm the public mind, and lead it to useful investigation and reflection. These novel wonders create visions of demons, and ghosts and dreaded nothings in many and many a brain; they disturb slumber; agitate nerve; shake reason; and unfit thousands to look and hear and think in calmness. But all this is because the very nature of the strange works is misunderstood. These works are *all natural*—uncommon I allow—but yet *natural*—as much so as the hourly doings of yonder familiar telegraph.

There is nothing *miraculous*, nothing *supernatural* about them. They *suspend no law*, nor are they above the laws of nature. Roxbury Highlands afford a different view from that at Plymouth Rock.

Gravitation holds your table down, but when you lift the table you perform no miracle. When the invis-

ible wind whirling in the tornado lifts sands, and trees and houses—no miracle is wrought. When the suspended magnet draws up a cambric needle from your centre table, though that magnet's power be invisible, inaudible, intangible—there is no miracle performed. The magnetic attraction is there and then stronger than the attraction of gravitation. That is all.

Magnetism and electricity have existed from the time when rocks and metals were first formed. Yet how many countless ages upon ages rolled by before man learned that the one would cause the mariner's needle to swing, and quiver and tremble in restlessness until it pointed north, or before the other could be bottled up in glass and sealing wax, and made a beneficent instrument in man's hands.

Had a merchant of the last century been told that his son would see the time when he could send a message from Boston to New York in five minutes, he would have said that no power short of the miraculous or supernatural could attain such speed. We however know that such speed is attained, and that too *without miracle*.

Our palpable, visible telegraph, furnishes the most illustrative hints that I can give as to the mode in which spirits may speak intelligibly to us.

Man, as our chronology has it, lived nearly six thousand years before he caught, bridled, and harnessed electricity and magnetism, and made them his trusted and fleet steeds on the roads from city to city. The electricity and magnetism are not new, but our modes of using them are new discoveries of human science; and the works they do are new and wonderful, but *not*

miraculous. No. Yonder wires are working no miracle—but they are giving evidence that man has been making advances in knowledge, science, and art—evidence that man is acquiring a more intimate acquaintance with nature's susceptibilities, and more control over her subtle but mighty forces. He now has learned to employ nature's everlasting forces, so as to do many and vast things which rise above and beyond the dreams or the hopes of his fathers. In knowledge of nature's laws and forces, and in power to make them his mighty ministers, *man* is beyond all question *progressive*.

Now will it be asking too much if I invite you to suppose that the human soul after it has left the body, is *neither omniscient nor omnipotent*? If you will admit the supposition that the departed soul is still something less than the eternal God, then there is room for the departed family of man to be growing in knowledge and power. The vast risen family of man, robed in spiritual bodies, *may* be progressive. That family above may be steadily acquiring more acquaintance with the natural properties and laws of that spirit world in which it now dwells, also with the substances and laws which bind together and govern all earths, all heavens, all men and all angels; and it may be discovering and devising new modes by which to exert more widely and distinctly its beneficent influences; it may have but recently taught its telegraph man's language, and trained it to speak in words which we can understand.

Since man makes progress here, why may not disembodied man make progress hereafter—not in morals and devotion merely, but in all science—in acquaint-

ance with the laws and properties and powers of nature in that world where the dead now live? Man here has but just learned how to send his messages on electrical wings from north to south over the land—and is the supposition too strange that departed man—still progressive—may also recently have discovered new modes of sending his knowledge and wishes to such intelligences as are in a state to receive them? But I will not press this supposition; for it implies something more than the case requires.

Let me make another. Suppose that man has been so ignorant or superstitious in most past ages, that spirits, though having power and desire to help him, have yet found that whatever they attempted for this purpose has only frightened and disturbed him—has made him tremble and shrink under the apprehension that witches and evil spirits were seeking his harm. Suppose that they have failed to benefit him openly, because he could not or would not understand their purpose and receive their aid. Suppose that their efforts at Delphos, in Scotland, in France, at Salem and numerous other places were so misunderstood and perverted, that they have kindly left man to work his way up, without their open and avowed aid, to an elevation at which he would *investigate, calmly*; would have strength and courage to face *facts*, however strange and startling. And suppose yet one thing more, viz: That the liberty of conscience and the free thought, which have taken root and flourished in this western soil, have now grown so strong, that the watchers above and beyond the veil, see an opportunity to make themselves distinctly known and understood—an oppor-

tunity to get a firm and welcome foothold in our midst, and thus make themselves, as they wish to be, our teachers, guides and helpers. Suppose these things, and allow me to recall to your notice some short passages in communications that have previously been read.

You may remember that one of my departed female relatives seems to have said—"The spirit or soul is composed of electricity. It is enabled to communicate by an agent, termed by philosophic men, refined electricity."

Franklin seems to say that—"Philosophers in the spirit world are seeking new modes to manifest themselves more clearly and forcibly. There are ten modes. 1st. Sounds. 2d. Movements. 3d. Clairvoyance. 4th. Spiritual Discernment. 5th. Hearing. The 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th will be unfolded as the wheels of time roll on."

One of my companions, says—"Even now as I touch the fine thread of light that moves the medium, the cherub is drawing sweet strains from the harp of Hope!"

And my playful little favorite, Natty, says—"We just pass a chain of light around the wrist and that sets it to shaking."

These things and others of similar import that have been said in my presence, very naturally suggested the inquiry whether the strange works were not performed by the instrumentality of animal magnetism, odyle, "mundane imponderable," or some subtle fluid not well understood by man, but which these invisible teachers, accommodating their words as well as possible

to man's comprehension, call refined electricity, though they may mean by it something as much finer than the electricity which man elicits by machinery, as that is finer than the iron rods along which it rushes. I cannot prove that it is so—neither can I prove that there is a home for departed spirits—yet I believe both. *Prove* to me, *philosophically*, that the soul lives after the death of the body. And then I, using your own means and methods of proof, will try at least to *prove* to you, that the soul may be called electrical, and that it can use as an instrument to move both mind and matter, all electricity that is less refined, and consequently less powerful than itself.

That the position which is here taken, viz:—That these wonderful works are performed by spirits—themselves electrical—using refined electricity as their instrument, does not stand solely as my conjecture from the words that have been furnished to me—let me refer you to the source whence I first derived the thought. In the *Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse*, by A. J. Davis, page 77, you will find what purports to be a communication from Dr. Franklin, the prominent points of which I proceed to present.

Spirits in all past times where they have communicated with man, *observed*, though they did not well understand the great principles of "*aromal intercourse*."

(No explanation of this term "*aromal*," is given in the work from which I abridge—but observation and reflection have led me to a conjectured understanding of it which I will attempt to illustrate. Place a small bunch of fragrant violets in each of two vases upon your centre table, and the aroma or fragrance of each

bunch will extend to the other, and blend with the other's aroma both around and in the bunch, and through all the space between the two. Now these lines or rays of fragrance from one, that intermix with and run parallel to similar lines from the other, may be telegraphic wires along which the violets might, if intelligent, send back and forth their mutual thoughts and feelings. Remove one bunch of violets and put a rose in its place, and the blended rays will produce a different odor, which might be more agreeable to some of us, and less so to others. A similar blending of electrical aromas doubtless takes place when any two of us meet, and also between each of us and any spirit that may be in attendance upon us. Such aroma, though it escapes *our* senses, is yet perceived by the *dog*. And the dog's power of discernment teaches that no two of us give off effluvia that are precisely alike. Now the electrical evolutions of one human body may be such as will readily combine with the electrical emanations from some spirits, and the two in close and concordant alliance, like muscle and nerve, may be adequate to the performance of such works as we are now considering. Some such affinity and coalescence, I suppose takes place, wherever one is what we call a medium. But the same electrical condition in a spirit which adapts him or her to work through some one of us, may yet be unsuited to work kindly with another person whose electrical aroma is either much more or much less positive. Spirits may differ as much in power to use men, as men differ in susceptibilities to be used by the spirits. The work is done through an aromal intercourse, and it is only when the spirit

aroma, and the mundane aroma, combine in harmonious equilibrium—making as it were *but one*, and *that one*, subject to the spirit's will, that man becomes the spirit's instrument. , Violet and violet may furnish an efficient mixture, while violet and rose combined may be unfit for use.)

Now let me resume my abridgment of Franklin's exposition. Spirits, he says, in all past times, when they have communicated with man, *observed*, though they did not well understand the great principle of *aromal intercourse*. Studying, with calm and fervent joy, the principles of electricity—"I have contemplated this element's mighty workings in Nature's great nervous system ; its passing from constellation to constellation ; from planet to planet ; and in all its far-searchings and multifarious operations I have seen *God*." The time having arrived when many minds on earth have become prepared by the advancements which the various sciences have made there, "I suggested to my companions the propriety of *demonstrating*, upon that birth-place of the human mind, *the doctrine of immortality*, to the end that man's ever searching soul might there no more, in its early stages of existence, have its bright light clouded by the 'shadows of death,'—a gloom of ignorance which we, for want of palpable evidences, had ourselves experienced on the earth." "I proposed the opening of a *material instrumentality* which would be of *universal use*." For "though numerous manifestations of spiritual power had been made to the earth's inhabitants, *in ages past, by the panthea principle of aromal intercourse* ; yet the *scientific method* had not been perceived nor practiced ; therefore no *permanent* or

essential results had as yet been obtained. I listened to the serene observations of Fenelon and William Ellery Channing, who declared that from their co-equal researches into the moral and spiritual necessities of mankind, it was their knowledge, that in case such aromal communication could be established, the people on some portions of the earth would listen, and be thereby advanced towards enlightenment, wisdom, unity and truth. Thus I was assured that the time was now past when these things would have been ignorantly termed demonism, enchantment or witchcraft; and that instead of the *cross* for the *new*; the *scaffold* for the strange and wonderful, there now stood erected, upon the earth, a broad and high platform, from whence the voice of truth went forth over all the land."

"Thus encouraged, I unrolled the principles of my discovery, and accompanying my numerous associates to a position from which we—united in purpose as *one strong* mind—commissioned and directed, by an exercise of our volition, an aromal current to produce *vibrations* in the house of a gentleman of distinction and learning in Germany. We slightly moved the bed upon which he was then reposing. We operated upon his pillow, causing sounds resembling the dropping of water. We caused vibrations upon his shoulder and thus fairly awoke him; whereupon his *agitation dissipated the aromal element which at that particular time his spirit exhaled, and which we had taken advantage of for our experiment.*"

After this trial, Franklin with his associates took a view of many places, mostly in America, "to find the necessary and essential *external and material* conditions,"

and at length, after many trials, in western New York, succeeded in opening communications which have engaged the world's attention.

In these selections, you are shown my leading thoughts concerning the origin and nature of *spirit manifestations*, such as we have at this day.

Their wide and rapid spread through all classes, and among many nations—also the definiteness of their import and the intelligibility of their language, result from a *recent discovery by spirits*, of some new “*scientific*” method of using the old, the everlasting electrical element that is ever working throughout nature's great nervous system. Spirits have recently discovered a new process of telegraphing to us. The instrumentality is material; the conditions are material; the use of the instrument is as free to bad spirits as to good ones. It has no moral or intellectual tastes or preferences. Our wires will as readily transfer a message from one villain to his companion in villainy, as they will carry the most affectionate sentiment from one devout man to another; so will the aroinal electricity which spirits have learned to curb and guide, be the servant of any spirit whatsoever, who conforms his processes to the proper natural laws. There is then nothing miraculous; nothing strictly supernatural; nothing peculiarly demoniacal; nothing which God controls any more than he does the rains which come alike upon the just and the unjust; nor any more than he does the lightnings which flash athwart the skies, or the electrical current, which carries your message or mine, be it good or be it evil, to a distant friend.

Such is my view. I have asserted it boldly, as

though it were *proved* true, or as though *I could* prove it so. But this has not yet been done nor do I feel adequate to such a work. I have been bold, because I wished to draw the attention of all careful observers; all thorough investigators; all truly scientific and logical minds. A view is here presented—I hope with definiteness enough to be distinctly seen—which, if correct, may calm the agitated nerve, resolve frightful mystery into beneficent naturalness, and open a familiar way for the wisest among us to obtain lessons in all science, and art, and devotion, from teachers, who though fallible, are yet more experienced, more wise, and more elevated, than any who are trammelled in flesh. Having reflected upon the view for many months, it has to me the aspects of a sound and true one. At least it appears to me suggestive of a direction in which we may look, with good hope, for a solution of the marvels. Not that I expect or wish, that on its first presentation, you will receive it as a satisfactory explanation. Take it, not for immediate adoption, but for investigation, for sifting and for thorough scrutiny. Try it well; and in the end, value it, at just what it shall seem to you worth—no more.

But should you, in proper time, come to see as I do now, you then can regard the marvels as being wrought in conformity with fixed, everlasting, ever acting natural laws—as far removed from the miraculous, the supernatural, the devilish, as are the messages that come and go over our wires. And if the action of this view shall be in you, like what has been felt in my own case, you will soon learn to sit at the tipping table as calmly as you can wait at the post or telegraph office.

And when the message comes, it may be more affecting, but you will deem it no more miraculous, than one from your friend in New Orleans or Washington.

These statements show you in what direction my own thoughts run ; and they let you see how I may, as I in fact do, look upon this subject as one that should be as calmly observed, as closely scrutinized, as faithfully reasoned upon, as the strange facts and lessons of the far, far distant past, which the geologist is finding as he reads backwards, and turns over some new leaf in "Earth's Autobiography." Our age is finding startling facts—far, far away down in the deep sunken valleys, where the wheels of time rolled before man's being on earth began. Not alone *in advance* then, but from behind us also, are the works of God receiving new illuminations. And look where we may, let us do it with the steady gaze, and calm strength of those who feel that *all—all* is under God's direction, and that he will be, and is, our shield and our defence.

Life's pathway has seemed to myself and many others to be illumined with a new light—either an ignis fatuus, a false light, luring to dismal swamps of error and disquietude,—or, it is a *sun*, conceived from creation's dawn, in nature's living laws—now but beginning to shine on man with steady light, and promising to guide his steps to long-hidden fountains of truth and gladness. Is it a phantom, or a sun ? Is it a creature of deluded human brains, or is it the handiwork of the eternal God ? Having used my own senses—those, to me, best possible witnesses—and having used them in this work for more than a year, I am prepared to receive the light that is now struggling through the mists around

us, as the dawn of a new day. And if it has been my lot, as we are performing our march over life's hill-tops and down across its valleys—if it has been my lot to stand on a spot where its earlier beams have met my eye—why shall not I speak of the cheering event to those, whether before or behind me, who are now marching in the shaded valley?

Thus now, my bread, or what seems such to my eyes and taste, is cast upon these waters. It will doubtless return to me—but whether of a finer wheat and sweeter taste, or coarse and unpalatable—whether to make you, my friends, regard me as foolish or as wise, is known not to me, but yet is known to Him—the Maker of the wheat—the Guardian of the waves—the Great Requirer of truthfulness.

It has been my purpose, in which I hope I have succeeded, to refrain from sarcasm, ridicule or abuse towards any one. There are views and feelings connected with this subject, which tell me that such instruments would be unsuited to my hands on this occasion. I have to thank you, not only for your attendance here to-night, but for that prevailing kindness, delicacy or respect, which has restrained each and every friend or acquaintance from the least syllable of sneer, or slur, or censure, in my hearing, during the whole time that I have been investigating this subject. I speak it in thankfulness, that by no averted look, or unkind act, has any one cast a shadow upon my path, while many of you must have been thinking that I was *foolishly following the shadows of a shade*.

I ask not that you should believe as I do. I did not come here to advise you what to believe. A part of

what I have seen and thought—though only a small part has been told—not enough of itself to justify any one of you in believing—yet enough, I trust, to start candid, fair and thorough inquiry in your minds—I do not wish my words to have any immediate effect beyond that of exciting you to inquire candidly for *facts*. Do spirits speak to us, or do they not? Find *the fact* as you shall have opportunity. That is all that I advise or wish.

Predictions as to the effects of these wonders do not belong to me nor to man. *If facts*, they are facts *above man's working*; and he *must take them*, whether in his limited vision they promise to work weal or woe. The *why* they come *at this time*, and *for what* purpose, belong to Him to whom a thousand years are as one day, and who knows the end from the beginning. *The future* is his; we cannot pry into that if we would. In my remarks, I suppose myself to be dealing with the recent past and the present, and not at all with the future. One is not trying to pry irreverently into the future, however earnestly he may strive with unfaltering and unwearied step to keep up side by side with the on-rolling wheels of the *Present*. These strange sights and sounds are not future, but most distinctly present; now, in this age—this day—this hour—they are before our eyes. God in his providence is holding them up before us *now*. And when His hand holds them here, is it more reverent to shut up the vision, or to look upon the gift of his wisdom and love?

Also in allusion to the effects of these wonders, I choose not to speak of what *will be*—but of what is. That wide-spread *half faith* in immortality, which but

just keeps half the members of the Christian community from denial, and goes no farther than that, is receiving new vitality and vigor, and growing up to the stature and power of *undoubting trust*. Many think they are furnished with *positive demonstration* of that immortality, which Christ only *proclaimed*. The thoughts and affections are lifted heavenward, more than before. It must be so when one sees the long absent travelers returning from beyond the hidden bourne, and finds them willing and eager to help us on and up to plains of higher knowledge, devotion and joy. The sceptic—himself tells me so—the sceptic joins the trusting band; the believer—I know it, and others say it—the believer girds himself about with new faith. Will it not be so, if the loved and buried, no longer lost, but *found*, stretch down their helping hands, and speak their cheering words? There is vast uplifting power in the belief, that good *kindred* angels are present to guide our feet in the paths of truth and peace; to breathe around and through us a purer charity, a brighter hope, a serener joy, than belong to our clay-bound souls.

Recently, since men have begun to learn that the ascended parent, wife, husband, brother, sister, child, embryo infant, friend—each pours down from above, words of kind endearment, and beckons the doubting soul onward and upward—since this knowledge has dawned upon us—*some* of the family below trust that they have begun to move *onward and upward*, with firmer step; steadier progress; more confiding trust—to join the family above,

“ Where the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.”

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