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PAPER FIRST.

JOAN OF ARC. HER OPINION OF CREMATION.

I think one never has a conception of the poverty of language to such an extent as when standing with a full heart, and tender recollections between the two worlds. A heart must be entirely selfish that would wish to reap what it has not sown, or garner for selfish purposes the lessons taught by an exchange of lives without reaching back to the uttermost, and giving out words that at least will make men think whether or not, they act.

In my short review of facts from spirit life that I have given, I have felt I would like to begin where I left off, in interviewing and studying into the condition of a spiritual rather than a physical world. Still worlds or conditions are so nearly connected that to be an inmate of one must be to have an interest in the other; and before I strike out farther into my knowledge of the spheres, I must tell you of one whom it has been a blessing to me to have met, and one who calls out all that is noblest and best in a true man's nature. In my ramblings it has been with pleasure I have looked into the kindly eyes of

Joan of Arc* and through a helper, understood her feelings toward those in earth life. Her native land, with its sunny vineyards is not forgotten. Though long a resident from choice, of the eighth sphere, still by that subtle law, which is ever true to itself, she lives over the old struggles and basks in the old victories. The shock of seeing and realizing that those ideal characters are really true, is great to me who have always been a worshiper of genius and self sacrifice.

When I gazed into eyes which hundreds of years ago, thrilled her country with love and fear, when I saw her the savior in a measure of many standing before me, knowing that from the ashes of the past had arisen the beautiful body which now enshrined her beautiful soul, I felt that the prophets of religious bigotry, even the man who was called a God, paled beside this vision of martyred womanhood. Thinking of her tragic death and knowing that ages cannot entirely cancel an injustice done to purity, I asked her of her mission in this life. "It is almost boundless" she said, "I am working for the good of the nation left behind; every pang I suffered, is an incentive to protect others, and every thought a care for the oppressed. My mind reverts to the customs of earth and I am lost in wonder at the changes which have come upon nations. But the method by which I passed to spirit life has suggested a custom

* Born, Jan. 6, 1410, in France. She was a medium, and was led by her "voices" to assist Charles, the Dauphin in winning the victory of Orleans by which he was made king of France. After ward, she was captured by the English and burned alive, at the stake, as a sorcerer, May, 1431. The character of the "Maid of Orleans" was spotless.

now frequently practiced there, which brings upon me a shudder, even after the old has passed away and all become new to me. It is, that the human body should, after having served its purpose, be subjected to such a fate as cremation. I may feel tender upon that subject, but my individual opinion will not harm anyone, and should eternity be eternity in its broadest sense, we would not forget entirely the casket we had worn, and would prefer it to live on in some form more perceptible to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field than to destroy it utterly by fire. Mother-earth was ever kind when I was there and did her work well, and to my mind, with beloved friends, there can be no better way than to consign their bodies to their own mother-earth. Let 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes' come afterward when nature's chemical process is complete; but I have had enough of ashes, and the old pains which memory brings up, seem to me a rehearsal of the past. I realize the difference, but I have watched over too many fires of souls and bodies, to believe that method as any more of a purifier than the method of Nature." Bowles.—"Will you tell of yourself as you are now?" Joan of Arc.—"Oh! Yes. I will give you a description of my present life soon, and of my special work to a special nation, but I want to send back word to everyone that I can reach in earth life, that if their souls while in the earthly casket shrink from this seeming ordeal, no law should condemn them to this sacrifice. I know what it is for a soul to stand beside a body and see each fibre of an old garment consumed by fire. I know that too often there is so strong an

affinity for the old body that the spiritual body suffers in sympathy. I say this because men in earth-life are adopting ideas which are not nature's science and had rather experiment upon strangers than upon themselves or their friends. I know all that has been evolved from experiments, but do not recognize the justice of a person's being made a tool for science without his consent."

I asked her if she did not see the necessity of some change in disposing of the dead on account of sanitary conditions; and she replied, "so far as she could see, there was but little sense in burning the bodies of the people while the flesh of beast, fish and reptile were subjected to a process for fertilization, and scattered broadcast over the land, emitting vile odors and carrying in its atmosphere more of putrid disease than many quiet resting places for the dead. I thought of her as a woman with a woman's prejudices even though hundreds of years should have brought her wisdom, and I said, "this is of the past; let us talk of that which will be of greater importance in both worlds." She replied through her interpreter, "most gladly, sometime, but I am due very soon at a spirit council over Nice,* where the body will not be thought of, but the good of the souls of the masses."

Jan. 10, 1885.

S. Bowles.

*Nice, in Asia Minor, where the famous Council of Nice was held, during the reign of Constantine the Great.

PAPER SECOND.

I cannot with any word painting, describe my thoughts and feelings on first meeting this woman of a past age. Yet from former feelings, from former knowledge as much as one can have of any historical subject, she was the genuine Joan of Arc.

To claim to be and not to be, in this spirit-world of ours, especially after we have passed in a measure beyond the boundary of selfishness and deceit, is almost unheard of. This interview with the heroine of many of my earth dreams was something to treasure, something I would like to report to my own in earth-life, if their superior knowledge did not avow me dead. But like one who long ago, as tradition says, "came to his own and his own received him not," I must send to others, the fruits of a harvest I would gladly give to my own loved ones.

I have looked at strange pictures, I have seen solemn congregations, but never one more earnest than that to which Joan of Arc led me when she proceeded to the place before-mentioned. As we descended, she with kindly hands, showed me the way. Others, with anxious faces and thoughts of crowned heads that must be dethroned by their own ideas of justice, came side by side; friends of those who are called the corruptors of kingdoms, followed, looking not for the princely jewels of those born in power, but for the rights of a starving, working multitude;

men of genius, who, in ages past, had at noonday and at midnight, worked with hopeful hearts, to perfect implements by which life's labor might be performed more easily, only to see crowned heads and wealthy lords, utilize what should have descended to their own, not only as a right, but to smooth the path, made hard by human cruelty;—a heritage, she who died for her country, feels must curse it, until humanity with its lawful rights, shall take the place of these usurpers; fathers, hoping that in some future generation, there may be a chance to avenge or at least, make reparation for the sufferings endured in giving their descendents, secure freedom; mothers, who after hundreds of years, have felt more and more the injustice of their past, and looking back to earth-life, see in the-children of the present age, those who must suffer even as they suffered, unless some mighty hand is sent out to still the surging waters, which have so long tossed the young and innocent, or sent older ones to uninvited graves. All classes, all who have lived and suffered or lived and learned in the spirit-world, their "inhumanity to man," have met above the quiet city of Nice to see if by their united power, something cannot be evolved to stay the waves of injustice, which have been so disastrous to the many and kind to the few.

You have your council chambers, you have your representatives from different lands, you have your earnest workers, you have your battles of tongues; so it is just the same under the blue sky amid the flowers of spirit life. These people, many with languages unknown to me, called for their ideas of right toward those below them.

The woman who had died for her country, had something to say, and as she arose in that vast multitude, the friends of the Joan of other days, with reverence due to a heroine, listened to her impassioned words and prophecies, which struck a chill to the hearts of those who would still continue the old. She claimed a work was still hers to do until yet more freedom should come down to earth from sunnyspheres. She spoke of heads severed upon the cruel block, of eyes that looked their last upon loved ones, from the burning stake, of one in place to-day and another usurping that place to-morrow, and all for power, all for the unjust ambition to rule souls and bodies.

"Can you look upon the record of the past and not realize the need of a more united world in order to prepare a heaven for all?" "Much" said she, "depends upon our united action to reach the lower land, whence all must come, and show the people the true principles of life. Go with me to a Russian prison: see them languishing there, daily expecting death, death for a cause to which their overwrought feelings have made them martyrs; see the little ones made fatherless for as yet a wasted cause, made motherless because of broken hearts, because oppression drove their companions into a war, all powerless on one side and all powerful on the other.

The conditions of some of these lands have been bettered, but this has been accomplished more by the descending power of the spirit-world, than by the wasted lives that are hourly giving up their all for a liberty never gained! Oh! that we in spirit life can do this, that we can stay the strong tide so

dangerous to life and love, and each one take some fettered soul and cast away the fetters! Living in the sunlight of heaven may be selfish, unless we have a systematized work of individual effort for the countries we love. I see in every face before me, thoughts which shall lead the slave to freedom, and turn the weapons of war into producers of bread for the nations. Real work is to be done for those who in many a prison will die to-morrow for the want of free air to breathe and bread for their children."

Others, with the glow of love for their native countries, spoke of what spirits could do in helping humanity. Charlotte Corday,* with the old fires of memory in her eyes, demanded help for woman, or woman's virtue, for woman's honor.

It was a grand meeting almost among the stars. There were priceless thoughts, but how few of them and how poorly expressed by me. I am sorry to be the chronicler, but how glorious the thought that Heaven is being waked up by women such as these, the one, who died for patriotism and glory, the other, whose earth life was full of revenge.

Jan. 10, 1885.

S. Bowles.

*A French heroine, born, July, 28, 1768, guillotined at Paris, July, 17, 1793, for the assassination of Marat, a leading member of the party of Robespierre, which was determined to guillotine all the leading members of the Girondist party. She entered Marat's bedroom and plunged a dagger into his heart, causing instant death. She was of remarkable beauty, and died with lofty heroism, and unflinching courage.

PAPER THIRD.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE STILL INTERESTED IN WAR. HE REGRETS HIS LACK OF APPRECIATION OF WOMAN WHEN ON EARTH. HE FEELS HUMILIATED, IN THE PRESENCE OF JOAN OF ARC. HE IS NOW HELPING TO PROMOTE HUMAN EQUALITY AND THE UNITY OF NATIONS.

It seems rather strange to me that in the past turmoil of a busy earth-life I can look back and see how many a written or spoken word was given for the use of disguising the real meaning of the thought.

Deceit with its many non-committal acts is not allowed here.

Men and Women of the strongest mental powers, who suffered martyrdom for a principle in the "Dark Ages," with the most unflinching nerve, are sometimes, it seems, the least capable of withstanding certain emotions which recall the past in all its horrors. Yet sometimes brave hearts, who have a daring motive, can revert to a past, called dead, and see in kindred hearts (those made one by suffering) a strong chain by which to link a fruitful future to an unfruitful past.

Napoleon Bonaparte* with all his love for war can now look with pity, on his former lack of human love, and wishes he could conceive of a sympathy, broad enough and strong enough, to bridge over the gulf between what his past was and what it might have been.

"It is all empty glitter," said he to me as sitting in one of the great gardens of our Paradise, we reviewed the council, just held above Nice. "I would rather now, in this life, clasp the hand of the fairest and to me, the dearest woman earth has produced, one whose sacrifices were her crown, and see a respect born of love, shine through her eyes, than to know that in history, my name shall be held up as the hero who was worshiped as the incarnation of power."

I remarked, "You doubtless thought you were right when battling in earth-life."

He replied, "I worked more, I can now see, impelled by the selfish force of the disappointed spirits behind me, than from any real sentiment, save that of ambition to conquer."

Said I, "Then you are willing to admit, in the thrilling past of yours, of a power which aided you, forced you to be more cruel or kind, of which you then had not a thought."

"Yes" said he, "Who more than I should try if possible to find a cause for those over-ruling ambitions which trod down in their pathway, innocence, justice, everything which could deter me from my purpose. Whether you know it or not, sir, your

*The first emperor of the French, of that name. Born in Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769. Died at St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

battle fields of earth-life are more often crowded with incensed spirits, behind their soldiers than you would suspect. If left to themselves, the warriors of earth would soon end their battles without such terrible carnage; but old feuds revive among the spirit forces, and as they have no blood to shed, they can well nerve up men to inflict deeper wrongs. That is a part of hell, sir. I quite enjoyed my hell when the late Franco-Prussian war was raging. All the fight in me, all the loneliness of exile, all the bitterness of the hungry past, came over me and helped me. To spur on that party which seemed to have the greatest provocation, was for the time, my ambition.

I hope I have risen above it, but I cannot be sure that the past may not again be too strong for me, and should a similar exigency arise, I might be one of the first to let the old seeds of dissention grow into a thriving plant. Still I have more than I deserve here, as the outcome of my bankrupt life, a life made desolate when it should have been made holy in the atmosphere of a true and perfect home. In my earth-life, I looked upon woman as well sacrificed, if in her pangs of death she brought forth a good fighting soldier. I thought it a life just such as a woman was made for, and a death of glory; but now looking at homes desolated, hearts saddened, looking at woman's noble mind, her nerve, her power of will and love of right, I feel ashamed.

The sunshine of future ages must give to that sex what the darkness of the past and man's selfishness has withheld, "true equality." In earth-life our martyred friend who has spoken so truly, was a

heroine, one to be praised, to be remembered, but I did not know the real sweetness of her character until face to face, I met her and in my own mind compared my past with her's. That is a work for spirits, sir, and it should be our ambition to bring out in its highest, best sense, the true rights of womankind. I want you to go with me to my home soon. I want you to describe if you can, to that far away earth-world, the home of one whose ambition was that world's curse, one, who ruined and robbed the homes of millions. Our skeleton closets are well kept even over here; and with a smile he said "mine has a "Boney" skeleton in it yet."

"What is your present work" said I, as he arose to go. "Is it of this your higher life or of the past?"

"It is first" he said, "to use my power to unite the interests of all nations, to bring all their rights to the same level; to raise up from the chaos now existing a people's government, not one by crowned heads, not as in the Unites States of America, where the people think they are ruling, but will wake up to find the few ruling the many; to abolish all kinds of slavery both of body and habit; to work through those in lower spheres who can best reach the earth, that an education may arise which shall make the lower experiences of spirit-life, less a necessity, and enable each one to pass up without stopping for a while amid the shuddering scenes in the first sphere, where earth-life's lessons have to be conned over and the punishment earned by an uneducated past, endured. I will go with you, sir, and show you scenes you have not dreamed of, and give you an idea of schemes for the world's future that you would not

believe could enter into the heart of man."

A when I left this man of battles and retired to my quiet home, I thought it paid to be born and endure for a season, if by having existed one could look into the workings of the minds of men and nations, and sometimes drop a lesson down to those of earth who, being now as we once were, must take an interest in them.

Jan. 11, 1885.

S. Bowles.

Ques.—In what sphere was the spirit council held?

Ans.—In the seventh, to more easily enable those from above and below, both to attend.

Ques.—How happens it that Napoleon Bonaparte attended the meeting if held in the seventh sphere?

Ans.—He attended the council but does not reside in that sphere yet. He lives mostly in the fifth.

But let me tell you we are capable often of residing in higher spheres at times than those we have really gained, in order to do more good and make it more convenient. You do not know the multitude of the spheres, nor how we are growing better able every day when work calls us to change.

PAPER FOURTH.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA EXPLAINS THE ORIGIN OF WAR-SPIRIT AMONG MEN.

SAMUEL BOWLES'S FATHER IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

After my interview with the hero of Austerlitz, my mind turned from his past to his present, and knowing the carnage, the woe, the terror, he had brought to hearts, I thought a man's true heroism is best shown in conquering self, and in ruling the affairs which come to men of homes, men who make up the nations. I thought a man who had been ever true to the small things, whose wife could love and honor him, was far better off than the hero of a bivouac of artillery, or than one who had fought under the Wellingtons of the past. Still I thought it strange that a man with such a thirst for victories could have such different sentiments during times of peace, or war, when he had seemingly left all behind.

"Whence comes this war spirit to the people?" I asked to myself, and as if one had risen up to answer, Ignatius Loyola,* or one claiming to be, with strange attire and smiling face, said, "To your question I will give answer. The Church must have war to retain its own. It must hold its subjects with iron bands or too much light will shine abroad, and prevent u

*Born in Spain, 1491, died in Rome, 1556. He was the founder of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits).

from keeping a great people together. Pope, cardinals, monks, nuns and priests, are sustaining a greater people in doing a work for themselves, and also in supporting, by the work of many hands, their superiors.

I have seen the picture of this man in churches yet consecrated to that order, and thought how heartless was his answer; yet he, with his guide and interpreter, was smiling blandly as though the cry of widows and orphans had never reached their ears.

"We have known some wars which arose from false ideas of religion, but not all, sir," I said, "for that would not harmonize with the history of nations."

"The seeds were in the church, and the power that sent men to battle, dwelt in the priesthood," he said with an air of pride, "we have much to avenge and must have much to rule over."

"If you are the man you claim to be and not a masquerader, will you tell me what sphere you inhabit," I asked him? He said, "I decline to do so until you know me better, and recognize a power more potent than false notions of taking care of an earth which needs subduing and must be subdued. But sometime you will see that really great men, men of mind do not change in a few hundred years and go, puling about, forgetful of a past that needs to be remembered, and a religion, which needs to be still better sustained."

"What can it profit you, or people of other creeds and opinions, to have your false ideas prevail: are you better for it," I asked, "when you are past, or should be past all such ideas?"

"It clings to us," he said, "and our natures can-

not be like those of common people, accepting say-so as truth: we shall have glories yet; we shall see on the vast plains of our sphere, as you call it, rising in glorious review, the buildings that belong to a people, who in the spirit of the old times, will have their masters and their subjects, their priests and their followers, who are glad to obey. I shall see you again, sir, when what I have said here shall have been proved to be true. The new ideas spreading so rapidly over this upper country shall be crushed and we shall see old times and victory."

I walked along, disgusted, and still thinking that nature was ever true to herself, and that what was put into a man was put in to stay. But over the sunny plains of the fifth sphere I wandered on, watching the children at their play, (old children you might call them) watching the bright river which flowed on, ever onward to the eternal sea, seeing the homes that had no sorrow within their walls, because sorrow had been left further down, and knowing that the men with smiling faces were going to homes of peace. Strange medley I thought for one to breathe the air of peace and still desire war below; strange that human life and its struggles have not taught the same lesson to all. But the words of one we read of long ago were, "I came not to bring peace but a sword."

I thought of the different interpretations of this, given by the clergy in earth-life, and concluded that the visit of some spirits to earth was a curse instead of a blessing to any save, themselves; and even if so much time must be consumed in clearing up the debris of a bad make-up, there were a great many

being born, who had better been left in the Nowhere.

It is not so much, I thought, what a person tries to make of themselves as it is how they are first made; and the great subject of ante-natal conditions came before me as one, more and more important to be studied by the children of earth.

If I could speak with the voice of an angel, I would call to you of earth-life and say, fathers, mothers, beware, beware of the heritage of the body and mind you give to those yet to come. There is plenty of room in Heaven for all, but I begin to think more of the quality of which a country is composed than I do of the quantity.

When I am tired of thinking and want some help, I feel like going to another Samuel Bowles,* one on whose breast my head has nestled in the old times and asking of him, some of his thoughts on the questions which so interest me.

But serene and quiet in his spirit-home life, resting from his labors, living in peace with all, he cannot understand my cravings for something to sow broadcast over earth, that the reaping may be here. Lulled into quiet by memories of the sweetness of the past, I try to know what sleep for the spirit is, and rest for the spiritual body. Long experience here must give to me some little power I think, and with my life only beginning in usefulness I feel my duty all the more to press on and on.

Jan. 11, 1885.

S. Bowles.

*The father of the spirit who gives these communications.

PAPER FIFTH.

PRINCE LEOPOLD BEGS MR. BOWLES TO VISIT HIS MOTHER, QUEEN VICTORIA AND HELP HIM TO ASSUAGE HER TEARS.—ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND, STILL PLAYS THE QUEEN IN HEAVEN.—HANNAH MORE AND MARGARET FULLER GIVE HER SOUND ADVICE. MR. BOWLES FINDS SOME SPIRITS LIVING IN SPHERES HIGHER THAN ARE APPROPRIATE FOR THEM.

Homer felt the true dignity of tears when he depicted the horses of his heroes weeping because they foresaw the death of their riders. He could in no other way so nobly distinguish one animal from the rest of its fellows. But the tears of wise and good men are sublime; a woman will weep from wantonness, a man, never; a woman's tears are dried by sympathy; a man's must flow until every drop of the bitter cup is drained. Whenever in the upper spheres I have seen men of intellect, but mistaken in their life-work shed bitter tears for a past which cannot be lived over, I have felt that spirit's tears, angel's tears might if it were possible, blot out some wrongs where the seed of the long ago has not fallen upon stony ground, but produced a harvest of failures and disasters.

Draw a lesson from this, people of earth-life, that you too may not work for the sins of long ago when you shall count on the dial of time, years that seem to stretch across eternity.

As a reporter and journalist even in this land, it is my province to faithfully portray the doings of the nations.

When Prince Leopold* came to me not long ago and begged me to visit his queenly mother, (Victoria) in her home and also urged upon me the necessity of giving great heed to the movements of the nobility, (as he called them) on both sides of life, I gladly acquiesced.

Down through the blue ether we came, and seemingly without effort, reached his mother's side. She was alone, her head bent upon hands which displayed hints of a nation's jewels, dressed in superb and costly clothing, yet weeping as though her heart would break.

"She weeps thus every day, my poor mother," said the pale-faced boy-man. "She fears I studied too hard, fears I was crowded out of life, and I can give her no word as yet to cheer her. I have been to many mediums in earth-life and desired messages to be sent to her, but none could reach her; her mail is guarded too well, and I cannot make her feel my real presence."

It was not a Queen, weeping for a prince, but a mother, for her boy that we looked upon with pity unutterable.

"Will you try to help me reach her," said he grasping my hand? It was not a Prince, demanding a work done, but a man asking a favor of his brother.

"I will tell you all about it sometime, how she felt when father, Alice and others died, but the years

*Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria of England, who died at Cannes, France, March, 28 1884, at the age of 31 years.

are gaining fast upon her and as all other mothers need their own, she needed me. She needs me yet, poor mother."

Just then two attendants entered the room and broke up the magnetic spell that he said, had brought him in closer rapport with her than he had been since his transition, and with a silent benediction over England's Queen, we left the Palace and glided upward.

As we were passing through the portals of the third sphere, still purposing to go upward, we were met by Hannah Moore* and Margaret Fuller,† intent on good works. Leopold, after an introduction asked them kindly to join us, and he would conduct our party to one who long ago ruled over England with a rod of iron.

"May I ask which one you desire us to see," said I?

Leopold replied. "The conversation will explain why I wish you at present to see queen Elizabeth."‡

We still went upward to the sixth sphere, where this woman now holds her harmless courts and tries to be queen: but as the years flow on, she is finding a past nobility, which was not of the soul, an empty bauble. We were conducted to a magnificent palace where everything beautiful and charming to the sen-

*Hannah More, an English authoress, born, 1745, died, 1833.

† Margaret Fuller Ossoli, born in Cambridge, Mass., 1810, died by shipwreck on Fire Island, off Long Island, July 16, 1850. She married Ossoli, a Roman nobleman in 1847. She was a great scholar and philosopher of the Transcendental school.

‡Elizabeth, queen of England from 1558 to 1603, A. D. She was the daughter of Henry, the VIII. and Anne Boleyn. She displayed superior abilities as a ruler, but her personal character was deformed by serious faults. She was vain and selfish, and was more feared than loved by her attendants.

ses was displayed in exquisite loveliness. My eyes fell upon a woman, grand and stately, graceful in movement, yet with a cruel light in her eyes at times, and manifesting a desire to monopolize all conversation.

Said Leopold, "I have brought these, my friends with me, that they may give added strength to my statement that England's present queen has become the Empress and Queen of other countries, that peace and prosperity are on the hills and plains of her dominions, that the Protestant religion is dear to most hearts, that cruel death only for the greatest crimes is tolerated, that petty offences are forgiven, that unlike the times when you and Mary* reigned, there are no religious persecutions. I tell you now, much as you have doubted my statements, that a crown of honor sits upon England's queen; no hidden loves, no unqueenly amours; but the head that is whitened by long serving a loving people, the name which is a household word, has upon it no stain.

These are friends who, having come from that lower world more recently than you, and who understand it, will now speak." I turned to her and said, "Madam:" her hand was raised with an action of impatience, and she dictated me to say, "Most gracious Queen" or Your Majesty."

"I know no queen," I said, "I came from a country where all women may be queens of homes or queens of hearts. I know no sovereign save the God of Nature, and to that God only I make my bow.

I recognize genius in every form; I abhor cruelty in all forms. If history is true, I would rather bow to my mother, than to a thousand queens like you."

* "Bloody Mary" so-called, because she persecuted to death the Protestants. She died in 1533 A. D.

"My power is gone, all gone" said she, "the past a hateful dream, the present a dread reality! I, for whom men once felt life, lost in my service, well lost, I, who had at my bidding the nobles of the land, I, who have been, and still have hoped in some way to be a ruler again, accosted by a common man in this style, and compared to his mother in a disparaging way! I have been much attached to the scenes of my last days on earth, but it must be a long time since I understood the progress of my own land.

I came here to this life, mad for long years. I did not realize much, but when I did awake, I awoke a queen: true it is not always pleasant to remember.

I would undo if I could many of the little wrongs of the past, but I would and will be a queen still."

Hannah Moore in her sweet womanly way, advanced and said, "I too am a queen,—a ruler to banish evil, and invite good to take its place. I too have my subjects, but they are those from whom I have banished the dark clouds of sin and despair, and have raised them up to a nobler womanhood. Sister, let me help you; let us join hands, and go on a review of the past. There are now here those whom you most grievously wronged, and whom you sent out of earth-life, with their sins black as night. Go to some of them and do justice, be a woman. You are now residing in a sphere where you do not understand one half its beauty, through the sufferance of the angels who are too kind to wound you. Go with me and learn Heaven's work: you can be in hell much higher up than this if you will remain idle and not try to seek Heaven.

Margaret Fuller, with kindly voice asked her to

accede to this request, saying, "You see the happy ones here are the workers and you can work too,—you can change from the old to the new,—you can learn to be queen and govern your own selfishness."

"Thanks," said Elizabeth, "I will think of it and will try. Thank you, Prince Leopold, for bringing me witnesses about the real state of my country; for whenever I have returned to it, I have looked through my old eyes and could not realize its changes. I will now dismiss you," she said, with a wave of her hand.

In separating from my friends, my thoughts were busy. I had believed when first coming to this life that a person could not live in a sphere unless fitted for it, but I find sometimes it is not the case. I find some who will dwell in a higher sphere than they fully understand, and others who by desire to work in a more tangible manner for the good of lives in whom they are interested, often spend much of their time in the lowest sphere, even if they do not reside there. But every doubt we clear up, every soul we help to brighten, enables us the better to go to those spheres higher than I once thought existed.

I have had a promise of an interview with Josephine, but cannot now say at what hour it may be granted. These visits all around are my present work.

January 18, 1885.

Samuel Bowles.

PAPER SIXTH.

COL. AND REV. JOHN C. DRAKE. LATE OF WESTFIELD, NEW YORK.—HE SENDS BACK EARNEST WORDS TO HIS PEOPLE.

I must without respect to country, sect or ideas, be faithful to my mission, for a true journalist can have no real conception of his work; he may have an ideal work, but his plans so well laid may find him, like the journalist of earth-life, disappointed in expectation.

I may expect to meet Josephine, but may be disappointed. I may expect to meet Julius Cæsar, and find only John Wesley; and in place of what I would fain give in this paper, I must sink to the level of present teachings in the real world of yours.

In my disappointment in not meeting with a friend to guide me to some of the individuals I had decided to interview, I met a man of bright black eyes, black hair, one, who in the past was well known, at least was well known by reputation to this medium.

He said, "I recognize you sir, as one who was understood to be a man of culture, a graphic writer and one who was as truthful as the license of the press will permit. My name is John C. Drake, late of Westfield, Chautauqua county, N. Y. I left the sacred desk to help save my country. I left home, wife, children, the pulpit and the tender words of my people who loved me, not for a chaplain's service but for a chance in the fiercest of the fight.

The love of country led me to it,—the feeling of the injustice of a civil war, occurring at that time in our nation's history, when peace should have continued, made me forget self and pass to that country I had long talked of, but still knew so little about. Oh! how little I really knew that in ending the life of a strong body, I was voluntarily shutting off much that might have been an element of good to my own and to the world.

I must confess that now I look upon it with different eyes, and, knowing the wants of my people, understanding their faults, rejoicing in their virtues, loving as man seldom loved his wife, who was mother of my children, and who counted nothing lost, if, she through sacrifice, or any other virtue, performed labor that made my work easier. She bade me with true heroism, 'do my best.' I am only a trifle, one of the little ones who by the fate of a bloody war, left behind the possibilities of a life on earth. But sir, as I look back at my mission as a messenger of Christ, and my mission as a helper in war, I often contrast the two and ask myself which ruled, religion or ambition.

I know I had a talent for preaching, I felt it thrilling in every nerve. To those who confided in me, the tritest truisms had an intense meaning and an intense piety. 'To save souls' was my work: all our souls need saving, but much more do human bodies need it and it is to be obtained best by begetting them rightly. But sir, my soul is sickened with the complication of evils, to which a desire for good has led. This turning religion into a trade, this drafting indiscriminately, men into temples,

which should be pure is very wrong. I am now convinced that frequently those of little understanding, of less earnestness for the cause take up the craft of piety and profit thereby as never apostles or priests profited when the life of the preacher was a constant martyrdom.

Put into one scale what the nation pays for its religious instruction and into the other what it receives in return, and which will 'kick the beam?' I meant well when in earth-life. I shall try to mean well here, but better I think in reviewing the whole to ask what greater parody on true religion, than to seem to be what you are not. Better the simple and safe quaker doctrine of no priesthood, better the sublime madness of Irving's* prophecies, better the Romish superstitions of celibacy and asceticism than the turning of the Christ's words into a trade company by which idle men are allowed to parcel out the Bread of Life, with no conscience or discrimination; thus compelling honest men to lower themselves by selling their ministerial services to the highest bidder and often finding no market for their talents. I do not give up my old opinions whereby sometime I hope to see the realization of many of my old ideas, the hopes of the past fulfilled, but most of all I hope that soldiers both of Christ and of the nation who served under me, will, with that charity taught by the Great Master, look upon me as one who meant far better than his action seemed, and who will now with God-given power, work out of the old errors and begin to do if not great things, those that are nearest his reach and bring to bear upon all who have

*Edward Irving, an English divine, born in 1792, died in 1834. He was the founder of the Irvingites and noted for his prophecies of the second coming of Jesus Christ.

loved me, especially upon all who have been in earth-life a bar to my progress, my strongest influence for good. Good and evil, hand in hand, are walking through the world and even in spirit life it is the same. We will find whether good shall tip the balance or evil still hold sway.

I feel culpable in taking so much of your valuable time, in casting any reflection upon those who have known my history, but I say that we, spirits, must seize every opportunity to prove to the world, 'If a man die,' he shall live again."

I trust this digression will be no detriment to this work, but I tell you the king on his assumed throne or the wayfarer by the wayside, has the same right to the notice of a reporter who has no hope of gain, but labors, mindful of a working past and of a hopeful future.

Jan. 13, 1885.

Samuel Bowles.

PAPER SEVENTH.

JOSEPHUS, A DWELLER IN THE EIGHTH SPHERE.

--HE REGRETS HE DID NOT HOLD WOMAN'S VIRTUE AND MAN'S HONOR IN HIGHER ESTEEM WHEN ON EARTH.—HE SCOUTS THE IDEA THAT THERE EVER WAS A GOD-MAN, SUCH AS IS CLAIMED FOR JESUS.

It would be a serious disappointment to me, were I not able to bring vividly to the reader's mind, the scenes and persons, I am about to describe.

The history of the past, seemed to me when in earth-life, mythical, unreal. I could imagine the ideal characters, but could not make them seem real.

I now remember that in my earth-life, I thought, if after death there was a realm of consciousness,

where men of all centuries lived, I would learn of the actual existence of Confucius, Josephus, and other leaders, and historians of the past, and see if indeed they were men.

But I had to begin at the lower rounds of the ladder, content to interview men of my own nation, ere I could open the portals of the past and revel in interviews with those called 'dead and gone' so long ago. I had the promise of an interview with Josephus* and I intended to hold my guide to his promise even though I could only hear a few words. I desired to see a man whose pen pictures had lived so long. "Cannot I go where he is," I asked of my guide.

"No," he said, "Josephus will meet you here in the fifth sphere, because you can better understand his ideas, than you could if you should be subject to the change you would have to go through, in entering his home in the eighth sphere."

"Why has he not risen higher since he has been a spirit so long," I asked?

He replied, "On account of the clogs of the past, he prefers that sphere. He could, by the lessons he has received, and by those he has taught, be admitted much higher, but he still loves to look over his race and, therefore, chooses his present location. He will not say much; he is choice of his words; he feels as much as ever his power and glories in it. I will now leave you and guide him to you."

Time with us, moments and hours, glide away without notice. We do not think of them as we did in earth life. Then we used to say, 'One day less to live,' now eternity is before us. Yesterdays seem

*Flavius Josephus, a Jewish historian, born in Jerusalem, A. D. 37, died, A. D. 103.

the same, save, as we mark upon the calender of time, a good deed done, a victory won over wrong: then we rejoice in to-day.

Passing constantly by the shady retreat in which I was seated, were people of all climes and ranks. Peasant, priest and king, looked carelessly at me as I waited for my guide's return. He came at last with the man who had lived in history eighteen hundred years. He had a high forehead, piercing eyes, deep set, and wore a flowing beard.

"You wished to see me sir," he said, "and I have come to you, understanding you have a channel by which a world in which I lived centuries ago, can be reached, and that the descendants of the people with whom I lived when on earth, may learn that I still live. How wonderful!"

"Do you now go back to earth life," I asked?

"I used to return long ago, but now my interests are higher. I have a memory of the old, but my inclinations have changed and I do not care to go back to that world, so gross; for even here, in the fifth sphere, where to you all is beauty, nature has a look of coarseness and lacks the true essence of refinement. Will you please state your business with me, sir, as I cannot long remain in this atmosphere?"

"I wish to ask you if your history was, as far as you can now remember, a truthful one," said I.

He replied, "It was sir, so far as the times permitted. I had not the present facilities for getting my manuscript into perfect form, and general distribution and labored under great difficulties; there were statements in it which however true, I now wish stricken from the memory of every pure man and

woman. I held woman's virtue too low and man's honor as something, to be bought or sold. I regret now that in place of writing as I did, I did not possess the spirit to teach the people, that virtue and honor, were the only strong holds, that would insure them peace."

"What have you to say about the passage in your history relating to Jesus the Christ,* I asked?"

"It is false, sir, I never wrote it," he replied with indignation.

A man was born about that time who possessed certain powers, which worked upon the superstitions of the people, and made them in their ignorance, claim him as divine. He has borne many different names, and imposed, in my opinion, on many people; but the story that he was born of a virgin, that he was God in man, that he was a Saviour to any, except when by kind acts he may have helped a mortal, I deny them all. Would not I, living so nearly at that era, have know it, if such a man had existed? Yes, indeed I should. Jesus Christ is a myth, sir, but the man who originally claimed such powers during my earth-life held a humble place in history, and has been greatly misunderstood.

It is true, they said I assumed the character of a prophet and predicted when wars should end, but

* "Now there was about this time, Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such as received the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many Gentiles. He was (the) Christ, and when Pilate at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him. for he appeared to them alive again on the third day as the divine prophets had foretold these and many other wonderful things concerning him.

And the tribe of Christians, so named from him are not extinct to this day,"

Extract from his History of the Jews, Book 18, chapter 3, verse 3.

there was more in it than that. In the long ago I was what you call a medium, and had premonitions of the future. Who better could write one's own history than I, who in the way the old world counts time, was secluded three years on a desert?

I, who have been a worker in the past now say I am sorry for the attitude I took, and could I now retrace those steps, would be actuated by purer and better motives. I would trample all ambition under my feet, which breathed of wrong toward others. I am now, through others, working for my race."

The name of Flavius Josephus must still remain in history as a great power. As I bade him good-bye, I thought first of the doubtfulness of my having understood his real ideas. I had doubt of the capability of my guide to give me the real words, which could best convey his meaning and feared I had misunderstood him.

I give it to you as nearly as I could understood it, and hope this attempt may open wider the portals of communication between the old times and the present, and enable us to better comprehend in future, the words of those who long ago, lived, suffered, and ascended higher. Jan. 18, 1885. S. B.

Ques.— Who was the man on whom the ideal character of Jesus was based?

Ans.— Josephus is not with me now but I understand his idea is that Apollonius of Tyana,* figured

*Apollonius of Tyana, a celebrated Pythagorean philosopher, born at Tyana, a city of Cappadocia in Asia Minor, about the beginning of the Christian era. He was the most celebrated medium of his age and performed many wonders in Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Rome and the East.

For a full account of his life and labors, see Faraday Pamphlet, No. 5, (pages, 11 to 21,) mentioned at the close of this book.

afterward as Jesus Christ. May the good angels forgive me if I have misunderstood Josephus. I am looking, praying for the Christ of the Christians, yet he never comes near and I look in vain.

Ques.—Did Josephus know Apollonius of Tyana?

Ans.—Yes. There was really a change of names. Apollonius of Tyana and the ideal Jesus were to Josephus and to me as I now understand it, one and the same. Much of the past must be cleared away before mankind will have a full understanding of the truth, on this subject. It is like taking a loved one from memory, like changing from light to darkness, to state my honest conviction that the Jesus of the Christians is a myth.

Ques.—What caused you to feel disappointed in your meeting with Josephus?

Ans.—His big I and little you. In going to meet him I wondered if circumstances had changed such men to the extent of making them noble, heroic, beautiful; but I found many of them, egotists, especially Josephus: it has pained me much.

Ques.—What change would you have to go through in order to meet Josephus in the eighth sphere?

Ans.—The same change as you would experience were you to go into an atmosphere wholly unsuited to you. To breathe when you feel it a great effort, to exist even for a short time when existence seems a burden, because the refinement of the surroundings is so far above the present condition of your spirit-body, causes you to experience a very unpleasant change.

PAPER EIGHTH.

DANTE, THE ITALIAN POET, RELATES THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND OF HIS LOVE FOR BEATRICE.—IN HEAVEN THEY ARE UNITED IN A BLISSFUL HOME.

I was about turning away, disappointed in my interview with Josephus, feeling that although I had looked into a great man's eyes, grasped a great man's hand, yet I really knew very little more than before; when I was greeted most kindly by a man who to my surprise, spoke our language fluently, yet his whole appearance betokened a foreigner.

"My friend," he said, I have not been ignorant of your mission in the spirit-world, and will therefore give you my name, trusting I may introduce you to one, who, if he cannot tell you anything new can relate something of his past, which was like a troubled dream. I am Guido Novello,* the friend of Dante Alighieri,† whose life was one of poetry and

* A friend of Dante's who built a monument at Ravenna, under which Dante's body was buried.

† The illustrious Italian poet, born in 1265, at Florence, and died in 1321 at Ravenna, Italy. He wrote "The Young Life of Dante, (Vita Nuova,) "The Banquet" and "The Divine Comedy," the last, one of the great poems of the world, ranking with Homer's Iliad and Milton's Paradise Lost."

struggle. I was the nephew of Francesca, whose passionate dreams and cruel death were immortalized by Dante. I stood near him when death sealed his eyes, in the palace of Ravenna, and I wandered out into the deep forests, already dim as the Italian sun had ceased to shine, and wondered, prayed and hoped that the one who could write such incomparable poems, would now dwell where there would always be sunshine for the soul. I shall have to speak for him, if I bring him to you; for while I have tried to perfect myself in different languages here, he has put his whole soul into poetry, and is seeking a chance to control some earth medium, and send some of his poems back, even in his own language.

He says he will not be satisfied until he begins where he left off, and he lets the strength of his thoughts grow and gives out sweet music, even in the highest spheres to which he may attain.

I then had the pleasure, after Guido had been absent a few moments, of being introduced to the immortal Dante. I will not waste words in pen portraits.

Dante's earthly history is known to most people of culture, but to see the poet still a poet, to know that he, through all the centuries, has preserved his love of poetic description, puzzled me, (yet, when I think of it, when will Samuel Bowles cease to be a reporter?)

What was your beginning in the poetic world, as one of its workers?

"Love began it," he said. "love for my mother whose name was Bella, love for Beatrice, when nearly nine years old, a love that was purely platonic, as cruel circumstances compelled us to part.

Left fatherless at an early age, my love centered on womankind and developed in my nature more of the poetic than would have resulted, had I been a great statesman.

Although later, I became a warrior, and fought in the battles of Campaldino, although I helped negotiate with foreign sovereignties in behalf of the Republic of Florence, I would dislike to own that politics formed the chief part of my public career. Sickened with war and its consequences, I turned to the more peaceful life of the poet, and yet while writing the *Inferno*,* it seemed as though I was warring with the elements of evil. I hoped to breathe out in a crude way, a lesson to the people, down-trodden and distressed. I belonged to the white branch of the Guelphs,† and tried to promote their interests. I was raised to high dignity in the Florentine government. I tried to distil into my poems the quintessence of high-wrought feeling. I am glad of the satire I hurled at my political foes, still could I have kept to poetry, instead of politics, I should not have had the disappointments which have beset me.

When I wrote my *Divine Comedy*, I was inspired, I was helped. The Latin bard, warned by my arisen Beatrice, was ever near me. Who could paint hell better than one who well knew hell, who could portray heaven better than one who lived in heaven? I laugh now at my old ideas of purgatory, and still I call them perfect, when compared with the present ideas of that lower world, where one does the sinning,

* A part of the *Divine Comedy*.

† A political party of his time in Florence.

the other endures the suffering. My 'terrace' in my Comedy is for more in accordance with then at one stride to pass from vilest sin into purity."

'When visiting the earth where do you like best to

"Over my beloved Florence, the place of my birth over Ravenna, the scene of my death, over 'Dante rock'* by the calm Adriatic. I also take pleasure in reviewing what is thought of Goethe, who criticised my life-work, with such keen sarcasm. My work there seems now like play; my poetry only the feeble thought of a puny brain, compared to what I am now, and what I mean to be. Historians have written of me, but who so fitted to write the history of life as one who has lived that life.

I thank you for your patience in getting second-hand that which can be of but little avail; but, sir, I hail it as a harbinger of light, for if you can communicate with earth's people why may not I?

Am I in a dream, a waking dream, or have I really been conversing with whose life began in 1265?

Jan. 16, 1885.

Samuel Bowles.

Ques.—Are Dante and Beatrice now mated in spirit life?

Ans.—Beatrice will write her history. Disappointed in life, heaven filled the cup of bliss and brought her near to him. No earth union could have made

* Duino, called also Tybein or Tybain, (ancient Castellum Pucinum?) a seaport town of the Austrian government, 12 miles by rail N.W. of Trieste, on the North coast of the Gulf of Venice. Pop. 300. *Lip. Gaz.*

The rock is still pointed out, in the shadow of which Dante used to sit. It is (at Duino,) on the shores of the Adriatic near the picturesque castle of Tolmino in the Friuli, a province of Italy situated at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Venice. (Adriatic) *Botta's Dante.*

bliss as this. She is with him now, and
 fices, in because she is true. She will relate her
 the l. S. B.

stat es.— You say, "The Latin bard, warned by my
 Beatrice was ever near me when I wrote my
 Divine Comedy." What was his name?

Ans. — Virgil and I are friends, what better
 friend could one want?"

Ques. — What is Dante doing now?

Ans. — "What is Dante doing now? What
 should a poet do but live a life that is a poem itself!

Seeing how far short his real life has been from
 the ideal, knowing how great the power of words,
 he stands between the two worlds, with unwritten
 things in his mind, and longs for a chance to portray
 to earth's children the history of the Now. I glory
 in his power and in that coming time when he shall
 write a spirit-poem which will be a great aid in the
 conquest of evil and give a strong impulse for good.
 His Inferno is only a plaything beside what now ex-
 ists in his mind. May all that is good bless Dante.

PART NINTH.

JOSEPHINE, HORTENSE.—BITTER MEMORIES STILL
 CLING TO JOSEPHINE AND CAUSE HER TO LIVE APART
 FROM NAPOLEON AND BEAUHARNAIS.—SHE IS
 WORKING FOR THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

There is much comfort to be gained from proving
 the memories of the history of the past to be true.
 With the same uncertainties attending my present
 life as a reporter that met me in earth-life, I may
 start out to see a Peer of the old world, hoping to
 learn of him and meet our honest worker, Horace

fices, in which my children had to share, learning in the bitter school of poverty, lessons which few peasants have found more severe, my widowhood, made all the more bitter when with hands unfitted, I had to enter into the hardest kind of labor my anxiety to see my children occupy their rightful position, the laxity of the French educational system, which left me more ignorant than many peasant school girls to-day, the struggle for bread, my dream of greatness partially realized when I was united in marriage with Napoleon; the glory of the days when the crown was placed upon my brow, the marriage of Hortense, with a crowned head, passing from abject poverty to the luxury and influence of wealth and supreme power, the weary change because motherhood did not again come to me, being cast out of Napoleon's heart and home, my name, Oh horror! degraded by a public divorce, the days when I was worse than widowed and the nights made hideous with happy memories, the repetition of which could never come to me again; all these combined to cause me to live apart from man and to wish to wed no more.

Was not that enough to make an eternity almost desirable without man's presence, as in the old days, in heart or home? I respect and honor all that which is good and true, but love-life is a thing of the past with me."

"Do you not think you would be happier to have your life filled with a home love which many seem to enjoy as intensely as in the old days," I asked?

"Oh no, my work is of another kind, and I am

* In 1802, Hortense married Louis Bonaparte, afterwards, King of Holland, a brother of Napoleon I. Her third son was Napoleon III.

now residing from choice, where I can look over my beloved France, and strive to work out for her women what was refused to them in the old days. I would that I could enter human hearts, and teach them a lesson on the disappointments of married life, and show parents that their children should not be bartered by these marriages of convenience.

It is most unholy work. If ever a time comes when a woman may be a law unto herself and let her heart speak, and the man she weds, be true because he loves her; never letting ambition deprive her of her reign in his heart, I shall be satisfied.

But I fear the time is far off when the women of my country will have even the freedom of that part of America where you were a citizen. Do not misunderstand me, I glory in Bonaparte's greatness, I felt that fall from the grandeur of a warrior to the lonely exile at St. Helena, his busy life, his lonely death, most keenly, but were he twice a king now, I could not forget; forgiveness has long ago been granted: I am content with my children yet my own. Hortense much with me, my boy a man to glory in, my cup is indeed full of happiness without living over the past, which proved like apples of Sodom, turning to ashes on the lips.

The kindly face of her queenly daughter was saddened for a moment, but brightened up as she said, "You see this life has the characteristics of the old life; the perseverance of my mother in the past, still clings to her like a garment and she will now maintain her opinion that her way of living and her ideas of home are right; well, if right for her, no others should complain."

Turning away I felt better for having seen this heroine of the past whose suffering life had left its impress on her noble soul and made her feel she had a mission for the suffering women of earth-life.

Samuel Bowles.

Jan. 14, 1885.

PAPER TENTH.

CONSTANTINE, THE GREAT — HIS SLOW PROGRESS IN SPIRIT-LIFE, ON ACCOUNT OF THE FEARFUL CRIMES COMMITTED BY HIM IN EARTH-LIFE.

Where may I next have a foothold in the history of the "Now" is my question as I start out upon my self imposed task; and it takes me to one who held a prominent part in the history of the old world. Was Constantine* a myth? No, a living reality. I found by the help of my faithful guide, I could learn something of a man whom the world honored and yet did not understand. I sought an interview with this great character. My visit was granted, for this life has in a measure, cast off the false surroundings of the old.

I expected to meet a great man; I met only a soul, clothed as would best suit a man who had left his human victories, with the past, and stood before me as a brother. Scarcely knowing how to address so distinguished a person, yet unwilling to humble my American pride, I asked him to give me some sketch of his life in the spirit world where he could be known

*Constantine, the Great, the first Christian emperor of Rome, born in 272, (some say 274) A. D. He put his son Crispus to death, also his nephew, Licinius, and a number of his courtiers. He is said to have suffocated his wife, Fausta, in a hot bath. He condemned to death his wife's father, Maximian, but the latter committed suicide to avoid the execution of the sentence. Constantine died, 337 A. D.

as a man, not as an emperor, not as one who must rule, but as one who must obey, through the forces which Nature applies to her subjects.

He said, "Men called me eloquent and sagacious. They bestowed upon me human praise, yet insults were offered to my statues and ignominy was my reward, because man must live a two-fold life. But Osius, who was at Nice,[†] and helped me much, will agree with me, that my motives, as I then understood my duty, were pure.

I ratified one "Creed." I now wish creeds could be cast away and that all would be true to themselves. I now see councils are a farce and the zeal of Eusebius a wasted force, that neither principalities nor powers can change a man. I would seek to instil into earth-life, the idea of being conquerors and emperors of ourselves, rather than to exact the homage of millions. Of what avail is it to be great for the short period of human life?

How much of sin I countenanced without meaning to; with what pride I looked upon those who obeyed me? Though you did not report me as present at the spirit-council over Nice, lately held, yet I was there. What greater motive can one have, who has seen the rise and fall of nations, than to still watch their progress and help to bring back to earth-life an education which will make men and women truly great because they are good. Mistaken lives, the product of false education, met me at every station

* Nice (now Isnik) an ancient city in Bithynia in Asia Minor, situated on the east shore of Lake Ascanius: 44 miles south east from Constantinople. This was the scene of the "Nicene Council," held 325 A.D. in which Constantine took an active part. The Nicene creed was here ratified by Constantine.

in my eternal journey. Though I have been called great, I will deem that a just title if I can cast superstition away and be a helper to all who would rule themselves."

"Have you then left behind all pride of nature or of power, and are you willing to work for a common cause and a common people, I asked?

"I am not quite prepared to admit that," said he, lingering near me; "my pride is a part of me and I would rather my people should prosper and I know it than those of a nation to me unknown."

"Are you satisfied in being called great: does that fill the cup of happiness?"

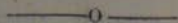
"No. To be great in deeds not words, to write my autograph on all that is noble, to help those who are born and prepare for the unborn, to watch the human soul from its first conception of thought, and with my present ideas, shape a few lives, is my work now.

To have won the world's applause is nothing, to know that eternity holds in her hands much for me, has been the impetus which has helped me to forget Constantine the Great, and to try to be Constantine the True."

I left him with these imperfect words, impressed upon my brain, but ready to send back my telegram that another soul had begun to find a true fountain of happiness in saving fellow souls.

Jan. 17, 1885.

S. Bowles.



I must say more of the state of a spirit that would most wilfully and revengefully suffocate with boiling water, his wife and the mother of his children who

as Constantine did, grows very slowly in spirit-life. How can one expect great growth, when their earth life has been marred by such a catalogue of crimes? Can the father of Constantine's wife forget that he to whom was given the keeping of a daughter's happiness and the shaping and sharing of a woman's life, was so heartless when once his feet were placed on a foundation of greatness, built of power, that he should use that power to slay his own, and then expect a crown in the after-life?

What is greatness at such a sacrifice, what is power if it compels the warm pulsations of human life, to experience that terrible shock which must come to all who are prematurely forced into spirit-life? Who can picture what a man's life must be that glories in earthly greatness, and was most unjust to himself, because he failed to see the sacredness of human life. I now feel almost an infinite pity for mistaken greatness. Seeing its fruits in spirit-life, seeing the crushing disappointments of those who believed they would rule in spirit-life as they had ruled in earth-life, I can call no other sentiment but pity to bear upon such mistaken souls.

A man who could scald his wife to death, force his wife's father to commit suicide, behead his own son and murder his nephews, can have little hope for much relief for ages to come.

Heaven as a country, in its different spheres

all it can by her natural scenery, and the lovely spirit of its inhabitants, to bring out the best, greatest and purest of human sentiments and immortal truths, to change the sinning into the repentant one and make this life the ideal life, that those should hope for, who would have goodness and greatness combined.

But the length of time needed to blot out the effects of even one criminal act of a so-called great man can scarcely be summed up in my conception. Beware children of earth, for the structure which you build, may change from one of seeming beauty, to one whose every stepping stone may whisper of eternal regret. There can be no greatness which culminates in unholy deeds, no goodness which has not an inner incentive, to lift others as we are lifted.

Jan. 17, 1885.

Samuel Bowles.

PAPER ELEVENTH.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. SHE STILL BREATHES REVENGE FOR HER WRONGS.

Gladly do I inspire the hand of my medium to write for your world a report of an interview with Marie Antoinette.* All explanations are superfluous, as the world has long known that such a woman lived and enjoyed to the fullest, life's charms, then passed to spirit-life, unripe, because cut off in her prime; a woman fated to be a martyr through an un-

*Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa and Francis I., of Austria, born at Vienna Nov. 2, 1755, and married at Versailles France, May 16, 1770, to the dauphin, (afterwards Louis XVI) to whom she bore four children. She was beheaded in Paris, Oct 16, 1793. Haughty and independent she cared little for public opinion and in character, gay levity and impulsive caprice were singularly mixed up with innocence, virtue and elevated purposes."

just and jealous Revolutionary Tribunal.

Upon being introduced to her, I was disappointed in her personal appearance. I expected to see beauty of form and feature, but I saw a woman who, if deprived of her rank, would have been quite common. Thick lips and high cheek bones to me have ever been an unpleasant combination. I could not approach her as I had other noted people, as she seemed to expect an homage I could not give her, because she had suffered an ignominious death. I looked upon her as a woman who could have died a natural death, had it not been for the false teaching of the time, and been a worker in a grand cause. This woman, who had known so much of conquest, who had suffered a most ignominious death, stood before me in spite of the lessons of over hundred years of spirit-life, revengeful still.

"Can you not forget and forgive as others have done," said I? I have found those who have suffered equally with you in earth-life, who are willing to bury the past and live in the present."

"You mistake me, sir, if you think such a weakness could exist for a moment in me! I cannot forget and I will not forgive. Think of my four children, knowing their mother was doomed; think of the loving friends who had ever been near me, and then at last see them sign the death-warrant which forced me prematurely out of earth-life. I am revengeful, every thing I can do to add sorrow to the descendants of those who caused me sorrow, I rejoice in doing. I am not ashamed to say that I work out sorrow for them. I am not good, I know it; but I was a loving wife and loving mother.

You must look for no change in the disposition of

people here. Gross injustice has seared my heart, I will work for the good of my country, but I will never forget that country's wrongs to me. Idle hope of a life time if it teaches we can entirely change. I was forced to go to the guillotine; I was sacrificed, not in the spirit of Lady Jane Gray, for an ideal work.

Although this life has taught me much, it has not taught me to bow down in submission to mortal power that robbed me of life's greatest glory, a happy old age. I bid you good-bye, sir. Your motives are good, but if you expected words of forgiveness from me for those who sent me here and robbed me of woman's greatest crown, the best conditions for shaping her children's life, you are mistaken; for I have no forgiveness to offer, and I will suffer on until some influence shall come upon me which may change my vindictive spirit to one of forgiveness.

What recompense can you or others offer for my blighted life, and those of my children, made desolate because of their mother's wrongs?" Strange problem I thought as I left her, yet seeking lower spheres that she might visit upon those of earth-life, even to the fourth generation, bitter hints of her great agony. I am disappointed in the woman, and still I do not blame her, for how can we blame another, when we face the fact that our greatest foes are those within us.

Would I could send words to those I love, words written in letters of gold: be true to yourselves, slow to judge, rejoicing in the right, and ever be true to your own hearts' safest teacher.

It would save almost an eternity of revenge and sorrow could one live in the right, always battling against the wrong.

Jan. 18, 1885.

Samuel Bowles.

PAPER TWELFTH.

LADY JANE GREY.—HER BEAUTIFUL FORGIVING SPIRIT.

With all the zeal of one who has ascended to heavenly spheres, can bring, I come to you to-day, hoping life's burdens will be lighter, if I can express to you my emotions when standing in the presence of Lady Jane Grey :* such a contrast to Marie Antoinette. A feeling of nothingness came to me as I interviewed this woman of long ago. Beautiful in disposition, grand in thought, ever ready to be the one to be sacrificed, that others may escape a sacrifice, she is to me, the embodiment of the divine within the human. She, who gave her life for something she did not seek ; she, who stood firm when human malice made her a martyr, a target for the vicious, and a stronghold of safety for the good ; she, to whom came the beauty of a noble life, made more lovely by an unmerited and violent death, she, the grand woman of history, was before me.

I would not give title to one unworthy. I find many a woman in my own country as much a heroine as she, but because she suffered for a nation's

* Lady Jane Gray, granddaughter of Henry VIII, born in England in 1537. At 16 years of age she had acquired a good knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French and Italian languages, and made such proficiency in the Oriental languages as caused her to be regarded as a prodigy of learning, while her piety and excellence of disposition were equally remarkable. Edward VI. persuaded by Lady Jane's father and father-in-law had set aside the claims of his sisters and declared Lady Jane his successor. She very reluctantly consented and was proclaimed Queen of England July 10, 1553. Ten days later, Mary was proclaimed queen and Lady Jane and her husband were confined in the Tower. She was beheaded Feb 12, 1554.

wrongs, I most gladly crown her queen of women. She stands before me in her womanly beauty, a heroine whose history should stir the world. She tells me of hopes blasted, of efforts for good realized. She says that her earth-life, though brought to an untimely end, will yet be recognized as a life of usefulness. She speaks of that which history has not acknowledged, in homes made sad by the wrongs inflicted by party spirit, of a life blighted and ended by the revenge of those who were the least capable of judgment.

This beautiful woman put her hand upon a throat which only just hands should clasp, and told me of her suffering, and her ignominious death. Looking into eyes long ago called most beautiful, wondering about the outcome of a life, made grand because it was so noble, I said, "Will you tell me what now is the highest ambition of your life?"

She replied, "It is that I may forgive, that I may with the kindness of an angel, forget and forgive the cruelties of the past. Oh, how slow would I be to judge the weary ones of earth-life since I traveled the same road. Knowing the dark ways, the injustice of earth-life, I, unlike some others, will put forth every effort to make my future a success and my past thoroughly understood." "Do you feel no revenge now?" "No," said she, "I have no room for it. I see Heaven is full of useless pain, and therefore looking from my sphere of life, knowing my duties as a woman I can enter into no revengeful feeling but can say, 'All is well.' The past rises before me with its beautiful dreams, never realized; the present is a working world, wherein I can reach my own.

Those I love best are with me, though I had reason to hate are in that other sphere, apart from me yet. I am cognizant of their troubles in a measure, but have no desire to rejoice over them. My revenge is this, for the cruel wrong of the executioner's axe: to lift up down-trodden womanhood, to remember that earth-life is only one step in the great eternity. Be kind, be true, know that every foot-path is one which leads you higher, nearer to truth and God. I mean by God that which teaches us lessons by flower and tree and makes all Nature glad. My friend, good bye."

Unlike my interview with Marie Antoinette, so full of unforgiveness, I found this woman beaming with hope, love and forgiveness. Woman's love is infinite, her beauty, more of the heart than face, her life a problem which only angels can solve. Lady Jane Grey lifts from darkness to light. Oh! world! so cold, remember what it is to be a true woman.

S. Bowles.

PAPER THIRTEENTH.

GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON, AND GEN. CHARLES LEE.

Who will I see this morning, I said, as I sauntered out into the brightness of a new day in spirit-life. What new lessons can I give to those in earth-life. To exist is a luxury and to feel that in that existence there is a work to be done, which will rouse others up to an understanding of themselves is truly grand. Money in the old life was a powerful incentive for the performance of the best work. Here the only recompense is a satisfied conscience.

I was startled by being addressed by George Washington; no prefixes can make his name dearer; nor can ought be taken from the history of this man whom angels glory in and who feel most intensely the value of a leadership, which brought salvation to our nation. By his side, erect, and proud of his intimacy with Washington, stood Gen. Charles Lee. The name of Washington is familiar to all, but Lee, to me, was like calling up some picture of the long ago. Yet as he stood beside our friend and brother it seemed a fitting memory of the past, and I would that all our nation's sons and daughters could see them together.

I cannot feel, as some express themselves, like looking down upon one in any sphere of life. I admire goodness, but still I think no one ever does more than his duty in using the talents given him. Creatures of circumstances as we are, we cannot judge. I was glad to have a personal interview with Washington as he had always been the ideal hero of my life.

"What are your thoughts now?" I said as he extended his hand to me.

He replied, "My thoughts, my ambition can all be summed up in these words, 'The Future of America.' I know her needs, I know her struggles and I am aware of her dangers. I see a threatening cloud hang-

Gen George Washington, the leader of the American Revolution and first president of the United States, was born in Virginia in 1732 and died at Mount Vernon, Va. in 1799. His life and deeds are known and honored by half the Globe.

Gen Charles Lee was born in England in 1731. He came to America in 1773 and became an ardent whig. At the battle of Monmouth his insubordination nearly lost the day. He was court-martialled and suspended one year from command. He died while on a visit to Philadelphia in 1782.

ing over her. I see the power that Catholicism is gaining, a power which if not checked, will be extremely disastrous. My dear sir, look at it yourself; see the ballot gradually through force of numbers, yielding to the Catholic power. See the cautious but sure steps taken to secure appropriations of public moneys for the use of their priesthood. They have not gained it yet, but I fear they will. Place the Irish list of voters beside the American list and it seems that the former are gaining fast."

"What is your special wish now?" said I, as he was about to go down the path, bordered by roses, whose fragrance floated far away in the gentle air, carrying restful sweetness to the sad and happy. I live for my country, the sacrifices of the past have only made me more eager to make sacrifices now. I have joined hands with Lincoln, Garfield and other martyrs for our country and to-day, thank the spirit of all Good, we have been able to keep away a war-cloud, which has threatened and is now threatening the nation, which we still love so strongly.

The power of numbers, the ballot given to the most uncultivated, those who can be bought for a glass of whisky, the shutting out of pure, noble, cultivated womanhood, these are mistakes which may bring our nation to the brink of ruin."

Have you not changed your ideas upon the subject of woman suffrage?"

Yes, I have changed my opinions and now all my earnest efforts shall be exerted to withhold the ballot from those who do not understand its value, until they have acquired sufficient education to use it properly, and until the doors are opened wide for

the entrance of educated women to the ballot box.

"Gen. Lee," I asked, "What have you to say of your past, present, and future?"

"But little," said he as he kindly took my hand. "I then returned to my country home and lived a life of ease until on one fatal day, a severe pain in my side, closed my earthly career. The pain was brief, but bitter and I think of it as one thinks of all that was most terrible in the past. The first birth comes when the mother suffers, the second, when we suffer ourselves. I love my brother here, because in all the years I have known him he has been a true man. I love him as a man, not as a hero or conqueror, and we both thank you for sending back to earth-life the knowledge that we still live. Good Morning."

Ques.— What war-cloud is now over our nation?

Ans.— The cloud which Catholicism is daily making greater by increase of numbers. The increase of numbers, combined with politics and an ambition to rule, will, if not checked, bring on a religious war, more unholy than any of the past, because education should have had more influence among the people.

Ques.— What does Washington now think of the conduct of Charles Lee at the battle of Monmouth and of the subsequent punishment given to Lee?

Ans.— He now sees that Lee suffered in a measure justly, but looking from this stand-point, he knows Lee though often mistaken, was a true man, who meant well. The influence* of Sir Arthur Lee* has done much in this life to bring about a better understanding between the two men.

* Arthur Lee was born in Virginia in 1740, was sent as commissioner for the Continental Congress to London, Paris, Madrid and Berlin. He was a truthful and decided man. He died in 1792.

PAPER FOURTEENTH.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.— FRANCIS FAUQUIER.—
WILLIAM SMALL.

I had expected to meet some of the people, who were prominent in ancient history, in this interview, but found I could not get into a condition to see them. I therefore have met Thomas Jefferson,* his friends, Francis Fauquier† and William Small.‡

As they extended kindly hands to greet me, I was glad to be impressed with the reality of these men of history. Although Thomas Jefferson had once been president of our country, I cared little for the interview except to learn how men grew.

The highest office of this nation could not make him less a man, for he had the true elements of manhood in his nature. "What is now your chief ambition and that of your two friends?" said I, as looking into his laughing face, he seemed like an old friend.

"We are working for purity in politics," said he, "and hoping for it but its all the way up hill. The contrast between the voice of the people in the old days and now, is so great that I turn with inexpress-

* Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States, born at Shadwell, Va. in 1743, died at Monticello, July 4. 1826.

‡ Dr William Small was a learned and virtuous professor of mathematics in William and Marry's college at Williamsburg, Va. where Jefferson obtained his education.

† Francis Fauquier was governor of the colony of Virginia in the early life of Jefferson.

ble sadness from the To-day, to the Yesterdays. I feel the intense selfishness of the present which puts before the people, candidates, gross and corrupt, provided they can bring success to the party. These, my friends will endorse me in saying that when I was president I was prouder of the good I could do, than I was of the power I could wield."

"That is true," said Dr. Small. "I have watched your earth-life and your spirit-life and I know the hight of your ambition is to be good rather than to be great."

It was no idle flattery, which prompted these words, but the loving sentiment of a brother.

"What is your mission now?"

"Over and over again I say, to make my beloved country one that shall live in history, preeminent for her moral cleanness and for the great good she has done to other countries, rather than for the help she has received from them.

The blots upon her history, of slavery, war and murder, are strong incentives to me to unite with all good men to bring to the ignorant and debased, something so good and pure, that by and by, in looking at our nation's goodness and purity we may forget past wrongs. If my hope were not so great, I should look upon the present as a most disastrous time. I should think every American heart must feel that disaster is in the near future, because the nation has so far forgotten the lessons of the past and is now revelling in the gains which the present brings to the favored few, while the many are suffering. Fauquier and Small, both indorsed the opinion of Jefferson, as I bid them good-bye.

Jan. 23, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FIFTEENTH.

MICHAEL ANGELO INVITES MR. BOWLES TO VISIT HIS ARTHOME IN THE EIGHTH SPHERE.—BEETHOVEN AND HIS MUSIC CLASSES.

Since my last reported interview, a very pleasant hour has been spent with Michael Angelo and Fra Angelico†, in the city of Florence on the banks of the beautiful Arno. This city has been the home of art and artists for many centuries.

Through my guide I asked these men who have long lived in history, why I did not meet them as I had met so many others, in a city of spirits instead of among the denizens of earth? My guide replied, "It is that you might see the growth of art in our new life, by going from this city with us, and contrast the art here with the art in our higher life."

Among the leafy vines we wandered until we came to a large building, filled with all the collections of the finest art of which I could conceive. Could I pen a word-picture of paintings and sculpture which greeted my vision, I would like to describe with a vividness that would show you form and coloring.

* Michael Angelo Buonarrotti was born March 6, 1474 at the castle of Caprese in Tuscany and died in Rome, Feb. 17, 1563. He became one of the world's great artists and distinguished himself in painting, sculpture and architecture

† Fra Angelico, a celebrated Italian painter, born at Vicchio in 1387, died at Rome in 1455. He was called Angelico, (the angelic) because he painted such beautiful angels.

These two artist souls seemed as interested as though art was new to them; criticising with severity the work of their own hands in the past, looking at new work with admiration, still noticing defects there. With my scanty education in art, I saw works of rare beauty. They watched with eagerness the faces of earthly visitors, leaving no step untaken which would add to their knowledge of the art-world of the present.

I asked, "Why this deep interest in what must seem to you puny in the art line?"

"It is much to us: from the lowest to the highest, we can learn. One new shade of coloring, a change in the way the earthly chisel was used to give expression to marble lips, every hint of art is dear to us."

"You think this is beautiful, my dear sir," said Angelo, "but go with us to our home in the eighth sphere, were we choose to dwell and see the difference between the old and the new."

We ascended and entered a gorgeous palace, shining like the whitest polished marble, where the work of the chisel was plainly discernible at every turn. We passed into a spacious hall, where statues and paintings had lent to it a glowing beauty; the carpets one mass of lovely colors.

Opening a door on the right, he said, "Enter our home room until I am at leisure to take you to our art gallery;"

I thought the hall I had just entered was gallery

floor, extending over the whole palace, to me it was passing strange, that such beauty could exist, even in heaven! Forms of men and women, of animals were sculptured so true to nature that one would expect life and motion from them. Vines and flowers of every variety were distributed amid the lovely paintings, hanging on the marble walls. In the galleries were instruments of music of every kind. It so far surpassed anything my imagination could suggest, that I stood spell-bound, listening to music that I would might always live in my memory.

"That is Beethoven, giving a lesson to his class; he is trying to harmonize the different instruments and make better understood, what is the true soul of music."

In earth-life I had heard selections from his wondrous music, but, Oh! how tame it seems when compared with what I now heard, coming from the very soul of the great Author!

"You see those men sitting over there with books in their hands; that is the poets' corner, where Homer, Shakespeare, Byron and the world's renowned poets hold their councils and compare their works. There is room, here sir, for poetry, art and music, and we hope to make them better," said Angelo; "my time is limited sir, and I will now ask that my brother artist and myself may be excused. Come again." I thought I would gladly avail myself of his kind invitation.

Jan. 25, 1885.

Samuel Bowles.

PAPER SIXTEENTH.

JOHN KNOX HAS DISCARDED HIS OLD THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS.

Living in the time of Mary of Guise* and of Mary Tudor,* and having given him, as he now sees so Calvinistic a power as to make him very severe to others, John Knox said to me, "I now understand myself better, I know from the ideas I then advanced which are so different from those I now entertain: I am willing that those mistaken ideas should be corrected. But to inflict death for an opinion, to feel the full measure of its pangs, to understand as I did not then, how the "Order of Geneva"* was powerless when it should have been strong, is a great incentive to me to do work here that will now be upon another plane.

No one can see more plainly the mistakes of a lifetime. It is a grave matter to attempt to undo something Nature has made, because Nature is always evolving from the dust of the old, the germs of the new."

"You look upon your past as a mistake," said I, glad to find one who would own it; but the characteristics clinging to the individuality of men, an-

*John Knox was born in Scotland in 1505; died in 1572. He was a violent opponent of Popery. He wrote a severe paper against Mary of Guise, queen dowager and regent of Scotland, and Mary Tudor, queen of England, in which paper he opposed the political government of women. He helped prepare a liturgy called "The Order of Geneva."

wered, no.

"I was a cool enthusiast, bound to lead, I found other enthusiasts as determined as myself which made it hot enough at last for me."

"In looking over your earth-life what have you most to regret?"

I regret more than all else that I was born under the influence of creed and that I did not then step higher. The persecutors' ideas were almost as true as those of myself, the persecuted one. I wake up in this eternity of the soul to find that keen regrets follow me through the centuries.

Every man who has lived through the maze of earth-life and suffered its injustice, must know how far short he has come of what one year in spirit-life might teach him. I do not harbor the revenge of Marie Antoinette, nor cherish the forgiveness of Lady Jane Grey, but I believe I was born too soon to understand the true work of manhood in spirit-life: Remember, I think, according to the light thrown upon me, I was true to myself, but now I utterly abhor my ideal revengeful God of the old days,—a God who brought me so low as to teach the doctrines I then taught. But that is in the past; it cannot be helped, for seed then sown is now under many lofty steeples, showing the lack of true growth.

I could tell you of those, whose life work was then called by the Christian world, gross and wicked, yet to whom I now approach with reverence because they were and are truly good. Although centuries have rolled past since I have been here, they are far better scholars and better men than I. I will name one man; Thomas Paine, who has suffered the scorn

of the world, the ignominy of Christendom. I would be proud to change places with him. He taught freedom. I taught slavery. He is now brave and chivalrous, while I am what I am, one whose very name brings to the present generation, sentiments of pity or horror, because I did heroic work in a mistaken cause; I did much myself to engender antagonism. I was working without a foundation. I builded in imagination, a hell for others and in so doing have suffered hell myself. Vain, idle work, full of wrong teachings all the way."

"And you regret it now?"

"Oh, yes, very much. It is like thrusting this alternative upon the people, to either go with the masses or suffer with the few. In reviewing my earth-life I am not pleased. I stand low down in the order of spirit-life but I am and shall be forever, John Knox." I was glad to have met him for he has given me much food for thought.

Jan. 22, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER SEVENTEENTH.

HYPATIA STILL A TEACHER.

Where next I said to myself, as the spirit of others higher than I, acted upon me and urged me to be at work; such glorious work for me, whose whole soul is reaching upward and onward for knowledge.

"Would you like to interview Hypatia,* the martyr who suffered death at Alexandria (Egypt)?"

I hesitated at first because I knew I was not well up in ancient history, having given time and talents to the things of to-day, while in earth-life; but finally I said, "Yes, I would like to see her."

"Well, she is most desirous of meeting you, as she has heard from Dante that a message can be sent to earth again, and she is also acquainted with Goethe, who is patiently biding his time for a chance to correct some false views about himself, and to intensify the knowledge of the truth about which history has been too reticent. Your work is boundless, sir."

I often write of meeting people in the seventh and eighth spheres, because this is about as high up as I can understand, and jot down their conversa-

*Hypatia, a Greek woman of Alexandria, Egypt, no less renowned by her knowledge of mathematics than of the Neo-Platonic philosophy which she taught with applause in her native city. Her beauty and modesty were celebrated, but the clergy believed that she made use of her influence with Orestes, prefect of Alexandria, to the injury of St. Cyril, then the archbishop of that city. Accordingly she was set upon by a mob, led by Catholic priests who carried her into a church, stripped her of her clothing and tore her in pieces. Johnson's Ency.

tions, and this is about as low as spirits of ancient times wish to descend; therefore although to my readers there may seem to be a monotony as to location, still working for the truth, I must report the truth.

I was conducted to one of the ancient gardens, (I call them ancient because they contain in flower and fruit all that is dear to ancient spirits,) and led to an arbor where this woman of the olden times was seated. I cannot describe a beautiful woman, although every lineament of form and feature may be thoroughly impressed upon my mind. It is wasted work to attempt to describe her in language so weak as mine, therefore I will leave the imagination of my readers to depict countenances while I describe her character. Hypatia was before me, renowned for her bravery, careless of her faults, the one who could make love almost a madness, and unforgiveness a powerful element of her nature.

"I have tried to forget the past," she said, "and to live in the present, I have lent my aid to help the weary and down-trodden. I have tried to forget the loves and hates of the long ago, but I have been many times brought back to the past, my terrible past, when I was loved, when life was sunshine, yet followed by a death the horror of which I cannot describe. I have tried to be content, but I have been much disturbed by learning that a book has been written in earth-life, half history, half fiction, by one Kingsley,* (so they call him I believe.) I do not like the picture he draws of me, nor the description giv-

*Charles Kingsley, an English author born in 1819, died in 1875. In 1853 he published an historical romance, entitled Hypatia.

en by those who report to me its contents. All that can be said of me in the old earth-days, is that I was a stubborn woman, not easily convinced, one who, if she could not see truth in a matter, would not see at all, mistaken myself many times but never relenting. I have no decided feelings of revenge now, but I wish the earth-world would know that Christianity has in the darkest sense, been the death of thousands who had the courage to speak their honest convictions. It has the same spirit now, 'crucify him, crucify him' as it had in the by-gone centuries: but modern innovations have quailed the old spirit of blood-shedding. But it will yet manifest an intense bitterness of opposition to all that is truly progressive.

I would rather pass out of the body as I did, than to be at the mercy of the Catholic Christian world, as I hear it is in the old land to-day. True, national laws protect, but give them the power to rule entirely and those who will not bend the knee to their isms, their sentiments will feel, if not in blood-shed, yet in heart agonies, 'man's inhumanity to man.' I rejoice, sir, to converse with a man who has lived in an age when thoughts can be spoken and the right so is largely triumphant. But be cautious; there is great power in numbers; by robbing poor servant girls, widows, orphans and laborers of scanty earnings, great churches are builded, which throw far and wide, a baleful influence. No wonder I cannot look with complacency upon a cause that was so unscrupulous as to force me out of earth-life by the most frightful of deaths.

I do not fear such results now, for the world is

learning the value of free thought, but I do apprehend a pressure upon the spirit, which will tend to shut out all liberty and gladness and make men and women, cringe under the force of public opinion."

"What is now your work?"

"Having suffered myself I am working to prevent suffering. I teach in schools where souls have not been freed of fetters. I try to teach those who come to me, the true honor of a soul, filled with love. I love to teach them how to build their homes and gather to themselves, even the worst of those who belonged to their race. I love to have children look into my eyes with love shining from their eyes. I am glad that in spite of the mistakes of earth-life, in spite of all its wrongs, I am still Hypatia." This is what she said as I caught it through an interpretor.

S. BOWLES.

PAPER EIGHTEENTH.

CLEOPATRA.

Why is it that in spirit-life as well as in earth-life, we must be subjected to this lack of force, a lack which makes me so weak when I would be strong? Why is it that I should have to be used by higher spirits like machinery, while I go through the same process and use this kind medium as a machine? I ask and yet I know the problem of progression will never be solved as long as we are progressive and that means for eternity; and eternity is something so far beyond us that it only can be solved by living on and on.

Oh! world of the past; Oh! knowledge of the present; Oh! hope of the future; bring out your best

analysis of what eternity means and teach the children of earth-life to know there is no death to come, in working over the great problem of everlasting life.

I am lost in wonder, I look at people living and breathing, who have been strong in the past, and although the world calls them dead, they have not lost one element, but have gained all the strength which every life must bring to itself, either of good or evil.

Whom did I meet but the beautiful Cleopatra, queen of women! I have an idea of beauty in painting, in sculpture. I know, a clear running stream with daisy covered banks, is to most minds far preferable to a boiling river of impure waters, and I am learning that nature tells her story in faces as she does in landscapes. This woman, queen of ancient Egypt, is living and loving still, every phase of her personality intensified by these long years which have been full of lessons; all of deformity gradually displaced by that greater beauty which comes from soul-culture.

"Why should you seek me?" she said, with much dignity yet absence of scorn.

"To learn," I said, "something of your life here and transmit it to that other life so dear to me."

In her perfect womanhood, now progressed beyond her old desire for power, she said, "I am glad to know, my name, my station, my work, my sufferings, are still real to the descendants of the past ages. I

*Cleopatra, a celebrated and fascinating queen of Egypt, born in 69, B.C., a great personal beauty and mistress of the Greek and other languages. To avoid being taken to Rome in the triumphal procession of Augustus Caesar, she killed herself by the bite of an asp, in 30. B.C.

have learned as have others, that the school of suffering may be the most direct way to purity. I have studied since I was changed from my earth-body to my spirit-body, to know the real mission of life. Oh! How earthly greatness sinks, when at the feet of true greatness it must own it has been so small! How Power weakens when Principle lifts its hand and says, Remember. I am nothing but a woman now, but I rejoice in my womanhood; all other desires fail to give me an impetus to action beside the nobler and better desire to help others. So will I ever be; knowing the wrongs of my country, knowing the wrongs of every country under the earthly sun, I would work with hand and heart to free the old world of its chains, and make the links of truth brighter here.

It is repulsive to me when in my leisure moments, I look back to the acts of my past: I can see so much that was intolerant, so much that to me is now disgusting. Could I change the record of my earth-life could I put more of goodness in it and less of ambition, I would gladly do it. I lived my day then, (what a short day it was,) and have since been in the severe school where memories have brought me many regrets.

I have met with one Candace,* who called herself, Queen of Ethiopia. She is more content with her past than I am with mine. This woman, represents herself as that personage and is proud of what she did, although earthly history has failed to make much record of her deeds. I admire all that is good

*Candace, an Ethiopian queen, who invaded Egypt 22, B.C. but was defeated by Petronius, the Roman governor of that country. In the "Acts of the Apostles," mention is made of a eunuch, who was the treasurer of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians.

in her, but shrink from her egotism, although I once called myself, Queen of Beauty."

In my inner thought, I said queen of beauty still, for seldom do we find one so regal as was Cleopatra of the past or the refined Cleopatra of the present.

"I am thankful for this interview," said she, "for it brings with it a whisper of my earth-life and a strong hope for the future."

Jan. 27. 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER NINETEENTH.

EUSEBIUS REGRETS THE DECEPTION HE USED IN WRITING HIS CHURCH HISTORY.

MILMAN SAD, BECAUSE HE IS MISUNDERSTOOD ON EARTH.

With my ever competent guide I sought this man, whose history had but little attraction for me and whose life though one of great labor, has brought him but little satisfaction.

"What is your ambition now?" I asked this man of the dim past.

He replied, "Without the power of forgetting, I am trying to undo the tangled threads of my earth-life and promote justice. I told more truth than I was given credit for, and I meant to do far better work than I did. But if I had been wholly honest and willing to write a true record, I should have subjected myself to the vindictiveness of party spirit and could not have had the influence I enjoyed."

"Are you happy, you two, whose lives are so

strangely united and yet divided?" I said, for Milman * was with Eusebius. †

Eusebius, with all the dignity of the past and the present, said, "Yes, happier in conning present lessons than in remembering how worse than useless my earth-life was, when I gaze upon it from the present stand-point, and know that even in existing, we shall learn lessons which will lead us upward, not downward."

Milman did write more truth than was credited to him. He at least did not stoop to falsehood. He tried to portray in vivid words what to him was true.

What was your life in the old past, "I asked of Eusebius?"

"My life," said he, "was next to nothing. Ambition and love, wrecked it and made it more idle than an empty dream."

If you could live it over or review it, what would you do?"

"I would be more true to myself, I would be an honest man. No religious ambition should sway me, no bigotry blight my life. Oh! Frail world which leaves its weakness, where greatness should exist."

*H.H. Milman, born 1791 in London, Eng., died in 1868. His History of the Jews was severely attacked by the Christian bishops and clergy, because he evaded or minimized the miracles of the Bible. His History of Christianity, when first published was ignored by the clergy.

†Eusebius, the father of the History of the Christian Church, was born in Palestine, 265, A. D. He became bishop of Caesarea. The history of Eusebius, coming down to 324, A. D. although impaired in value by the writer's avowed resolution to record only what would reflect honor on the Church, is rich in material, the archives of the Roman Empire, having been placed at his command by Constantine, who held him in peculiar esteem.

Ency. Bret. Church History.

We are changing, going higher, Milman and I, and when we shall fully know ourselves and can be our own teachers in the great school of existence, then there will indeed come upon me and those I love, the grand dawning of a blessed day."

Jan. 28. 1885.

S. BOWLES.

Ques.—Was Milman misunderstood?

Ans.—Yes. He was misunderstood and misjudged. Look it up sir, and remember how the years have made it bitter for him.

SECOND INTERVIEW WITH EUSEBIUS.

I have felt much disturbed at not again getting in close enough rapport with Eusebius, to rewrite my former paper, which was given under great difficulty and hence I felt it to be imperfect, because hard on all connected with the power which produced the writing. I must naturally give many explanations in the course of these papers,—an electrical change in the air, circumstances of earth-life, the unwillingness of the spirit to communicate, or the unwillingness of the guide to let the truth come out, are often grave obstacles in the way of those who are still pursuing the journalistic career.

I told my guide in a quiet way, if he could confer with the guide of Eusebius, I would most willingly rewrite a paper entirely unattractive to me. I have been striving for this, several days, have appointed meetings which did not result in satisfaction. But at last, I stood again in the presence of Eusebius, and on becoming more accustomed to him, I was not so well impressed as at first. I think he might, if he chose, lift many of the dogmas of the Christian church, which hang like dark clouds over her; he

might disclose the truth concerning the origin of Christianity. I said to him, "If untruths and manufactured lies are believed on earth as truth, why not after all these years, own to the earth-world what you did in originating them? I could not reach his understanding with my words; my voice he heard, but he might as well have been sculptured marble as far as any idea could be gleaned from his countenance. His guide was also gloomy and uncompromising.

"I got myself into trouble," said Eusebius, "by trying the effect of communicating back to earth-life, not long ago.* I do not wish to repeat the experiment." As I said before, the soul is the last to be changed. I asked him once more, "What is your idea now of your past work?"

He was not as kind as before. He seemed to suspect I was catechising him and that the less said the better.

"I have expressed a desire to undo some of my earth-work. I gave false notions to my age, through my pen. I upheld false ideals, I dipped deep, both with imagination and some historical knowledge, into that which I now wish I had left untouched. The characters of the past, whether true or only painted fictions, had best be avoided by historians if they must carry with them the load I have carried all these centuries.

The Gospel according to Matthew, was carved out of an ideal goodness. St. John and the Hebrews had nearly the same source; while other books of the

* See Faraday Pamphlet, No. 5, page, 135, mentioned at the close of this book. Eusebius there admits he wrote part of the Gospels.

New Testament, were a mixture of what different historians of that time thought was possible and therefore they made them probable. I have watched as the years have passed, the power of truth and the power of fables. You must excuse me sir, if I think that as good results have come from the fables as from the truth; especially when the truth has been poorly expressed, and the fables have been dressed in the brilliant attractions of romance and self sacrifice.

I regret if by giving a false impression I have made one soul worse; I am not unkind, I would rather be good now than great, I can see that there should be reticence in regard to some of the old religious ideas. A full disclosure would strike upon the Christian world with paralyzing force, shattering idols, changing beliefs, making havoc of the doctrine of atonement and arouse the world too suddenly to the real truth.

You cannot wonder that I shrink from the ordeal. You people who live now on earth and cherish these iconoclastic opinions are not satisfied with a part of the truth. You want the whole truth. But you will have to be content to reach a certain chord in the great instrument of ages and bide your time."

"While I admire your candor, sir, I cannot see your object in thus withholding even in part, aught which can prove an error or establish a truth. I know your position is not pleasant, but if you performed some work in the ages past, thinking you were doing your God service, and now see the falsity of the doctrines you taught, do you not consider it would be better to correct the evil, and even at this late day

make some reparation?"

„You mistake me, sir, I do not own to having wilfully sinned, through the slow progress of the centuries. It has become an established fact that there are laws, governing those who write that which their heart is not in, yet being willing to be used. You, good sir, as my guide informs me, are transcribing for the people of earth.

If you should through you medium's hand, write something of which your instrument was not cognizant, and you yourself could hardly realize that you were writing, yet possessing the power to act, you acted with a subtle sense of receiving the words from another as you gave them to your medium, you would not be willing that either she or yourself should be held responsible for the matter that was placed before the people.

As much as I can now look back into my past, I now realize that all I voluntarily did myself which has proved to be untrue, was the result of ambition to use all forces in nature to make my mark as a historian rather than from any desire to transmit false ideas. Much of the history written by me is very loose. It is nothing of which I am proud; too much of it is of so sensual a nature, that with my present education, I now shrink from reviewing it. I have read Milman's critique. I know him, and we have become so well acquainted, that I can forgive him for his bold assaults on what I felt to be a great work. Guizot* has only reiterated some statements

*Guizoet, a French historian, born at Nîmes, France in 1787; died in 1874. He was the author of the "History of Civilization in Europe," which is regarded as a classic of modern historical research.

of mine. But especially is Milman misunderstood. He says, in many instances he has given gleams of light, that would cause the world to know what is his real opinion of my works, and his critics have so changed his meaning, sometimes by a word, sometimes by a quotation, that his sentiments have been perverted, and he is not rightly understood. I asked Eusebius if he could mark out particular paragraphs in Milman's work that would point to any such change having been made for which he felt regret.

"I cannot name them," said he, turning away wearily "but he says so. Why don't you see him?"

"I may, but I am most deeply interested that the truth concerning yourself should be given to me; it is not for idle curiosity, but because I wish to do my work well."

"Constantine," said he, "was great, because he was cruel. I was a great historian because I could weave fiction with real life. I am now sorry I did it, for there were truths down in that lower life that would have furnished better lessons for the people than those which I gave them. I gave out much of impurity and I have suffered. You are very kind to so patiently await my will, but there are some truths, that even now I dare not disclose, because the earth-world is not ripe for it. Could I reveal the truth with sufficient power, the ancient superstitions, those existing prior to Christianity, would in many instances be better than those of to-day; and many, for the want of their lost idol, would level to the ground, the costly edifices of modern times and spread sorrow and misery far and wide."

Iconoclastic as I would be, could I have the power, I turned away with a feeling of awe that I had seen Eusebius, and longed to know all that was hidden within that great mind, which would render some histories valueless, and exalt others which have long been thought to be fables. SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER TWENTIETH.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO, STILL GLOOMY AND REVENGEFUL.—HE DEPLORES HIS BIRTH CONDITIONS.

I had much trouble in finding my way to the man of whom I shall now speak. My guide said to me it was an old whim of Pizarro* to say no, when he meant yes, and in helping you, senior, I am trying to bring out all classes of people. I called that just, because if my work signifies anything, it is intended to show the different lives, which proceed from different conditions on earth, and to bring out the results so vividly that all will see the necessity of true culture, both of body and mind.

I felt little interest in meeting this pirate chief, who was the terror of his age, and who in 1471, first saw the light of the world. I met him in the fourth sphere. He appeared sullen, and his strong Spanish

*Francisco Pizarro was born at Truxillo, Spain about 1471. He was the illegitimate son of a Spanish colonel of foot by a peasant girl. He was bred a swine-herd and is said to have been suckled by the swine on account of his mother's neglect. He grew up a bold, ignorant and brutal man. When in power, he said no to every request in order to have leisure to consider the matter. He plundered a small village on the San Juan river, Nicaragua, where he got considerable gold. He conquered Peru and was assassinated at Lima in 1541. He was cruel, cunning and perfidious, yet he had the merits of courage, constancy and fortitude.

characteristics impressed me as one who would have to live long here, before he could purify his soul. There was nothing of ardor in his appearance, his black eyes gleamed with intensity, but he seemed to take no real pleasure in anything.

"Well," said I, extending my hand to him, (but he noticed it not) "what have you to say of your earth-life so long gone? Is memory ever faithful to you as to others? What have you now in your soul regrets, or a desire to make past regrets a stepping stone for the future?"

His answer was, "I have no regrets; I am passive as to what may come to the world, into which I was born an unwelcome guest I have had much of revenge: I am sorry I did not spare more lives when I captured the village of San Juan, still I am quite indifferent about it. I do not forget my ignominious birth nor my ignominious death; they are strong factors in my life now. Cruelty has stamped my past as it cannot my future, but I am sad sometimes for the ways of my mother who in giving me birth, placed a curse upon her life. No subsequent justice given to me from the author of my life could bridge the gulf. I was born under such circumstances as caused my mother's nature to rebel and to fill her heart with a thirst for vengeance in the future.

It was a hard life I lived, and I made it hard for others, -my name was a terror, -my memory made children dream frightful dreams, and men and women fear a like fate might befall some of the little ones, nestling on their bosoms. I do not like my father, I have infinite pity for my mother, so wrong and so

weak, but I cannot say much more. Perhaps with new light I might have done the same deeds, if born under the same adverse conditions."

I asked him, "Does not the sight of happy children playing around you, the glory of this sky, the splendor of the flowers, the waving trees above you, bending down their branches as if in a benediction, inspire you with gentle thoughts and holier ambitions? You lost your life you say, but you took many lives; how can you, who have been so cruel think you have been treated with cruelty?"

"I am looking at my wrongs, not at others. I am realizing to the fullest extent, that if my life had begun under better conditions and my heritage had not been so warped by the circumstances of my birth, I should now be happier. Instead of this gloomy disposition I might have had one that gloried in honor and truth."

"Is your home in this sphere?"

"My home!" he said, "What a question! No. I still wander back to old scenes of cruelty. I still live over the wrongs of the past, committed by me. You have heard of the wandering Jew, who could not die. I am the wandering Spaniard, who cannot forget. This talk about forgiveness is trash; that which loved and hated in me did not die; no, that will live on. My sense of love and beauty sometimes overcomes my hate but the old struggles overtake me whenever I revert to the old scenes."

"Why do you recall them by going there?" I asked, most anxious to help this man, who had a faint desire for help.

"The old idea, senior, of wrong doing and the

place where the crimes were committed, have always a great attraction for the perpetrators of the crimes. You have heard of the conviction of murderers from a habit they had, whether sleeping or waking, of reviewing the old horrible place and of visiting it with such stealth that they betrayed their guilt to a careful observer.

It hurts the soul more than the body to do wrong, senior, and therefore people should guard their souls."

He left us very abruptly. "Where is he going?"

"He is going down to earth to enjoy a Spanish smoke in some den where his past attracts him."

"Is he not an exception to most spirits, after dwelling so long in the spirit-world, to still live in the old!"

Yes, he is an exception, but it is my duty to show exceptions among the pure and impure, that you may realize the difference. I will meet you a little later and conduct you to others, more pleasant to meet. Good bye."

Jan. 29, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER TWENTY-FIRST.

THE HOMES OF JOAN OF ARC, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.—JOAN'S HOME A PLACE OF INSTRUCTION FOR MEDIUMS.—BONAPARTE'S HOME, FULL OF WAR SCENES.—JOSEPHINE'S HOME, ONE OF EXQUISITE LOVELINESS.

Not being able to govern again my interviews with the heroes of the past, I shall be chiefly indebted to my guide's kindness in describing home pictures.

"What of Joan of Arc," I said, "where is her home?"

My guide said, "You will have to be very patient with me on the matter of spheres. It is my chosen work to be a messenger, and so constantly am I changing from one locality to another, that I much regret I cannot always recall the number of the sphere; but I have seen her in all her grace and beauty, presiding over her home; not with the pride of Hypatia, who rules even in hers, but with a spirit of peace, the old war ambition having been outgrown and the love of teaching and being taught having taken its place. Her home is not of lofty structure, nor does it impress one with extreme beauty of architecture or coloring, but once to cross the flower bordered walks and to see the life led there, that which lends to it its chief beauty, is of itself a beautiful vision.

She is not alone; many people cross and recross the threshold, but I have not found one yet, an in-

mate, who was not a medium. Each one of these earth-martyrs, who have climbed up the hill far enough to be taught by her, are welcome there if she finds their motives pure. Her great object is to send from her home those who will discriminate between pure and obsessing spirits.

I found in her home, everything that could suggest beauty in art, the choicest coloring, the finest paintings and sculptures, and still I was surprised that some of the inmates should have such dim rooms; the light being much subdued, while others chose the rooms most brilliantly lighted and bedecked with the gaudiest colors.

"A room or the chosen abode of a spirit in or out of the body, discloses much of the real state of the soul," said my guide, and therefore when I found these gay and dim rooms occupied by Joan's school of mediums, I wondered which was farthest advanced. "It is no proof because a person chooses the rooms with subdued light and faint coloring, that they are not as far advanced as others; they are all receiving their instructions, hoping to go back to lower spheres with more purified lessons for those who are below them. But it is all for the best; an outburst of grand music may teach one soul, when the flutter of a humming-bird may instruct another."

Said Joan, "I have in my home over fifty mediums of different grades; who have been the world's martyrs. It is my pleasure to furnish them a home, to stir their hearts to do something for others, that they may escape like suffering. Therefore in my garden, I have as great a variety of light and shade as possible. I want harmony. I am content to

dwell in lower spheres than I merit, that I may instruct these mediums and fit them for their work among spirits of lesser growth."

My guide said, "I came down the flower bordered path into a forest and thought as I came away, how beautiful is the home of Joan, and how pleased you would be to hear my report."

Ques.—Has Joan of Arc a spirit husband?

Ans.—She lives in the spiritual rather than in the natural. She could have a husband should she so wish, but she glories in thinking mankind in the purest sense, is helping her, and also that the physical or sex attractions are a thing of the past with her. There is a saying here, that as the physical in earth-life changes once in seven years, so there come in the spiritual cycles of time, changes that affect the sexes.

Ques.—How do the spiritual cycles of time affect the sexes?

Ans.—It changes them in such a way, that the greatest refinement of character is necessary to awaken love. That which seems gross in the flesh, becomes pure here;—to think, to clasp hands in the refined spiritual life is to renew the old sensations, but exceedingly more refined and pure. The animal sensations are lost because of the superior and exquisite enjoyment of the spiritual. There is much of beauty in this thought.

NAPOLEON'S HOME.

I said, "I wish to go with you to the home of Napoleon;" and he took me there. All that is stately in architecture, all that was suggestive of grandeur,

was revealed by a glance at this warrior's home. Instead of finding the lofty halls adorned with works of art, we found them covered with representations of the armor of soldiers and the implements of war, the swords of old, the weapons he used to wield and command, pictures of his war horses and more striking than all, an immense picture of the scene of his death at St. Helena; the face of the dead emperor, cold and impressive, the surroundings dreary enough to make one shudder."

"I notice you dwell on this picture," he said. "It is the story of departed greatness, the history of ambition's great sacrifice of love. Ah! I see it in your eyes; you would ask me if that other woman, the one for whom Josephine lost home, heart and friends is here, I cannot tell you her story, she must recount it to you herself. No, she is not here."

"Do you not desire more of the gentle spirit of home around you?"

"No, I have not attained to that yet; I am gaining some perhaps."

He led me through room after room, where gloomy splendor reigned, no pictures of fruits or flowers, no sweet scenes of pastoral life, no pictures of beautiful mountain, river or sea, no radiance of sunlight, but room after room, filled with portraits of warriors, who looked as though almost ready to step out from their frames and attack each other.

"Your home has everything to make it seem grand, but you lack sunlight, sir," I said.

"How dare you, a representative from a nation, which was puny indeed when I left earth, suggest a lack of sunlight! You look good and your mo-

tives may be pure, but if I am satisfied with my home, why cannot you also be satisfied?"

Thinking of my own breach of courtesy, I quietly retired. I shall not make much of an effort to see him again.

Ques.—Has Napoleon no women as inmates of his home?

Ans.—Of course he has, but they are those belonging to a class, who have not heretofore entered into his life. He discarded love for ambition. He took a second wife, putting away his first for the sake of an object, but his love-power vanished with the sacrifice of Josephine. He is now willing to give woman her just position in life, but with him, real love is at present, wanting.

Disappointed, he now knows he must wait for some blissful realization of the dreams of the long ago; he must forget the ambition of a conqueror; he must forget the selfish love which sacrificed all for pride and power, before he can know what true love and soul-marriage is. He has not yet understood it. His lesson is so strangely new to him, he cannot forget and become a man, who would make a true woman's life, the glory of his. He has plenty of women but not a wife. They serve him, but do not love him.

JOSEPHINE'S HOME.

"I will show you heaven now," said my guide, as swifter than the wind, we arose.

I was then presented to the forgiving and loving Josephine. There is as much sameness here on different planes, as there is in the different cities and

villages of earth. I cannot with an artist eye, picture Josephine's home. There were many acres of lofty trees surrounding it ; numerous gardens, whose beds were masses of flowers ; arbors, in which those who act as servants through their love of Josephine, gather and listen to her voice of instruction. In the building, the rooms exhibit the most exquisite taste, chastened by that simplicity which always adorns true art.

The duties of the household are performed so easily that it would not be proper to call them laborious. Twice blessed Josephine, I thought, as I saw her again moving in grace and beauty through her home !

"I know your thoughts sir, but what if I should tell you I once was unable to get my little one a pair of shoes, way back in the old life. My home is beautiful," said she, looking where the green foliage of the trees seem to blend with the blue sky. "I am working, and Joan of Arc is working with all her power to find some way to give through our mediums here, down to the mediums of earth, pictures of our spirit homes. She hopes she has found one on earth whose hand with the brush can be used as perfectly as is the pen in the hands of others."

Jan. 28, 1885.

S. BOWLES.

PAPER TWENTY-SECOND.

HORACE GREELEY EDITING A PAPER IN THE
FOURTH SPHERE.

"Yes sir, Mr. Bowles ; you can see Horace Greeley* as often as you wish," was my greeting as I entered a plain looking building in the fourth sphere and met this hero of the pen of modern times..

"Expected to see me higher," he said as he extended a kindly hand to grasp mine, while his secretary handed me a chair. "Expected to see me neglect my journalistic duties more than you do, sir, and soar to realms not congenial, where I cannot then reach both ways. No sir, I stay here until I can accomplish my work so I will feel easy up higher. I am busy, very, help me correct this proof, even if we do talk some. You see we must get out this paper very soon. Mr. Lincoln (You knew Lincoln didn't you?) has been here and is anxious to have me get in a startler for to-night's issue."

Looking around the plain room, strewn with the debris of torn papers, which had fallen short of the waste paper basket, looking at the busy scribes who never raised their heads at my approach, I concluded that Horace Greeley was himself. Still think-

*Horace Greeley was born at Amherst N. H. Feb. 3, 1811. He was the founder in 1841, of the New York Tribune. In 1872 he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States by the Liberal Republican and Democratic parties, but was defeated at the polls. The excitement of the campaign and his disappointment at his defeat, produced inflammation of the brain, and he died, Nov. 29, 1872.

ing he would entertain me, he said, "that presidential business did more to shorten my life, than all the pain I ever suffered on earth. You see it was a disappointment sir, I thought I was all right for once, but looking it over now, I would have cut a very poor figure in the presidential chair. Probably I should have been invited out of earth-life as were Lincoln and Garfield. It's not safe to put a person in that place who has decided opinions, he must be a figure-head. Dress up a mummy and place him there; let Congress have its say and after the elections are over, there is not much room for independent action. You can sign your name a great many times a day if you are not too tired. But I have been far happier since I saw this side of life than when there. THE EVENING JOURNAL (for the propagation of truth for two worlds,) is the name of our paper. I am not very successful in getting fac-similes introduced into the earth-world, but I do my best.

Talk about the root of evil; why you do not know that these Dynamiters, who are obsessed to stir up London and other large cities, will yet try their hands upon the Government buildings at Washington.

"No, I do not know it," I said. "Will you feel justified in granting me permission to report that to our own nation, from which we seem to be severed?"

"Yes, say it; if its an untruth I will take the blame of it, for I see it so now," (—"more proof you say," said he, putting his ear to a tube, 'down with it, the boys will look it over.') "This is my working room. I have got nine rooms now," he said, and asking me to follow him, he showed me into a plain par-

lor, where several relatives, including his best loved ones, were seated, reading from different books, or engaged in such work as woman's fancy will prompt her to engage in, after the lapse of years in spirit-life.

The mother and the wife, the father and the brother, and several friends greeted me with great kindness and seemed to be glad to see me, like people who have met again after the separation of years.

"I must leave you now," making a motion to get his clothing into good shape; "it's a very busy time just now, but I am content," said he with a smile illuminating his genial face, "I used to be busy when in the earth-world, working for money."

I begged to be excused also, as I had grown weary with thinking, glad in hoping and more tender toward all mankind, when I saw this hero of a humble life, so true to himself.

"God bless you," said Horace.

Jan. 29, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Ques.—How did Mr. Greeley "get his clothes into good shape?"

Ans.—He had a way of pulling down his pants and pulling up his coat collar, whenever he arose from his chair.

When I met Thomas Paine,* I asked the stereotyped question, "In what sphere do you reside?"

With a face full of sunshine, and a heart, exulting in his freedom, he said, "Talk of spheres; to me the world is my country. I have not forgotten the time when in earth-life, my efforts to free man from mental darkness was pronounced darkness itself. I have not forgotten the bigotry which assailed me at every turn, and made me realize I lived in a country which ignored some of its most earnest workers."

"Do you suffer now because you was misunderstood when on earth?"

"No, I do not suffer, for every good act will bring its recompense; but I know there are those who weave laurel wreaths for the patriots of the American Revolution, who have not placed me justly on the page of history for my part in that struggle. It is 'Tom Paine' the infidel, not Thomas Paine the worker and sufferer of the past. But I have bided my time, I have worked through the darkness of bigotry, born of a false religion, and instead of being

* Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, England, Jan. 29, 1737. He came to America in 1774, took an active part in favor of the American Revolution. He went to France in 1793, was imprisoned by the faction of Robespierre in 1794, and narrowly escaped the guillotine. While in prison he wrote the first part of his "Age of Reason." He died in New York city in 1809, and was buried on his estate in New Rochelle, N.

pictured by Jonathan Edwards and others, as undergoing extreme penalty, for some unknown sin, with my brother, Voltaire. I stand to-day where human sympathy would gladly blend with the angelic, and call all those who are grossly misunderstood, children of a common Father, whose supreme desire is the good of all. I might feel better if I had the disposition of Napoleon; I might wish to wear laurels, if I thought true laurels could come from misery; but I can stand with my brother, Washington and say, 'Let us compare notes.' This is not egotism; it is the desire which all feel when they stand on the verge of uncertainty and wish to be understood.

I wish to be thought of as a man, who loving his fellow men, worked with all his soul for liberty. I wish the world to know that at least through the lips of one woman, I have uttered truths of the utmost importance; that woman's name I am proud to give to the earth-world: It is Amelia H. Colby*. It is a tribute due her, for me to say, I am responsible for sentiments offered to the world and expressed by her. I have used others, but she is one of the best, if not the best instrument I have ever used: and in utilizing her gifts I wish to show to the world, if that old vague world can appreciate it, that through her organism, I can express the most power. I am glad to accord due praise to this woman.

May all who have read the 'Age of Reason,' know that could she be placed in proper conditions, I could do a work through her which would be the 'Age of Reason Now.'

* A well known public speaker among the Spiritualists, noted for her grand thoughts and powerful oratory,—for many years at times controlled by Thomas Paine.

I thank all instruments whom I have used, directly or indirectly, for their co-operation, in bringing to bear upon a fettered world, some hints of the coming time, when it shall be fully realized that we make our hells and build our own heavens."

"Are your ideas all given to these thoughts of the past, I asked?"

"No sir, I live far more in the present, and love in the present. The future is open to me because I have learned to read the lessons between the past and the now, and draw deductions for the future. I know my spirit-life is full of beauty; I see lovely pictures of freed souls in my dreams, and wake to realize that another has crossed some dark river of despair, and is standing before me, asking me for some little help on the upward path they know I am going. I hope for the time when the germs of my earth-life shall take deeper root, and I shall, not for my own glory, but because it is right, be recognized as I should have been long ago.

I am content with my life here. I am more happy with people in the fourth sphere than I should be with those very far advanced, who partially sever the links between them and the past, and sail out on some sea of glory where they will be fully acknowledged as philanthropists.

That is not my ambition, because my work is but just begun. I shall never be understood, sir, because I do not quite understand myself, but I have a snug home here, for weary ones.—a warm, kind grasp of the hand for those who have fought the battle of earth-life, and a little haven of rest for a sisterhood, who are betrayed into unfortunate mother-

hood and help to swell the number of premature souls which are flooding the spirit-world. Help me clear the pool of wrong, brother Bowles; help me to be to others, what I would have been to myself, and your help shall be most gladly accepted, though you have but lately come to our spirit-life."

This is Paine, the man who has been pictured as the basest of men, a sinner against himself and against his God! This is Paine! Oh! Orthodoxy, hold up your hands in holy horror, and wonder if Samuel Bowles has indeed entered into such companionship! I answer most gladly, yes.

Jan. 29, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER TWENTY-FOURTH.

PRINCE ALBERT OF ENGLAND.—ALICE AND LEOPOLD.—THEIR SPIRIT HOME.

I will now fulfil my promise and report to you my second interview with Leopold, son of Queen Victoria. A happy surprise met me, for I was not only kindly greeted by him, but by his father, Prince Albert and his daughter Alice, so long mourned.

"I wish to correct a false opinion," said Albert to me, as he extended his hands in greeting. "You people of that independent nation, (The United States of America) suppose all marriages among the royalty, are simply marriages of convenience; but at least, it was not so with me or mine. I loved the wife more than the queen, and the mother of my

* Prince Albert was born near Coburg, Germany, Aug. 26, 1819. He married Victoria, Feb. 1840, and died Dec. 14, 1861.

children, called for a still greater share of my devotion. We were happy ; our domestic life was often fettered by the fact of rank, but we managed to find much that was home-like, and strove to educate our children with a view to future deprivations.

Time passed gayly ; our highland home, our home by the sea, our homes in city and country, were every one, dear to us. Of course we, like other married people had our differences of opinion, but never to an extent to cause sadness for any length of time. I remember once, we had not quite understood each other and she left me for a little ; then came, tapping softly at the door, saying, "It is I, your queen who seeks admittance."

I replied, "I have no queen." She hesitated a little and then said, "It is Victoria, your wife."

"Enter," said I, and all was peace. I think these facts are narrated in some of her manuscripts which have been published. While speaking about her whom I love so dearly, I wish to correct an idea prevailing in your country, concerning the mercenary spirit of my wife. Although a queen, her good deeds are not heralded ; she does not wish it ; so, kindly and with the quiet of a Florence Nightingale, she has her rounds of charity which have grow larger as the years go by.

I cannot describe our old life. I cannot tell you how glad we were as child after child blessed our home : the days passed all too swiftly and hours were like moments, until the dread sickness came, which took me out of earth-life. I was most anxious to stay. I did not want to leave the bright life so dear to me ; my wife, my loved ones, looking

into my eyes, with such a pleading expression beseeching Heaven in prayer, begging of doctors who surrounded my bedside, to save me. I think I was kept in the body several hours longer than I should have been, had it not been for the will power of myself and my family. But I found the dear ones of the past around my bedside; I saw such eager beckoning hands, such smiling faces, that before I realized it, I was out of the old body into the new one, and borne gently away from the scenes of sorrow which oppressed every heart in my earth-home. The sad news was carried from nation to nation that I was dead,—dead I thought, yet so alive!

I then rested; days of mourning passed,—I thought I must go back; I must see my beloved wife; I must watch my children in their grief. Well, I entered my old home as a visitor, and saw such sad faces, such tearful eyes; I saw in all places where I could look down, emblems of mourning for me. The nation could do without me, but my gentle wife could not so soon heal the wound. It was not until the fear of another startling grief came to her, in the terrible illness of the Prince of Wales, that she was really aroused from her grief. But she then bent every energy to call back from the jaws of death, our first born son; and while the nation waited with expectant heart, fearing the worst, the mother worked and prayed.

He became better at last, slowly coming back to life, but more like a shadow than like his former self. In all these sorrows of my queen, no duty was neglected; methodical in every thing, she would not let death, or prolonged sickness, debar her from

eventually doing her duty to her people.

Then came the time when my sweet Alice here, gave up her earth-life, soon following the little bud which had been so dear to her young mother's heart. This sudden affliction cast a gloom over our old home and made her mother a mourner again, yes a double mourner for child and mother. Oh! When looking at my wife as she feels now for her lost treasures, I think it is not more to be a queen than to be a good woman; for her heart has been wrung with agony so much that there are deep sad lines in her face and her hair has whitened with grief.

Another struggle will shortly come to her, and that is the proposed marriage of her Beatrice. This child has been her mother's comfort, the one who has known the inmost secrets of her heart. It may not be, but the needs of royalty must ever be heeded."

Alice, by this time, had left the gorgeously furnished rooms and Leopold said, "You have seen my father, dear sir; is not this better than, to have me tell the story of our life at our old home, when the black mantle of death was over our loved ones?"

I arose to go, feeling better for having seen these kindly people, and the last words Prince Albert said to me were, "I wait for her: my queen will come soon. Good morning."

Jan. 30, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER TWENTY-FIFTH.

BEATRICE IN HER SPIRIT HOME, NOW UNITED WITH DANTE.

Yes, I promised if possible to see Beatrice, the one real love and inspiration of Dante's life; and I have been admitted to her presence. She did not manifest the dignity of Dante, the sternness of Elizabeth, nor the quiet submission of Lady Jane Grey. But there was something about her, which made me feel that Dante might have been better inspired in his earth-life if he had had the influence of her in his home; such gentleness, such beauty of form and feature; such eyes as poets dream of, but cannot describe their color: such grace of motion is seldom found in one human or divine form.

"Am I really in the presence of Dante's Beatrice, the one whom cruel circumstances parted so long ago," I asked?

"Yes, it is really so," said she, smiling brightly, "but please lay aside all sense of homage to one so humble as I. I did not play my part very well on the stage of life. I could not help him there; I married a nobleman when young and passed out of that life, while still young. But I did not lose sight of my Dante, and if ever a poet was inspired by true love, my Dante was inspired, when he was a wanderer upon earth with scarcely money to buy ink or parchment. At the gates of his beloved Florence he has waited in vain for some recognition, and

for entrance; but to have been a poet in those days, sir, was to have been a martyr: although true poetry must have begun when one star of the heavens threw a welcoming light to another, and the pale moon looked coldly on. True poems must have been engraved upon the hills and mountains, on plain and lake, on land and ocean, when first was evolved from earth and air these stories of rock, river, continent and sea.

And it must have been a still grander poem, when the sun first kissed into life, a boundless vegetation, because the earth was ready to burst into bloom and every part assumed its form and grew into beauty.

Poetry is as old as God, because a part of Him. My God is every element in Nature which helps to make up the great whole."

"What were the circumstances which caused the break between Dante and you, when the love was equal and fully reciprocated?"

"Do not ask me, sir, to go over that painful earth-dream. My real work has been in this life. When my Dante was thirty-five years old, as you count time, (I believe I am right," she said, raising her hand to her brow,) I, in this life made the acquaintance of Virgil, who was studying from lowest to highest in the poetic world; and he was most kindly attracted to Dante, and with my intense sympathy, he being a strong medium, (as you now call it,) felt us, knew we were working for him, and recorded in one of his poems, his appreciation of my presence,—to others it is a fancy, a dream.

There was no more separation for us then. I followed him until the last, and found he understood

me. I have held trysts near the old ruined castle and at 'Dante's Rock' on the shores of the Adriatic, when he was flesh and I was spirit. I cannot deny that heart, calling to heart did not hasten his coming. I do not regret it now. I was urged into a union, unpleasant for me; but when my wandering Dante came to me, I felt as though heaven had begun; I cared little for the cold body of my Dante, lying in state, I cared little for his costly tomb; I had my living Dante, my breathing, real Dante, and knew there would never be a limit to our work.

I am foolish enough to believe that in this life, I am an inspiration to him and that the poems he is seeking so earnestly to transmit to earth, will be bettered by my helpfulness in finding some transmitter to pass them down."

"Why do you desire so earnestly all thoughts, beautiful and pure, to be sent back to that old earth?"

"It is a law of spirit-life: if people were not always coming into earth-life and thus populating the spheres of eternity, we would not care so much; if the present multitude ended the list, all would soon be well. But as Nature has evolved so much through her elements, why can it not come to pass, that a new growth, a truer education can be introduced into the different worlds, and thus bring out of the present ignorance a better starting point for humanity."

I left this beautiful woman in her lovely home, sure I should be better for having seen her, sure of a sweet memory in my soul, though I should never see her again. I am glad to think, whether believed or not, whether this instrument or I myself may in-

cur ridicule, that I have this mission, to bring to earth, pictures of such living in the spirit-world as are exemplified by Dante and Beatrice.

Jan. 29, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER TWENTY-SIXTH.

VOLTAIRE, A RESIDENT OF THE EIGHTH SPHERE.

Do you say I may see the real Voltaire,* about whom Christians raved, and at one time thought him too vile, to take his name upon their lips?"

"Yes, sir," said my guide, "if you care to. He is quite willing to meet you, but you will be subject to the same inconvenience you have had in interviewing others, that of employing an interpreter.

I arose to the eighth sphere and met the hero of Infidelity.—I call him a hero because he was true to his principles, nor could any mental torture force him to conceal his opinions.

"How is this," I said, "that you who spent many years of your life in trying to contradict the belief in the immortality of the soul, stand here, yet alive and talking to me?"

"I am most happily disappointed," said Voltaire, with that smile, so winning in earth-life. "I find I cannot die."

"Do you ever regret your course in earth-life, your profanity as it is called, your utter abhorrence

* Voltaire, (François-Marie Arouet) born at Châtenay, France, Feb. 20, 1694, the most brilliant French author, who by his genius and wit ruled as an absolute monarch in the Kingdom of letters during the eighteenth century. He was a master-architect of ruin, and prepared the way for the mighty up-heaving of society in France. He died May, 30, 1778.

Johnson's Ency.

of what was taught as true religion?"

I do regret some of my hasty acts; I am sorry that I caused sorrow; but I could not wrong a God, when there was none to be injured. I now recognize a principle, a power, but not a God. I have become disgusted with all semblance of Christianity which will, according to its belief, allow a man, like Constantine, to stand here in this upper world and be so grand and assume so much authority! I do not wish to speak unkindly, but could I call to you one of his victims, even Fausta, his wife, and you should hear her story, I think you would find that time cannot redress wrongs so quickly as many imagine; his calender of murders was only seven! that may be a small number for a Christian, but I would rather have spent my strength in doing good, than in murdering my wife, my children, or other friends. I think Constantine has been a hypocrite and is one still. I have no pity for him nor for Eusebius; both as far as possible are acting a part; and if they had the facilities now that they once had when in earth-life, there would be more murders committed and more "Gospels" written!"

"Then you are better satisfied with your earth-life than to have been one of them or like them?"

"Yes, far better satisfied. I could confess to wrongs which now make me blush; I could relate dark stories of midnight orgies, which now make me tremble; I could tell of virtue sacrificed, and of vice triumphant; I could lay my soul bare before you, sir, and let you see it as it once was, so spotted, so corrupt that it was with me, hell to gaze upon it.

But I am growing out of it. For all unkind deeds

done by me, I have long been seeking to make reparation. I am doing my best now ; but I still have my antipathies, my old waywardness. I lived an unsettled earth-life, I was always starting out into new grooves, always trying new experiments. Now I am willing and ready to do my best, but strangely held back by old circumstances. I will help you most cheerfully to accomplish all you can for that old world. Thomas Paine has come over since I passed out, and tells me of books, written about me, which depict me as a dweller in Hell.—“This is pleasant,” he said with a derisive laugh.

I have formed a friendship for him, and it was he who advised me to send a message back by you. I am preparing a book myself through a French medium, whose name I am not now at liberty to give. I have often been with Madam Blavatsky and watched the curious experiments performed upon her arm; and from your statement, I am quite interested in your medium, who is so willing to lend herself for this work. Good morning, sir; I must away to my new book.”

Jan. 30, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Madam Blavatsky is a Russian lady, the author of works upon the Occultism of the East. She is now a resident among the Theosophists of the British East Indies.

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"Well," said he, slowly, "I must have friends there. Of course they are of the present generation and I have been gone over a hundred years, but there ought to be some who remember me kindly, because I thought I then did right."

"Am I mistaken in thinking you were the one who was so willing to be a martyr?"

"No sir, you are not; I counted nothing lost if good.

"Do you think the religion you espoused much better than bigotry?"

"Certainly I do: through my humility I make my home down in the fifth sphere, while infidels creep up higher and higher. Oh! its only their overweening confidence in themselves; they do not care for the souls of others, nor suspect they are not doing right in hurrying upward, where the feet only of the worthy should tread. This day I am trying to send down to earth, something to counteract the wicked ideas, too fast gaining a foothold there. I am glad to have met you, but cannot waste more time," said he, walking briskly away. I wondered which had wasted the time, John Sage or I.

Jan. 30, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

DRED SCOT, STILL SEEKING TO OBTAIN REVENGE FOR THE WRONGS INFLICTED ON HIM WHILE IN EARTH-LIFE. MR. BOWLES FINDS HIM NEAR THE MISSOURI RIVER.

I must not shrink from my duty, and in this short paper, do justice to a race who, in the United States, have been often a terror to those who knew the capacity for secret revenge, possessed by the African race. These people, smarting under the injustice done to them, will sometime retaliate even in spirit-life. These former slaves, martyrs to a bad government will often make others suffer for what they have endured.

No education here can for a time, remove from their minds the prolonged systematic abuse of their earth-life. In meeting a colored man, called Dred Scot, * I asked, "Since your mortal life was so full of cruelty, cannot you be content to grow better

* Dred Scot, was a slave who formerly lived in Missouri. He was sold to John F. A. Sanford of N. Y. During the ownership of his former master, he had been taken into Illinois and also into a portion of the north-west territory, now Minnesota. Being taken back to Missouri he had unsuccessfully sued for his freedom on the ground that he had been taken into a free state. His new owner however appealed to the Supreme Court of U. S. on a writ of error. It was on this appeal that chief justice Taney gave utterance to the sentiment that "the black man has no rights which white men are bound to respect." He gave this opinion as the voice of history with reference to the black race, not as his own, but it is thought he coincided in it.

Henry Wilson's Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America.

Vol 2, Page 524.

yourself without letting others, still in earth-life feel your power, and thus take advantage of every chance to commit outrages upon the whites?"

"No, I am not satisfied; I was dragged from one place to another, like a reptile, I was abused and used most awful mean. I got awful wicked by it and I'm not sorry. I'll help every nigger of them to make war on white folks. I know white women who have been carried into the woods and been forced, but I'm glad of it, I'm glad for every pain a white woman suffers, because that set of folks have been so mean to us."

"Did you not enjoy the religious meetings you used to attend, and think the lessons from the Bible, good for you?"

"I tried to, but I am glad now, I didn't take any stock in those Bible words. Why, I found that old book, full of slavery; every one has got to stay where he was born and a black skin has no right to think. That book made me maddest of all; an old boss of a preacher used to come our way often, and think smarting backs would feel better, by saying, the Bible says, 'Servants obey your masters.' Such stuff didn't go down with me. I loved once, and thought I could have my girl, but after what she had to go through, I didn't want her. Oh! no, my mother was sold far a way too.

Oh! I hate and HATE and HATE, and that don't tell the story, no it don't."

"Are you willing to admit that you do your utmost to incite colored people on earth to commit outrages upon the whites who were slave owners?"

"I don't know much 'bout your fine talk, don't

care either, but I am glad when I can creep down and make any one give a lesson to them folks what took me from state to state and never remembered I had feelins ; I did do mean things, I'm glad of it, I'm doing 'em still and I will and you need'nt talk pious to me."

"How high have you ever been in the spheres?"

He laughed a diabolical laugh and said, "Give me an easy one, one I can answer."

"How far have you got away from this place," said I, as for a moment I descended to the low swampy grounds near the Missouri river.

"Me! I don't go up much, don't want to, have a better chance here to make other niggers do what I could'nt do."

I have not given his language, which was extremely coarse. I cannot picture him, I only want my readers to know the past is still bringing forth fruit for sadness to its own, and gladness for those who have lived aright and understood themselves. Remember this life on our side, is like your own, made up of all kinds, colors and classes. I had met this time with one of the lowest.

Feb. 1, 1885,

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER TWENTY-NINTH.

JOACHIM MURAT, MARSHAL OF FRANCE.—HE
DEPRECATES WAR.

In my quest for the truth, I have not stopped at any point although often dissappointed, if I could glean some little intelligence from any source, which I hope may be beneficial to my readers. Therefore I have interviewed this warrior and true man. Joachim Murat * was a hero, fighting for what he thought was truth. Arrested with Louis XVI., enthusiastic in his support of Napoleon I., living the life of a warrior, yet possessing the tenderness of a woman, he thought it nothing to sacrifice much for what he believed right. He was an imposing historical presence, who had long lived in my memory.

Said he through his guide, "When will the spirit of war cease and the spirit of peace, reign? When shall we teach those who come after us, that true living cannot be brought about by battle fields which dim the light of Heaven? I cannot tell you my history, sir. The pen is too weak to portray

*Joachim Murat, born in France in 1771, was made marshal by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1804. He distinguished himself in the battles of Jena, Austerlitz, Eylau and Friedland. When king of the two Sicilies, he encouraged agriculture, industry, improved the finances, increased the navy and organized an army, 70,000 strong. In an attempt to free Italy from the grasp of Napoleon, he lost his life, being shot by decree of court-martial in the castle of Pizzo, in 1814. He said as he was about to be shot, "I have brave death long enough and often enough to face it with my eyes open and standing."

what I did for love's sake, what for honor, what for glory. Could I now remember how I tried to know myself, rather than to glory in the man who was a friend while fighting; could I look back at happy homes instead of those desolated by war, could I look back at Napoleon, my friend, and through that friendship have taught him happiness, instead of remembering the breach between us, which was healed again only by war; could I have seen my country the scene of peace instead of conflict, in my last days of earth-life, I should indeed be glad.

But memory is Heaven or Hell; it reaches from the lowest to the highest; it brings our glory to the dust, and changes our songs of victory to the sighing of those who wander in darkness. Oh! sir, mistaken ones meet me all the way. Ambition is a gross teacher unless she leads aright."

"Where did she lead you," I asked?

"She led me to a death most ignominious. Politicians were through with me; I could no longer serve their purpose; war had better leaders; a fear of my usurping the place of others, caused my heart to beat its last within the walls, and my eyes to look for the last time from the windows of a castle, where I had often before been an honored guest. Ah! those tribunals of army life, more terrible and more revengeful than despotism, more brutal than the death scenes of the savage, for when brother soldier has clasped the hands of brother soldiers in battle, to die by those comrades' hands, is cruel indeed.

To-day, I am opposed to all wars, save the war against ignorance, carried on by knowledge with bloodless weapons; the war against bigotry wherein the

Church must yield as a star does to the greater brilliancy of the sun; a war against revenge in which woman's gentleness shall lead the warrior from the battle field to the conquest of home: these wars will banish the old ones because the white dome of peace is in the ascendant. Tell those who may have heard of Joachim Murat, that I died with my eyes open, facing the friends who were my murderers, as I faced the enemy in battle. Good day, sir.

Feb. 1, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER THIRTIETH.

MOZART, THE COMPOSER, TEACHING IN THE EIGHTH SPHERE.

In my rambles, I have met Mozart,* yes two Mozart's† for into the later Mozart's life, flowed much of the inspiration of the father, which accompanied with a most powerful will, enabled him to overcome the adverse force of circumstances, and become one of the renowned of earth. I could not understand his German, nor he, my English; therefore the interpreter was needed. Not much of my life has been given to the study of music, indeed scarcely any of it, but I think I had an appreciation of it when I lis-

* Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, was born at Salzburg, Germany Jan. 27, 1756 and died at Vienna Dec. 1, 1791, in his thirty-sixth year. At four years of age he played the piano with astonishing ease and expression. Mozart is considered the greatest composer of the world, from the combined versatility and power of his genius. He suffered great poverty at times. He was extremely fond of harmony in music and his works breathe the soul of harmony.

† Johann Georg Leopold Mozart, a German musician, born in Augsburg Nov. 14, 1719. Died May 28, 1787. He was the father of Wolfgang Mozart. He was a fine organist and violinist.

tened occasionally to a great artist ; still I could not keep out of my mind, my office and its work.

"My life on earth was short," said Mozart, "not reaching to my fortieth year. How well I remember music. My earliest recollections were that of my father's old violin. Even before I could express myself so as to be understood, any discord, almost imperceptible to others, grated harshly upon my ears. I can remember when gathered at my father's workbench in our humble home, we children used to sing little songs, and how a chill used to come over me, when one voice failed to blend with the others in perfect harmony. My childhood, cheered by much love, but straightend by poverty, was a constant inspiration for the future. I lived in music. I was negligent of the little duties devolving upon me. I committed many blunders, although meaning to do right. I found that whatever I attempted outside of that constant stream of music, which ran on in my mind, was deficient.

I remember of being called pert and impudent for correcting older people in tuning their instruments, when I would scarce notice any collision about the house. The winds might blow and the thunders roll, and yet I would feel indifferent ; but discord in music was my chief abhorrence. Would I could tell you of my struggles, and how late in my short life, I was appreciated, would I could show you what kindness was bestowed upon me by some who discovered my genius for music, while others were indifferent, thinking a poor boy should be at work rather than thus idling his time away ; would I could tell you of my dreams both day and night when

eternal harmony seemed to be impressed upon my brain and I longed to breath into other hearts, half the sympathy, half the harmony that existed in me. Salzburg was not a great place, although it had what were called great people who made it their home a portion of the time.

I led my simple life, was helped by friends who saw some talent in me, and left my music in an unfinished state to the world. I was recognized by the nobility, but the real appreciation of my work has been given since my earthly eyes were closed, and my human heart a bit of dust."

"Do you not rejoice in being one who cannot die to earth's memory ; do you not rejoice that there is something so tender in memory, so true to history, that in every musician's home your name is a household word ?

"I am pleased that it is so, but compared to my present standing I realize that all I did on earth seems very small. Could the ears of earth's people be opened to hear the music of the masters now ; could some process be discovered whereby the music of Beethoven in one corner of the Art Gallery, could reach the sick souls of earth-life, I should feel that music was doing her noblest work."

"I have been to that Art Gallery of which you speak, with Michael Angelo and Fra Angelico. I remember seeing Beethoven with his class but do not recall seeing you."

Said Mozart, "I heard of your visit there, but it was not my class day and I was out seeing my friends. I too have a class there. My father is a helper with me ; I delight in giving to those who have the least

talent all the help I can. Our pay here, sir, is in harmony. We hope to reach such perfection in music that it may float upward to the higher angels and downward to the lowest hells."

"What do you mean by hell?"

"I mean suffering hearts. To clear away the rust and corruption from souls, to awaken purer impulses, to make life over here a school of culture and all sin a thing of the past, is my ambition."

The face of Mozart shone as only the faces of those can shine, who earnestly seek to do the noblest work. I thought I was also following in my way, the dictates of conscience which cannot be cast aside, and scattering seeds while he was working another way. Scholarly men rejoice in all that points upward for the masses; for if a scholar is selfish up here, there is surely some lack in his education which is very soon observed in this land of clear seeing.

When Mozart said to me, "I must attend to my class," and then quickly closed his visit to the fifth sphere, to go to the Art Gallery, I was more than ever impressed with the idea of the growth of genius and the wealth of love which is always flowing out to man from all refined souls. Thus I met Johannes Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and was rejoiced that I had met so glorious a man. Oh! Would I could interview from high to low in all the conditions of spirit-life, and bring back to earth the choicest lessons.

Feb. 3, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER THIRTY-FIRST.

E. V. WILSON, WORKING FOR MEDIUMS.—PLAIN TALK ABOUT IGNORANT INVESTIGATORS AT CIRCLES FOR MATERIALIZATION.

"Can a common man come into your atmosphere after all the aristocracy, I have heard of your visiting or who have visited you?"

I turned from my interview with Mozart to clasp hands with the ever genial E. V. Wilson.*

"How are the times with you," he said, looking at me with his smiling eyes, which brightened as with a thousand rays of sunlight.

"The times with me are after the old plan of 'Across the Continent,' and sir, from what reports I hear of you, I conclude you are working on the old line."

"Yes sir, I rejoice in being a medium yet; I am picking out from earth's children, all who will be of service to me in promulgating the truth. I am busy, but I cannot forget my duty to my wife and children. I feel for them in their disappointment about home affairs, but it will after all, brighten the mediumship of Isa and her mother, and increase the discipline which makes souls better for helping others. I not only am glad I have passed out, but I

* A well known public medium, and lecturer, who passed to spirit-life, a few years since, while sitting in his chair in his home at Lombard, Illinois. See Bowles' Pamphlet, No. 2, page 36, for another interesting message from Mr. Wilson, giving an account of his last moments.

hope other mediums, who are disappointed and maltreated may hasten over and swell the number of workers here, who frequently hold large circles for development and to increase the powers of those who are just starting out in the work. I sometimes think that old world of ours does not deserve mediums; see the neglects, the suspicions; see the hundreds of tests which cannot be disputed, all set aside because of one mistake, or fraud! See how public journals grasp at everything which will go to prove the most noted and reliable mediums to be frauds! See how some Spiritualistic journals labor with less zeal to publish facts to sustain the truth of spirit return, than they do to cater to popular opinion, and rush to expose fraud, sometimes when there is no fraud.

See how old Spiritualists, who have closed the eyes of their loved ones with a hope, born of knowledge, that the counterpart of those eyes still beheld them, who still receive communications from their risen ones, who live right on, feeling their presence, till some dark cloud passes over their medium and they doubt whether they ever had a message.

Spiritualists do much harm by their zeal at one time and indifference at another. They do great injury to the cause by striving to interest people in Spiritualism who are not ready to be interested; for instance, I, myself have witnessed this action. A medium visits a home for two or three nights. The family have sweet communion with their spirit friends. Then the master reports these wonderful things down town to a set of eager listeners and says, 'If you don't believe it come and see for yourselves.' The

evening circle is a subject of conversation during the day among a set of loungers,—bets run high. The enthusiastic friend who has opened his doors for them, is called an old fool and plans are worked up for an exposure. Evening comes and the invited ones attend; they peer into the face of the medium as though she was some wild animal, themselves expressing by their looks, 'You can't fool me.'

Instead of the beloved son or daughter materializing and coming out to grasp the hand of father or mother, grotesque forms appear and flit back. The wise? men nudge each other: they believe it is all the medium; their strong will power is excited and overcomes the will power of the spirit-band and forces the often unconscious medium to come out of the cabinet into the arms of these 'sceptics' who grab her and pronounce her a fraud.

What does the old Spiritualist do? Does he stand by his medium and seek to discover the subtle law of mind which causes this unfortunate conduct? Too often, no: Her person and baggage are searched, her heart hurt by insults; explanations are demanded which she is unable to give and another victim is for a time laid on the shelf as a fraudulent medium, when all the fraud was within the circle of powerful minds who willed her to be exposed.

Oh! yes, that is why I am hard on Spiritualists. I am disgusted at their want of knowledge, when they are trying to teach others. I am not harsh, I am speaking the truth. I do not mean the wholesale swindlers, who go about gaining a living from the credulous, who are ready to be fooled, but I mean the genuine mediums, whose lives have but

little of sunshine and whose good work is suspended for a time by these supposed exposures.

Look out, when you go into a circle for materialization, say I, to every honest medium. It is to remove this dreadful scourge upon you, that we are working here in our spirit circles which we are holding in the first sphere, in order to help you. Good morning."

Feb. 3, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER THIRTY-SECOND.

WILLIAM DENTON* A RESIDENT OF THE THIRD SPHERE.—HE IS STILL PURSUING THE STUDY OF NATURAL SCIENCE AND MAKING A COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS.—A WORD TO HIS SON SHELLEY.—SOME ADVICE TO SPIRITUALISTS.

* William Denton was born in Darlington Eng. May 2, 1823. In early life he came to America. For a few years he taught school, then went to lecturing. He became a distinguished geologist and naturalist. His lectures were weighty with learning, sparkling with wit, glowing with poetic diction, stirring with originality of conception, and startling for their boldness of statement. He possessed great moral courage and the highest integrity of character. His eloquent voice has been heard throughout the United States. After a successful series of lectures in Australia and New Zealand, (the most powerful of his life, says his son Shelley) he, with two sons, (Sherman and Shelley, joined an exploring party to visit the south part of the island of New Guinea, in 1883. Leaving his sons to make a collection of birds at a village of natives, he proceeded with the exploring party further inland. He fell a victim to the malarial fever incident to that climate, and although tenderly cared for by his companions, who endeavored to return with him to the west coast, carrying him on a stretcher for several days, he at last expired in a deserted hut on a rainy night, the 26th of August, at a place called Ber-e-ga-bad-i, and his body was buried near the hut in that lonely wilderness, some twenty miles from the camping place of his sons.

The sad news was brought by the party to his sons and as it was not deemed prudent for them to visit the burial place, and fearing the fa-

With pleasure I recount to you my meeting with William Denton. As I was wandering along a beautiful stream whose high banks were covered with shrub and tree, and where the shade was wanting, lovely verdure, I glanced down and saw at the edge of the stream, William Denton bent over, with both hands in the clear water. He obtained his stone, notwithstanding my salutation and came clambering up the bank, his face beaming with pleasure. "At your old trick I see," said I, as I grasped his moist hand, and linking my arm within his we walked a short distance until we found a convenient spot in which to pursue our conversation. Here no guide nor interpreter was needed. Men of New England, brothers in spirit life and more than brothers now in sympathy, we hardly knew where to begin our conversation.

Finally said he, "Well, about that book; they say you are writing for the folks down there; are you getting along well with it?"

I replied, "As well as I could expect, considering all the impediments, existing between two worlds, which make intercourse difficult, yet I was pleased to have even this chance of sending back messages."

"Its what I'm going to do," said he, "if possible. I have had an idea of trying to use your medium.

tal fever, the whole party hurried rapidly to the coast. The sons returned by way of Australia to their father's home at Wellesley Mass. Shelley W. Denton gives a very graphic account of their travels and his father's death, in an illustrated lecture. Mr. Denton was the author of a series of radical and popular pamphlets and books, a list of which is appended at the close of this work.

His wife, Elizabeth M. F. Denton, is a rare psychometrist, through whose powers Mr. Denton obtained much of the material for his very original work, "The Soul of Things."

Why! I thought I knew something of the story of the rocks when in earth-life, but I knew nothing, compared to the results of my researches in this new life. Here is the place for study; it has given me eyes, with which to go back to the old life and see where I was blind there. With what I have learned and with what I have gathered from others here, a new story of Creation, not imaginary, but real, might be written, a story which would supercede all former histories.

I wanted to live to do my work there. I had a premonition, when I bid good-bye to my home, that it was for the last time. I am glad I made the journey for it was rich in results.

I believe now, if my son, Shelley will pen down the words I could almost whisper in his ear, I can renew the memory of Nature as it is in that far off country; I would have him tell of rock, river and tree, and glory as I gloried, in giving word-pictures to the people. But I want to tell of this life, the life of Nature here; all else pales in comparison beside this handiwork of her's. I would that there might come some revolution in human affairs, which would make it more easy for earth's people to understand our teachings. Once I thought of the grave as the end. I hoped for future life, but I did not believe in it.

Now I find this tangible existence: I see Nature going on and on with her story, a story which will never cease through the coming ages. The higher I go, the more glorious will be her story. In the great refining process, what seemed obscure will be made plain, and that which now baffles my skill will be like the brightness of the stars. It is good

to go down to the well-spring of things, to the fountain-head, and when one problem is solved, to begin another, and so on and on without limit. Is not that grand! No one to say, 'thus far and no farther,' no austere priest to call us sacrilegious, for wishing to solve the mysteries of Nature.

Art, Geology, Zoology, Journalism, Music, Sculpture and every other pursuit, which seems to make us happy, are laid at our feet for us to appropriate if we will.

How blind, deaf and dumb is humanity, struggling along, hoping to escape something they cannot escape,—the consequences of their own sins, by leaning on an atoning Savior! They are leaning on broken oars, and will find themselves in some whirlpool which will arouse their benumbed senses and teach them self-investigation and self-reliance.

Passing away as I did, without the tender hands of my wife to smooth my pillow, and in fact with no pillow to smooth, feeling as long as consciousness was mine, that I was leaving my boys alone, in that wilderness, knowing that bitter tears would be shed at my old home, conscious of the love of many in our old nation, and realizing it would strike with sadness, the people who expected much pleasure and instruction from the results of my journey, I strove with all my might, while conscious, to drive away the fatal torpor stealing over me. But it was useless: as the sun steals behind the clouds, and hides his shining face, so the light of my intellect crept behind a greater power, the power of change, and the William Denton of earth-life, became the William Denton of the Now, with all his hard experi-

ences, a thing of the past, and with new beauties beginning to open.

I am often attracted to the lonely spot where the old body sleeps, and where my real self passed out. Oh! Nature there is joyous, and the wayfarer's grave awakens as little thought as other graves. The tropical birds sing their wild anthems. Nature in storm and sunshine is grand with power and magnificent with beauty. The earth has rocked in her convulsive efforts, to let bad gases escape; but the blue sky is over all, and in life's afternoon, the ignorant of that clime will shrink with awe from spots, unconsecrated to their strange orgies. I am glad I went there, even if death did prove stronger than I. I have no definite plans as yet, I am getting collections here, and if memory does not serve me aright, striving to find counterparts of the old specimens. If I put one word on each bit of rock in my present collection, there would be enough words to make a large pamphlet.

"Come with me," said he, "to my home. I live in the third sphere, because I prefer to stay there on account of my researches."

He led me to his quiet home in a large grove of trees,—the house was very large on the ground, but only two stories high. One entire half of the lower part of the building was in one room, and every side covered from ceiling to floor with shelves, and on them neatly labeled, were his specimens, classified and arranged as only one could do whose heart was in it. I gazed in wonder at the numbers; none so very large, some so small that a housewife would have swept them out unnoticed.

"Go into my library now," said he, and we crossed the hall and entered a room, richly furnished, where books were the chief attraction. Pens and paper were handy and a closely written sheet, with a few specimens, showed me that his time had lately been employed in reviewing something of which he had been uncertain.

"Do not think that this constitutes my whole occupation," said he, "I gained inspiration from Elizabeth in the old life and I do now; her strange psychometric powers were daily an enigma to me, but I am also interested and working for the best, that people may have help from us to understand the natural, and thus bring out the spiritual in a more beautiful way. I am also interested in Natural History, the habits of serpent, insect, bird and beast. Oh! Yes, I am interested in every thing progressive. When on earth, I had to think of what would bring me money, but here it is growth, growth. It does not cost a cent to live. If only my wife and children were relieved of their perplexities I should be happier," he said thoughtfully.

"You do not wish them to come here now do you"?

Oh! No, not yet, not until they have done a better work there than I could have done."

I excused myself and left this man of giant mind, pleased to have a record to give of him.

Feb. 3, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Ques.—Have you any word of advice to give to the Spiritualists?

Ans.—Yes, I have. Spiritualists should be broad enough in their charity to manifest no such

petty jealousy as are often apparent in them. I believe in true organization without set form. I do not think prosperity can come without united action. I, who am now where death cannot reach me, do not see any perfect way; perfection belongs to higher spheres. I would have Spiritualism shake from itself all that is orthodox in its tendency. Why sir, I was in the hall of the Spiritualists at Springfield Mass. the other day, striving to influence the Medium* to say some words for me, when I found him, surrounded by Orthodox spirits, who compelled him to offer prayers and benedictions. We, the old workers could not get near; the fort was held by churchly spirits and they did their best. I'll admit it may have helped these spirits. I hope it did, but Spiritualism in its reality is, and should be a shock to such ideas. I would give all a chance, but I wish every medium might be surrounded by guides who when they perceived a controlling spirit was drifting back to his old ideas, instead of shedding a purer light, would say to such spirits, 'hold, thus far and no farther;' this would protect the world from a rehash of old dogmas.

Ques.—Mr. Denton says, "He once doubted that man lived after death." He was a strong Spiritualist for many years when here. How do you reconcile this?

Ans.—I have interviewed Mr. Denton again, and he says, "Before the real force of Spiritualism dawned upon me, while studying the characters of supposed Christians, my ideas, derived from the burlesque on everything that was true in its deepest sense, made me

*F. O. Matthews of Brooklyn N. Y.

think at times, 'How do they who preach, know; how do they who pray, know, and to whom are they praying?' The story of Nature, in its changes, its assumption of different forms, yet always the same in essence, the grandeur of creation, where little by little, the structure of a world was build, the wonderful mechanism of the smallest animalcule, did almost as much to convince me of immortality, as the return of spirits. Yes, thank the angels I was an ardent Spiritualist." This interview was held two hours ago and not having my note book with me, I may not have given his exact words. S. B.

PAPER THIRTY-THIRD.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, JOHN BROWN AND PATRICK HENRY.

But a short time ago, I met with another of America's proud armor-bearers, one who on his banner wrote "No slavery." When again grasping the hand of Wendell Phillips* as of yore, I smiled, for following him, was a long retinue of colored people who would willingly have been his servants, so great is the devotion of the colored race to this man. He seemed delighted to meet me, while his colored friends retired a little, not to interrupt our conver-

* Wendell Phillips, the great orator and leader in the anti-slavery cause in the United States, was born in Boston, Mass., Nov. 29, 1811. After the slaves were liberated Mr. Phillips devoted his unrivalled powers as a public speaker, to the cause of temperance, woman suffrage, the questions of finance, labor and capital. He died of angina pectoris at his home in Boston Feb. 2, 1884.

sation. Occasionally a suppressed laugh could be heard from some happy child, followed by a quick reproof from some older one who would say, "stop, ain't you 'shamed, 'sturbing Massa Fillups!"

I laughed as I heard this and he looked up quickly and said, "Yes, I know why you laugh. I cannot make these people know that they have no master, and that they must govern themselves. It is deplorable that the force of education, or lack of education, should cast its characteristics upon those who suffered slavery. These children know nothing about it; they have been born and have died since slavery became extinct in our country, yet the most of them will put 'Massa' before my name, or that of any white man. I wonder at it, and also at the servile spirit they show toward all whom they are taught, took any important part in bringing freedom to their race."

"In looking from this stand point, are your feelings changed in regard to your life-work?"

"Not changed, but intensified; It seems now I did not do much of anything to help bring about freedom. I am glad for what was accomplished, but I want to bring freedom to women, freedom to those bound in the chains of intemperance, forged by the bad laws of the rulers, who fill their treasuries with the money which is the price of blood, and make desolate homes and broken hearts. What a field for labor! Freeing the blacks was only one round in the ladder. I would see many rounds passed and that each conquest over wrong might be more beautiful than the last."

"Mr. Bowles," said Mr. Phillips, "here comes our

veteran hero, John Brown,* to join our conversation. Welcome brother, be seated. You know the old adage, 'Birds of a feather & c.' Well at least I am not ashamed of my company."

John Brown was not as attractive in appearance as Mr. Phillips, but there was an earnestness about him that bespoke candor and truth.

"We were talking up this slavery question," said Mr. Phillips, "and I wish you would tell Mr. Bowles your sentiments at present."

"I will not withhold from you, Mr. Bowles," said he, "that I have regretted many of my actions while on earth. I placed upon my family the stigma of an ignominious death. I anticipated that which would have finally come. My insurrection was an eye-opener to the colored race held in slavery, and unduly incited the slaveholders to excessive reaction. I know many of my plans were ill-advised. In my intense sympathy for the slaves, I did not stop to think that they were a class, swayed by the impulses of the moment, revelling in variable moods and wholly uneducated. Therefore my teachings were for a time, like throwing bomb-shells. I could not understand why, having waited all their lives, they might best wait a little longer. Though I lost my earth-life by my rash expedition, I have no spirit of

* John Brown of Ossawatimie, a zealous opponent of slavery, was born at Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800. He moved to Kansas and lived at Ossawatimie. In 1859 he organized an invasion of Virginia in order to liberate the slaves. In October of that year, aided by about twenty friends, he surprised Harper's Ferry and captured the arsenal and armory. He was wounded and taken prisoner by the Virginia militia the next day, and was hanged at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859.

revenge. I shudder when I think of my own execution at the scaffold. I do not wish my executioners to meet the same fate, for it is a terrible experience to pass out of earth-life that way. I have striven many times to put the most rigorous curb on my will, to remember that the signs of the times were then so different, but I cannot yet. I shall grow out of it but it will be a slow process, sir. Still I can now see where before all was dark."

Sporting around these men, with all the freedom, and much of the love of one's own children, were the African boys and girls, who had only heard as an oft-told tale, the wrongs of their ancestors. Mr. Brown entered with full heart into all the plans. Mr. Phillips said, "That is the true standing point; we must learn the needs of the people, and put forth every energy to correct all evil, to abolish all slaveries. The money power will be our greatest enemy. What though one after another sink into slavery almost hopeless, if the few gain riches?"

The action of Congress on all affairs, pertaining to the nation, is so slow, every by-road looked at by one member or another, to see if any kind of traffic will suffer by the making or enforcing of law, that I get discouraged as to the results. People who live on earth now, need purer politics; they should see their children growing up under the light of true freedom, which casts out all wrongs.

See how the bill for the continual bonding of whiskey, introduced only last fall, was defended by the whiskey ring. Patriots demanded the payment of this tax, while corrupt politicians determined to keep back the tax from the treasury, thus lending

the money of the nation to support whiskey capitalists! I do not wonder that it was proposed to give the whiskey money to the soldiers, who, for lack of sufficient evidence, are still kept from their just pensions and are obliged in too many instances to suffer for food and clothing, while waiting for their just dues. Yet how freely are appropriations made to help capitalists, who for the support they receive from members, in turn will use their money and power to keep such men still longer in office."

"Well said," came from a voice, the owner of which gave Mr. Phillips a slap on the shoulder to emphasize it, "well said."

"Allow me to introduce you to Patrick Henry,"* and the man of my young dreams stood by my side, cordially extending his hand.

"It was indeed well," said Patrick Henry, "that I lived in a time when politics were pure, though stormy war threw her dark clouds over our young nation; yes, pure, compared to the trickery, the persecution, the outrages on human justice of to-day."

"You too, see the errors, but what will be the remedy?" I asked this orator of the past.

Patrick Henry answered, "Prohibition of all sale and manufacture of intoxicating drinks, a rigid pun-

* Patrick Henry was born at Studley, Hanover Co., Va., May 29, 1736. In the House of Burgesses, in Virginia he carried his famous resolution against the Stamp Act. His speech on that occasion contains this famous passage, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III.,"(here he was interrupted by cries of Treason!) "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." In 1775 he made the famous speech for putting Virginia in a state of defense against the British, in which was the passage, "Give me Liberty or give me Death." He died at Rock Hill, Charlotte Co., Va., June 6, 1799.

ishment for the MAKING as well as selling of such liquors. Congress must no longer screen this destroyer of homes, and enslaver of souls. The ballot must be given to woman; this is inevitable. The cry of womankind will rise up from every state, city, village and hamlet in the United States, and with a power drawn from persecution, demand either 'Liberty or Death.'

I was glad to find Patrick Henry working in earnest with Wendell Phillips and John Brown and other patriots, to help bring to our nation, freedom from the slavery of debased habits and from the political oppression of sex, and I felt that I should have more strength of heart to pursue my humble mission, if men like these, were willing to go hand in hand with me, in the pursuance of the right.

Feb. 4, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Ques.—In what sphere does John Brown live?

Ans.—In the fourth, I think he said, I did not meet him at his home.

Ques.—In what sphere does Patrick Henry live?

Ans.—He lives in the sixth and might be higher if he could resign himself to stay more entirely in the upper spheres, but he says he must have freedom to go and come, and therefore wishes to watch those passing from earth, whom he can help, or send help to them as they come over.

PAPER THIRTY-FOURTH.

DANIEL O'CONNELL STILL REMEMBERS HIS MISTAKES AND THE INJUSTICE DONE HIM. HE REFUSES TO EXPRESS HIS OPINIONS UPON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Being disappointed in my meeting with Charles Sumner, which was not appointed for any special time, I seated myself in one of the many arbors of the fifth sphere, and gave way to musing. While thus lost for a time to all surroundings, I was awakened from my reverie, by a shock, (I can call it nothing else,) and beheld a man of moderate stature, broad shouldered, every lineament of his face bespeaking his Irish origin.

"Excuse me, your honor," he said, "I have learned from your companion, (pointing to my guide,) that you are sending back to earth, accounts of events which take place in spirit-life. How is that, sir? I suppose you only send your reports to America and there is no chance to reach Ireland or even England?"

* Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, born at Carhen, County Kerry, Aug. 6, 1775, was the son of a gentleman of small estate, but of ancient family. He was chosen to Parliament in 1828. His life-work was one of agitation, both among the people and in the House of Commons, for the repeal of the Union. In 1842 he began to hold "monster meetings" in Ireland and in 1843 he was arrested on a charge of conspiracy and sedition, convicted and fined heavily; but the Lords reversed the judgment. In 1847 enfeebled by over work and by anxiety for Ireland, he started on a pilgrimage to Rome, but died at Genoa, May 15, 1847. He lost much of his influence over Ireland, some years before his death, by collecting money from the tenants of another.

Johnson's Encyc.

I corrected him and told him that what I wrote could be read in all countries.

"Well," he said, "I would like Ireland to know that Daniel O'Connell has not forgotten his wrongs."

He appeared a little sulky at first and seemed loth to speak of his grievances.

"Daniel O'Connell, the orator of Ireland, should not be easily forgotten," he said, pathetically. "It is true I worked for my Church, I suffered for my religion, I was met with coldness in Parliament, and at last through pride refused a position, I might have occupied in what was called honorable politics, and clung close to my native Kerry."

He had now reviewed his career as a middle man, in which he gained little from the higher ranks and not being understood by the class he worked for, came to grief. "Well, sir," said I, "on my tour of investigation, I shut out no class of people."

"You speak sir, as though you were doing me a favor. Remember Daniel O'Connell confers a favor when he speaks."

"Well, what of your life, your mission," said I, a little tired of his assumptions.

Said he, "I do not wish to play the coward's part, yet I will not give names; but there were others beside myself, who made the people's contributions for liberty, a source of comfort for themselves. I do not now justify my actions. I know that which was placed in my trust for certain purposes, should have been as sacred as my neighbors' deposits in banks; but I fell into embarrassing circumstances and kept thinking I could make it up in the future. Other wily ones said to me, 'Is your labor worth nothing? Can

you not take from this fund that which will help your home as well as Ireland?' But the sum I took has been exaggerated. I feel humbled even now, that my philanthropy had such an ending. Misunderstood all the way, I do not wonder that my boy John, took up the gauntlet and defended me; but whether wisely or not, I cannot tell.

I am a lover of the people. I have been trying to forget the coldness of the past. It was exasperating, after hearing the people cheer me as I passed along, speaking kind words to them, to have the peers of the realm look coldly upon me, as I entered their midst. One who called himself a gentleman, said in my hearing, that my shoulders and stature, my muscles &c., would be better adapted to be a mason or hod carrier, than to sit among gentleman, or to address them as an equal."

"What about the Catholic religion?" said I as he closed his eyes as though weary of thinking.

"It must not be assailed too much," said he, "numbers mean power and you, who are trying to quench this power will find it fruitless unless a moral suasion never known before, enters the hearts of those so bound and makes them lenient. 'Gaining, gaining' is the cry of priest and bishop here, and I see it too, although I have ceased to enter unduly into present struggles for the settlement of the discords of the past."

"What would be your attitude, if you were obliged to state the truth about the religion of the Roman Catholic Church?"

"I decline most emphatically to give my views at length, I am not ready; perhaps at some future time,

when I do not feel so deeply my wrongs, I can disclose my sentiments on this subject. When passing out at Genoa, lonely and misunderstood, I thought I would stand for nothing, church or state, but rather for myself, that is, if there was a future life in which I had been educated to believe. I soon learned we could not live in self entirely here, that some truths must come out and so I have very slowly learned a few lessons while brooding over the past."

"Is this place your home?"

"Oh! no; I came up here on a visit. I live in the fourth sphere. I am just as well off there. I can visit my country and my descendents better and attend our meetings for the promulgation of freedom, better than I could if more remote from earth."

I could not quite understand the man; there were gushes of tenderness, but also something like adamant rock in him, which made me feel; Oh! humans, learn to forgive if you would be forgiven.

Feb. 4, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER THIRTY-FIFTH.

CHARLES SUMNER, IN THE FOURTH SPHERE, STILL
EARNEST FOR THE WELFARE OF THE UNITED STATES.

"I am delighted to meet with you," said Charles Sumner,* as I entered his study in an elegant building in the fourth sphere, "glad to meet you; I always liked your attitude toward all questions of right, and now I feel more forcibly than ever, your great work, which comes to me from so many lips,—sending word home,—it is grand."

"I beg of you, sir," said I, accepting the proffered seat, "not to exaggerate my work until you see what I may accomplish by it. Wearied sometimes of my labor, I watch others, whose sole aim appears to be self enjoyment, and wonder why I too, am not willing to go with the tide and rest a little from my labors. I have tried it, but I was more tired than when working, so I take up my task and try to be

* Charles Sumner was born in Boston, Jan. 6, 1811. In 1845, he pronounced his great oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," in which he strongly advocated peace, and the abolition of war. His protest against war he repeated frequently in later years. He entered the United States Senate from Massachusetts in 1851, and held that office to his death. He was the leader in anti-slavery debate in that body, and for one of his tremendous attacks upon the slave power, was brutally assaulted in his seat in the Senate Chamber, in May, 1859, by Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina. Four years of illness was the result of this attack. He then went back, took a prominent part in supporting the war measures of Emancipation, and the universal ballot for the freedmen. An attack of agony in the chest, his old malady, while in the Senate, Mar. 10, 1874, proved fatal, for he expired the next day at his residence in Washington. No American, save Washington, Lincoln and Garfield ever received such respect as was paid to Sumner's memory. Johnson's Ency.

brave. And you are not idle," I said, as I glanced at evidences of scholarly labor.

"No, no, I am not idle. Angels grant I may accomplish something at the old place, the capital of our nation, which may throw over the land, better impulses and more noble motives."

What had he to regret, I wondered as I thought of his past, so well filled with kindly deeds and with a patriotism which seemed to hallow its object.

"I have long thought my career in politics, almost wasted," said he: "in what seemed to me most important, I stood alone, or at least so far as expressed opinions. I was so lonely the last day I stood in the Senate. A trembling fear came over me, and some spirit friends, (here on the spirit side) have told me I turned deadly pale. I have heard them say, it was noticed by those in earth-life. I arose and gazed on the massive pillars, on the galleries, on the seats, so often filled by friends and in that effort bade adieu to that part of my life. Each face is photographed upon my memory as one after another watched my departure. I even turned at the door and looked back again. The suffering was not great. I was not doomed to feel the bitterness of extreme pain, but I was glad when in a few short days, the struggle between soul and body ceased, and I was free. I never understood freedom before, for death had more of inspiration than life. I looked with more wonder at my new surroundings, when I was assisted by friends to my new home. You need no explanation, sir, for you have met with the same change. You too have seen the darkness of sickness, give place to the brightness of freedom from pain."

"What do you think of the developments opening up in our old country," I asked?

"With Paine, I begin to think the world is my country, but as for our special nation, I know the agitations now affecting Europe and the old world, and fear it will yet strike our Union too. See our nation gradually receding from the safe path. See men directing affairs for personal gain, which used to be guided by principle. I may feel more than usually sensitive to-day, but I know a contest is coming; it is only a question of time. I cannot settle down yet as though my earth-work was over, and sit with folded hands. No, every session of Congress has a deep and peculiar interest to me. I am also interested in the movements of the house of Parliament in England. As in a vision of the future I see a union will come from sympathy between the two nations, but it will not come until both have been shaken to their centers.

The late outrages upon the people, the harboring by our government of those, who are supposed to have committed these outrages, the manufacture of that terrible explosive (Dynamite) will yet make thousands of homes desolate. It's far away now, but our nation will be visited by the same scourge. I fear that the power American genius has shown in originating inventions, and in the production of engines of destruction, and explosive missiles, will yet bring it's people intense sorrow. The nations of the the earth should be more closely linked together and the brotherhood of man reach from sea to sea. I work to hasten the glad time of universal peace, to instill into human hearts, the good which shall

be the inheritance of coming generations, to turn 'Swords into plowshares', to help educate the masses.

"May I ask, Mr Sumner, if you feel as does Wendell Phillips and others, the necessity of the ballot for woman?"

"I do not think the time has come for that yet; much as I honor womankind, I think that home should be her kingdom for the present. I have not been averse to the idea, at some future time, when we shall see woman educated to that degree that she can be a help."

"Yet," said I, "the most ignorant man can vote."

"Yes," he said, "but would the cultered women out-vote the ignorant women, would it not swell the mass of ignorant voters? I am most anxious for universal education, and then the ballot for all. Do not misunderstand me, I do not wish to exclude any, but rather to have all educated, before more people are added to the voting list. You must excuse my mood; I may seem despondent, but I cannot help it. Come again friend Bowles. Tell the old world below that Charles Sumner lives and loves his country still."

Well thought I, it's no wonder there is division among humans when those now in spirit-life, and who once occupied prominent places in earth-life, have such varied opinions.

Feb. 4, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER THIRTY-SIXTH.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—MADAM ROLAND.

"Yes, Sir, you can talk with me but you must not expect me to be sorry for the act which caused me to pass to spirit-life. I know my act seemed traitorous; I know I was not expected to thrust a dagger to the heart of one who had always professed such great love? for womankind,—love which destroyed, sir,—love which made outcasts of my sisters,—a love which was but a curse to me. I am Charlotte Corday* and I am not sorry I did it. I look on Marat often now and on many others of that old

* Charlotte Corday, a French heroine, born in 1768. Her mother died during her early youth, and she was placed in a nunnery at Caen. After the revolution had closed the doors of the convent, she lived with her aunt, Madam Gouville. Here she met the Girondist, Barbaroux and they talked upon the tragic fate of Madam Roland and upon Marat for whom she had long felt a horror. One morning her aunt found a Bible lying open upon her bed and the following lines; "The Lord hath gifteth Judith with a special beauty and fairness," were underlined. On another occasion she found her weeping bitterly and Charlotte said her tears "flowed for the misfortunes of my country." She suddenly left her aunt, went to Paris, sought an interview with Marat, and in his dressing room, plunged a dagger to his heart, killing him instantly. The news of the murder soon spread. The room became crowded with people, and as they gazed upon the beautiful girl who looked calmly upon the general confusion, they could hardly believe she was the assassin. She was arrested, convicted, July 17, 1793, and guillotined the same day. She declared her project had been formed since May 31, when the Robespierre party had pronounced the doom of the Girondists and that she killed one man in order to save a hundred thousand. Her remarkable beauty and lofty bearing on her way to the guillotine sent a thrill even through the hearts of her executioners. Marat was a leader of the Jacobin party. He was fond of seduction and had a mistress in his apartments when Charlotte stabbed him.

time and I am not satisfied yet with the work I have done.

"You have little knowledge, sir, of the desperate straits to which our beloved France was reduced; you little realize how we suffered, you little know how peasants were forced to give up their pretty daughters for the vile use of the nobility; you little know the power which caused women to rise in arms, even if the arms were nothing but household utensils. I am now trying to cast off the chains of the past and learn how to rise higher, but I, who laughed at death as I was carried along, I, who felt glad of what seemed to the world a fiendish work of revenge, am still myself."

I glanced at this woman as she stood before me, regal in her pride,—naught of humility about her,—and thought, if she could put away the past and engage with all the force of her strong nature, in something which would benefit humanity, how noble she could be.

"I read your thoughts," said she, "I know you look upon my life as almost wasted while I have this spirit, but the Ethiopian cannot change its skin, nor the Leopard his spots. I will do my best though," said she more gently, and watching with smiling face the advance of a queenly looking woman she turned to her and said, "Oh! Madam Roland,* I am glad you have come. Let me introduce you to this brother, an American, who says he is communicating intelligently with the earth-world."

"Madam Roland lives higher up than I," said

* Madam Roland, a distinguished French woman of the Girondist party, who was condemned to the guillotine by the Jacobins in 1793.

Charlotte Corday, "because she has more forgiveness in her nature. We both lost our heads, but she kept her heart tender while mine is nearly seared."

Madam Roland was all my imagination had pictured her, firm, self reliant, yet gentle, turning over the pages of memory, not to recriminate, not to indulge in revengeful feelings, but gleaning from her past experiences and present realities, hopeful views for the future, for her country, acting like a sister to Charlotte Corday, loving yet tender, that she might help her into the right path.

I was much impressed by these two different types of womankind and thought if there is so much which survives in character as the result of earth-life, how important it is to shape aright the lives and motives of earth's children. Madam Roland was more interested in having me draw out the views of Charlotte, than in conversing herself; so she sat quietly, while the other spoke of her orphaned childhood, of her loving aunt and other friends who did their best for her. She said when young she read her Bible much. "Did you gather from its teachings aught that would justify you in assassinating Marat?"

"Yes, I found plenty of vengeance in the Bible, I assure you. In those days I thought more of reading of the Lord's prompting slaughter, than I did of the meek words of the Nazarine. It was reading in the Bible all those histories of war and carnage which gave me the greatest impetus to strike to a coward's heart; for he who makes war on women's virtue is a vile coward, sir."

"Do you ever meet your victim in this life?"

"I have sometimes met him, but I do not care to,

nor does he seem charmed at meeting me; I think he had rather be a little further off," said she with a hard laugh. "Oh! Well, there's a long eternity ahead they tell me, and I suppose I must grow better than now or there will be only a home low down, when I might have ascended to higher spheres. Do not mistake me, sir, I do not always live in an atmosphere of revenge, I love little children and good people and do all I can to brighten their lives. Your having come so lately from that world, where I suffered, has awakened such a vivid memory, that I could not withstand the temptation of entering somewhat into the past. I have a little school here, a class of scholars come to me, but I never work upon their minds by these sad memories."

Madam Roland arose to go to her home and I also departed, firmer than ever convinced of the power of inherited tendencies, and hoping to make some effort to paint in strong colors the necessity of being rightly born.

Feb. 5, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, STILL AN ACTRESS IN A THEATER IN THE THIRD SPHERE.

On leaving the people described in the previous paper, I at once sought the retirement which only Nature can give. Among the trees and by the stream where I had met William Denton, I sought to relieve my heart of a load, taken on for others. So accustomed am I to go from sphere to sphere, and from place to place in the spheres that I think little what locality I am in, but strive to glean something useful to send back to earth.

Sitting dreamily on a rock, watching the sparkle of the beautiful waters, thinking of the past and present, I was awakened from my reverie by a very musical voice. I looked up and found myself in the presence of Charlotte Cushman.*

I had seen this great artist of the drama, in earth life. I had witnessed some of her excellent work on the stage. I had kept track of her through the reports of the critics. I had always revered her, because I knew that combined in that mentality, was the power of art, the strength of true womanhood and the tenderness of a child. So like a soft breeze upon the weary head of the traveller, like a

*Charlotte Saunders Cushman, a distinguished American actress, born in Boston Mass. July 23, 1816 and died Feb. 18, 1876. In the opinion of many critics she was not surpassed in genius and power by any tragedienne of her time, and she was generally admitted to be the greatest of American actresses.

cooling draught from a pure fountain, was my meeting with this woman.

She sat down near me and said, "I am truly glad to meet you Mr. Bowles: I appreciate your past work, I am interested in your present work and I will give you my most earnest help."

"In no way can you do so better, than to tell me of your past and of your present."

"My outward life is well known," said she, "critics have criticized, men have smiled and women frowned; but with all they think they know, they have not entered into the depth of my life, my heart-life, which I suppose they think cannot be a part of a public woman. It was not all swallowed up in my profession. I remember," said she with a far-away look, "a visitor at a school which I attended in my childhood, seeking me out after an afternoon's exercise of compositions and rehearsals, and saying 'child, you have genius, make your voice and power to bring out feeling, the aim of your life.' I little realized what he meant then, but I do now and have felt sometimes as though I had better after all, have given my earth-life to home and its loves; but my mission was to go before the world.

I laugh now at my first ventures before the public. It was not then easy to get dramatic teachers and to study well before appearing before the public. True, I had teachers, but I learned most by my failures. Success was of course very sweet to me, but I became so accustomed to study myself, to criticize myself, to see in my movements, awkwardness instead of grace, and much which annoyed me. For years I felt that people were trying to flatter with out sincer-

ity, and then there came a time when I was so well accustomed to praise, that I could not but feel people were sometimes sincere. A kindly pressure of the hand, a lighting up of the face, was always sweeter and more precious to me than the uproar of a multitude.

How I sometimes longed for quiet, but it seems to me that when one has entered the Bohemia of the stage, there is no retreat. I felt I must go onward; there was an intoxication in it that I could not understand. I lost myself right before my audience, and only knew I was through by a shock, which came over me, as though something was removed from me.

It cost a hard struggle at first to be understood, it usually takes a long time for the public to make up its mind whether or not, there is the seal of real genius upon the one to whom they willingly listen. It takes a long time for genius to become the fashion; not so those who meteor like, glitter for a little while, then sink into the supernumeraries of the stage, or act silent parts. I acted at first; but in the last few years of my stage life, all acting was reality. Before becoming well known, I had to submit to all sorts of characters. I had to lose my personality in many of them, to forget my antipathies and listen to what was often supreme folly. I was put through this, I suppose, to school myself for other work.

I then began to invent, to create. My art seemed to demand all I had and all I had not: I felt deficiencies most keenly. But I grew; I tried to cherish strong love for home life that would carry me back to daisy and buttercup days. I had no wish to ex-

ult over my triumphs, but I would have been most glad to have seen the same success in some I loved. Wedded to my work, I wore out in it; I gloried in it. I remember one time such an expression of the people as made my heart glad. It was only a little while before the end of my earth-life.

I was requested to go upon the balcony of my hotel, and there found an eager multitude awaiting me. After my little speech to them my friends' shouts rent the air. I have travelled in many countries, but nowhere did I appreciate the true love, the tender devotion as from our people in this dear land. Though I love all, I still love best my own country."

"What are you doing now?"

"I am following in the old path. Still there is a difference. Our whole aim now is to educate, while we amuse; to bring into each part that which will cause souls to look upward. Have you not visited some of our theaters here," she asked, looking at me in amazement?

"No Madam: not where acting is a specialty, but I have visited places of amusement, where sick souls were allowed to enter, and by different methods, have their minds taken from their unhappy past, and turned toward a helpful future."

"I wish you could visit the theater in the third sphere directly above the old burned theater of Brooklyn, N. Y., and see if you think the true artist will ever lose his love of art."

I promised her I would if I could find time. If I go I may be able to describe it in this book, but I fear to promise too much, as I am already taking

by our spiritual batteries, which I fear I may be blamed. She said she wished to visit my medium with me, soon, and I told her I should be happy to avail myself of the pleasure of her company. Thus we parted, she to enter heart and soul into her rôle, I to pursue my work of which this writing is but a small part.

Feb. 5, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, WRITING SOUL-THOUGHTS.

In my jottings I have recorded the pursuits of those who passed away in all the pomp and glitter of a palace home, and of those who, having breathed the same atmosphere of grandeur, were doomed to the cruel axe ; of untutored souls, whose color was their passport lower down, with no kindly hand to hold out to them ; of the renowned warrior of a past age and of the soldier of the present ; of gentle woman whose life was a song of beauty ; and of the most unkind. To me, all this variety, this knowledge of the Now, makes the light shine with intenser glow, and confirms me more fully in the knowledge of this indestructible spirit life.

Then not a word I write can be lost, and I, who dictate these words, must be doubly careful that they are true.

"Yes, that is so," said one, interrupting my musings. Your attendant let me in without ceremony, and instead of your making me the promised visit, you see I have sought you out, not because I wish

to teach, but because I wish to be taught. I want to know how you work upon your medium so as to portray so much real feeling, and how you act at all in this matter; it is an enigma to me."

I proceeded to explain to him as well as I could, my method, and the subtle law, which governs all spirit communion, whether of a high or low nature; but said I, "Cannot we utilize this visit and let me say to the world below, that Ralph Waldo Emerson* still retains an interest in things of the past."

"Most certainly," said my genial visitor, with a light laugh, "what shall I say that will interest, after the visits you have made to crowned heads and distinguished scholars?"

"How did you know I was engaged in this work?"

"Why sir, is it possible you have not seen Greeley's last JOURNAL? He gives in it, a glowing account of your work, tells all he knows, I think, of those you have interviewed and closes with advising all to lend you every aid, either magnetic or electric, to help you perfect a work, worthy of a man who has been laboring so faithfully."

I looked around and saw my JOURNAL, as the boy had thrown it in, yet unopened, but of course did not show my curiosity enough to read it then; I gave my thoughts to my distinguished visitor. Though he was a guest, my great desire to learn of his past and present, may have caused me to neglect due hospitality, yet we had a feast, or at least I did, listening to the words of that profound thinker. "Are

* Ralph Waldo Emerson, an American poet and essayist, born in Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803. He married in 1830, Ellen Louisa Tucker of Boston, who died the following year. His daughter Ellen is unmarried and had the care of his house, library &c. His house was destroyed by fire in 1872. He died, April 27, 1832.

you satisfied?"

"Satisfied! Can a thoughtful, conscientious man be satisfied, with memory ever true, and with knowledge of all that transpires in the world which yet holds our loved ones? How can I be satisfied, knowing what was deemed my intellectual strength, now seems only weakness? Satisfied! when fiendish spirits prompt the poor to make themselves poorer, and engage in schemes which will grow till they become a terrible power for devastation in the land? Ah!" said he, raising his hand wearily to his brow, "cannot you see those little clouds no larger than a hand, but yet to grow and burst over nations. I pray to all forces of Nature, to all mind-power that can help to banish this spirit of war, to teach the people that true liberty can come to all classes without this dreadful spirit of revenge, which is spreading like a deadly malaria over the whole earth.

Yes, I am sad in looking at the present condition of my country and of other countries also; all will suffer unless the strongest of earth as well as spirit forces, quench this thirst of revenge."

I saw how deeply in earnest he was, and told him although I felt badly about it, yet when I considered the power and facilities for the suppression of all rebellion, I had much more hope, and thinking to turn his heart from this gloomy subject, I said, "Well, what are you doing now?"

"Learning to put thoughts on paper,—in other words, learning to write."

"You learning to write!" I exclaimed, looking at my past feeble efforts and at his giant achievements

in literature, which have made him beloved in every cultured household.

"Do not think I mean to disparage my past efforts," he said, his face lighting up. "I have seen where they have done much good, where they have helped souls, where some sentence has prevented a wrong act; but my dear sir, I am striving to learn how to express in the right language, thoughts which have long been seeking expression from the poets' corner of my soul. I never knew the possibilities of a single word. I never realized before, how the circumstances of earth-life crippled me; how the wants of my friends, the necessities of life have made me weak, when I might have been strong.

Yet now I look in blessing on my old home. When the fire came, I thought of my books.—I should have thought of books, if floods had come,—saving them first, my dearest friends of the study, and then such a pile of manuscript as I left. Now Ellen and others will do their best I know.

I have been living in the third sphere, the better to keep in rapport with the old life. My spirit home is somewhat a copy of my earth-home. I like the olden look about. I like my summer house, embowered with ivy and brightened with roses. I like the deep shade which goes down to the water's edge, where in my miniature lake, swans hold high their heads, and doves in the trees tell their sweet love stories; where nestling swallows find a place to live under the eaves. I do not interrupt Nature and she never interrupts me. She tells her wondrous story every day in some new form; she sends me birds of lovely plumage and beautiful song,—the shy little

wren finds a place and the larks soar upward in their glad flight from the trees in my garden. Beautiful picture of pictures, peace, quiet, home. The closed eye-lids whose lashes once rested on marble cheeks, and made me weep so intensely in earth-life, have again been raised and love as of old shines from the dear eyes. The tiny hands so cold and still, folded mid sobs and tears, are now grown strong doing good, helpful hands which are the proud agents of willing heads.

As I sit and dream, I sometimes feel that the soul should have a better way of expression and the world link hand in hand through the spheres until the chain is complete and the melody from this life whisper in words to earth-life's tumults, 'Peace be still.' I have tried hour after hour, to picture just how glad I could be, just how much of happiness my soul could hold, if I was sure of being able to transmit some of my soul-thoughts to earth-life, sure they would carry conviction and make my friends know it was really I, myself."

"Then have you doubts about the reality of communicating back?" I said.

"No, no doubt of the fact, but the doubt is in our ability to make those we love there, really know the words come from us. I have written much since I came to spirit-life: could I find a scribe as you have done, how many on earth would believe it was Emerson, even if I should attempt to transmit some of my ideas. My most beautiful thoughts coming in this way, would be called unlike me, while some sentences I wrote when in earth-life, and which I think are very lame, are treasured by many."

Do as I do then, write and send back with a view to its being a help sometime. Do you think I have not that same cross to bear? Yes, indeed I have. Remember it is not the thought which is rejected, but the manner by which the thought finds expression." He then left me, seeming comforted, and I felt my little study dearer because he had been for a time its occupant.

Feb. 6, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER THIRTY-NINTH.

ROBESPIERRE AND DANTON SEEK REVENGE. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

After my conversation with Emerson, my soul was filled with a peace almost divine; for to me all that is divine, is purity of principle and love of truth. After having read in the JOURNAL, Greeley's account of my work, I thought I would visit him and correct some statements which seemed overdrawn, for it made this part of my work more laborious than it really is, as I derive pleasure from it. My attention was called to a small boy, who was beckoning and making an attempt at language I could not understand, until a friendly passer by, said, "The boy wishes you to go to some of his friends who have sent for you."

"If his friends' language is as untelligible as his, I fear I shall fail to understand."

"Allow me to accompany you; the boy has lately passed to spirit-life from France, and is at present

connected with Robespierre;* yes, and Danton,† if I understand him. You need not fear, I am well versed in the career of these men, and I will go with you."

I looked trustingly to this guide, who offered his services, and as he said, "We must go down further," I wondered how far. We descended to the second sphere. A person met me with a scowl upon his face and a harsh welcome in his voice, instead of the cordiality I was wont to receive. This Robespierre of history, said, "You did well to accede to my request, as there is a meaning in my calling upon you to meet me."

I glanced at my companion, who acted as interpreter, and wondered how he could so easily repel the force of the feeling so prevalent; scowling faces everywhere. My American pride began to assert itself and I said, "I beg you to understand that I am here upon special invitation, I did not come here to be insulted."

The man's features relaxed a little, and he said, "I beg your pardon, I should not forget that a Frenchman should be a gentleman; be seated sir, I have

* Robespierre, born at Arras, May 6, 1758, guillotined at Paris, France, July 28, 1794. He was a leader of the Jacobin party, and active in defeating the Girondists, encouraging the execution of many of their leaders. He was at one time, the terror of France, and the bloody guillotine was so very active while he was in power, that the river Seine was colored with the blood of butchered citizens.

† Danton, (George Jaques) instigated the bloody insurrection of Aug. 10, 1792, which initiated the 'Reign of Terror.' Danton shared the supreme power with Robespierre and Marat. At last, after the assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday, Robespierre became jealous of Danton and secured a decree for his death. Danton was guillotined April 5, 1794.

gathered my brothers together and wish you, if you will, kind sir, to report our words as we give them to you."

"What is the object," I asked?

"I was called an insurrectionist in France. I did much that with my present knowledge, I would not repeat. I had the honor of having the blood flow from my headless body, at the same place where notable people, great people, and obscure people, like Charlotte Corday suffered; what a mockery! In the very park where my earth-life ended, graceful fountains flow, grand statues are standing, and all that attracts the eye, is beautiful. But the green grass, the fountains and the leaves do not whisper of agonies none can understand, unless they have borne them."

"I realize who you are now, and pardon me if I feel averse to arguing with you a question which has so long been under consultation, and a question which I do not now feel like discussing. I have left a country, which is beginning to be warped by fiendish spirits in human forms, who are scattering broadcast, seeds of dissention. If I feel I must pay more attention to that, than to the records of the past, you will excuse me, will you not?" (for I felt uncomfortable in his presence.)

"Ha! Ha! That's the point. I want to tell you where insurrections come from. If it were not for the guarding power of those grand? folks who call themselves good, I would with my friends see the streets of Paris running with blood! Wherever pomp and power, yes, money has rule, I would see a return of the past! The present inventions, that are supposed to be intended for good, I would turn

to the work of hell! These inventions are the work of those who have something to repay for their injuries. Aye! it is true the blood of thousands of Dantons and Robespierres must yet be avenged!"

Looking around on that motley group, I thought, am I in hell: is this spirit-life: am I really breathing the same air such men breathe?

I hastened away; the kind man who had shown me this place, looked upon me pityingly. "You are not accustomed to such company are you, sir?"

I said, "Angels forbid," and as I returned to my home, I wondered if these spirits of the past were still holding sway over the people of earth, sowing such wild seeds of dissension and glorying in bloodshed.

I immediately visited one who had been a true friend to me, Abraham Lincoln,* and asked him, "What shall we do to stop this fiendish spirit which is reaching down, DOWN."

His kindly eyes looked dim as he said, "I cannot yet solve the question. I hope by strenuous efforts on the part of the purer upper spheres, to build up for these poor mistaken souls, living in their own vengeance, something that will take the place of this terrible bitterness, which is unwilling to give up, till it has produced carnage over half the planet." As I left Mr. Lincoln, he grasped my hand warmly and said he would do all in his power

* Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president of the United States of America, born Feb. 12, 1809. He was shot by John Wilkes Booth in his box at Ford's theater Washington D. C. April 14, 1865, and died the next day.

to aid me in my efforts to guard the earth-world from the influence of such revengeful spirits as Danton and Robespierre.

Feb. 6. 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FORTIETH.

EXTRACT FROM HORACE GREELEY'S EDITORIAL IN THE EVENING JOURNAL,—THIRD SPHERE, (EARTHLY TIME, FEB. 5, 1885.)—HE GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF MR. BOWLES IN SENDING BACK TO EARTH, REPORTS OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

"Our attention has been called to the work in spirit-life of one Samuel Bowles who entered this life a little while ago as we count time, and has with the greatest assiduity, accomplished what few in the journalistic, or editorial field have attempted. Not content to leave behind him all the work of the past, without renewing it, he has for sometime been experimenting on different mediums to see who was best fitted to be his instrument in the work.

He finally decided to employ a Carrie E. S. Twing, a very ordinary woman, without culture, save such rudimentary education as could be obtained in the country schools of the rural district where she was reared. But the power was within her, a power such as only Mr. Bowles could utilize to the fullest extent. He began, at first cautiously, feeling fearful of results. His first pamphlet* was published: he did not count so much upon the sales as upon the effect it would have upon human hearts. He found some really believed it was he

* "Experiences." See close of book.

who was the writer, while those acquainted with the medium, knew it was not her production.

The success of this little work, inspired him with confidence, and he looked forward to a time when he could write more. The time came: "CONTRASTS"* was written, and where "EXPERIENCES" had made but a faint impression upon the memory of its readers, "CONTRASTS" strengthened and renewed all former interests, proving the Samuel Bowles of the past, to be the Samuel Bowles of the present.

We cannot enter into a detailed account of all Mr. Bowles' efforts. The condition of the medium, her anxiety about earthly affairs, sickness of herself and family, have combined to hinder him. But still determined, he seized the first opportunity "to keep his hand in" he said, and during a campmeeting at Lake Pleasant in 1883, he wrote "LATER PAPERS."† This he styles a weak attempt. Worn out with promiscuous writing, in haste to return to her home, his medium was at that time not a fit instrument for his use. Still this persevering man followed her to her country home on the farm. If he could not write as he wished, he wrote something almost every day. He laughingly remarked to me, "It was just as good to kindle fires as any other paper."

At last, through spirit forces, a great effort has been made. This woman whom he uses, has been freed from all household cares for a few weeks, and I am glad to state that the denizens of the spirit-world, whether high or low, are welcome to send reports to their friends in the earth-world. His love of freedom forbids him to feel any pride in reporting crown heads, who died in peace, or those who reigned

* See close of book.

† The best explanation of cyclones ever given, is to be found in "Later Papers."

in pomp, and power, and at last fell martyrs to a cruel law. Those who were good are allowed to report, but not more freely than the vilest. We cannot name the numbers who are waiting to send tidings across to the earth. It reminds me of purchasers of tickets, who are waiting to get a chance to buy and enter a theater. Queen Elizabeth in her dignity; Josephine, in her sweet womanhood; Leopold, not yet weaned from earth; Albert with the same love as of olden times, hasten to this man among men, this energetic worker, and plead with him to let them send some word down to earth.

Can any one doubt now, that spirit telegraphy is an established fact? Can any one scout the idea, when the purest of spirits and even the lowest seek to reach their loved ones?

The effort of Mr. Bowles should be an incentive for every one in spirit-life to remember they yet have a work to do. I myself while writing this editorial, feel I have been remiss in duty and will gladly pattern after our brother's work. 'All honor to whom honor is due.'"

I felt humbled at this expression of Mr. Greeley's good will. While I may have made many errors in quoting his editorial, still I meant to give the spirit of it. It looks like egotism to copy that which has been said in my praise. I am not satisfied in my wording of the article as I did not have the paper with me, and I fear I may not have done Mr. Greeley justice.

Feb. 7, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Ques.—Why do you not give an exact copy of Greeley's editorial, instead of your version of it?

Cannot you read it from your spirit paper and repeat it exactly through the hand of the medium?

Ans.—Cannot I bring some particular star which shines so brightly, down for analysis in earth-life; cannot I remember to bring you from this subtle language of spirit, that which will apply to earth; cannot I bring to bear upon every heart the colorings of the rainbow? No, I cannot, but I do my best. If I give you but an echo, be satisfied that you get the meaning. If I stand at the gateway, and tell you of facts, be thankful. I have not felt satisfied, but I am glad I could give back to earth-life as correctly as I do. I am not willing to sacrifice one medium to satisfy those who would no more believe, if I had taxed her powers to reproduce the editorial, verbatim.

Ques.—What date was given on Greeley's JOURNAL from which you take the extract?

Ans.—I believe the date of the copy alluded to was Feb. 5, of your earth time. We cannot get all things exact because we have not all things right at both ends of the wire. I beg you to be satisfied with the results already achieved, and remember that the whys and wherefores of spirit-life are subjected to the same contingences as with you, only they are of a more delicate nature from the higher plane on which they arise. S.B.

PAPER FORTY-FIRST.

ROBERT E. LEE DEPLORES THE REBELLION, AND STILL WISHES TO BE REMEMBERED AS A SOUTHERN GENERAL.

With a heart that seeks to know no preference, willing to be at present, a servant to all, I will relate to you my interview with Robert E. Lee. I observed in calling upon him, that much of pomp and power was concentrated in the man; still to be just I must admit there was something of gentleness. He approached me as I was musing by the wayside in the third sphere and asked me if I was Samuel Bowles, adding some remarks too flattering to copy.

"Yes," said I readily, "I am that person and in learning the heart stories of earth's children, from the lowly to the exalted, I shall be pleased if you will contribute to this book, and add another link to the long chain of evidence, that all must live on forever."

"I have little to relate, sir. My sympathies were strongly wedded to a cause, which now I see clear-

* Robert Edward Lee was born at Stafford House, Westmoreland Co., Va., on Jan. 19, 1807. He was one of the ablest generals of the Confederate army in the late Rebellion in the United States. He surrendered to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox, April 9 1865, which closed the Rebellion. Gen. Lee died Oct. 12, 1870, at Lexington, Va., while president of Washington college. He used his great influence to assuage the passions and animosities of his people. "Madam, do not train up your children in hostility to the government of the United States," he said to a Southern widow who brought her son to him for education.

ly was evil in its results. Carried away by a false patriotism, seeming to be what I was not, knowing that the necessities of the times demanded my services and entering into the spirit of the rebellion, born without reason, the effects of which were great slaughter and great suffering, I cannot feel satisfied with the outcome of my earth-life. I mean to be honest with myself. Rather than look upon my record as it is, I would have lost my life beside the humblest drummer boy of Northern regiments, I would rather have been an obscure private in the nation's army than to have been called general in the army of the South, who sent so many to fight the government which had fostered them in the past and was still willing to aid them.

My life, sir, in the career I had chosen, was so full of excitement, that I rarely paused to consider whither I was going. I felt the throbbing of a mighty power in every fiber of my being. I sought to educate myself to the belief that we were down-trodden and abused. I tried to think a difference in color made it right for one class to be rulers and the other, slaves. With a love of leadership, understanding the tactics of war, feeling a strong enthusiasm for the states, which would not submit to the old UNION, I entered with all my soul into the fray.

Could those fields, spotted with human blood, have remained fragrant and beautiful, responding to Nature's call, with food needed for the animal kingdom, how much better it would have been. How much better off would I be, if to-day, I could say, I never raised my hand against my brother; how sad is the record written in letters of blood!

I am now striving to glean from all that is beautiful and good, something which will help to take the stain from my earth history. What is fame! an empty word. What is glory! nothing but a horror when human lives must be sacrificed to gain it. I have not the ambition of Napoleon. I do not wish while here to delight in war and rebellion. I feel humiliated and troubled at every blow I helped to strike in behalf of a cause I now see was wrong. I am trying to outlive this painful remorse, trying to write on the page of history in this new life, something which breathes of peace instead of war. Still in justice to my Southern friends, I must say it was an extreme provocation to them to so suddenly deprive them of property which had long been called legitimate. They felt this premonition or they would not have thrown out the flag of Secession. I am now glad that the war terminated as it did; but think of it, sir, if the philanthropic people had worked as hard to buy off all human property, thus giving freedom to the blacks instead of forcing their liberation by bloodshed, would it not have been far better, sir?"

"I beg you to excuse me, sir," I said, "but such a result would have come in a future so far off that the great grandchildren of the slaves only would have been benefitted; the time had come when decided measures must be taken, and although friend after friend was sacrificed, it was well."

"I cannot quite agree with you," said Gen. Lee. "If you had been a spirit at the time I first entered this life; if you could have seen the sorrow, the bitterness, from a spiritual stand-point; if you could

have seen mothers and widows in spirit-life seeking to find a nameless grave on the battle field; if you could have seen the inmost hearts of orphans, whose course of life must be changed now father had gone; if you could have looked into maiden's hearts and seen the loss which years cannot repay; if you could have seen the poverty of Southern matrons, accustomed to wealth; if you could have seen their former servants, so intoxicated with sudden freedom that all sense of justice or propriety was lost; if you could have looked from this life as I have done and seen the results of this disastrous rebellion you might think it would have been better to wait a while, than to bring about the change in a few short years of riot and bloodshed.

I am still a Southerner, sir, I do not yield to any Yankee, and I beg to be remembered as I am, a General of the Rebellion, though that Rebellion was a mistaken cause."

Feb. 8, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FORTY-SECOND.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.—MADAM SURRETT.

"I hope people are satisfied," said a not unpleasant looking man as he approached me from an adjoining garden, "I feel as though I had an old score to pay off in earth-life, and I should feel revengeful still, if Abraham Lincoln had not been so forgiving and put out his hand to me so kindly; he has taken the hand of John Wilkes Booth* in his own; he has been a brother to me over here. I have sometimes wished he would be a little unkind, wished he would show a little sternness, but he says, 'Why, Booth, it was not the good corner of your soul which prompted you to take my life. It was a little niche given to the evil propensities of your nature, in fact it was the devil's corner.' So always genial and kind, he holds out his hands to me, and is helping me upward." "I wish I could say the same," said a woman who quietly approached, "I wish I could feel it to be right that my life should have been sacrificed."

* John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was born in Hartford Co., Maryland in 1838. To avenge the "lost cause" he formed a conspiracy with John Surratt, Powell and others. On the fourteenth of April, 1865, he entered Ford's theater, Washington, D.C. and shot President Lincoln who was sitting in a private box. Exclaiming, "*SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS*," he leaped off the stage and broke his leg, but he mounted a horse that was standing ready, and escaped to Virginia. He concealed himself in a barn near Bowling Green, where he was discovered by the detectives, and, refusing to surrender, he was shot April 26, 1865.

Mr. Booth ever the gentleman, introduced me to Madam Surratt.* I was not favorably impressed by her appearance. She seemed to feel the vengeance of the past, clinging to her, she was woman who could glory in love or revel in hate. As I looked upon this woman, I recalled her history, and thought that men were more to blame than she, who innocently suffered a disgraceful death. Yet, still she is full of scorn and hate. I thought she had a long task to purify her soul even in spirit-life. While Booth talked with all the fire and power of a scholar, showing a better feeling in every word, this woman expressed the hatred and bitterness of those who remember the sins against them but forget the sins they have committed. While pitying her I could not condemn. I am trying to portray the real characters of people, I do not mean to put false coloring upon them. If a man does not act well, I must report to you as I see it. I should be untrue to my mission should I put a false gloss upon any character.

Death changes the character only when true education brings out the best attributes of our natures. I was glad to get through this interview hastily, it was so unpleasant to me. John Wilkes Booth and Madam Surratt are a part of created life, they have acted their roles in the play of human existence and are now learning in a higher school, the lessons which

* Madam Surratt the mother of John Surratt one of the conspirators, was arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice, as Booth often was seen at her house. She was hung in 1865, but since her death, it has been discovered that she was ignorant of the plots of her son with Booth, and to the disgrace of the government her death remains a warning against too hasty actions amid the clamors of popular prejudice.

will lead them out of the mists.

Feb. 8, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FORTY-THIRD.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.—POETRY.—INDIANS.

I have had several chances for interviews but my heart needed rest after the tumults caused by meeting such different characters, so I sought that rest by visiting the home of Longfellow,* the man whose life on earth has been a power for good, and his life here, a sweet song.

I was shown into a beautiful cottage in the fourth sphere, surrounded by all that is lovely in Nature and Art. From above his book-cases, looked down upon us, pictured faces of his loved ones, and landscapes, so beautiful that in gazing upon them a sweet sense of rest lulled the heart. This genial man, received me most kindly. He said, he too had heard of my mission, from Prof. Agassiz, who had called lately on him. As I looked into Longfellow's eyes, I felt that a truly beautiful soul was behind them. In earth-life his poems are household treasures; in this life his new poems seem almost the crystallization of pure thought; they stand out apart from the man, a living reality. I would not accord undue praise to any one, but I must say I never understood poetry before. He showed me a few of his efforts since his entrance here. There was in them the roar

* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807. He was one of the sweetest and most popular of American poets. In 1855 he published "THE SONG OF HIAWATHA," in which is displayed a tender and loving appreciation of the American Indian. He died March 24, 1882.

of the tempest, the beauty of the landscape, the singing of birds, and all the holiness of a mother's dying kiss; each word a picture, each description carrying with it such force, that whether he was revelling among the red men of the forest, where the deer bound and the Indian girl learns love's first lessons, or in a quiet New England home, you were borne along by an irresistible power, which seemed to be the result of his work.

"Whence comes this inspiration," I asked, "how is it that you who copied so truly from Nature in the past, can now bring it out so vividly that it would seem Nature must copy from you?"

"Come with me," he said, leading me through a long hall to the rear of his cottage, "I will show you where I get some of my inspiration." Trees, trees every where; bending boughs almost kissed the water of the small river flowing peacefully. "We shall have to cross over, if you would see where I obtain the choicest of my lessons. Hand in hand we glided over the river,—there was no bridge, for we do not need them, such structures are useless save as they revive memories of earth-life,—and found ourselves in a dense forest. Whether by will power or by some electrical effort, he accomplished what then happened, I do not know; but soon we were surrounded by Indians, Indian squaws of mature age, dressed in gaudy colors; grim warriors with bows and arrows; happy children, sporting in the cool waters; all contented.

"We will go with you, my friends to your little village," said Longfellow, gladly welcoming the children, and bowing as before nobility, to the

stately glance of some grave warrior. We went with them. Bright plumaged birds gave joyous welcome from every tree. Little squirrels chattered in the tree tops, discussing their stores of nuts, deer and fawn bounded gayly past, no longer fearing the bow and arrow. The little village of wigwams looked so much like those of earth, that I could not help laughing. "Wigwams in heaven!" I exclaimed. An Indian who retained the grace and dignity which is characteristic of his race, said, "The pale face has his mansion, his pictures and all that was dear to him in the old world. Why is it not right for the Great Spirit to remember the red man of the forest as well, when he too, comes to the happy hunting grounds? The red man cannot do as the pale face does: heaven would not be heaven; his eyes would tire of so much beauty made by the hand of man, and his heart would be sick if he could not listen to the whisper of winds through the branches, which tell us stories of our brothers, driven back, BACK until it seems the great sea must swallow them. Many of my brothers are with me. We were once a great nation, but we knew naught of forgiveness, until this man of song, who loved us in earth-life, sought us and helped us up. Now, no more do we prompt our earth brothers to bloodshed. We see there is no need to war against a great government which has written in letters of blood, the doom of the red man. I am only in haste to gather the children to their fathers and give them in this new land where there is room for the red man, as well as for the pale face, that peace denied them below."

I turned away, touched by the stately grace of the speaker, who in recalling the past, showed that the red man could suffer if he could not weep.

This scene explained to me, Longfellow's inspiration of the forest, while in pleasant streets and under vine-wreathed arbors, I saw how he could sing so beautifully of quiet home. I left him with a silent pressure of the hand and thought with Beatrice, that poetry began with the stars and could never end till all Nature had sunk into oblivion.

Feb. 9, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FORTY-FOURTH.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE TAKES MR. BOWLES TO THE FIRST SPHERE AND SHOWS HIM AN ASSEMBLY OF DARK SPIRITS, PLOTTING TO BRING ANARCHY AND BLOODSHED UPON EARTH.—HE THEN CONDUCTS HIM TO THE THIRD SPHERE AND INTRODUCES HIM TO A CONVENTION OF PATRIOTS, WHO ARE STRIVING TO AVERT THE DANGER.—HE THERE MEETS LINCOLN, GARFIELD, SUMNER, SEWARD, AND THE HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—SPEECH OF WILLIAM DENTON,—NAPOLÉON'S EXPLANATIONS.

Again through the kindness of several, who are willing to give up their chance of communicating for the present, I find myself walking by the side of Bonaparte. His greeting, although gentlemanly, was not very cordial. I think it would require the presence of a very beautiful woman to render his pride less perceptible, and bring out to the fullest, the tenderness in his nature.

"We must descend first," he said, "and I shall not

promise you a very pleasant sight."

Down to the first sphere we came, and this sphere is so near earth, that the turmoils of earth-life, mingle with the less demonstrative, but quite as intense feelings of the inhabitants of the first sphere. We entered a long, low gloomy building, with all chances for the entrance of light confined to apertures close to the roof. Although Bonaparte seemed to feel at home, he was not received with special deference by the groups of scowling men and women, gathered there.

"Who are these people?" I asked in a low tone, of Napoleon who stood at my side.

"Who are we?" thundered a voice from the farthest part of the room, "who are we? we are martyrs, sufferers from unjust governments: we have been made the playthings of terrible laws; we are those, who in earth-life once dreamed of peace and liberty; but we have been dragged from the clinging arms of wives; our last memory of home bears with it the loud cry of childhood's agony as they sensed some terrible doom awaited us. We are from all countries, wherever an unholy aristocracy has raised its banner and made such a vast difference between creatures of the same kind of flesh and blood; wherever riches will lend power, and true intellect be held at a discount, because it has not the prestige which money gives; wherever injustice's mighty sword has made men suffer and women weep; wherever rings are formed to still make money a sovereign."

As I looked at the many there, I thought the man had spoken truly, for among them all I did not see one happy face; I saw sad faces, tender faces, faces filled with a story of revenge. They regarded me

with suspicion; they knew I was not one of them, and when I asked the object of the meeting, I received no answer from them. I was glad to get out into the sunshine again and after ascending to the second sphere, I asked Napoleon what it meant. He answered, "You of course know the frightful work going on in the earth-world; you know the terrible inventions so destructive to life, yet which might be used to help discover the treasures hidden in the earth; you know of societies formed, said to be protective to the working men, but which too often find expression in riot and bloodshed, in fact all that makes life in-harmonious.

Take away patience, hope and love, and selfish revenge has its beginning in hundreds of such meetings as the one you have just looked upon. They did suffer; many of them did not die at home; they think they cannot rise out of their present condition; their souls are surging hells and every one of them who can control an earth sensitive, to sow seeds of dissension, to invent some mighty engine of destruction, are doubly happy. Mangled bodies, children's cries are nothing to them; they are living for revenge, and I fear before many months pass there will be mere scenes on earth, over which these fiendish spirits will gloat.

All over the planet are counterparts of these meetings. Men and women deny themselves extremely, that they may add a little to the store for purchasing agents of destruction. The nation you represent, sir, has caught the fever; should I mark the places where these meetings are held, I should make many black spots on her fair surface."

Not wishing to enter into any political argument, I asked, "Cannot something be done to stay this tide, which not only holds souls in chains here, but is forging chains for the people of earth?"

"I will show you," he said. "Come with me." I went with him to a large hall in the third sphere, which was filled to overflowing; even the galleries were packed. As we entered an usher came through the crowd and conducted us forward where Lincoln, Garfield, Sumner and Seward sat. They arose to meet us. From a still higher tier of seats, the heroes of the Revolution bent forward in kindly greeting. Men from foreign countries were there; women, with faces expressive of the deepest interest, listened to the remarks made, apprehensive for all the nations of earth; resolutions were offered calling upon all to work earnestly for the peace and safety of the people of earth; to use all the force possible to break up this spirit which if unchained, would bring desolation to millions of homes: that each should take some darkened spirit who was sending down this baleful influence, yea, almost living on the earth for the purpose of diabolical obsession and strive to educate him; to bring his mind out of this low state and make him purer.

There was an enthusiasm manifested, which evinced the greatest desire for good results. One woman arose and said, "Let us pray to God we may help them." William Denton said, "Pray with your influence right into their hearts, and God will not feel lonesome if you don't say a word to him. There might, by continued effort, be greater moral restrictions, put upon this class of spirits. I used to hear mediums

say, when in earth-life that this, that or the other was not permitted. It seems to me nearly everything happens whether permitted or not. I should like to interview the head of this whole universe, and find out where the restrictions are, about which I used to hear."

"Alas!" said Napoleon to me, "we are a result of the past and we must grow out of all that is wrong; each must learn to be a law unto himself: but it takes a great while to clear a muddy pool. How long before you will feel weaned from your profession; how long before I shall be weaned from war!"

"I do not wish to be weaned from journalism," I replied, "but I do not think a war spirit can be very pleasant."

"Well," said he, "we shall accomplish all that is hoped for, only by sending out with electrical force, strong moral teachings. We cannot undo what has been done, except by earnest efforts to bring deformed souls where they will see grace and beauty, and in admiring these, learn to shape their course differently, learn to tone their natures more harmoniously, learn to look for blossoms instead of thorns."

I am coming to like Napoleon because I understand him better, still it does not take much to put the wild look into his eye and cause his hand to wander to his belt as if for a weapon. Oh! Nature, strange enigma, who will solve her simplest problem? We parted at the door of the hall.

Feb. 10, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FORTY-FIFTH.

PHILIP S. BARRICK, THE FATHER OF MRS. MAUD E. LORD, THE WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM RELATES HOW HE TRIED TO "DRIVE THE DEVIL" OUT OF HIS DAUGHTER WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

"Yes sir, I am willing to talk with you, but do not suppose anything I can say, will be of much interest to any one, save those who knew me intimately. I heard my daughter make the request that I should come and report something of my standing in spirit-life. I am Phillip S. Barrick.* I know now that what I could not crush out when my daughter was first made a medium, is now the greatest comfort of my life in this spirit-world.

My daughter, Maud, began at an early age to manifest strange peculiarities. There was no certainty if a table or chair was still one moment that it would remain so. She had a way of looking at me, which made the shivers creep down my back and made all the family uncomfortable. It is strange I should have blamed the child; but so deeply did I

* Phillip S. Barrick, born in Virginia, died, Dec. 12, 1880. He was a lawyer. He punished his daughter severely when a child for being "Possessed with the Devil" as he called it, and finally turned her out of doors and compelled her to wander for food and shelter. When Mrs. Lord was in Springfield last February, she expressed a desire for her father to make a statement, that his conduct might be a warning to parents who have children of mediumistic gifts. Mrs. Lord met Mrs. Twing and at this meeting, Mr. Bowles attempted to write out the communication but was interrupted.

feel the disgrace that I was the father of a child who was 'Possessed of the Devil' that my rage knew no bounds.

To make it still more perplexing, there were incidents, connected with my own life, even when away from her, for which I could not account. I began to think this strange power, like the measles, catching. I knew I was robbing my child of the affection which childhood always craves. It was a rare thing to see her mingling with other children. I remember now with keen sadness the sobs which came from her bleeding heart. Stern and unkind, engrossed in business, studying the intricacies of the law, I believed everything which did not tend that way, to be folly. Robbed by the cruel North during the late civil war, I found myself old, when I should have been in the prime of life, because of the fierce strife which had so long raged in my heart. Stern duty pointed to me to quell the devil in others, while the same devil held sway in me.

But after the change from that old life to this, seeing the wondrous work accomplished, through angel helpers, by my child as well as by many other mediums, feeling the injustice of judging so harshly, when I should have been kind, I can only wonder that in this life, so many friendly hands are extended to me from a still higher sphere.

This is no penance; it is a pleasure I have long anticipated, that I come to you, kind sir, and with humility, ask you to report to earth these words of mine. I am very glad to have the opportunity to send back to friends in the South and West, that which will show them I have changed. Death has

indeed been life to me; the prejudices of the past are being buried with other records, which I would most unwillingly recall to the memory of my friends.

Would I could give to my daughter, whom I so little understood, that warm pressure of the hand, that kiss, which father's lips gave to his other children, but denied to her."

"What is your special object in relating these personal matters to me? I fear the world will not understand them."

"Be patient, sir, it is but a small tribute, but it is the tribute I wish to pay to mediums. I wish those who knew me in earth-life, to also know I repent for every unkind act to my medium-child. That is only the beginning of what I desire. I want fathers and mothers all over the land, to watch the dawnings of mediumship in their children,—to treasure it as for more precious than diamonds,—to look upon it as a token of peace to home,—a harbinger of light to the outside world. I ask this to be inserted in your book, kind sir, not that the part I acted on the stage of human life, was brilliant, or good, but because I see in homes all over our nation, children with gifts of mediumship. Angels grant their parents will not rule with a rod of iron, the body, while the spirit cannot be quenched.

My earth-life experiences are hardly worth a place in your book, but if true repentance, for my faults will bring peace, I believe I shall be happier for having, through the injustice done to my daughter, learned to prize mediumship of every grade. This confession will help me. One always feels better for telling the truth. From this day on, I pray

good angels to help me to consecrate my spirit life to the work of developing mediums. I pray that where I hindered in the past I may help in the present; and I beg you, sir, to show to the people of earth their sacred duty, to have charity in all things, and in striving for strength that they may learn their own weakness, until in studying the innermost recesses of their hearts, they will not have time to judge others. I am glad that this cloud is lifted from my soul; I can work now. Good morning, sir."

Although my interview had been interrupted, I was glad to meet the man, and found him in the last hour's meeting, more thoughtful and kind, for the intervening hours, wherein he had studied himself. (Explanation. I found I could get him near his daughter and report what he said directly to her, but I only wrote a little when he was called away, and this morning I had to go back to my old way of interviewing.)

Feb. 11, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FORTY-SIXTH.

MARIA LOUISA, SECOND WIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

I have been favored with an interview with Maria Louisa,* the wife who was sought for a purpose. Napoleon was seeking to reproduce himself. The instincts of a gentleman, the attributes of a warrior

* Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis I. of Austria, was married to Napoleon, April 2, 1810. On March 20, 1811, she bore him a son.

did not debar him from sacrificing all that was most precious to the man. History with a golden thread which cannot be broken, weaves the record of a sacrificing Josephine and also of one who took upon herself that which Josephine could not do.

"Was it a happy union," I asked?

"Happy," said she, her face lighted up with love, "happy, yes in a physical sense, but not happy when I came to realize the object of our union. I looked upon it as a gross injustice. I felt my womanhood debased; my life merely a frail link in the chain this man would forge. I was led in the wrong path. I was misunderstood, but in being misunderstood I stand on a higher plane than those who have been so persistent in misunderstanding."

I felt much that was pleasant in coming into her presence. Although I could not approach her closely enough to learn all I wished to know, yet I perceived she was a woman to be honored. She was willing to acknowledge her faults but she was not understood. I cannot as a reporter enter into her heart secrets, but I will say I have seldom met with any spirit whose natural characteristics are more in accord with my ideas of justice.

Feb. 15, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FORTY-SEVENTH.

GOETHE STILL DREAMING AND WRITING POETRY.

I have long been promised an interview with Goethe,* and began to think this lover and writer of poetry did not care so much to send back a line as I had supposed, from the assurances of my guide. Indeed I am daily surprised at my guide, who feels he is doing God service, by uniting the poetry of the past with the realities of the present. I have not yet obtained permission from this patient worker to give his name and history.

"Why do you work so diligently," I asked, "to bring together those who have but little knowledge of each other?"

"I am 'doing penance'" he said, smiling. "Educated in many languages, having every advantage which rank and fortune could give, I did not do right in earth-life. I was living for the body; now I

* Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Aug. 28, 1749, died at Weimar, March 22, 1832. His father was a cold, stern, formal and pedantic man, yet of vigorous mind and of rigid will; his mother, a simple hearted, genial, vivacious and affectionate girl who loved poetry. Goethe said in one of his poems, "From my father I derived my frame and the steady guidance of my life, and from my dear little mother, my happy disposition and love of story-telling. Order and quiet were her characteristics. Margaret was the character in 'Faust' which was based on Gretchen, his first love. A young man named Jernsalem and a young woman, Charlotte Buff whom Goethe loved, formed the basis of his 'Sorrows of Werther.'" Two love engagements, one with Anna Sibylla Münde and the other, with Anna Elizabeth Schöneman were immortalized in his poems under the name of Lili. His greatest works were "William Meister" and "Faust."

am living for the soul. It is glorious work, if I can now be instrumental in drawing together, those whose experiences will bring light to the people of earth. But, excuse me sir, Goethe's time is valuable and he has promised to meet you at this hour, in the fifth sphere, where you will not feel oppressed by a too refined atmosphere and where he will not feel so much the denseness of the spheres below."

Quickly we passed to this man. We found him, seated on one of the many seats which cluster in the parks of all the spheres, that I have visited; parks which grow more beautiful as we go higher. He welcomed me cordially, yet with a loftiness, showing his old German pride could not stoop very much. I caught the words "Herr Bowles" but did not recognize the rest of his sentence; but my good guide and interpreter said he was asking in what way he could do me a favor.

I answered, "By telling me something of your past and your aims for the future."

"My past" he said, "although it now looks meagre, is still a living reality with those who have culture enough to read my works. Of a naturally sentimental bent, yet not lacking the attributes of my father, whose stern nature prompted me to reach farther and farther; also inheriting in some degree, my mother's mildness of disposition, who considered silence, far the best if one had nothing to say; and inheriting also the combined force of ancestors, who had handed down from generation to generation, a strong love of Nature; living rather in the heart-life, than in that of sensuality, I early learned to

love. But in learning to love in its purity, I may not have been kind enough to myself as it brought about some complications which history has not recorded.

Yet the love-dreams of one much under twenty, brought out the poetry in my nature and caused me to revel in splendid visions of the future. I idealized in poetry the loves which were never really mine. I dreamed of great things which at last were in a measure worked out in my numerous writings. I looked upon life as little more than a farce until a friend, harsh in criticism, yet kind at heart, helped me more by his criticisms than he could have done by plausible flattery.

Werther's name and life is indeed a help to me, for he made me better understood. Now when I have my Lili, my Margaret, where I can obtain some sympathy from them, help which a love, sanctified by heaven's bliss, can give, I am content to go along the journey of this life, uniting the inspirations of the old beautiful world with those of the present glory; knowing when once an intellect is ordained for any particular work, the work will sooner or later be accomplished; feeling all that has been to me a cross in the past, will be an assistance in the great future, which is growing, ever growing for the good of those rising higher in this life.

So my present work is writing books and having them translated into all languages, that they may be better understood among all classes. I have no longer the idea of writing to win sympathy which will not be lasting. I wish to write books that will reach down to earth-life, to the lowest aching hearts,

as well as up to the highest happy ones, and help to strengthen all. Make your lives my friends a true poem, breathing the spirit of poetry and you will be better satisfied. A poem may be expressed in prose : —no rhythm, no stanzas, no blank verse can give the true idea of poetry, unless there is the answering spirit, throbbing from brain to heart, saying within yourself, this is poetry.

I have hoped that this sympathy between the spheres from highest to lowest might be connected by such a magnetic chord, that the earth and the different planets in the vast space around us, whose inhabitants are passing to the spheres above them, might all learn this grand lesson of communion, and where now all is mythical, where all is only guessed at, there shall arise the knowledge that the same evolutionary force acting under law, which can create an earth with sphere after sphere around it, can bring out of the adjacent planets the same results ; when all worlds are more purified, when the whisper of an angel is like a trumpet voice reaching out into space, that same voice, by natural laws, may find an answering chord. Then we shall realize how small we are, how insignificant is our little world with its graded spheres."

"Have you anything practical to offer upon this subject?" I asked, "for it would be of profound interest to our earth, yes to other worlds."

"It may be only an illusion : but I have in my wanderings, either in sleep or in the body, visited other planets, the history of which I am giving in my present writings. But when I can take witnesses with me and make the evidence complete, I shall be

a happy man, the soul who has found the missing link between earth, moon and stars. You need not laugh. I am sanguine that sometime in the great eternity this result will be accomplished."

Puzzled at his seeming confidence, believing he knew whereof he spoke, without bidding him good bye, I left this man of letters, apparently lost in a vision which though real to him, was invisible to me.

"Never mind," said my guide, "he is preparing another article and the spell is upon him."

Although it did not accord with my idea of politeness, I concluded to heed my guide's request, for spirits become more strange to me every day.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Ques.—In what sphere does Goethe live?

Ans.—In the seventh, and might be higher if he wished.

Ques.—"But now I have my Lili, my Margaret where I can get some sympathy from them:" both these names are supposed to be fictitious. How can Goethe obtain sympathy from fictitious names?

Ans.—Goethe says, "My Lili, my Margaret were and are living realities. I did not see fit to disclose their real names, because they would not consent to it, but when young, I met with an inspiration, which came from their pure souls; yet in our different walks of life, I could do no more than idealize their virtues. It was a fact hidden within my soul, and I did not choose to explain, as afterward other associations and aspirations severed all but the soul-sympathy between us. Beauty in the palace of a lord or in the cot of a peasant, if it be

beauty of soul, is lasting." This I gathered from my guide although I did not meet Goethe for this explanation.

Ques.—Goethe said, "Werther's name, his life was a help to me, for he made me better understood." How can this fictitious character help him?

Ans.—"The real man was an inspiration to me, and I gave him that fictitious name. Perhaps poetic license goes too far; but even more in this life do I take the characters of my friends, and mirror forth their lives. It is a great world, sir, and if all do not use the same way to give their lessons, if they try their best, in patience, waiting for full fruition, all will be well. I should have deemed it a discourtesy to give real names there, and chose to let my readers think as they might; even now I shrink from giving names and dates. They understood it, or at least those did who obtained my books and they understand it doubly now."

PAPER FORTY-EIGHTH.

LOUIS AGASSIZ, PURSUING HIS ZOOLOGICAL STUDIES IN THE FOURTH SPHERE.—HE REVISITS THE SCENES OF HIS SUMMER VACATION IN "OLD DEERFIELD," MASS.—SPIRIT TELEGRAPHY.

Where should I go now? My guide had left me for a short time, to do his duty to others. Some irresistible influence drew me down to the first sphere,—to that little part of the great world called "Old Deerfield," and more particularly over the Deerfield river.

"What means this," I asked of myself, for it was rather out of my line.

"It means that we two, John Anderson* and I, myself (Prof. Agassiz*) have come down to this place which was once the scene of some of my investigations into spirit telegraphy. We were trying to see how far our will power could cause you to come to us. Seated upon the high bank of the beautiful river in the first sphere which is over, and a counterpart of the Deerfield river, with these two men we listened to the song of birds, the chipper of the squirrel, the happy shouts of children in the distance. Prof. Agassiz, after inhaling a deep draught of pure air, said, "Right below us, all is snow-bound. Ice covers the rocks, on which I have often used hammer and chisel, to chip out something that would tell their story. The insect and the bird-world are quiet down there; also the snakes which I used to caress, while watching their habits, much to the disgust of my wife. "I think," said he dreamily, "if instead of the assertion in the Bible, 'There shall be no night there,' that the hopes for this country would have been strengthened, had it said, 'There shall be no winter.' See how true to herself, Nature is," pointing to my coat sleeve, where, to me, a hideous looking worm had nearly reached my shoulder. I did not

* Agassiz, Louis John Rudolph, was born at Motiers, Switzerland, May, 28, 1807. He was appointed professor of zoology and geology in the University of Cambridge, U.S. in 1847. In 1870 he spent the summer at "Old Deerfield, Mass., and when his health permitted, he studied the rocks of the Deerfield River. In 1871 John Anderson of New York presented Prof. Agassiz with Penckese island on the east coast of Massachusetts and gave him \$50,000 wherewith to permanently endow it as a practical school of natural science, especially devoted to the study of marine zoology. He died Dec. 14, 1873. Eucy. Brit.

doubt Nature, but I did doubt the expediency of worms running over me; and could not see anything more enticing about a heavenly worm than about an earthly one.

He laughed at my discomfiture, and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out what looked like snail shells and asked me to examine them. He had some nice name for them, but I could not appreciate them. "Where is your home?" I asked, looking around me, fearing that his other pockets might contain some snakes, which would give me a shock.

"In the fourth sphere," he said, as with the aid of his friend he caught a beautiful butterfly, "but I came down here to get something for my laboratory, thinking perhaps I could find the creatures I used to love, a little more true to the old, earthly nature, than up higher."

"And your friend," said I, "is he also interested in your developments of science?"

"In one way yes, in others, no. He was my great helper while we were on earth. He was a New York millionaire. Yes, more than that; I wished to study and bring out something valuable for humanity, but did not have the means. His great efforts in this direction were very efficient."

"Pooh, don't say that my friend," said Anderson, "you have helped me more than I have helped you, and I am glad of every thing I did there to help the poor and honest workers. I could make money; some could not. I now look down to my earth friends on whom so much was bestowed, and am glad every time I see a generous act done. But Professor," said he, "looking up through the trees, it

is about time your class meets, and you will excuse me if I remind you."

They both shook hands with me, they to go up to his class room, I to wonder and think upon the strangeness of life, the power of that change, called death which developed from puny mankind, the glory of true manhood.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Ques.—Do you mean you found Agassiz in "Old Deerfield," Mass? What special studies did he pursue there when in earth-life, and in what part of the Deerfield river?

Ans.—I spoke of our being in the first sphere directly above the Deerfield river, and that he had in earth-life studied the river and its banks for miles. He called it his summer rest. I think by visiting "Old Deerfield" as I understood him, you could glean facts that will prove this. When my book is going on I cannot stop to think of all these minute points and when my friends, whom I have interviewed have gone I know not where, I cannot always call them at a moment's notice to solve that which can be proven in earth-life.

Ques.—You say, "a hideous looking worm had nearly reached my shoulder," in your interview with Agassiz; yet you said in "CONTRASTS" that you had seen no obnoxious insects or worms. How do you make these statements harmonize? Are there real worms and shells and snakes in spirit-life?

Ans.—Difference in time, sir, I was then a beginner and had not had a chance to see what was necessary in order to make a naturalist's life happy. To show him only what we call beautiful, would rob him of

what is his due. He cannot be contented unless he has all facilities for study and for demonstration to others. Agassiz's remark that in going to the lower sphere, he came nearer the old way of capturing, found them more in accordance with the earth's natural laws than in the higher spheres, seemed to me very reasonable. I might travel over all the spheres I have visited, and be annoyed by nothing of the kind, because I do not seek them. It is the contact of those who desire which brings out reality. Prof. Agassiz will have worms, shells, snakes, &c., in higher spheres than the one to which he has now attained.

PAPER FORTY-NINTH.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON EXPLAINS HIS CAREER IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

I have not been impressed in any great degree to interview "Stonewall" Jackson.* I had when in earth-life written too many scathing editorials about him and his career, to feel that I should be welcomed by one whose life I had thought to be mistaken if not vicious. But when I entered into his presence as he was sitting on a broad veranda in the second sphere, my feelings changed. I was small; he was great; I had judged; he had worked. Very kindly was I received by this hero of a false cause. After passing the usual compliments, I seated myself, with the idea of drawing him out, that is; of making him tell his story. But I was surprised to find that he

* Jackson (Thomas Jonathan) ("Stonewall") was born at Clarksburg, West Va., Jan. 21, 1824. He won the title of "Stonewall" at the first battle of Manassas. He was a very able soldier of the Confederate army. He died May 10, 1863.

was drawing me out ; and owing to his strong magnetic power I was relating to him, incidents of my past, when I had come to him for other purposes.

Finally considering the amount of work to be done, I said, "Well sir, we will have fair play ; if you are not a reporter, you have interviewed me pretty well. Now, I want a chance at you."

"Very well," said he blandly, "I fully recognize your right to glean from me what I ought to tell. Remember sir, I do not come to you as a penitent, but as one who knows whereof he speaks. Enthusiasm might have had much to do with my war career : the thought of being a leader, instead of being led through the slough of desperation, which then seemed to reach from heaven to the filth of earth. I had my home ties, so dear to me. I had my hopes for the future, I had that tenderness of soul, which belongs to true manhood. I had thoughtfulness for others, who were living with an unwritten history, which only eternity can bring out.

The cry of freedom came : (we called it freedom.) We wished for freedom, but there must be a sacrifice, and many must be the victims. Such glowing enthusiasm, such wonderful expectations, such hopes for a separate nation, entered into every city, village and hamlet of the South ! Could I be behind ? No ; so with a feeling that it was for the best, I then forgot everything in the struggle. The South suffered ; its fathers and sons were slain ; widows and children wept ; the harvest fields were not tilled as of old. Gray-haired fathers looked at their almost useless hands and sighed for the brave boy gone to the North,— gone to death. Northern post-offices were

crowded with anxious ones waiting for the mail, that some news, good or bad might come, to end this terrible suspense. But your Northern fields were green, the grass not trampled down by the weary tread of the soldier. Your luxurious homes were not invaded by the presence of those who ceased to deserve the name of man or soldier. There was loss in some ways, but gain in others; for you Northern men. How often do you hear of some man who has arisen in social life on account of his wealth, that wealth having been made out of the war. I should think such money would burn his fingers.

But note the contrast. Our homes were invaded by those whose feet should never have entered them,— our women often outraged by your gallant? troops,— our lives while on the march or in camp, made wretched by torturing dreams of sacrificed homes; many a southern soldier left peace and purity at home, and on returning found ashes in its place. I could name many instances where though kindly treated, your magnanimous? men (can I call them men?) took possession of our homes, and their inmates in order preserve life and chastity, were compelled to seek barren fields or trackless forests; to suffer and wait, and when they dare creep back, to find in ruins, what was left,— even instruments of music, which dear dead hands had made sacred, were wantonly destroyed. Oh! I cannot name all our wrongs. No wonder when the chance came, our 'Andersonville' and 'Belle Isle', yes, and many other pens, held those who might have been guiltless; but these were the fortunes of war.

We hoped for freedom: in every way slaves were

taken from us, yet slavery was our pet institution. Pride cannot easily be quenched. I now think, had it not been for John Brown's unlucky mistake, in rousing so much Southern blood, that the party for freeing the slaves would have grown so large in time, that the same result could have been brought about without much blood-shed. I see that slavery was a great wrong.

I feel no antipathy now. My work is to harmonize, but I see a cloud rising, which, I fear will bring another insurrection,— a contest between 'Capital and Labor.' But I have done with wars; I am for peace; I know the right and I mean to pursue it, for I never flinched in any battle."

"Good-bye" said I, most heartily, and I wondered if the same feeling could be developed in earth-life between the people of the North and South.

Feb. 20, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

PAPER FIFTIETH.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT IN THE THIRD SPHERE.—WRITING BY ELECTRICITY.

If I cannot accede to the requests, which are made of me from both sides, it is through no ill nature but simply for lack of time, and also for lack of inclination in some parties to be interviewed.

But I found our genial friend, the friend of America in the past, William Cullen Bryant,* sn

* Bryant (William Cullen), an eminent American poet, was born 3, 1794, at Cummington, Mass. He wrote "Thanatopsis" in histeenth year. His poems show an intense love of Nature. He was editor-in-chief of the New York Evening Post from 1826 to his June 12, 1878.

domiciled in his beautiful home in the third sphere. An expression of great pleasure beamed from his face as he grasped my hand and said, "Really, Bowles is it you?"

"It is I and no mistake," I said as I seated myself, determined to get some rest in that restful place; (for our minds here sometimes become weary.) I asked him if he was happy?

A thoughtful look came over his face and he said, "Yes, and no. My past in earth-life seems so weak; my word there but school boy's play; my present a time to work out what I can and form my plans for the future. But Oh! how little I know. How glad I would have been to have had a conscious educated personality, which had been absorbing knowledge for centuries, and to have come into the earth-world, ready for work. But although the essence of the unconscious soul may have begun when the stars first shone out, yet we might as well have been nothing as to know nothing. It takes the machinery of the physical brain to bring out thoughts and facilities for the expression of those thoughts."

"My brother," I said, "why are you so sad upon this subject? According to what I am learning now, we have only begun in this great life called Eternity, and with it before us, with our faculties perfected as only lessons this side can perfect, why not let the work of the present, and the hopes for the future be a stimulus to greater work and more decided efforts?"

His brow cleared in an instant and he said, "You are ever a comforter, I hear, but I have been living in two worlds for hours. I found that in my earth-life I was not understood, neither did I understand

myself, but I did my best as I then thought. I have my home sorrows such as are strangers to some homes the more so because I could not open my heart to any one, but must let it palpitate on until the silence seemed filled with echoes.

I am glad of some of my writings there, but how tame they are to one who has been learning in this life, the real work of man or poet! But look, sir, at this manuscript; I wish you could read some of it; it reaches so much deeper into the realm of thought than anything I could have written while in earth-life. It is now my life-work; and this is only part of it; some of the original manuscript is in the hands of my publishers, and will be rapidly circulated. I cannot now name the subjects, but you will doubtless see them."

Understanding my own way of writing, and how the influence of the mind seemed to come upon the paper with out visible effort on my part, only something like an electrical thrill, which would light the end of my pencil, I wondered if his experience was the same; yet having noticed in many studies, pens, pencils and ink looking like those we used in earth-life, I said, "We learn best by study and comparison; do you use the old method in writing?"

"Sometimes," he said, pointing to his desk, "these are old friends. But when I wish to do work quickly, I allow the telegraphy of the brain to reach the paper by holding a magnet in the form of a pencil. I realize no motion of the fingers, my brain is the motive power and without effort, thoughts find their way upon the paper instead of being written in the old way, and we get results in a short time which

would have taken many weeks by the old method."

"Just so," I said, "I find I can work quickly enough here, but to send it back through the routine of earth-life is indeed very slow."

"Could I perform your work or reach the old world friends as you do," said he, "I should count nothing lost."

"You will do it," said I, "for it was a determined effort to complete some of my unfinished work in the old world, which enabled me to become as efficient as I am, though it is poor work indeed compared with my aspirations."

I left his pleasant study and felt, Oh! could I speak to every heart below, I would say, "Work well, do well, and your regrets in this life will be less."

Feb. 19, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Ques.—Will you explain the process by which Bryant transfers thoughts to spirit paper by a pen magnet without the old process of writing?

Ans.—I shall explain it in a bungling manner if I attempt it, as my line of life has led me in a different channel. He showed me something you would call a thin board, very highly polished. On the under surface at each side of the board were grooves, edged by a metal of some kind. Across the back of this board were lines drawn which would correspond with your rulings for paper. Running across the back was a very thin bar of finest magnetic power, about the width of the space between written lines. As nearly as I could judge from my short talk with him about it, I will give his demonstration of its working.

He said, "You see this magnet and this roll of pa-

per." (The roll must have contained several yards.) Placing the roll on a rest at his side, he laid the end of the paper upon the board covering its whole surface. He then placed the under metallic bar at the top of the board. He then took the magnetic pencil which had rays of light streaming from its point, and placed it near the paper, but not touching it, just over the magnetic bar. On the arm of his chair was a rest for his hand and arm, to enable him to hold the pencil in an easy position. Then as the pencil, not touching the paper, glided along above its surface, with marvellous rapidity, words were impressed upon the paper as fast as his hand could move across the page. At the end of every line, there was a click, and the bar dropped down one line, and so on until the bottom of the board was reached. Then he touched a spring at the left hand upper corner, when the bar flew up and at the same time the paper unrolled to form a fresh surface for writing. Within less than two minutes of your time, two yards of paper was written over without his having apparently given it a thought.

"Where do the words come from," I asked?

"I have had them stored away in my brain, waiting to record them by this kind of telegraphy. The only reason, sir, I have hesitated to give you this mode of transferring thoughts to paper, which all writers who can write in their own rooms will eventually utilize, is because I see defects in it, and wish my scientist would come and help me perfect it. First I wish a stand made, instead of the board, in such a way as to avoid all weariness; then I wish the lower magnet so perfect that the upper, acting in ac-

cordance with it, will be able to bring the words out without this movement of the hand, and thus from the reservoir of the brain, transcribe in moments, what it would have taken weeks in earth-life to do."

I have reported to you as nearly as I can in crude terms, what I understood of his ideas. I know that Bryant, without apparent effort of will, brought out through that strange board these wonderful results.

S. B.

PAPER FIFTY-FIRST.

MICHAEL FARADAY NOW A RESIDENT OF THE SIXTH SPHERE.—HE HAS DISCOVERED A METHOD OF TELEPHONING WITHOUT THE USE OF WIRES.

"Can I have an interview with Michael Faraday?" * (I telephoned to the old place in the fifth sphere, where I had before interviewed him.) "Not here now he has removed to the sixth sphere," was the reply. "Than turn on the wires to the sixth sphere, his present home." In far less time than it takes me to write this, the answer came, "Yes, two hours from now."

We should feel and it would seem unnatural, if in this great sea of Eternity, we could not keep up enough of the semblance of earth-life to have our moments, hours and days. But it may be when I go higher I shall think even this is unnecessary.

I was guided by kind friends to Faraday's home in the sixth sphere. I have seen many beautiful places, many grand places, but his home seemed to

* Michael Faraday, chemist, electrician and philosopher, was born at Newington, Surrey, England, Sep. 22, 1791, and died at Hampton court, Aug. 25, 1867. He was the best electrician of his age.

be a combination of all ;—simplicity in his love of those flowering plants, which some ignore, because they are so common ; and a certain stiffness in the laying out of his grounds which suggested much of the old English pride, intensified. I will not attempt to describe the beauty and splendor of his home nor the sweetness and refinement of the inside. One was impressed deeply with the feeling, "This is my home,— a home builded by the works of my past." I was shown into the quiet study of Faraday— not into his laboratory—and there was in his welcome, much of respect, very little of the feeling that he was conferring a favor, but rather that our obligations were mutual.

"Mutual," said I, "how can they be, when you have every advantage of this higher sphere, and for daily study, this grand interchange of electrical thought ; and also the advantage of feeling you are in a way, the author of means, by which they are conveyed."

"You are talking to me of a puny child, sir, one that seems at times, to be sprightly and promising, at other times as though every impediment from both sides was brought to bear upon it."

"Have you not progressed as much as you hoped when I last saw you," said I ?

"Let me see. Oh ! yes I have. We have with the help of Benjamin Franklin brought out a pretty good telephone exchange between the spheres and have made other discoveries which I hope will be of advantage to all the spheres. This is my resting time, sir, so please do not feel you must hasten, but let us understand each other. My ideas are gaining ground :

at first I was looked upon as one, who was demented in this life. Nothing rude was said, but you know brother; we have a way of feeling here. Many, when I told them I had an agent through whom I could reach people of earth-life in book form, openly laughed at me. They have been in the spirit-world sometime, but have only been creeping up—a stoled indifference characterizes them. They had staked their all upon a false redemption and felt bitter, and careless of the wrongs or rights of others. But with that inherent selfishness born of earth-education, they have not cared to reach down to help others or to be helped. Gradually it is dawning upon them, that in this half-a-sleep state, they are not in heaven. I have had to make great effort to perfect (I must not say that, for I have perfected nothing,) any part of my work. True, we have in the currents of air, bearing a certain amount of electric force, and in stations in all places most desirable, an exchange of thought from the first sphere to the eighth. I have tried no higher than the eighth as it is not very pleasing to carry into higher spheres, the grossness, which still clings to me, as I so continually mix not only with the lowest sphere, but actually stand and prompt my medium, whom I use on earth just as you do, or perhaps in a more direct manner.

At first, when we thought of this mind telegraphy, or rather spirit telephone, we thought something must be used to simulate a wire; but my German experimenter, whom I spoke of in a former interview * as well as many others came to the conclusion that our spirit atmosphere was charged with certain

* See Bowles' pamphlet, No. 2, CONTRASTS, page, 135.

currents, some electrical, others magnetic; (the magnetic more used for the temperature of spirit-force, and the electrical for the conveyance of spirit-thought,) so we invented these little keys, by touching which, combined with a strong will, desiring connection with similar keys placed in some part of this or another sphere, brings quickly into line that current of electricity through which we operate."

He must have seen that I was laughing inside, for he said in his stately way, "What is it, sir?"

"The folly of striking a key, attached to nothing and expecting a response," I said; "it seems extremely ludicrous.

"We have something attached to our keys," he said gravely, "the very magnet of our thoughts when intensified by touching this key, gives us as perfect a wire as in earth-life. Shall I demonstrate it to you?"

"If you please," said I, trying to look believing.

"On whom shall I call," said he?

"Oh! Horace Greeley!" returned I, naming the first person I thought of. "Our exchange is some distance from here. I could not attend to the increased pressure of duties which it brings, so some young experimenters have gladly taken the place." He turned the key and said in a low tone, "Turn us to the Greeley office." Startlingly quick came the reply, "All right." Another voice, rather rasping and hurried, said, "What do you want up there? I'm very busy."

"Nothing," said Faraday, "only to show Mr. Bowles, Samuel Bowles, our method of thought-interchange."

"He up there!" said Greeley. "Well, he is the most persevering interviewer of the age. But, say, I can't talk long; three hands short and this issue not ready. Excuse me; good-bye."

"Good-bye," said I, to that harmless little key upon the wall.

"Are you satisfied?" said Professor Faraday, looking earnestly at me.

"Yes, satisfied it is done, but with the rapidity of spirit-motion, the rapid interchange of spirit-thought, I can scarce see the utility of such machinery for this world."

"What are you writing for?" he asked me, his keen eyes searching my face.

"Oh! I am writing so I can communicate, although imperfectly, these thoughts through a medium for the good of those in earth-life."

"That is exactly the plan of this class of scientists. We shall experiment, study and perfect as far as possible, and then through some sensitive in earth-life, introduce methods of communication, if not like this on account of the greater density of the air, yet upon a similar plan, and thus avoid much of the present difficulties in the use of the telegraph and telephone. If I had time I could explain and show to you, many other inventions which we mean to make understood on earth as fast as the conditions there will permit. The chief difficulty is to find a sensitive whose balance is such that we dare flash these thoughts through the brain, and have them caught up by those who will bring them into use.

I have a medium there I can use very well for writing, but I do not know that I would dare in his

present surroundings to have my utterances put to the test, as long as it will draw so heavily upon his physical strength as I know it must, to reveal what I wish to."

Whether his ideas were reasonable or not, I hardly stopped to think, but the sincerity and earnestness of the man put me to shame, and I said to myself, "Samuel Bowles, fifteen years ago you would have called yourself a fool if you had thought of writing books after you were dead."

Feb. 21, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Ques.—What is the name of the German experimenter who helped Faraday?

Ans.—Hermanne Wolfstang, who was born at Amsterdam in 1785, and died at the age of eighteen. He was not noted on earth, but took up the little he knew, and has ever since been experimenting with German philosophers, chemists, electricians &c. I do not know that he is mentioned anywhere save in some old records in Amsterdam; (which may not now exist, but he thinks they do,) concerning his wonderful knowledge for so young a man, and his utter indifference to all things which usually attracted the attention of the young men of his time. S. B.

Ques.—Mr Bowles, please give us a report of your guide; we are much interested in him.

Ans.—Please excuse me until I can get his consent, which at present looks doubtful. One of a long line of Scottish nobility, he wants to do something, worthy of his past education and advantages before he reports himself back to earth. I will how-

ever use all my powers of persuasion to obtain his consent. Feb. 18, 1885. S. B.

Ques.—Does your guide incline to report yet?

Ans.—I expect to have some difficulty to persuade him to let me report his real name, so he will be recognized in England. His career was doubtful; therefore it is hard for the man, who is doing penance, (as he calls it) by the most humble work, like that of some peasant acting as a guide through the mountains. He is now rich in humility and his earth lessons have taught him that a wicked lord is not as pure as an unlearned peasant. Bear with us; we know your desires for the good of the world are great, but we cannot obtain a response often times without prolonged patience and a perseverance which may seem obtrusive.

Feb. 22, 1885.

S. B.

PAPER FIFTY-SECOND.

LORD BALMERINO, THE GUIDE OF MR. BOWLES RELATES SOME OF HIS WICKED EARTH-LIFE.

As you have often asked me to give some account of my guide, so I have at last persuaded him although very reluctantly to relate a little of his history.

"Perhaps it is a part of my penance to tell something of my life," said he, laughingly, and we then seated ourselves, when he began as follows; "I was unfortunate enough to be one of the Lords in the old country and lost my life for being one. My career was not an enviable one, although I performed many kind acts. I was very excentric and among

women I was a seducer; my private history was black with this crime. I have seen the fair faces of the peasant girls, blush to crimson at my approach. Poor things, they easily fell into the net I spread for them. No public records of these crimes are usually made; blighting a few pure souls, makes no difference in the world, where there are so many who are willing to yield to the will of those in high life.

Seared over with these terrible experiences, (they seem terrible now, with the light of this world shining upon them,) I could little appreciate that true, pure love, which must sometime enter into every one's heart; even every one which has been warped with passion and been made black with crime.

I shall never forget one scene: I was idling away my time, smoking by a river, expecting every moment a new intended victim to make her appearance, when a creature, so wild, so haggard, so terrified by the pain which must come to all mothers, dragged herself toward me.

"I am dying, yes, and houseless," she wailed, "for God's sake give me shelter, care for me, for we both are guilty." I coolly turned my back upon her and walked away. "I will throw myself into the river," she said, "if you do not help me!"

"I thought that was the way of womankind and did not believe her—I heard a splash,—it rings in my ears yet,—a low cry and all was still. I hurried from the spot,—a haunted man. Nothing in time or eternity can drive the scene from my memory. The next day the girl, with her dreadful story on her face and form, was found and carried to her home. The peasant father, more haughty than a prince,

would not recognize his dead child; he said, "We had a child, but she is lost; hasten her body away." In a lonely grave where the winds are ever sighing in the gloomy trees, rude hands made a burial place.

I am working to reach her now; no work will be too great, no sacrifice counted aught, if sometime I may reach her and hear her say, 'You are forgiven.'

After that I lived the life of the average nobleman, entered into politics, tried by the constant shocks at that time going on in both England and France, to forget my Margaret. New ties were formed; but her eyes haunted me in my waking and sleeping hours, and her low death cry was always ringing like a dirge in my ears."

His eyes grew misty with tears; "That was a great while ago," said he, dreamily, "near the time of the death of the good queen Anne and many others. But do not think I did not receive some punishment on earth. This little heart history may have passed out of the memory of all but hers and mine, and never have been recorded in earthly books. But other acts of mine were recorded. The times were such that politicians were watched; treason was punishable with death. I had the honor of having my head severed from my body on the same block where the lovely Lady Jane Grey was executed. I was called by the world, Lord Balmerino.* Oh! that world,

* Lord Balmerino, (Arthur Elphinstone) born, 1688, was a noted Jacobite; he was taken prisoner at the battle of Culloden, tried for high treason in Westminster hall, England and beheaded in 1746.

He was an officer in Lord Shannon's regiment in the reign of queen Anne, but on the accession of king George I. joined the lead of Mar, and fought at Sheriffmuir. He afterwards held a commission in the French

cold and treacherous," said he, bitterly, "and yet the world used me as well as I used it. I like best you should call me by the name we have chosen, 'Paul.' After this interview we will take up our work again and I will forget if I can, what I have told you."

"What made you take this idea into your head, of being a guide?"

"Because in the old life I was a guide in the wrong; in this life I desire to be a guide to the right. I have studied much to perfect myself for this work. I have acquired languages which I did not know in earth-life, so I could do my work and make myself worthy to go to my Margaret." I may have smiled, for he said sadly, "A romance is all the more tender, our desires all the more intense for having waited a few hundred years."

This was the man's story; truth was in his eyes as he repeated it, and earnestness in his manner; so whether such a person figures upon the pages of history or not, I know that such a man has lived and is now in spirit-life.

Fed. 22, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

army, but returned home in 1733. In 1745 he joined the standard of prince Charles Stuart, who appointed him captain of his second troop of life-guards. Throughout his trial and on the scaffold the intrepid old peer behaved with the greatest composure and courage; and as he laid his head upon the block, said firmly,—“If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.” His treason consisted in trying to restore to the throne, the house of Stuart. Balmerino is a village of Scotland, County of Fife, on the Tay, six miles north of Cuppar Fife, Pop. 717. Robert third, baron Elphinstone had a son James, who rose in the king's favor, and the lands belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Balmerinloch in Fife were erected into a temporal lordship in favor of him and his male heirs in 1603. Lord James took his seat in Parliament by the title of Lord Balmerino. Arthur Elphinstone was the sixth Lord Balmerino in succession.

Ques.—Does your guide give his name, Lord Balmerino as the one by which he was known in earth-life? We do not find it in the Encyclopædia:

Ans.—I asked him the same question and he, in a dignified way, said, “I have given you my true title, but you can see that it is not an English name, although much of my time was spent in England and I lost my mortal life there. I am on record, but not for the undercurrent of my life, which I have related to you, but for offenses which I count as nothing beside it, although the English nation called them grave.”

Mr. Bowles, we hope you will not close this book without giving us some account of yourself since you wrote “LATER PAPERS.”

PAPER FIFTY-THIRD.

MR. BOWLES, BY REQUEST, INTERVIEWS HIMSELF. HE HAS ASCENDED TO THE FOURTH SPHERE, AND LIVES IN A HOME, RENOWNED IN THAT SPHERE. TOUCHING ALLUSIONS TO HIS FAMILY AND OLD HOME IN SPRINGFIELD MASS. HE OFTEN VISITS THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF HIS OLD PAPER, THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

To interview “Samuel Bowles”* is now my mission; and I must seem to feel I am some one else, in order to question one who has so closely questioned others.

“What was your past, sir?”

“My past, a life of work, WORK, WORK; my boy-

*See CONTRASTS, Bowles' Pamphlet, No. 2 page, 8, for a sketch of the life of Mr. Bowles.

hood filled more with the ideas of what I should be sometime, what I should bring out, rather than of the present in its dull, toilsome round. Early choosing my profession, I strove not to shrink from it, nor to let my ambition point me where my consciousness told me I could never go. The stepping up from one place to another, was only accomplished by rigid study, and unflagging perseverance.

I saw many young men, whose prospects in life, were much better than mine, sink down to the common level and they were forgotten, while I was slowly climbing up. But my past in earth-life is better known than I can now tell you.

The change, called death overtook me. I had been 'Across one Continent,' and now I had made a change seemingly very great, but really so small that when I wrote the first book* after my exit, I felt that death had been belied. The grave I knew little of, but I stood upon the threshold of this great grand world, with the busy past behind, the future like an untried route, winding ever upward. I have felt discouraged at times, when looking into the minds of those to whom I had, while in spirit-life, sent out my words, my heartfelt expressions, through this kindly instrument. It has caused her suffering, ridicule, and much from which this true woman shrinks. Think for a moment of the great depths which have been stirred in my heart, when reaching back to the scene of my labors in earth-life, to see that my present work, performed under the greatest of difficulties, is misunderstood, especially by those of my family and dear friends down there, who would

* "Experiences in Spirit Life." See close of this book.

love to grasp me by the hand, who would delight to give me their confidence, to show their appreciation, could they really grasp my hand. Had I been on a journey in earth-life and written back anything which was not understood by them, they would only say, 'It is Sam. Bowles' way;' and take it as 'all right.' Now with my experiencies, my difficulties, I should be thankful for the smallest part of the appreciation of the past. But you ask of my present work. It is but the shadow of one little part of it, that you see. I have moved one sphere higher, not so much to please myself, as to obtain better facilities for labor.

My home is much like the former one, except there is more shade, caused by the trees of spirit-life, whose boughs have waved over the upper country since the spheres were formed, and the birth and death of man began. What has not my spirit home seen of change, as one by one, spirits have dwelt in it for a season, becoming still more pure, in order to go upward. What words of consolation and hope have been said under these dear old trees. What vows have been made to reach down and down, still farther to the struggling, because in looking up there is ever a goal to reach. How many have come to this spot in this sphere, and for a time, wondered if even in the highest heavens aught could be more beautiful! I push away the thick leaves that enshrine my arbor and look at the little stream, flowing on so quietly, yet once in a while, giving a hint of its presence by a ripple over the pebbles, or some curve in its course which makes it whisper of Nature all the way.

Upon what trivial circumstances are sometimes started the most thrilling of experiences. The keynote to my work has been this;—in coming to spirit-life, I found the fact of spirit communion; if five words could be transmitted to earth, by the same law, five thousand could be transmitted; and if that number could be sent, books could be written. The main object in my first attempt to control a medium, was to send back, words of comfort to my loved ones. Whether they received me or not, I made up my mind that the world should hear me and recognize me; that when one instrument was brought over to our spirit-world, another should be raised up and I should continue to live down there in my writings, until I was more perfectly fitted to spread broadcast my works in this glorious upper country.

I want to be worthy of being in heaven. I want to reach down and abolish hell, to bring the two worlds into such sympathy that in every household there will be a worker, whom we can use. It is not ambition for myself: I am just beginning to live. In gaining knowledge of one little world I learned how to study a creation so boundless that no mind can have an adequate conception of it.

My work here is pleasant: you have caught glimpses of it in my journeying; seen some of the results of it in my writings; and now at the time when, if I had been in earth-life, my steps would have been slow and my heart sad and weary, perhaps, I find myself in this risen glory, in the morning of my existence, which had its starting point in earth-life. Viewing my home here with satisfaction, I am striving to make it beautiful for her whom I loved so well, and other dear ones, who will come to me by

and by, and share with me my pleasures, when their good work is done on earth, Therefore I shall be in no haste to attain to higher spheres, for I can do my work better here. Though I go with silent footsteps to my old earthly home, no door swings upon its hinges. Though I gaze into loved faces, bathed in tears, no answering tear-drop tells them of my presence. Though I gently touch mementoes of my past, the dull inanimate objects know not their owner is there. Though I go into the old office and walk through the different rooms, and see the well remembered faces, yet they are bent just as busily over their work, as though the one who expressed thoughts there once, and devised ways for their publication to the world, was not waiting for recognition. Oh! if what there was of life, its works, its recompenses, is all, how worse than a beggar would a spirit feel, among his own human friends; how he would laugh at a farce of life which left all behind.

Thank the angel world, it is not so. I never was as rich as I am to-day, reviewing the old, criticising the present, and hoping for the future. As one by one, the feelings of selfishness give place to those of helpfulness, as I learn in this good school of the soul, its wondrous lessons, and in being taught, can teach, I am rich indeed.

Be you faithful, who read these words, dropped down from us of this life. Scatter well these teachings to a hungry multitude, who by reading, will learn something which cannot be forgotten; for Truth is Eternal. May a blessing go with each word.

Feb. 22, 1885.

SAMUEL BOWLES.