AFTER DEATH:

THE

DISEMBODIMENT OF MAN.

THE WORLD OF SPIRITS, ITS LOCATION, EXTENT, APPEARANCE;
THE ROUTE THITHER; INHABITANTS; CUSTOMS; SOCIETIES;
ALSO SEX AND ITS USES THERE, ETC. ETC.;

WITH MUCH MATTER PERTINENT TO THE QUESTION OF

HUMAN IMMORTALITY.

BY

PASCHAL BEVERLY RANDOLPH.

FOURTH EDITION, REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED.

What I *was* is passed by;
What I *am* away doth fly;
What I *shall be* none do see,
Yet in *that* my beauties be.
THE SOUL.

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THE THINKER AND HIS THOUGHT.

BY F. B. DOWD, GRAND MASTER IMPERIAL ORDER OF ROSICRUCIA.

THERE is but little thought among the world of men. The great stream rushes on, in murmuring rivulets here, in roaring torrents there, or like the ocean billows breaking upon the barren shore in deafening thunders, devoid of thought. The thunders, the roaring, the murmuring of men, is not of thought, but of money. In every age of the world the genuine thinker has stood alone, like a solitary tree in the vast desert. His thought hath seemed to shroud him from other men, as with the pall of ages. There is another class, however, who are *called* thinkers, and are lauded to the skies as geniuses, who stand in a different relationship to the mass of men. These are poets and philosophers, who fashion and mould thought for their own time. Such cull the flowers of existence, and, having arrayed them in garbs angelically lovely, in their view, present them for the acceptance and adoration of the non-thinkers. But the real thinker exhumes the primitive rocks of man's existence, and basic nature, and lays bare the native granite of his nature, wonderful and kaleidoscopic, which he exposes to the softening influences of storm and sunshine. It matters not to him, if the excavation be deep, or the rocks be rough and ill-shapen; it is his mission to bring them to the surface. He is not unlike the insect which, in the bottom of old ocean, rears its domes of rocks, whose only music is the roar of the rushing waves and the dashing of spray against his edifice; for he hath builded a temple of unhewn rocks, of INFINITE THOUGHT, wherein he dwells alone; and which, like the cities of pearl in the deeps of the sea, shall yet be the foundations of a new continent of thought; shall yet be engrafted in the temples wherein the teeming myriads of remote ages shall worship. His thought hath not been of his own seeking. It comes upon him, as comes the hurricane upon the landscape, or over the calm breast of the slumbering sea. It sometimes lays him low and desolate, in the filth and debris of isolation, misapprehension, misery, and decay; and at other times it carries him upon the lightning's wing, beyond the topmost clouds of the thinker's world.

Foremost among the *real* and *genuine* thinkers of the age, stands one, P. B. Randolph, the author of this astounding and magnificent volume

Among them, but not *of* them. A mystic, in the true sense of the word, and a mystic of the very loftiest order. Alfred Tennyson, Britain's laurelled poet, in his beautiful description of the Wakeful Dreamer, had, most undoubtedly, this man before his mental vision when the musical lines flowed out from his soul. He says, — and, applied to the subject of this sketch, how truly: —

"Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones;
Ye knew him not; he was not one of ye; —
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn;
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still, serene abstraction: he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linked woes of many a fiery charge
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.
Always there stood before him night and day,
Of wayward, vari-colored circumstance,
The imperishable presences serene,
Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,
Dim shadows, but unwaning presences,
Four faced to four corners of the sky:
And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,
One forward, one respectant, three but one;
And yet again, again and evermore,
For the two first were not, but only seemed
One shadow in the midst of a great light,
One reflex from eternity or time,
One mighty countenance of perfect calm,
Awful with most invariable eyes.
For him the silent congregated hours,
Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath
Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes
Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light
Of earliest youth, pierced through and through with all
Keen knowledges of low-embowed eld)
Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud
Which droops, low-hung, on either gate of life,
Both birth and death: he in the centre fixed,
Saw far on each side through the grated gates
Most pale and clear and lovely distances.
He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect, and power, and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.
How could ye know him? Ye were yet within

The narrower circle; he had well-nigh reached
The last, which, with a region of white flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,
Investeth and ingirds all other lives."

To him, the great surging waves of this civilization hath brought only woe. But they have not destroyed him, nor his work. From the depths of his great heart, from the garrets of poverty, hath he sent his riches of thought, — which the world in its barrenness could not understand, or appreciate, — broadcast upon the ice-locked wastes. To him the specious sophistries of the day have been only the pulings of infancy. Forgetful of the little present; in view of the dead past, with its myriad eyes all faded and lustreless, gazing out of the thickening night of decay at him; forgetful of the shining orbs of the o'erarching skies of to-day; in view of the darkened stars and dead worlds of the foretime, which once blazed with pristine splendor, — he hath walked alone among the catacombs of Egypt, and questioned her ruins, her pyramids, her temples, and her drifting sands, and brought back her answer, which he has given to the world, a priceless legacy, under the title of "Preadamite Man," — beyond all question, the most exhaustive, profound, convincing, and satisfactory work upon human antiquity the world ever saw, or will again for many and many a long decade. Rested he then, after completing his great work on the Human Origines? Nay; but casting it at the feet of the world, — dedicating it, by direct request, to his personal friend, and the friend of mankind, the lamented ABRAHAM LINCOLN, — he, discouraged on all hands by ungenerous rivalry and envy, forthwith applied the whole power of his exhaustless mind to the solution of a still mightier problem; and with fearless tread, lighted only by the lamp of God, he entered the gloomiest crypts of being, and dragged from the portals of the tomb its reluctant answer to the great question, which hath burst the hearts of men from earliest time: "If a man die, shall he live again?" In doing which he died to the present, as much so as they whom he questioned. This man hath not sought in college halls for the thoughts of the mighty dead, but with his unaided hand hath he held aside the curtain that hides the past, — walked through the shadow, and talked face to face with the glorious founders of earth's religions, — stood dazed and appalled before the effulgent glories of ROSICRUCIA'S blazing temples in the hierarchies of the skies; and bowed low in the shining presences of those whose spectra we sometimes vaguely glimpse.

Freighted with gems from the golden shores of eternity, and jewels from the crowns of the upper hosts in the farther heavens — returning — he hath cast them also at our feet in his two works: "DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD," and "DISEMBODIED MAN," either of which works are sufficient to rest the fame of any man upon, — no matter how profound a

thinker, or expert a fashioner of Thought, — and I here assert without fear of contradiction, that these two works of rare and impassioned genius, in their scope and profound simplicity, yet majestic and surpassing range and sweep of thought, are not equalled by any other similar works in existence! — and they have made, and are still making, their mark, and influencing the thought and literature of the age, in spite of prolonged and envious efforts to hurl them down to death. They still live, thank God! to bless the world and instruct mankind.

Not satisfied with this, and hearing much talk of a hell, he sought and found its adamantine walls, all charred and blackened with the smoke of eternal torment, and, bursting through, stood undismayed amid the howling of demons and the shrieks and groans of the lost — walked unscathed amid its fiercest flames, and dragged from its darkened caverns the IDEA itself, and showed it to the gaping herd — the uncharitable, ungrateful, unthinking, forgetful world — which starved him for his pains — to be only in the miseducated *human heart*. This he has demonstrated in answer to the groans of the civilized world under the curse of "the social evil" in his two last master-pieces, called "LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY," and "THE MASTER PASSION; OR, THE CURTAIN RAISED." Here he has lifted the sacred veil before which the civilized world bows down and worships; and calls the hand profane and unclean which dares disturb. Here he has told us the hidden meaning of "the sin against the Holy Ghost," which, according to one of the earth's greatest thinkers, is unpardonable.

By a mistaken policy Mr. Randolph was induced to issue his second volume on Human Affection (his first was "The Grand Secret," now out of print) — under a *nom de plume*, — "Count de St. Leon." He subsequently saw his error in that respect, made several alterations, and enlarged it somewhat, and was preparing to issue another edition when a seeming accident, but in reality a providence, gave birth to another masterly volume on the same theme: "The Master Passion; or, the Curtain Raised," and also determined him to publish both works, thereafter, under his own name, and with his own imprint thereon.

The circumstance here alluded to, it is not necessary to mention further than to say that the *Preface* of "Love and its Hidden History" was taken from the volume after it was printed; but, as said before, that rejected stone — that unfortunate preface — grew into the most perfect and comprehensive volume on human love that ever saw the light on this green earth of ours. Now both volumes are published within one cover, and no work of the century is creating a greater interest, being more widely circulated or doing half the good that it is, and it should be in the hands of every man, woman, and child in the land; for if it were, 'twere well for the world.

These volumes comprise but a few of those written by Mr. Randolph; but, owing to their trenchant power and reformatory character, I regard them as the most important of those now in print.

Says John B. Pilkington, of San Francisco, California, in a communication to a Boston paper, under date of Nov. 21, 1861: —

"One after another has visited our shores, of the army of Humanity's teachers, and last, but far from least, came P. B. Randolph, and of him — as an acknowledgment of his services, gratifying to his many friends, but more because knowledge of the noble self-sacrifice of any person should be the world's property, as an example — I wish here to speak. We may praise, for he has gone again, sailing this morning via New York, — where he will make but a very short stay, — for Egypt, Persia, and the Orient.

"Arriving here on the 5th of Sept., this strange (to those who have not studied him) and gifted man has compressed into ten weeks a work which many a man would be proud to achieve in a lifetime. He has written two small, but important works, delivered something like twenty lectures, or orations rather, and the universal testimony of friends and foes of Liberalism is, that no speeches ever given on this coast have equalled them for scope, power, and eloquence.

"Pouring forth the tale of his own trials, temptations, falls, and efforts to rise again, he has carried conviction to many an obdurate heart that there cometh much good out of every Nazareth, but especially out of Imperial ROSICRUCIA! Many a narrow-minded bigot who listened to him, at first under protest, has had his soul expanded, and openly declares, 'Where I was blind before, now I see!' He was some little time in gaining a foothold; but did it. Large-hearted, condemning none, speaking well of all, and speaking just the needed words to all, his rooms and places of resort became daily a crowded levee, where, as he felt their needs, he dispensed intellectual, moral, and material healing to those who asked for it. Pecuniary success rained in upon him. Friendships clustered warm around him, yet, strange to say, when everything that makes life pleasant was being lavishly offered him, he electrified us by telling us that he had received commands to depart! Refusing money (the writer is cognizant of sums having been offered him varying from twenty to two hundred dollars, and in one case thousands of dollars) with the words, 'I am a Rosicrucian, and cannot accept money; keep it. All I want will come as I need it;' untwining the daily deepening associations forming to keep him here; putting back fraternal love strong as that of woman's heart — with tears in his eyes, sorrow in his heart, he has gone on a journey of over thirty thousand miles, for two years in strange lands among inhospitable solitudes. *And all for an idea.* He went to seek more light, who was already universal in knowledge, and beyond all rivalry the first, best, and most clear-viewing seer and clairvoyant on the globe.

"Let no one hereafter condemn P. B. Randolph. *He is* a self-sacrificing, grand, moral hero! God bless you, Paschal! And hundreds now, and thousands hereafter, will echo the benediction. You have commenced a work here that is already assured of immortality, and let it comfort you in all your wanderings that through you, 'Try,' the motto of every Rosi-

crucian, will have a power, a moral and mental influence never before possessed by word of angel or mortal utterance."

He has not yet finished his literary labors, but is already engaged upon a massive work called "THE BOOK OF ROSICRUCIA," written at the instance of the Supreme Grand Lodges of the Order in America, Europe, and Asia.

When ready, the world will be informed of the fact.

Toil on, O genius rare! Toil on! brave thinker! Bow low thy head before the mighty thoughts which crowd upon thee — great rocks, though they be — from out the Temple of Infinite Thought. Toil on! thou knowest not why! Yet thou rearest here, and now, the Dome of thought of the great hereafter of the world! What matter the mad ravings of the multitude to thee? They yet — those others who come after — shall build monuments on thy footprints, and use as text-books thy works in ROSICRUCIA'S glorious temples of the YET TO BE!

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Jan., 1870.

CHAPTER I.

WHY? IS THERE ANY GOD? — ARE SOULS CREATED HERE? — CERTAIN VERY IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

I AM moved to write concerning the natural, spiritual, and celestial universes as they have never been written of before. Before doing so, I am led to exclaim: Thank God for death! and thank him for the life beyond the gloomy sea! Because *there* is rest for the weary, — for even tired me! If the agony protracted called life, that most of us who think, and, thinking, feel, endure on earth, was *all*, then, indeed, existence were an awful tragedy, and terrible beyond all bearing, the universe a graveyard, and the ruling God a most bitter and malignant fiend. But it is *not all;* it — the life on the lower globe — is but the A B C of human existence; and this fact — however it may, by some, be disputed — is not merely to the few learned a simple logical postulate, — to them an axiomatical truth, — but it is one capable of absolute and unequivocal demonstration, in a thousand ways, to *all* mankind; for it is above all others, *the* one great thing in which *all* mankind are deeply interested. Hence, whatever, or whoever, throws light thereon, does a deed, that of necessity endears him and his labor to the world of human beings, who yet grope and grovel through the dark and glimmer, toward the great unknown Beyond.

Compared to this question of human continuance, after the grim spectre's visit, all other questions and matters are trivial; and albeit the rich man laughs at the poor philosopher, who demonstrates immortality, yet the day comes when he would gladly give all his wealth for one little ray of the seer's certain knowledge.

Let me ask: What are all the honors earth can heap upon us? What all the glittering triumphs human genius can win? What all the brilliant homage a myriad potentates might accord? What

are all gleaming riches, troublesome joys, and half-sided loves of earth — a taste — then death — actually worth to us, if they are to be, as they mainly are, bought with groans, tears, and heart-wrung agonies, and, after a brief enjoyment, to be lost — *forever?* What matters this splendid Morning of Intellect, if the inevitable Night brings us but eternal Sleep?

It is proposed in this book, not only to reply to all these, and very many more similar questions, but to break ground in several new directions; and, in presenting some of what will be regarded its extraordinary statements to the people, no one can be more alive to the consequences than the writer hereof.

Suffice it to say that the work has been gestating in my soul for long years. Independent of what is popularly known as spiritual ism, I have been a seer from childhood, the record of which seer-ship has been long before the world. My mother was a seer before me, and I have been a clairvoyant by spontaneity since my fourth year; and that power has been quickened by mesmeric induction all along the bitter years, and intensified since the exciting advent of the modern *Theurgia*. Experiences, visions, supernal intercourse, in all four quarters of the globe; and hundreds of intromissions into the worlds of disbodied, unearthed peoples; and mental notes, then, thus and there taken, and subsequently committed to paper, are the authorities for what hereinafter follows. The intent to present portions of what I had thus learned to the world was resolved on four years ago, two of which were spent in Louisiana, and places thereaway, where, for weeks together, I was obliged to sleep with pistols in my bed, because the assassins were abroad and red-handed Murder skulked and hovered round my door. Daily threats of summary strangling seasoned many of my meals, while writing out the first edition of this revelation, the offence being that, under the orders of my Country's officers, I taught some thousands of "negroes" — black and white too, — the sublime arts of reading and penmanship. And yet the work laid out was accomplished then, — finished now. I bequeath it to the ages; dedicate it to all struggling souls, — among whom are a few, — very few, who really *knew*, and hence loved me. God bless them all! Thus much prefatorial, except to add that the entire work has been wholly revised, corrected, and portions re-written. Much entirely new matter has been added. It stands

my darling, and master-piece. I give it to the world, which world will, perhaps, appreciate and value it, when I am dead, — and my spirit, freed from the tempest of the passions, which always enveloped me, shall be basking on the green, flowery banks of AIDENN, in the realm of souls, just beyond the surging seas of life, — if not before. Till then I can wait.

Now when we gaze about us, with all our senses in health and active play, and realize how very small we are, how insignificant, in comparison with the enormous vastitude above, beneath, about, and beyond us; if we are really true men; if our souls — our better part — be not subservient to mere sense, mere surface; if we are free, not in the restricted, but the larger sense, — untainted by or with the filth and bitterness of the past; if we shall have bursted our chrysalis shell, and tasted a few drops of the honeyed nectar of the true soul-life, the upper existence, here below, — we cannot help believing that all we see, feel, and know to be around and above us, is, after all, something *more* than the result of mere accident or fortuitous chance. He who *can* believe the monstrous negation implied, is not a *man*, is, in fact, as great a monstrosity as the cold negation he dares to affirm. On the contrary, we must and do realize, if we think at all, that we live in the midst of one tremendous, stupendous miracle, and that we are ourselves, singly and combined, another no less wondrous miracle, — none the less mysterious, awful and sublime, both by reason of our comparative tininess, and the magnificent possibilities wrapped up within us, and which we instinctively feel capable of achieving, — openly demonstrating in the face of heaven, earth, and the glorious God, whom we cannot help acknowledging and adoring. True, in moments of intellectual pride, or vanity, the result of bad begetting and worse culture, we may — some fools of us — scout, and laugh "ha, ha," at the idea of a central, creating, self-existent, and all-sustaining Power; and we may call God an "Idea," laugh at his supposed "Personality," ridicule all theology, snap our fingers at Brahma, Siva, Vishnu, Buddha, Mahommed, the Nazarene, and all the other countless avatars and God-incarnations, so thought, called, and believed, by myriads of our human earth-born race, and in some sense be partly, if not wholly, justified in so doing. And yet again we cannot help feeling that although these accounts are man's feeble attempts to reach solutions of the great mystery

around us, yet, and still there *must* be a substratum somewhere; and then we learn to respect these beliefs even if we refuse to adopt them; no longer sneer at Christ or Brahma, but try to reach a new road to the great goal we long to gain.

The fact is there are no atheists *at heart*. All men believe in God to a greater or less extent; and while no two persons exactly agree, yet few will, if sane, deny *in toto* the existence of a great Over-soul, — a super-ruling power, called, variously GOD, AUM, BRAHM, ALLAH, JEHOVAH, or CREATOR; for the evidences are so numerous and palpable that few can gainsay them. While most all men admit that God exists, there are various opinions and much hostility respecting Jesus Christ, — many affirming and more denying his divinity. I object to all quarrels on this point. It matters not to me whether Jesus was a myth, a divinely commissioned seraph, a great and good reformer, or a real avatar; I adore the CHARACTER whether it be real or ideal — and that ideal, never surpassed, is not the dead and resurrected young man of Bethlehem, of nearly nineteen hundred years ago; it matters not whether the crucified man was divinely fathered, or the son of Joseph the carpenter, — a priest's offspring, a Magdalen's child, the chieftain of a new sect, — as is variously asserted; for the spirit of the character is the real Christ, the road to Glory, the avenue to Peace, Quiet, Good and Rest. It is folly to raise questions about the individual Jesus; for, real or mythical, the example reputed to be of him is unquestionably magnificent. He who follows it will live right, and, dying, be far from wrong. Why trouble ourselves with Strauss and the cavillers; Fuerbach or Compte, Renan or "Ecce Homo," "Homo-Deus" or "Deus-Homo"? The Christ of my soul, my inmost selfhood — the thing within me, deathless — is the universal Spirit of Good, hovering over us and bathing the universe, into which I seek to plunge myself, be washed clean, and made pure. Viewing Christ and God from a purely orthodox standpoint, my belief in either is not strong; but viewed from this, the summit of the ages, both, to me, are the sublimest of realities.

We are told by one set of reasoners, that God and Nature are one. I do not believe it, neither does my soul accept the view, that regards Deity as the tyrant, vengeful being who sits enthroned upon the pinnacle of the universe, and rains down blessings on one hand and hurls indiscriminate damnation on the other. We

are told that God is heat, and life, and light, and electricity, — which may be true; but, if so, that view is only partial, for he is all that and far more. We are told that he is an active power, manifesting himself in growth, change, electrically, chemically, magnetically, mechanically, spiritually, and in other modes, — all of which is true; and yet one-half the great story has not then been told. Our Father is not a tyrant; he has a throne; he is surrounded by angels; he is central, located, yet ubiquitous. He is like man in one respect. Man's spirit and intelligence pervade his body; but his centre, or pivot, is in the largest brain. Just so is God abroad through his body, — the universal system of Nature; but that Nature has a centre, the universe has a sensorium, and there, at that point, of which more by and by, God exists. Zerdusht says: A winged globe: when the soul was created it had wings. They fell away when it descended from its native element; and cannot return till they are regained. How? By sprinkling them with the waters of life! Where are they, these waters? In the gardens of God. How are they to be reached? By following God, when he pays his daily visit to the soul. Now, there is a great deal in this riddle of Zoroaster. I shall solve it presently; for it is a solemn thing, albeit we laugh all gods to utter scorn, that are modelled after us. We tell Ashtoreth and Astarte that they are eternally dead; while Dagon, Bel, and fifty other gods do but excite our derision and contempt; nor have we too much respect for PAN, or any other of that numerous family; for only the "Great Positive Mind" of the Harmonialists satisfies our yearnings, or answers the soul's demand for a God.

Morell tells us that we cannot divest our mind of the belief that there is something positive in the glance which the human soul casts upon the world of infinity and eternity; that there is a goal, a point of points, in short, a conscious God; and we believe Morell; yet, while doing so, are startled by Sir William Hamilton's "Man can have no knowledge of the Infinite God." I do not agree with Hamilton. Calderwood says: "There can be no image of the Infinite." This may not be entirely true. Sometimes there arise to the surface certain primary beliefs, theretofore lying *perdu* in the deeps of the soul; and an invincible conviction of God's existence is the strongest of these. It is strange that philosophers cannot see that *two*, nay, *three* universes exist, one of which —

the Material — is but the projected shadow of the other — the Spiritual — and hence is negatived by it; for which reason it will be forever impossible for the material, cognizing faculties to grasp that which environs and stretches so immeasurably above it. Years ago, I did not dream that time and sorrow and deep trouble and constant yearning would develop a faculty whose functions should be that of knowing God, just as that of numbers, — starting from a 1, 2, 3, my boy, and 5 and 5 are 10, my girl, presently deals with the calculus, differential and integral, skips to fluxions, and then measures interstellar spaces and weighs the worlds of farther heaven. I know this to be true. I used to believe that not till we were dead and begun to "be" and move in another state, could we know the mysteries, God, time, soul, space! That here, at best, we are only vouchsafed imperfect glimpses thereof, during certain peculiar conditions inducible by mesmerism and drugs of various kinds. But these views are changed. There is now developing in many persons a new or God-knowing faculty; and one of its first revelations to us is, that God is not Panthea or Nature, for that is only his vehicle; that he is not a being of infinite extension, but infinitely intelligent, qualitatively and quantitatively. This we know by faith alone, which declares *that* God is; while the new power tells us *what* he is.

The fleet of stars now sailing down the deep; the storm-fiend, lightning-crowned, striding forth to ruin and destroy; the nebulous clusters around the galactic poles, do not proclaim God's being half so solemnly as does this little faculty of the soul, that whispers us, in the midst of the rush and whirl of life, that God lives and *is;* that the great AUM, the LORD of lords, has a being, actual, personal, though impersonal; central, yet circumvolving; effulgent, glorious, — the Sunshine of Eternal Universes, — yet the densest Shadow that exists, — the clearest light, yet most unfathomable mystery! God is afar off us all, yet ever near at hand.

And this organ, this God-knowing faculty, or power or quality of the mind assures us that we — all we are — all our faculties and actions, are weighed in the scales of the great ETERNE.

Aware that physical death is inevitable, the wise man in whom it begins to operate, avails himself of every opportunity to learn; he hesitates not to question all things, to challenge all conclusions; demanding the proofs at every step of his great life-induction,

even at the risk of being wrongly understood as I have been, and denounced accordingly. But no *true* man will flinch from duty on *that* account. He ought not, will not, suffer his soul to be warped from her true purposes, knowing that ignorance, cupidity, and lust of power are the baleful trio of this present civilization. He suffers and grows strong; his new faculty having taught him that the human soul is in reality an emanation from DEITY, — the august GOD, and that to it he has imparted original and essential knowledge, the organs of which are so many windows for his multitudinous outlooks upon the vast sea, whereon floats all matter, with its accidents, like so many tiny shallops on the calm bosom of a silver-breasted lake!

However earnestly a number of men may accept or believe a thing, doctrine, dogma, or system, it by no means follows that they believe the truth; but when universal Man not only assents to, but in some form affirms, the existence of a God supreme, their conceptions may *not* be correct, but it is certain that there must be a ground for their belief, — a God somewhere in the universe.

Let us reflect but one moment, as, admitting the idleness of all these avatar dreams of past ages, we take a look at the vast machine, — the universe, — a mere speck of which we are ourselves, and all our doubts will vanish, as do vapors before the mountain blast, or suddenly uprisen sun; for the proofs of God's existence do not come singly, or weakly, but rush in mighty, resistless armies, upon our half reluctant souls; sweeping all our doubts away like straws before the gale! True, we may not be able to satisfactorily locate or personify Deity, but cannot help admitting the existence of a great and mysterious power, in constant action, and which, for want of a better term, we call God.

When a man has thus pondered, and attained this grand conviction, true happiness and true progress have begun. He is serene now, and calm. He has learned that the soul is the mirror of the universe, standing in relationship to all living things; that she is illuminated by an inward light that flows through this new organ; but the tempests of the passions, the multitude of sensual impressions, the dissipations, darken the light, whose glory only diffuses itself when it burns alone, and all is peace and harmony within.

When we know ourselves to be separated from all outward influences, and desire only to be guided by this universal light, then only do we find in ourselves pure and certain knowledge. Purity of Purpose, Will, and Deed, are the keys which unlock the gates of Power, which is Knowledge. In the state of concentration which follows, when we resolve to be truly good, the soul can analyze all objects, things, and subjects on which its attention may rest; and it can unite itself with them, penetrate their substance, explore, untrammelled, all mysteries, even unto God himself, — so know more of him than hath yet been known, and become master of all important truths beside.

Love is the touchstone of knowledge; but to be pure, it must be universal, and embrace all God's creatures in heaven, on earth, and in the worlds around us. All efforts of the true God-student are not to be confined to studies of former writings about Deity, but to elevate and purify himself. His path will be thorny, his road very rough; but, although he suffers, the guerdon is certain, for so shall the gates of glory be opened unto him, and he be put in possession of the sacred key. I, therefore, announce a new truth, — not original with me, but handed down the ages from the peerless lips of Christ himself, but heretofore not well understood. And that truth is, that God is, *in one sense*, a CONDITION of existence. "I and my Father are one," said Jesus. Why? How? I reply: It has been said that the universe is dual, or material and spiritual. I believe it to be triplicate, — Material, Spiritual, and Deific, and that a man can become so perfectly good and pure as to be in a material body, leading a spiritual life, and immersed in God at the same time; not as the Buddhists have it, or the churches either, but at perfect union with the great Soul of the universe, even while living in this valley of Unrest and Shadow. Life is the vehicle of soul, soul the vehicle of God. Man is a dual mind: with the outer he knows all the things of matter, its accidents and incidents; with the inner, he cognizes that which is disparated from matter, or spiritual things; and with this inner power refined and clarified, he is able to cognize the Great Supreme, — to cast a bridge across the gulf of death, and land him safely on the further side. Hence, I do not believe in a distant God, or a Christ nineteen hundred years off, but in an ever-present Creator, and an ever-present Way. Christ is to me more than a

myth or a fancy. He is more of God than all others; and when he says to me, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest," it means life to me; and when I go on the wings of prayer, I fly back with a blessing. I wish there was more of Christ in the churches, and that those who profess, also possessed him, and were immersed in that sea of love which I call the God-condition, and which I believe will be the state of all good men by and by. I believe in God more than some Spiritualists, more than some Christians; hence am not a party-man or sectarian, because I believe that my soul is filled with the divine truth of a new era in Religion, and I announce it to the world. Let us now inquire what the Deity is, and where? in all humility and trust. I hold the universe to be triplicate, — that is to say, Material, Spiritual, and Deific, — each an octave above the other.

First. We know that all the suns and worlds of space could be crowded into a very small corner of the vast expanse around us; we also know that matter is impermanent, fleeting, changeful, and therefore must have had, if not an absolute commencement, at least a beginning in the form in which we see and know it; and that it is everywhere subservient to Mind — the Supreme Mind.

Second. We know that the direct flight of matter is toward spirit; that is, toward refinement, rarefaction, spiritual, essential, aromal conditions.

Third. Mind is like spirit and matter, graded; and we ascend from the Bushman of Africa to the loftiest genius that ever lived, — each ascending grade being one step nearer the Archetype, the Creator, the Supreme. Now, a human mind is restless; its law, expansion; hence it must, if immortal, one day reach an intellectual altitude, God-like and grand, and yet can never reach the absolute, because *it* is limited, *that* is boundless. Its development is in lines and curves. God is fulness, absolute completeness. Mind finds its field in nature, but the unconditioned God filtrates nature, hence cannot be contained wholly within that sphere; and, therefore, the soul that seeks God must climb the sky, sweep through the brotherhoods and hierarchies, and challenge the great Beyond for an answer to its great question, "What is Deity?" I have already defined God as the brain of the universe, and its

soul; but he is divinely more than that, for he is the centre, and pervades, by his aura, which is life, embracing law and principles, the vast domains of existence.

The material universe is bounded, limited, circumscribed, and circumvolved, or surrounded, by a vast and almost inconceivable ocean of Spirit, and on the breast of that vast sea are cushioned the ethereal belts, zones, and worlds, as are also the material constellations. The material zones of constellations revolve within corresponding spiritual or ethereal zones or belts, on all sides of the spaces, — seven of them; and in the midst of this space, equi-distant from each of the seven, embracing alike the material and ethereal zones, belts, rings, universes and constellations, — in the profound and awful deeps of Distance, — is a Third Universe of universes, — and this is the Vortex, the centre, — the dwelling-place of Power, the seat of Force, the fountain of all Energy, — the unimaginable dwelling-place of the great I AM, — the supercelestial throne of the ever-living God! Alone? No! The purified souls of the myriads of dead centuries are there, contemplar, but not co-equal Gods. He is there — in HUMAN FORM, but not in human shape. Here concentrate, at one point, the quintessence of all within the entire family of universes. God is not Panthea, Jehovah, Aum, Brahm, Allah, Jove. He is self-conscious. Not heat or motion, but the soul of these; not light, or life, or electricity, but *their* life. Not spirit or soul, but souls' and spirits' crystallization. Not intelligence, but its concentration, its refinement, its last and final stage. Not music, or form, or tone, or beauty, but their infinite and last sublimation, — an auroral Sun of suns, ever-moving, from whose negative radiations convolving nebulæ are formed, — themselves the prolific parents of immeasurable galaxies, not of stars, but of astral systems. And this God was never wholly incarnate, yet pulsed through many an avatar — filled the hearts of many a Christ, and will till time shall be no more. Hence it follows that no soul — for souls are incarnate rays from God — ever was, or can be, wholly lost; and again, that no antagonistic power can exist within the domain, lit up by rays from his grand Deific Brain. And this is the mysterious God I worship; and he is whom Jesus proclaimed, and adored, and whose rays soften the most obdurate heart, and not unfrequently transforms Christians into followers of the glorious religion of Jesus Christ, — the most

perfect that this world has ever yet developed or produced. This God lives, moves, sleeps not — loves ALL. He it is that springs the wires of the Ages, and ordains the drama of the centuries. To him I pray, when all the world is hostile, and bigots rave and persecute. He it is, who tells me, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute and revile you falsely for my sake." And so I rely on him, and say, let the storm come down; God rules and reigns; all will yet be well. He is here, there, everywhere; in the bending heavens, and in everything that lives, moves, and hath a being. He protects and loves us all, and favors us by special Providence through angelic proxies when we do right — which is his will. He hears our prayers, and if we pray well, will answer them. He lives and loves, rules and governs. He gave us Christ and Courage, Hope and Faith; therefore we will trust him, for "He doeth all things well."

Here then, we have taken the first step onward; we have joined the primary classes; we have taken the first degree, and become entered apprentices in the infinite GRAND LODGE! and we realize, concerning God, the magnificent significance of Emerson's sublime conception of "Brahma":

"They reckon ill who leave Me out
When Me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the Doubter, — and the doubt; —
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

We have reached a faint view of the fact that a bridge extends from us to God, connecting the two ends of the vast creation. Of course, before we know about this bridge, its nature, construction, and extension, we must know something about its either end, — man on the hither; nature, the stream it crosses; and God at the further side, in whose centre are anchored the eternal cables that sustain the mighty superstructure.

Now our primary doubts are solved; now that we can no longer drift upon a shoreless sea of unbelief; now that we are certain of an under, circumvolving and Over Soul, maugre all our inability to define or have a clear conception thereof, — we begin the work of introspection; and this indicates the soul's real thirst for knowledge; for from the moment we begin to look within, as well as without, in that same moment we commence to ask a series of questions, each for him or herself. "What am I? Whither go-

ing? Whence? I came hither through the narrow channel of mortal birth: but from where? Did I originate in the dear mothers' breast? — Her and my father's bodies? Or came I by that road from some other unknown country, afar off in the azure? Who knows? Are man's and woman's physical organs capable of elaborating soul? Or is the metempsychosis true? And if true, where was the starting-point?"

"One thing I know, and that is: Presently I shall stop breathing; and what then? Ah! there's the rub! Where then? and how am I to get there? and when there, what am I to do? Here I live by eating, drinking, sleeping, and being clad; but when I am dead how am I to exist? how am I to breathe without lungs, digest without a stomach, keep warm without blood and a heart to pump it through me? How am I to live without eating; and how can I eat without teeth, tongue, jaws, saliva, and appetite? How am I to hear without ears, see without eyes, feel without nerves, move without limbs, or think without a brain? for when dead I certainly know that all the organs perish, and all their functions cease!" And so the man asks countless questions to some of the surface ones of which he reads appropriate answers in the psychological literature of the age; but no matter how satisfactory these may be in a rational point of view, they do not, and never can, thoroughly quench his soul's great thirst. He wants to *see* and *know* for himself, and will not sleep contentedly till rocked in the cradle of personal certainty, derivable only from individual and home experience. But there are some questions, thus asked, to which no response comes, either from without or within; and then down we go into a sort of Bunyanian slough of despond situated in the valley of Unrest, and surrounded by as many destroying angels and tempting devils as Milton's imaginary hell was supposed capable of vomiting forth. Yet, in that same valley, rare and precious gems abound. It is Sinbad's diamond mine; It is the philosophical well of Zem Zem! Truth lies at the bottom thereof, and whoever wants her must dive deeply, because she steadily refuses to be coaxed up, frightened, or fished out. Your true student undergoes two mental processes simultaneously; he gives off and takes on; for, like the earth, he has a double motion, centripetal and centrifugal, — nay, three; for he is continually changing his poles, and altering the plane of his

mental evolution to the great line of the intellectual and moral ecliptic. Truth is like yeast in flour; the more a soul has the higher it rises. The true student gathers in and casts off; learns, and learns to unlearn; and imperceptibly becomes a new man before he is well aware of his change of grooves. There are, however, some natures that while ever ready to accept new-found truth, yet cling like barnacles to old error. They insist on harmonizing incompatibilities; tying Noah to spirit rappings, Moses to John Brown, and Confucius to the present century,— neither of which is possible, else progress is a lie! Why? Because Christianity is older than Christ, and Truth is newer than the last book written on it. Error is protean; experience is kaleidoscopic. You seldom see the same figure twice successively, and must have a good memory to know whether you have seen it before, for the reason that seers differ in their accounts of things seen, — a natural consequence of diverse organizations; innumerable sects have arisen, all of which are far more intent upon making a good fight with each other, than of getting to "heaven." Religion is their "battle cry," and nothing more. Fences are in vogue to-day; and fences are a fallacy so far as the moral life is concerned. "He that believeth (as I do) shall be saved; but he that believeth not (as I do) shall be damned." "Baptidzo et Baptizo! get on board of Paul's boat!" cries the Rev. Dr. Dry-as-dust. "Get thee hither, friend, *we* will conduct thee to the Ark of Safety!" says Goodman Broadbrim. "Shout along the way to Zion," sings out Brother Dove, *with claws and eagle bill.* "Hear the truth rapped out on my table!" says a Spiritualist, in all honesty. "Oh, that's all nonsense! I believe in the Book of Mormon!" yells another. "There's no hell," says the next; "Or heaven!" screams his neighbor. *Pourquoi?* Simply because *all* fences are bad; and that's the way God takes to tear them down.

One life, one origin, one God, one destiny, one religion, one humanity, is the universal (coming) creed.

You can't get stout or strong by proxy, either in soul or body. You must eat and drink to that end. Go down into the valley; dig for yourself; quench your own thirst at the pool; and then, refreshed, up, up and away toward the green fields of the true Eden, where grow the trees of life and knowledge, and there pluck flowers and weave chaplets for your own brows, — self-crowned, or

not at all! God helps him who helps himself! and he who does it not will wither and decay; for ever souls grow thin and slim, or else wax fat and strong.

In what else than self-effort *can* redemption consist? Not from original sin — for *that's* a long way off, somewhere among the first people that existed on the first earths of the univercœlum, five hundred million ages ago! — but from intellectual and moral puerility! Conceded. Well, then, let the motto be "Excelsior!" "Try!"

The present, above all others, is pre-eminently the era of question-asking. We all want to probe the unknown, and scan the unsearched; and that, too, despite the mimic thunder that forbids us, and declares certain mysteries to be altogether past finding out. Especially is it true that men are questioning the hitherto settled dicta of churches concerning our post-mortem existence and status after death. It is too late in the day for us to rest satisfied with the meagre revelations of printed script handed down through the dusty stairs of ages past.

We rebel against the vague generalities that passed current "lang syne." They are too crude for these times; for the said times have changed, lately; and even the cannibals no longer eat the missionaries — *raw;* they cook them, and serve you up a *potage au tete de missionaire* with *sauce piquante*, in fine style; being quite *au fait* in cooking those sent out to cook them. In these days missionary soup, of various kinds, greets all visitors to the Society Islands, just as we cook each other in a different manner. Now if the subjects of "The King of the Cannibal Islands" have advanced to a perception and appreciation of the mageric art, so have we in others. We do not, by any means, believe so strongly in what the Reverend John Smith says from his pulpit, for we go to sleep long before he reaches fifteenthly; and care but little either for his poundings of the cushion, or expoundings of the Scripture. Existence is too practical in these days. He cannot so easily impound our reason, souls or dollars, — the last being his great aim, and for the which he was originally "called." Aristotle and Bacon are united in these days, and we get at truth by the "high priori," as well as other roads. Refusing to be conducted toward truth, by the deductive or inductive paths alone, we very frequently leave earth altogether, and, while our

bodies are snugly blanketed, our souls are comfortably taking notes among the distant constellations. In these days not one of the multitude of reasons formerly assigned as triumphantly sustaining the dogma of human immortality will do. Long ago it required proofs of a different mould than Plato's reasonings, or the *olla podridas* offered from the pulpits, to convince people of mind of the fact of immortality; and it is only just now that these proofs have come along. It is proposed in this work to present a few of these better reasons.

If twenty men see an object which they all describe alike, you may take it for granted that such an object really exists. Well; not twenty, but five hundred thousand individuals, within these twenty last past years, have unitedly borne testimony to the fact of the existence of a spiritual world, and we must accept, because it is impossible to gainsay or impugn their evidence.

If man had made half as long and earnest efforts to harmonize contending interests and factions as he has to fathom the abyss, — master his ignorance of what lies beyond his natural or external range of vision, — the millenial epoch had long since come. His fault has been that his efforts have either been partial, wrongly directed, or he has relied on men who claimed a great deal too much knowledge regarding things supernal and celestial.

At length the civilized world has grown tired of the weary, weary A's, and the barren, barren B's, stale stuff and mouldy, upon which it has fed, and lo! the supply comes to meet the demand; seers are born, lucids discovered, the veil torn away, and light, from what has been called the region of darkness, begins to flow in, for it is most unquestionably true that —

"Sometimes the aerial synods bend,
And the mighty choirs descend;
And the brains of men thenceforth
Teem with unaccustomed thoughts."

Characters abound, to whom are ascribed strange powers of a spiritual nature, and the concurrent testimony of all such, is that a spiritual country really exists, whence messengers not infrequently journey hitherward. All this the great world knows, but beyond that point it has gone but a very little way.

Spiritualism, in its advent, has been *iconoclastic*, and not a few sturdy blows has it struck at the cherished images of the past. That

was *its* puerile side and mission. Now rises Clairvoyance to the task of eclectic sifting; thence to a positive career of building Moses and Aaron, Joshua and Jairam get fewer thwacks now, at the tongues of mediums and eolists, than awhile since, and clairvoyants claim a hearing.

We are tired of negations, sick of rose-water, full to satiety of optimism, and long for a little change in our mental diet, and the sense of these facts.

It is a very noticeable fact that even among the vast army of Spiritualists but few positive opinions exist concerning the actuality and substantiality of the spiritual world. They accept the notion generally, but have not, as a body, any very clear conceptions of what spirit is, or where spirits dwell. During the first four years of modern spiritual manifestations there was a great deal of inquiry and speculation on these points; but it gradually died out, and men seemed to have lost sight of the very points that ought to have claimed most of their attention. They have claimed their system to be the best the world ever yet saw, and that it really accomplishes more for the true interests of the human race than any other that ever existed; but this claim is derided by nearly every church in Christendom, for it is commonly asked of Spiritualists, "If your system is so very perfect and superior to all others, why is it that a higher and purer tone of morals and religion does not exist among you? Where are your free and open-handed charities? How happens it that you allow your very ministers — your media — to almost starve to death? Why, if your system is so perfect, is there so much scandal, backbiting, slander, and bitterness in your ranks? And why has not your system, by its powerful influence upon the *practical lives* of its votaries, convinced mankind of its superlative excellence beyond all others?" Now I do not pretend to universal wisdom, nor to be able to render a just verdict in the case; but it seems to me that no system, in its infancy, can be expected to exhibit as great perfection as those that have been ripened by time. That Spiritualism has given an intellectual *filip* to the age is conceded on all hands; and that it will presently wear off its angles, corners, sharp points, and crudities, is equally certain. The mission of Spiritualism, in my judgment, has hitherto been that of an eyeglass, enabling all men to see God's Truth more clearly.

CHAPTER II.

WHY IS MAN IMMORTAL? — THE REPLY — SINGULAR PROOFS — INVISIBLE PEOPLE — "RELIGION" THE LIVER — WHAT IS GOD? — THE ANSWER — THE EXACT LOCALITY OF HELL — WHITE-BLOODED PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE — AN ASTOUNDING PROPHECY.

Suppose that you, the reader, should take it into your head to ask the writer certain questions; if the latter was competent to answer them, the former would have the right of testing the soundness of the replies by the rules of the best logic extant. Before entering on the great task that lies before him, therefore, he, the writer, proposes to submit himself and the cause he advocates to such a test and trial.

Then let it be understood that the questioner, throughout, represents the skeptical world; and that he, conceding nothing as granted, demands *all*, — like Shylock, must have his full due. Thus we shall be able to do something more than "guess at truth."

Premising that I will not attempt to fully solve the problem "What, where, and who is God?" because I cannot do it, although believing in his existence, I — trusting to be excused for the third time using the personal pronoun — say to the disbeliever, "Ask on!"

Question. — "You proclaim human immortality; I for the sake of learning, deny it, and demand the logical reasons of your belief in that mysterious dogma."

Response. — I believe in human immortality because: —

1. The great majority of human kind, in every clime and age, and under all varieties of creeds, condition, and faith, believe it; and it is impossible for a faith so widely spread not to be founded on a truth.

2. Because all human history is replete with testimony affirming the reappearance on earth of persons known to be dead. Information unknown to the living has, in millions of instances. been imparted by such reappearing persons to the living, or rather the embodied.

Question.—"But how do you know, supposing these appearances are not mere phasmas, that they are disbodied men and women?"

3. Because things that resemble each other in all respects must be of the same species. These disbodied people look like us, claim to be of us; they love us, hate us, deceive us, caution, warn and protect us, and in all respects are like us; some being wise, and some otherwise.

Question.—"How, supposing we admit them to be human, do you know but that they are from other worlds, and not from this? Why may there not be those who know all that we know of ourselves, and who amuse themselves at our expense?"

4. (*a.*) We know these people to be human, because of all known creation man is the only one that can *lie*. They *do* sometimes tell fibs; *ergo*, we pronounce them human, and if one of these ethereal people deceives us, it proves that immortality is *not* the result of the operation of either intellectual or moral, but of some other law or laws.

(*b.*) No two things in nature are precisely alike. We have no reason to believe that there exists another world exactly like this; nor that the people of those worlds resemble us in all respects.

(*c.*) No adequate motive (and man everywhere, must act from motives) exists for the denizens of other worlds either to deceive us or to make themselves so familiar with the minutiæ of our affairs, as do these, our ethereal visitants.

Question.—"But these visitants are spiritual and therefore invisible; now how is it possible they can be human?"

5. You cannot see air, gas, or clear glass, yet all these are gross and heavy. *You cannot even see a man!* We are just as intangible before, as after death. You see his coat, his skin, blood, bones, nerves, brain; *his* qualities and properties all the time, but not himself. Spirit forever eludes physical sight, save under extraordinary conditions, quite exceptional to the rule. We universally speak of "my body." Because we instinctively know that the body is not us. No man ever *saw* another, for the reason that man himself resides in sealed chambers in the brain. The body is his general organ, his nerves the feelers, and his eyes the windows through which he knows the outer world. It is no argument against immortality that souls are unseeable; for we cannot *see* the

essence of anything whatever; and at best can become only partially acquainted with anything.

Question. — "I have heard that immortality resulted only from a strong belief in the Christian creed! Is faith essential to it?"

6. God created *all* men, we are taught. He must love all men equally well. All men resemble each other, and all differences between persons or races are in degree only, for all are subject to the one great law of nature; hence Carlyle and Quashee are on a par, so far as natural law is concerned; and if one man survives death and rises triumphant thereafter, that one fact guarantees the immortality of the entire human — strictly human — races; because the one man achieved it through a law, and all others that resemble him in what constitutes his humanity, must also, like him, be death-proof, so far as the real self-hood is concerned — the I — the self — the ego. All the trees, earth, water, vegetation, and animal life on the globe, are but so many stomachs digesting the crude material, and elaborating therefrom its finest essences, or unparticled matter. We have reason to believe that in man this chemical process reaches its ultimation; for if man's spirit was particled, the bullet that takes off his material leg or arm, would also carry off the correspondent ethereal limbs. Instead of which we constantly scratch our knees, albeit the physical leg lays buried in the garden, or adorns, in liquor, some surgeon's shelf. Our knee still itches, and still we scratch at the place where we once saw it! Well, if the knee or arm is not destroyed, save so far as flesh and blood are concerned, why you may dissect his lungs away; then his bowels, body, brain, and still the man remains intact, undissectable, undisturbed, uncut, — wholly none-get-atible. It is this invisible man that stalks about the streets with so many pounds of matter; and who, when at last he gets rid of his load, — at death, — takes pleasure-trips back to his old homestead, raps common sense into, and folly out of, our heads; points us to the long bridge that spans the eternal gulf that will forever separate the ethereal from the material worlds; brings to us the new gospel of love and heaven, as realities instead of dreams; prepares us for the pleasant journey; proclaims the extinguishment of hell, and the death of all the bugaboos; heralds the better time coming, soothes our sorrows; lifts up our bowed-down heads and hearts, robs death of its terrors, and the grave of its gloom!

7. I repeat the argument suggested in preceding lines of this work. A sailor, being bored by a parson, replied, "If I am to be born hard, live hard, fare on hard tack and salt junk; be kicked and buffeted about by bad captains and worse mates; sleep on the soft side of an oak plank; dream the devil has got me in his clutches, or that Bill Marlinspike has just cut sticks with my wife and kids; wake up in a nor'-wester; get shipwrecked on the Tongo Islands; help eat the ship's carpenter made into soup, and then die and go to hell at last, it is what I call par-tic-u-lar-ly hard, if not more so!" So I think, too. The sailor's plea is backed by sound philosophy. There is no satisfaction on this side of the grave! Not one of us realizes our anticipations; joy escapes us ere we have tasted its promising cup; love centres round self, and is finally summed up as a pleasant dream. Knowledge but whets our appetite for more, and that more must be dived for in the dark.

Ambition is a cancer that eats out our hearts, and wealth turns us into vinegar before our time.

Religion! I mean the popular party, — mutual-admiration-society sort, — what is it, in presence of the revelations of psychical science? An excitement, mainly, — dependent on the size and state of the liver and spleen. Negroes have large livers and plenty of "religion." Now every one of man's countless faculties are susceptible of infinite expansion. We begin with, "Twice one are two; three times three are nine," and in a little while we begin to weigh the planets, and calculate the distances of the blazing suns of further space! And are we satisfied then? Is that the limit of the mathematical faculty? Verily I trow not! Life here on earth is all too brief and circumscribed, jammed in, impeded, and obstructed, to permit even half play, scope, and growth, to a single faculty or power of the mind! Can it be that this deathless thirst of the soul, these unutterable longings, are *never* to be satisfied? Are we never to take the quenching draught? I trow yes! else God and the Universe exist in vain.

Not here, but over yonder, across the deep, dark river will they be, — away yonder, glory be to Heaven's Lord, — the Peerless God of RIGHT, — where a man's bank-stock, coat, stature, money, and *color*, God's own signet on human brows — are not *sine qua non* to admission into the University! Apply this reasoning to all the

known faculties of the mind, — never forgetting that MAN is yet but an infant, and this only a baby-world, not yet done suckling at the teats of the Past; that hundreds of faculties and powers are yet to be unfolded; that probably months, if not years of centuries must pass before one half the latent man comes up and out, — one half the family of mental forces be grown even to puberty, — so to speak; apply it to all the known and possible passions, loves, ambitions; take even those we are familiar with, — and I will not insult your understanding, or linger on this point, — and it is impossible not to see that threescore years and ten may suffice for the "primer" development of many, but that even myriads of ages, at topmost speed of advancement will — ay, *must*, in the nature of things! — still find him a "Freshman," or at best a "Sophomore," in God's stupendous College! When, how, or where, he will graduate, if ever, I, at least, am not so presumptuous as to attempt to state or hazard even a conjecture. Sufficient for me to *know* that he *does* leave this planet, does find a new home, — houses not made with hands, in the starry heavens; and that he does go to school, and learn lessons far more important than any ever studied here.

Question. — "Sir, you say that we, by virtue of our organization *alone*, are destined to a life beyond the grave. Now, is that belief based upon your experience of modern spiritualism?"

Answer. — *No!* — *emphatically* No!

My knowledge of, not mere belief in, immortal life has not been derived from an experience of what purports to intercourse with disbodied men and women, through any kind or phase of the so-called spiritual manifestations. I am, at this writing of the first edition of this book, here in the carpenter shop of AUGUSTE LANDRY, in St. Martinsville, St. Martin's Parish, Louisiana, May 12th, 1866, over forty years of age. Twenty-five of those years have mainly been spent in the one single pursuit of knowledge on the subjects whereof I am now writing, — concerning Psychical Man. I have sought for this knowledge in twelve States of this Union; in France, Ireland, Scotland, England, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Central and Western America, Arabia, Mexico, and California.

I was born a Seer, and for many years have been more familiar with disbodied men and women, and their magnificent dwelling-

place across the river Death, — know more, far more, of their splendid worlds than I do of that which holds my suffering body, and still more suffering soul.

The conclusion I have reached as the total result of all my reading, investigation, hearsay, and actual personal experience, is, that intercourse between our own and the so-called world of spirits, — more properly, disbodied people, or ethereal men and women, — is, and for long ages has been, a fixed and indisputable fact, — most unequivocally demonstrated, in all lands, by all classes of minds, in a myriad ways; and so firmly established, rooted, grounded, as to be neither prevented, disproved, gainsaid, or denied, by any power on the earth, or off it.

If it be asked: Do all these ethereal people, when questioned, speak the truth? Can we trust, believe, rely upon what they tell us now, and have been reported to tell all along the ages? Then I should answer: All men, on earth, are not habituated to speak the truth, neither can they be supposed to do so simply because disrobed of flesh and blood. Habit is second nature, and it takes time to cure a liar, as it does the scrofula or cholera. There are chronic liars in both worlds; but then, a *well-proven* lie, once fastened on a spirit, demonstrates his existence quite as well as if he told the most glowing truth. It is the *teller* we want to fix, and not what he may happen to tell! Identity once proven, we need ask no more, for immortality is demonstrated.

We humans are like sponges, absorbent; we are chronically angular, and not a half-way perfect man or woman ever existed, perhaps never will, for the horizon expands and stretches away to the Ideal and Possible, as we ascend life's ragged, rugged mountains.

Soul, — which I define to be the Think-Part of us, — like a photo-plate, is susceptible to all sorts of impressions, impingements, lights and shades, and those that are chemically strongest affect us most and last the longest; for even now, in the 19th century, the vandal proclivities of our barbarian ancestors crop out, and we are held personally responsible for the sins of generations five hundred centuries dead and gone. Essentially pure, the better part of each of us gets crusted with "Evil," and experience is the mill that grinds them all away. The most delicate and sensitive maiden will soon become contaminated, and her fine moral

sense blunted, if exposed to the coarse and ribald society of the low and vulgar; and so, too, these last become refined by frequent contact with those already so. As a tree falls so it must lie until it decays or is removed; and as a man dies so is he until new influences acting upon, change him, gradually and *always* for the better; because no one *can* grow *worse* in the upper world, — the thing is a sheer impossibility, and for this reason: Laws there are the works of Wisdom; here they are the fungi of politics and party, prejudice and pretension, and have no more real justice in them than an egg has of prussiate of potash. All men's habits cling to them *in esse* when over on the other shore until outgrown. Hence it is not surprising that some of those who visit us from the other side prevaricate, lie outright, palm off their fancies for sober truths, frighten us, equivocate, and take us in after many ways and styles. Why is this? people ask; and to the question there are other replies than those above suggested, one of which is this: Disbodied, or rather ethereal people, of a lofty order, generally, but by no means universally, undoubtedly direct, in all essential respects, the great spiritual movement of the age. Individually, of course, there as here, such would scorn to tell wrong stories, and when wrong stories purporting to come from such *are* told, set them down to the score of the "Media," the imperfect channels through which the matter flowed; and for this reason alone one revelation of genuine clairvoyance outweighs in real value five hundred mediumistic ones.

I have had an extended personal experience of both, and to-day regard every hour of my clairvoyance with pride and soul-felt joy, but I turn with loathing and horror from the bare recollection even, of my "mediumship;" for each hour of clairvoyance was worth five years of mediumistic existence.

Yet a demonstration of immortality could never have been had without the aid of mediums. The grand object of the people on the further shore was to convince us of our absolute deathlessness, to do which they were compelled to avail themselves of all such means and agencies as have been in use since the grand movement began; and while mediumship fulfils its office in proving the fact of immortality, there its use is ended, for as a revelative power it is worthless; while just at that point the value of clairvoyance begins. The better class of disbodied people were

forced to employ proxies far lower than themselves, just as architects do hod-carriers and mortar-mixers, undoubtedly because such lower and grosser people are affinitively, perhaps electrically and magnetically, certainly chemically, nearer earth than themselves — hence better able to produce those sensational phenomena, which, while laughed at by the wise ones of the lands, nevertheless startled the world from its apathy, and utterly and forever revolutionized Mental Science, Philosophy, Theology, and Religion, — such oaks from little acorns grow!

The agency of the higher class of disbodied ones ceases with the demonstration of human existence beyond the grave, and whatever of lying and boasting that followed or follows thereafter, must be set down to the private account either of spiritual, or vain-glorious, or half-demented mediums.

These proxy-spirits, like others here, abound in gasconade, and are never so tickled and delighted as when obfuscating investigators by representing themselves to be whom they are not. Hence it happens quite often that asserted mothers cannot rap out or tell their maiden names, date of marriage, or the number of their own children; asserted fathers forget their own names; Cæsars are ignorant of Latin; Voltaire unable to answer questions propounded in French. It is just as if a gentleman were to give his unlettered gardener orders to show visitors certain flowers, rare and costly, for which said gardener, to show off, might invent all sorts of names and stories concerning the origin, use, and nature of, when, in fact, all he knew of them might consist in that he hoed, watered, and tended them for his patron, who of course could not be held responsible for the abnormal play of the ignorant gardener's love of approbation. The fact of the plant's existence would still remain, no matter how absurd the man's theories were.

It is certain that the directors of the spiritual movement, from the other side, have, up to this period, mainly confined their efforts not to revelation, but to demonstration; they have laid a solid foundation of facts, and on that foundation genuine clairvoyance is about to erect a superstructure of infinite use and beauty. The incomprehensible jargon that has so far accompanied the physical proofs of immortality must be credited to the servitors, not the masters. When people are reasonable and talk common sense, they are to be credited, dwelling here. So with our

disbodied brothers and sisters, who are but men and women like us, and as such liable to the same errors and obliquity of vision as ourselves, until they vastate it, and learn better. We may believe what they tell us or not, just as their tales accord with reason, or rather with common sense, which is the Genius of the People. But the bare fact that we are told anything at all from beyond the grave, incontestibly proves the existence of tellers. These tellers resemble us in all our mental, moral, social, and other qualities and attributes, which is THE great point gained, and really all that we require at that stage of our researches and investigations, no matter if all we get from that source be mere badinage or falsehood; for, remember only liars can lie, and every known liar, so far, has been — Man!

God is the name men give to the utterly impenetrable mystery surrounding them; to that incomprehensible existence which we cannot help acknowledging, but of which we are, and necessarily must remain forever to a great extent utterly ignorant. Were it otherwise possible; were this one difficulty surmountable; could we comprehend the mighty essence of Being, the *Etre Supreme*, the central Oneness, *Almighty* GOD, — we would cease to be Man, and there would be nothing more to acquire; no higher knowledge possible of attainment, no fuller joy reachable; and what we call Change and Progress would cease; stagnation and universal disgust immediately ensue; Heaven reach a termination; Time an end; Eternity a full stop; and grim, desolate Chaos come again. And all this, even if the Buddhistic doctrine be true, and man's final absorption and incorporation, — his eternal co-mingling into, and with God, Deity, Brahm, a central fact.

I have an invincible conviction that God exists. I believe that on several occasions — the last on January 19th, 1868 — I have seen Deity; beheld the centre of the boundless sea of universes, and gazed, appalled beyond utterance, upon the ineffable glory of the Lord of Lords; and yet that transcendent intromission, that super-glorious view, left my soul in a deeper mist than ever, concerning Almighty God in Essence; hence, I am led to ask, Why, at this stage of our unfolding, should we pester ourselves with what we have neither the *developed* cerebral organs to cognize fully, nor the mental power and muscle to comprehend or grasp? Unquestionably, by and by, in ages ten or twenty thousand millennia

hence, there will arise an organ whose function will be that of more clearly knowing what now the best of us merely glimpse. That organ will definitely settle this question of the God-head. It is but a mere mathematical point in me yet, or in Cuffee, or Carlyle. Let us trust God, and wait for a solution of his own enigma.

At present man cannot comprehend, at any stage of his advancement, that which is greater than himself. So far in our history, God, if he exist at all,— as I believe he does,— has proved himself altogether past finding out, in essence; albeit, in manifestation and operation, he is well-known, and everywhere, not only visible, but comprehensible. I define him to be our father, and something more. In other words, I conceive Mathematics to be the soul of Law, and God the soul of Mathematics. Electricity is the essence of Matter; Magnetism the essence of Electricity; Od the essence of Magnetism; Ether the essence of Od; Ethylle the soul or sublimation of Ether; Spirit the soul of Ethylle: Soul the crystallization of Spirit; and God the supreme essence of Soul. Or, in briefer terms, Spirit is the soul of Matter, and God the soul of Spirit; Mind is the basis of soul, and God the soul of Mind. Music I conceive to be the soul of Sound; and God the soul of Music. The universe, to me, is the expression of Power, and God the foundation basis of the Universe — by which I mean the entire rain of starry globes now falling on the deep! Goodness, to me, is the soul of Love, and God the soul of Goodness. Man intuitively, if not by reason, knows what I here write is true. He instinctively sees and recognizes these and cognate truths; nor can he help acknowledging the universal God-ness, which is but Goodness, in the loftier sense. By a law of mind, as well as by what he calls "Free Will" (forgetful that we and all our acts are but outward expressions of influences and conditions preceding and surrounding us all, and over which we have not the slightest personal control; hence, that all sin is a dead letter, so far as soul is concerned, — a mere incident or chapter of accidents not worth mention or notice in view of the millions of ages yet before us, every hour of which will put an ocean between us and "Sin" and its consequences), man ascribes it all to a great mystery, which, for want of a better name, he calls God, Deity, Light, — and he is right. God reigns victorious.

I have read and listened to many descriptions of the Supreme One, but none clearer or fuller than the definition just given. At present I am incapable of understanding a better one, no matter if it occupies reams of paper, and I sum up all I have to write on that point in the following brief words: God is, to me, the first atom, — the primal, underlying essence, or substratum, of all conceivable existence. He is also the Over-Soul, and the cardinal points of all, and all Possibility; the centre of being, and the focalization of every Positive quality, and their negatives; the informing soul and essence of all Being; dwelling everywhere, but most palpably in our tearful hearts; is universal, impersonal, in the ordinary sense of Personality, yet is conscious at all points, and is the culmination, crystallization, and focal point of all existing, or possible, substances, laws, and principles. Man lives in all his body, but is central in the brain; and just so God Almighty radiates through all existence, yet dwells in the heart of the Universal Brain, and that dwelling-place is in the centre of what I call the Deific Universe, which I have tried to describe in the first chapter of this work.

At this point occurs this

Question. — "Is there no other God than the 'Positive mind' hinted at, and which the majority of mankind define as quite synonymous with Nature?"

Reply. — Doubtless there are millions of Gods, but they all depend upon and derive their existence from One great and unfathomable Over Soul; one great and all-pervasive and pursuasive essence. In the light of revelation, I proclaim the existence of entire orders, kingdoms, empires, and republics of Gods: derivative, not original; personal, not universal; local, not omnipresent; powerful, not almighty!

There is but one universal basis, and it must ever remain uncomprehended, in its fulness and essence, by any and all powers less than Itself. I affirm this in the light of a clairvoyance vouchsafed me, which was, and is, the result of untold mental agony, and long years of sorrow; which has grown with my groans, and strengthened by my anguish, in a world where friendship is little more than a name, — a clairvoyance that dared to scale the ramparts of Heaven, and which never yet shrunk from grappling with any question capable of being put into formula, and in its light,

I affirm, that in the ages yet to be, the men of this earth — one of the tiniest and poorest in the zone of which it forms a part — will reach such sublime heights, degrees, and grades of Intellectual, Personal, and Psychical development, that, to even a very exalted mind, they will infinitely surpass the most magnificent conceptions they now have of even a God; yet that will be but the beginning of further unfoldings. But, while this will be true of men yet encased in the flesh here on earth, it will be as nothing compared to man's advancement in the aromal worlds above; but here let me say, that the spiritual eminence alluded to will not be reached in the domain to which man goes immediately from this earth. It may not be attained while he is a denizen of, or hoverer around, this solar system, this constellation, or even this galaxy. But it *will* be reached in the culmination of centuries, by all of us, and to-day has been reached and surpassed in certain grand stages of unfolding, concerning which I have very much — not in quantity, but quality — to say, before my present task has been fully completed.

Question. — "If God, being all Goodness, fills and is the centre of *all*, of course, then, there is no such being as a devil! What say you, sir?"

Reply. — To this question I answer YES! There are thousands of devils here, there, and everywhere! but no eternal Principal or Principle of Evil, individual or impersonal! Evil is the Shadow, Good is the Light, and both are circumstantial; man being surely destined to a career beyond all malign influences, of course vastates all evil, and as good exists only by contrast with the known bad, it is manifest that, when we shall have outgrown our inherited and circumstantial angularities, we shall bid eternal farewell to Evil, and our "Good" will be vastly different from what that term means to-day. I repeat: Evil is the Shadow, Good is the Light; man and matter being the middle term, field or existence whereon these twain act and operate, not for all time either, but only until man becomes truly civilized, — the glorious day wherein every female shall be a true woman; every child begotten and born right and under right conditions, and when every man on earth shall

> "Live, and bear, without abuse,
> The grand old name of Gentleman."

When I think of modern philosophers, who claim all the light, decency, and civilization of the world, and contrast them with the sublime sense of these two lines, I feel sick! Why?

Clear glass throws no shadow, for the light penetrates and streams through all its pores. Just so pure and clear minds imagine no devil, develop no evil. The notion of a personal archfiend, of the Miltonian, or any other type, is a pure barbarism, accepted *only* by cowards, fools, *and* barbarians, — not all of whom dwell in the Tongo Islands or in Timbuctoo. It is an idolatrous notion, and idolatry abounds quite as much in Christendom as in the wilds of Africa, the difference being that some worship a Virgin Mother, and some adore an anaconda; some pray to Chow-chow-pow, and some to the Virgin's Son; the latter class having a surplus of Christ on the brain, and not a drop of him in the heart — *where he ought to be!*

This notion of a Devil is Oriental in origin; is childish, puerile, utterly contemptible; belongs to the infantile stage of humanity; is unworthy of man or manhood; is invariably outgrown, like an old coat, as we advance, and is finally repudiated and cast aside forever, among the other shoddy remnants of our suckling days, and is never paraded except by shoddy preachers, who cannot appreciate the sound cloth of sturdy common sense and truth. But the notion is not half so much believed in by the ministers and priests who are paid to preach it, as some people would be led to imagine. The myth dissipates in the dawning light, because it is the fog of ignorance, the mist of Superstition, and necessarily dies and decays with their decay, and, like an old mile-stone, is ever left behind as we go marching on!

Question. — "Of course, then, there is no such place as Hell? The fire and brimstone pit is a mere myth?"

Reply. — Yes, there are more hells than I am able to count! The mind of every unhappy human being is a hell to him or her — and so are a great many of our badly organized bodies, too, and hells must be looked for beneath the hats, and over the shoes of the people round about us — perhaps beneath our own crowns. Hell consists in discontent, angularities, and pain, just as its opposite does in contentment and pleasure. Mental, moral, and physical pain and disturbance constitute as terrible and bitter hells, while they last (which, thank God! are but for short sea-

sons), as the most devout Christian brother could wish for, as a mete punishment for such "wretches" as refuse to "believe and be baptized."

The writer of these pages, twice in his life, has been, by the treachery and lust of gold on the part of pretended friends, robbed of his all, and left stranded on the shores of doom, the bitter agony of which was as dreadful a hell as he can imagine, for such was the mental pain that his hair turned gray inside of ten days. True, the dark hair came again, but the scars of their sabre-thrusts remain, and the memory of them will be fresh in his soul a thousand ages hence. The wrongs *must* be atoned for, and there can be no pardon till they are. Thus, Hell is an exchangeable series of conditions,—yours to-day, mine to-morrow.

It may arise and exist from within, or without the selfhood. It may burn from the fires of remorse, or the stings of an outraged conscience. It may result from bodily fear, loss of property, betrayal and ingratitude by and of so-called friends, or from blighted hopes and love; and we suffer just as acutely if hell comes to us from external pressure, — is forced upon us, — as if from our personal act. All of us have a light and shadow side,— a sort of mixed angel and devil nature, which will cling to mankind until the race becomes so refined as to refuse all coarse conditions, — till the blood in its veins, no longer blood-fed, shall flow, not in red streams, and coarsely liquid through its channels, but shall, as it one day *will*, bound along white, clear, pellucid, and ethereal. That day is coming, but it will not be here until the last priest has said his last mass; the last gallows have rotted away in the deserted yard of the last jail; the last king have descended from the last throne; and the last political party have finished its final caucus on earth; when all wedded couples agree, make home a heaven, and interchange true-love courtesies on the emerald meads of Wife-and-Husband-land, — things that will probably be — somewhere about "Anno Domini" 3000!

But there is another view of the subject. Hell, or Pain, be it of whatsoever nature, is, after all, to be regarded, and, if we *can* do it, be accepted, not as propitiary, but as disciplinary fire, burning up the dross of passion and the senses; purifying the genuine gold within us all. And yet it is none the less dreadful for all that. Our capacity for suffering gauges our ability to enjoy;

and our hells are the indices of our heavens yet to be. Our existence here is a pendulum in motion. We touch grief, pain, anguish, and sorrow, as it swings, but only for a brief season; for as we rise the swampy ground recedes, the world rolls on, and we never again fly over the same spot, because life and its incidents move in spiral curves. As it swings, the pain-realm sinks away, and we are forever free of *that* particular sort of anguish — whatever it may be; but that we shall ever find complete rest I doubt, and fervently hope not. Why, can easily be imagined.

Heaven [Happiness] springs from right thinking and well-doing, to the top of our bent; and the mythical Gehenna — the fanciful sulphur-pit, wherein we were told souls are to be broiled and grilled — [souls being fire-proof, too!] has ceased to inspire much terror; and when we have all learned to do right, and practise it, all the other hells will be abolished forever, and forevermore!

Question. — "If, sir, there is no universal hell for sinful wretches [people who do not believe as we do], — on what do you predicate the existence of a universal heaven? Is there any local habitation for the righteous and redeemed? or is there not?"

Reply. — First, in reference to the "Redeemed."

"Captain," said an Irish sailor, "is anything *lost* whin yez know where it is?"

"Why, you fool, of course not!"

"Thin, bedad, sur, the axe isn't *lost*, but it's at the bottom of the *say*, for it fell overboard forninst the last big wave that passed by the ship."

The application is apparent.

So also with reference to our own souls. If we have ever been lost, we have been easily found again. But we have neither been lost, found, or redeemed, — not even by "the blood of the Lamb." True it is, that the Romans, Jew-incited, killed Jesus, — a great shame to the scoundrels that did it! — but that sad fact and act did not redeem mankind, for we have been cheating, lying, swindling, stealing, murdering, jailing, slandering, hanging, slaughtering, from that day to this, — pretty conduct for *redeemed* sinners, I trow! No. We have ever been in God's universe, and there we shall remain. He understood his work, and did it very well indeed. He lives, rules, reigns, and governs yet, as of old: and hell and heaven — antipodes — are states and conditions, not localities or places.

There are unnumbered myriads of local heavens beneath the hats of that number of individuals; but, — and I predicate the assertion upon absolute personal knowledge, obtained during a career of forty odd years, during over thirty of which I have been more or less clairvoyant, — there are no such heavens as Christianized Pagan Mythology has endeavored to convince us of, — *not one!* There are spirit homes in abundance, but the people in them have something else to do than engage in one eternal psalm-singing. Nor do the inhabitants of these LOKAS tread on streets paved with gold. They have finer materials! Neither do they thrum on golden harps, or worship any bleeding lambs. On the contrary, as a general rule, they employ themselves in the paying business of self-improvement; in cultivating life's roses, minus the thorns; and they sound the praises of Star-eyed Science, instead of tooting on golden horns, all the live-long ages! Disbodied people are still rational beings, not idiots, and downright fools. Those of them who know, or have heard of, Jesus and other noble hearts, honor him and them, but do not worship other than the viewless God, — as sensible folks do here. They keep his commandments, by doing right, obeying the higher, and avoiding the penalties of the lower laws of being. In a word, heaven means personal happiness. It springs from the normal, healthful action of, not one, but *all* the faculties, qualities, energies, and powers of the woman or the man. Place a murderer, whose soul is burning with remorse, in the midst of a happy, joyous circle, and still he would be in hell. Place a good man in the midst of a gang of rascals, and still he would be in heaven. They each would carry their states with them; nor is it possible to run away from one's self, either here, or in the spiritual world or lokas.

CHAPTER III.

THE RATIONALE OF GOING UP — MATTER'S IMMATERIALITY — ABOUT THE FIRST HUMAN COUPLE — EXTENT OF THE SKY — THE ORIGIN OF NEGROES AND OTHER RACES NOT IDENTICAL — THE GRAND SECRET OF THE AGES REVEALED.

TRUE there are, in the spirit lokas, special brotherhoods and societies, as the Foli, Neridi, Pythagoreans, Christians, and so forth; and in some of these a peculiar art or science is taught and studied, and special ends sought, special joys cultivated. These societies not infrequently number many millions of members; and to distinguish them, we will call them by the letters of the alphabet. Now all, within themselves, are happy; yet transport a member of society A to society B or C, who are perfectly joyous, but for whose studies, pleasures, occupations, or enjoyments the A man is not adapted, and in so far as he could not assimilate with them, he would be in a sort of hell, if forced to remain, while all around him might be enjoying a perfect state of heaven, because he was not in accord, not adapted to that state. He is out of place, and therefore is unhappy.

Until July, 1866, I was an officer of the Freedmen's Bureau, in the State of Louisiana, which place I resigned to write the first edition of this work; and my duties often called me into saloons where men played billiards, cards, and drank very dreadful, murderous whiskey, especially in a rum-hole, called "Belle Poule," kept by a mulatto dandy; but I never yet entered their or its doors that my hair did not bristle with agony. It was not my style. I could not play cards, billiards, or gamble in any way, and consequently while I was inside those doors I was in unmitigated hell.

Man's after life, being spiritual, may be allowed to rest from discussion awhile, while I, in behalf of sceptical readers, propound a question that necessarily underlies, or at least, precedes it. That question is, "Can you tell me if matter is eternal, as

spirit seems to be? Or, did matter have a beginning? and, if so, what, and how, and when, was its origin?"

Reply.—Beyond all question, spirit existed always, in some form; and matter is but a form, condition, state, or manifestation of spirit, which is the great substratum of the entire universe. Spirit is what? Put mercury over a fire and you spiritualize it; it escapes. Subject water to a white heat, and it becomes spiriform. Spirit is the essence of matter, and like it, too, is graded, terraced, so to speak. Solid, fluid, and liquid substances are but so many forms or grades of spirit. Substance is but one phase of universal spirit. We see a lump of granite, and know that time and attrition will wear it down to sand; sand will divide up until we have alluvial soil, out of which comes vegetation, in various degrees of refinement, from the coarse cryptogamia to the most splendid flower and delicious fruit. Were it possible to behold the procession of the Flora pass before us in one glorious panorama, we would behold gigantic ferns and grasses, flourishing in miraculous fertility for ages; heavy carbonaceous plants, chemical laboratories of the first order,—extracting the grosser substances from the air and elaborating oxygen to fill their places. Presently—ages having elapsed—they fall and rot, making new soil and richer, out of which comes a higher order of plants,—chemical laboratories of the second order,—producing still more marked changes in the atmosphere and climate. Presently, as the picture unfolds, we behold orders, genera, and species succeeding each other at every tick of eternity's clock; finer, fairer trees and flowers now deck the scene, and animal life comes in—as chemical laboratories of a still higher order. For if vegetation alone were adequate to the preparation of the earth, air, and waters for the abode of incarnate mind, there would have been no need of animals, and there being no demand, there would have been no supply. But vegetation could not do it; nor could a single species of animal do it, but it required millions of species of differently organized animals to prepare the world for man; to cook the air and cleanse it; to purify the waters, and render them fit for higher uses, just as it required a million varied flora to throw down the noxious vapors, condense them into fibre, to be converted by and by into coal-beds and petroleum lakes,—just like the mighty bay of oil now underlying the parish of St. Martin's, La., and which

branches off to Rapides, Vermillion, Lafayette, and Calcasieu, — a body large and deep enough to furnish fuel to the world for a century.

Animals, feeding on vegetation, refine the matter ; these animals die or eat each other, — all steps in the great chemical processes, which still go on ; until at last, man appears ; he is coarse, rough, savage, uncouth, gross, dreadful, terrible to look at, — a rough diamond, — an uncut, unpolished koh-i-noor, of most magnificent proportions ; young, yet stronger than the winds, — for he was destined to control them ; unarmed by nature, yet monarch of all the animated globe ; small, yet able to "pull out leviathan with a hook," and hunt behemoth, till he roared with fright ; created with two good eyes, yet he complains that he can neither see as small things as a gnat can, nor so far off as the eagle ; and forthwith manufactures artificial eyes that enable him to outstrip both eagle and gnat, — for what is an eagle's glance to Rosse's telescope? or a gnat's eye to the solar microscope? Disgusted with his own legs as means of locomotion, the young giant impresses the camel and horse ; but after a fair trial, these are voted too slow, and he harnesses his teakettle to a rolling palace, and goes careering over the ground on iron rails at a hundred miles an hour. Discontented still, he sees the birds fly, and forthwith makes a bag, gets into a basket, fills the sack with gas he has just stolen from the waters, and away he sails through the air, in such grandeur and majesty that the eagles hide themselves for very envy and shame! Is he content yet? Nothing of the sort! Steam is too slow, and so he employs the lightning as an errand-boy, and makes it bear his messages! Contented now? Oh, no! for he now orders the sun to paint his portrait, and the sun obeys. He can even make it rain, if he thinks it worth his while. Now he goes down into earth's bcwels, and brings up gold and gems ; to the floor of the sea, for sponge and pearls ; and having heard tell about —

Deep the gulf that hides the dead;
Long and dark the way they tread;

determines to look into the matter to see if it is true ; sets to work, and in a little time proclaims in triumph that the so-called gulf is quite narrow, and easily crossed ; that he has produced artificial death (magnetic sleep), and sent a hundred messages

and messengers to the other side, whence they returned in safety, bringing words of cheer, and strange good news from the people over there. He proclaims his ability to take a look at what's going on there, just whenever it suits him (by clairvoyance), and he even prevails on some of the ethereal folks to cross the bridge, and perform quadrilles and "Sir Roger de Coverly" in his back parlor, with chairs and tables, for the delectation of his uninitiated friends; and, Spiritualists tell us gravely, has even succeeded in inducing them to perform grand concerts in public, on an old trumpet, a cracked fiddle, and wrecked guitar, before a crowded audience, varying the performance now and then by poking out a half-dozen arms from the spirit land in bright daylight! Once, quite scared at ghosts, he has them now for daily companions. Does he rest quiet yet? Not a minute! Having heard of Jesus, he straightway examines his pedigree; finds that Christ's father and his own were identical, and that neither was born of a virgin. At last accounts the name "God" struck upon his ear, and with a "Who's he? where? what?" is deeply bent on trying to find a solution to those weighty questions. What success he will eventually achieve must be ascertained in the future years. And yet this man, this prodigy, is but a mere baby still, and living in a baby world. What will he do when fully grown?

And so the circle is complete,—from spirit to granite rock, from granite rock to spirit. Matter has again returned whence it came; but this time individualized, and perfected as to final *form* (not shape) and duration.

Life is a fluid, flowing out upon the ether; and it clothes itself with varied raiment; one dress that it wears we call an ox; another a lion; but its gala dress is man. Absolutely speaking, there is no matter, but only varied forms of spirit. If matter was actual in the stricter sense, we should be able to discover an atom or ultimate, indivisible, particle thereof, which, it is well known, we cannot do. If we take the hardest known substance, and subject it to the action of intense fire, we spirify it, and it eludes us by its rarity. Water thus treated, is changed, at the first stage, into wet steam, then into dry steam; look sharp now, for you are converting it back to spirit, and spirit cannot be controlled when its temper is up! Lo! the next stage converts it into electricity; the next, by a mere change of polarity, it is mag-

netism. Another change, and it becomes Von Reichenbach's "Od" — a very *odd* — force; and the next stage it becomes LIFE. (This is the actual process within our bodies every day.) *Within the body* the next change is into nerve aura; the next into ether, and the next into absolutely coalescent, indestructible, unparticled spirit, — that which constitutes the eternally-enduring vehicle of the thinking principle of man. [I am impressed at this point to affirm that even spirit *in esse*, like matter, is graded. Further on, perhaps, I shall apply this principle to the soul, when I reach the analysis thereof.] *Without* the body this vast ocean of life, constantly being evolved from matter, flows off through the atmosphere, into, and blends with, the *æther* of universal space. It is not stationary in itself, but is graded also, just as matter is. I shall recur to this subject again.

It is thus seen that matter is but particled spirit; and it is far less, quantitatively, than that whence it is derived; for the mighty universe of material suns and earths, vast, and to us incompre-hensible in magnitude and volume, though it be, is, after all, but an insignificant little island, floating like a tiny bubble on the calm, unruffled breast of the tremendous, inconceivable ocean of SPIRIT.

The whole vast domain of substance, as known to human vision, or the telescope, bears, in bulk, about the same relation to that awe-inspiring Sea, that a single cherry does to a vast orchard, loaded down with similar fruit; or as an ear of corn does to a league-square field thereof on the prairies of Illinois, — and no more, scarce as much. If you doubt it, look out upon the sky, and see into what a small corner of the space before you every visible sun and globe could be packed; and yet one of these globes — our sun — is eight hundred millions of times larger than our earth; and some of the stars of the night are as much more bulky than our sun as this earth is than one of its own mountain ranges. The realm of matter is conditional, limited, bounded, circumscribed, floats on the edges of the vortex, — is, so to speak, cushioned on God's infinite and eternal breast! Spirit — the Æth — is the white blood of Deity flowing through his veins. It constitutes the base and crown of all existences; its motion is gravity, — the gravivic force of astronomers; it fills all cavity, and it conditions both space and continued time, — which we call

eternity; while matter simply, yet grandly, develops time limited, and what we call distance. There was when time was not, for there were no suns or planets, or other means of measuring duration; no revolutions, axial or orbital; no alternations, risings, settings, transits; hence no sequences, and therefore no time. When the mission of the present material universe is fulfilled, when the last globes have contributed to form the last man, then time will be no more again, until the new beginning; but that beginning will exceed the last!

Question. — "What and where was the origin of the first human couple? In your volume concerning 'Pre-Adamite Man,' you have effectually demolished the Eden story; and what you left undone has been thoroughly accomplished by Luke Burke, the French and English geologists, Agassiz, Owen, and others; but I want to reach an absolute starting-point of the human family *per se*."

Reply. — In a former work of mine, of which this is the sequel, "Dealings with the Dead," pages 39 to 50, — the question so far as we of this world are concerned, is answered, but the question admits of a vastly higher range, as you have seen proper to propound it.

If you look out upon the sky, on a clear night, through a good telescope, you will behold an enormous field or sea, dotted with starry flecks, visible to the unassisted eye; but your telescope reveals a thousand times as many; increase its power twenty-fold, and your eyes will gaze on Eternity's floors, thickly strewn with star-dust; while such an instrument as the Irish Rosse's will apprise you of the astounding fact that the grand and entire totality of all that you have hitherto beheld constitutes but a single point, — one solitary cluster, ring or belt of stars amidst unnumbered myriads of stellar clusters and astral zones. And yet telescopy is in its veriest infancy; for before the century expires instruments will be produced, which, compared to that of Rosse, will exceed it in space-penetrating power as much as that one does an ordinary spy-glass; and I look to the Astors, Vanderbilts, Weeds, Stewarts, and other millionnaires to order Science to produce such instruments — and at *their* command Science will obey — so powerful is the Golden baton! We already know that the bright belt that spans the heavens, and which we call the *via lactea*, or "milky way," and to which belt this, our solar system belongs, is but a single clus-

ter of suns, and each sun surrounded by its family of planets, and each planet producing its own specific order and genera of human fruit. The suns alone of that single cluster are myriads in number, and what then must be the sum total of their planets?

Beyond that galaxy of suns, in the awful profundities of further space, such clusters are as plentiful as snow-flakes in a winter storm, leaves in the forest, or blades of grass on earth's green fields. Light, according to recent statements of investigators, travels quite two hundred thousand miles in one single tick of the clock; yet the distance between some of these nebulous clusters, that look to be so closely huddled up together, is so great, so utterly tremendous, that light requires *five hundred millions of years* to bridge the awful chasm; while a seraph riding on a beam of light could not cross the abyss that separates our cluster from others known to exist, in the multiple of that enormous period — not in years, but in centuries. And yet we know only of the outside edges of the material universe!

Our own astral system, one of myriads, is composed of some thousands of millions of blazing suns; and each of those tiny flecks, that we see twinkling in the sky, is one of these suns; and we have every reason to believe that some of them are not only larger than our luminary, but equal to the consolidated bulk of our entire solar family.

Again, every one of those suns is the centre of a series of planets, few having less than ten, others as many hundreds; and the majority of those planets are man-producing globes, similar to our own. The number of such solar systems would defy an angel's arithmetic; while the sum total of the soul-producing planets of those solar systems would require a seraph's mathematics to compute. Consequently, for me, or any other man, to even attempt to answer the question "What and where was the origin of the first human couple?" would be barefaced presumption; would be to arrogate infinite perception and comprehension — God's prerogatives — an absurdity — a simple impossibility. [See "Pre-Adamite Man," and "Dealings with the Dead," for various human origins.]

Not so difficult, however, with reference to human beginnings on this globe, this tiny world, this infinitesimal speck of God's universe; for we know how we originated here, and by parity of rea-

soning can conceive somewhat *how*, but not *when*, man came into being elsewhere.

On this earth the original protoplasts or autocthones, were the results of natural forces and refining processes steadily conducted through vast decades of, not centuries, but epochs; and wherever the thing took place — probably in scores of localities simultaneously — the first couple or couples were the crowning results of the great experiment. Indeed the development business is still going on, for there are not only gorillas and neschiegos that look awfully like a batch of men spoiled in the making, or not yet finished, but we have men in South Africa who have not yet outgrown their tails, for tailed *men* have within these ten years past, been exhibited in several European capitals, — a most distressing fact to the Monogenesists and Adamites, and one that puts a broad grin of triumph on the faces of the advocates of the development theory of the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," and people of that ilk.

The scientific, and a goodly portion of the reading world, have quietly given Adam the go-by, and are well satisfied that there must have been scores of "first couples," the pair of Eden having danced themselves away; and when they went the "fall" and all that falls after it went too. We no longer believe that the protoplasts, or first couple, whence sprung the Digger Indian, were the same who produced the mystical Aztec; nor that the Aztec had the same first parents as did the red Indian or the swarthy sons of Peru. The first pair whence came John Chinaman, with his queer-looking eyes, were not the same whence sprang Phillis and Dinah, Sambo or Quashee; nor did the "Pa" and "Ma," of the Caucasian tribes, produce the almond-eyed Kalmuck.

Horace Smith, when gazing at one of Gliddon's Egyptian mummies, exclaimed: —

"I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Hath any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus or Remus had been suckled.
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run."

Two worthy sons of Auld Scotia were, once upon a time, cosily

droning over a bowl of "Mountain Dew," *anglice*, whiskey punch, and begun disputing each other's pedigree and their respective lengths. Now Donald MacGregor had safely "bagged" fourteen centuries, as he supposed, in triumph; when, to his utter amazement, he was routed, horse, foot, and artillery, by Bailey Grant, — supposed to be distantly related to a famous Yankee soldier of the same name, — who, derisively smiling, exclaimed, as he struck the table with clenched fist, "Hoot, mon! when the gude Laird was makin' Adam, even then the clan Grant was as thick and numerous as the heather on yon hills," — which, if true, as is not unlikely, the "hero of Vicksburg" comes of ancient stock indeed.

Seriously speaking, it is impossible to accept the accounts of human origin heretofore in vogue. We did not originate according to the Hebraic theories and statements. The sun never yet shone hot enough to tan a white man jet black, frizzle his hair, or change his nature; nor did ever the cold blasts of the Caucasian hills or Lesbian mountains bleach a Hottentot white. On the contrary, nature occupied long ages in refining stone to soil, soil to plants, plants to animals, animals to men; and we citizens of earth are unquestionably but germs of mighty seraphs, destined to what stupendous uses! Poor, despised, forlorn, forsaken, though I and others be, yet I know it cannot always be so, for, —

> "We hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,
> On the last verge of mortal being stand;
> Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
> Just on the boundaries of the Spirit Land."

Briefly, nature, step by step, improved her work, developing, first, the general human form, — features, limbs, brain, — until at last she produced an organism too fine to draw all its supplies from earth, too coarse to inhale and crystallize pure ether. Then, improving on that experiment, a more perfectly developed physiological apparatus followed next; it breathed in and incarnated a monad, in consequence of which gestation went one step further — was prolonged another stage; and when *that* youngling saw the light it was superior to either parent. Its organization, for the first time since animals had a being here, enabled it to exhaust all the finer essences from its nutriment, to crystallize and refine it into *nerve aura;* at the same time it inhaled the blessed ether, and the moment that these two met within its body, limbs, fibres, that mo-

ment they coalesced, became united in indissoluble marriage, and there was one *immortal spirit* in existence!

No one can tell the exact point, moment, or stage, that a boy becomes a man. Nature has a sliding-scale. There are sensitive minerals, plants, and plant-animals, partaking of both natures. So also are there animals, *humano*-ape, man-like, but not immortal. One step more, and we have man, who blends with and incarnates spirit till he becomes one himself; then blends with ascending orders, towering away to the ineffable beyond, forward forever! The stone had motion; motion — attrition begat life; ascending life begat sensation, out of which grew intelligence, followed by reason, and resulting in intuition. "In the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." Omniscience is God's all-knowing; intuition is man's much-knowing; finite resemblance of an infinite parent. In *essence* man is spiritual, and, like God, had no conceivable beginning. Thus, then, I have answered the sceptic's question, in so far as it was possible to do so.

Succinctly, the Spiritual Ocean is spirit positive; the extracted spirit of food, drink, and air, is spirit negative. When an organization was perfected capable of the act, then in that organism these two phases of spirit produced a third, differing from both by reason of the fusion. This fusion was spirit individualized, a monad thrust into outer life; the operations of which generated mind. The whole story is told! And thus, and thus only, is it true, literally, exactly true, that, "HE BREATHED INTO HIS NOSTRILS THE BREATH OF LIFE, AND MAN BECAME A LIVING SOUL!" Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! The grand secret of the ages stands revealed!

The development theory is, therefore, as hitherto promulgated, substantially true; literally so as herein set forth. Nature is incompetent to transmute a man from a monkey, gorilla, ape, neschiego, orang-outang, or any of the Simia. These were her failures; man, her grand success. Nothing is more certain than that man came as here revealed; nor, if we were all swept from life to-day, that she would, in time, reproduce the species, except that, the earth being now in a better and higher state, she would produce correspondingly superior types of the race. Although we know nothing about the history of man on other planets, still we are justified in the belief that the plan herein sketched of man's origin, is generally, the same elsewhere.

CHAPTER IV.

ANALYSIS OF A HUMAN SPIRIT AND SOUL — WHY IT IS PROOF AGAINST DEATH — SINGULAR DISCLOSURES ABOUT THE PARTS AND ORGANS OF A SPIRIT — THE SEX QUESTION SETTLED — COQUETTES AND DANDIES IN THE OTHER LIFE — SPIRITS' DRESS AND CLOTHING — THE FASHIONS AMONG THEM — DO WE CARRY DEFORMITIES WITH US THERE? — WHAT THEY DO IN SPIRIT LAND — THE SOUL, AND WHERE ITS SEAT IS IN THE BODY — IDIOTS, THIEVES, "STILLBORNS," CYPRIANS, MANIACS, INSANE, MURDERERS, MINISTERS, SUICIDES, WHEN IN THE SPIRIT WORLD — MONSTROSITIES — WHY HUMAN BEINGS RESEMBLE BEASTS — A CURIOUS REVELATION — SOME STILLBORNS IMMORTAL — OTHERS NOT — WHY? — "JUSTIFICATION" OF SUICIDE — CONSEQUENCES OF SUICIDE — HARLOTS EVEN THERE — JUDGMENT-DAY.

Question. — "What, sir, is a human spirit? What a human soul?"

Reply. — I have already partly answered that; but in addition will say, it is a human form, composed of the materials already defined and indicated. It is, in other words, indestructible, because it is constituted of the highest and finest essences of matter, held together by the highest law of the material universe, — the law of fusion. It is, to our vision, an invisible, indivisible being, shaped like a man, woman, or child, having head, feet, arms, hair, stomach, lungs, eyes, hands, legs, mouth, — a perfect human being both in mind and person. It has all the apparatus that we have, save that no liquids, but only aereal fluids, circulate through its vessels, are secreted by its organs, or imparted by its contact. There is no micturition or defecation there as here, because it neither eats coarse solid food, or partakes of fluid, the waste of which must be carried off through appropriate channels.

True, there are functions performed analagous to those alluded to, in the lower stages of post-mortem life. There is no red blood, only a pure, white, or colorless electric current. The muscular and osseous systems no longer exist, as such, but what serves as such are batteries for the generation of a peculiar power applied in locomotion. An analogue may be seen in the marrowless, air-celled bones of birds, and the air-bladders of certain fishes. By an effort these cells or bladders are filled or emptied as the animal wants to rise

or fall. So with the spirit. By the use and application of that which is thus generated, it can rise or sink at will, go straight forward or obliquely, just as it pleases, for the legs are not used as here, in going to distant points, although they are for short journeys, but even then more from the force of habit than necessity. The larger sacks of the body there become a sort of Leyden jars containing fluids, the like and nature of which do not exist on the earth. All movement is, so to speak, polar. It is very difficult to convey my meaning at this point; but, perhaps, a notion thereof may be had if I say that every point, person, or thing in the Spirit World or elsewhere, has its particular, so to say, magnetic attraction; and in order to reach a given point, the man or woman there, by the exercise of one of its new-found powers, can and does render him or herself negative to that attraction; they rush through space with a rapidity almost inconceivable. By reversing the poles the return trip is as easily performed. I once asked a man how he felt when rushing through the ether; and he said at first he felt the same curious sensation as makes a school-boy yell when "scupping" too high on a swing; or as one feels when jumping from a haymow down below. Presently he got used to, and didn't mind it. The passage to and from the earth can be performed in two ways, hereafter to be explained.

The people there, as here, do not go naked, because shame attends us on both sides of the grave. Dandies and coquettes are quite as fond of showing off their fine points over there as on the hither side; and a neat and well-turned ankle is as much appreciated up among the live folks as down here among the dead ones. The clothing consists of fine, aerial, gossamer-like apparel; can be had for the asking, and is fashioned to suit their own tastes or the fancy of others. Thank God! clothes are cheap up there, for there are no tailors needed, nor is there a single milliner's shop, or dry-goods fiend to drive husbands and brothers to despair; neither are there "loves of bonnets" to send a woman crazy or a man mad; nor Jews to deplete our purses, save only in that comparatively small region where phantasies and insanities abound. I said small, yet it is a large realm, save when compared to the grand divisions and sections of the magnificent belt comprising the entire Aidenn of the dead, of these nether globes.

Teeth, in that land, are not to bite with. They help us speak

and sing. They add to our beauty. Who had bad teeth here, or one eye only, or club feet, or doubtful eyes, find them all right and straight when they get there.

There is no saliva in the better land; no bile, virus, bodily disease (save in the region above indicated), or deformities; no scars, supernumerary legs, toes, eyes, limbs, or fingers; and no matter how crooked, maimed, hacked up, or misshapen one may have been here, he finds himself perfectly whole and sound when he arrives there, so far as externals are concerned; and eventually becomes so mentally and otherwise — inevitably. Behold the little boy that was born with no legs! See the girl with snake arms, or the double children! Well, these have good spiritual limbs there; only that in the womb, the spirit of the fœtus not being able to clothe itself properly, did the best it could; but the next birth will witness no club feet or deficient limbs. — Thank God for that!

Memories are perfect there; and occurrences mark duration as here; albeit there are no alternations of day or night as we know them here; still there are magnetic ebbs and flows that indicate seasons of rest, study, and enjoyment. People there are not unnatural, simply because they have escaped from their earthly prisons; nor are they all psalm-singers either; for there is as much (and more) wit, drollery, and fun among them, as here.

In the spring of 1854, there died in New York, a celebrated Methodist parson, who no sooner got to the better country than he went to singing, and shouting, and disturbing people generally, for he wouldn't stay among the people of his church, but must needs go about fiddling and harping in search of the "Lamb;" but he didn't find him. Being met by a friend ten years afterwards, he was asked why he wasn't as zealous as of yore? "Oh," said he, "that's all nonsense! I have hung my harp on a willow-tree — and there it may stay till the crack of doom, for all I care!" "Well," said his friend, "that shows progress; but what are you doing now?" "I am taking my first lessons in practical Christianity; unlearning my follies, and helping on the great rebellion down below." "Indeed, and which side are you on?" "I'm on the Southern side, and have trained a large number of persons to go down to fire up the Southern heart!" "Why?" "Because whom God would destroy he first makes mad; and the more en-

raged I can make them, the sooner will human slavery topple into its grave!"

People sleep, dance, sing, and give parties, and make merry; court and marry in the upper lands; and on the lower belts and outer circles they quarrel, fight, have lawsuits, trade, buy, sell and barter, as of yore; while from these lower planes vast multitudes of topers, hasheesh and opium eaters, and tobacco-users, flock earthward to establish magnetic concordance with others of like ilk in the flesh; as do frequenters of brothels, pugilists, and rowdies, Methodists, Baptists, Dervishes, actors, enginemen, and jugglers, and other sensuous people, whose attractions are so strong toward the scenes of their earth experience, that they not seldom wish themselves back, and to wish so is to be there.

Do not forget my definition of a human spirit; for on a clear understanding of it depends your knowledge of that which is to follow. I, therefore, ere launching out upon the broad and magnificent ocean of truth, the shores of which we are rapidly coasting, repeat the definition: A human spirit is necessarily indestructible, because it is the very quintessence of matter held in absolute coalescence by the highest and most absolute force in nature, under God, — the *Lex Suprema*, — the law of fusion. Man's body is fibrous, liquid, granulated. No two atoms thereof touch each other; but the spiritual, or rather the ethereal, body is a substance homogeneous — that of this earth-form heterogeneous. It is an essence, tenacious, indivisible — one. No liquids enter into its composition, nor solids, but only fluids, aeriform, for not even the rivers of that fair land are liquid, nor are any of the human "secretions" or "excreta." Thus the spirit.

Now, a human soul is a different thing. It is the thinking, knowing principle in man, and dead or alive, it has its seat and throne in the centre of the head. Soul may be defined thus: As being the final and supreme crystallization of substance or spirit, as that is the final sublimation of matter. In the human spirit all essences find their culmination; in the soul all laws and principles are focalized.

Question. — "Are any human beings non-immortal? and if so, what ones? What becomes of all the idiots, stillborn children, abortions, maniacs, thieves, harlots, murderers, hypocritical preachers, all other criminals and suicides! What of monsters?"

Reply. — Here are vital questions to be responded to; and,

1st. As to idiots. All human beings born with perfect heads are thenceforth deathless in the higher sense, and that, too, notwithstanding the intellectual spark may be so extremely dim and flickering as scarcely to be perceptible. A cretan or full idiot labors under a physical, and very seldom a psychical disadvantage. The same reasoning applied on a former page to the maimed or deformed is equally applicable here. No man can work with his hands tied, nor without proper tools. When an idiot exists, it is not that he has no spirit, but because some physical obstruction has either prevented his soul from locating at the proper point in the brain, — if the head be well shaped, — thus preventing the spiritual forces from their due circulation through the cerebral organs; or else the fœtus has not been able to collect sufficient of the right kind of substance from the mother whereof to build up the right amount of brain in the proper spot in the head. Hence the low foreheads we often see. But understand: If, in the process of gestation, that office be suspended or arrested, or deflected at a point where the brain has not ascended beyond the animal plane, then there can be no personal immortality for that creation. Every observer must have noticed, more or less, the marvellous resemblances between certain persons and various animals, as the hawk, eagle, lion, wolf, cur, bull-dog, cat, weasel, monkey, tiger, snake, vulture, rat, and others. Well, all this means much more than appears upon the surface.

2d. It is an indisputable fact of the science of embryology, attested in thousands of instances, that the human being, *in utero*, is at first but a mere point of jelly, — and so were the first forms of animal life upon this globe; then it assumes a reptilian outline, — a tadpole-looking thing, with a large point and a small one, — a sort of compromise between fish, lizard, and snake. Whoever has visited a hospital where this science can be studied, has verified these facts over and over again; and there are old women — nurses — who can attest them easily from their personal observations. The fœtus now rapidly passes through a series of strange mutations, successively resembling bird, beast, and simia (apes), until finally the strictly human plane is reached, and more or less strongly marked; and if the mother understands her

business, it is in her power just as easily to produce a giant of mind as an intellectual pigmy!

Now if the fœtus dies before it has reached the strictly human body, it dies forever, and its monad escapes, because it requires the chemical and other properties of the human body to properly elaborate the human spirit and fashion it for eternity. But if that human shape be reached before it dies in the womb, then that is a true child, and is, of course, immortal, for it, though weak, survives the physical death, and is taken and cared for by those gentle ones from the other side who have the love of babies "large." [See page 47, Dealings with the Dead.]

3d. No matter how idiotic a child may be, provided it has two halves to the cerebrum and cerebellum — however small the former may be, it will live beyond the grave. For this reason the procuration of abortion at any stage of fœtal growth is murder! *En passant*, I will answer another of your questions, and say that monsters, if such be possible, with only one human parent, are not immortal; nor is an entirely brainless thing, although both its parents be human.

4th. Maniacs, lunatics, the insane. These, like other sick people, are specially provided for, and nursed back into health and soundness in some one of the many sanitoria of the sunny shores of Aidenn. But there are various kinds of madness.

(1st.) A person may, from causes operative antecedent to his birth, come hither with such a peculiar cerebral conformation that it will be impossible for him to think right on any given subject. Such soon get sound; for they will speedily get rid of all their transmitted or inherited disabilities of that sort, if those disabilities result from physical causes. One insane from a blow on the head belongs to the same category as the last. (2d.) There are others whose insanity is the result wholly of psychical causes:—loss of property, remorse, violent passion, disappointed affection, unanswered longing for love; insanity — the worst — produced by a crime against self, denounced in Genesis; personal excess; the love of gold, ambition, too profound study too long continued; the madness that follows the offspring of cousins, or other forms of incest; that from religious excitement,— these, all these, are almost invariably long sufferers in the spiritual realms; and there are maniacs there of two centuries' standing. Indeed, there are

societies, millions strong, without a sane man or woman among them, except those whom a merciful code of laws provides to care for and to cure them.

5th. Murderers — God help them! — and criminals of all sorts and degrees, if not utterly debased, are still (and in any case) regarded as human beings, and treated as such, in the upper country. Murder is mainly done when a man is crazy; rarely when he is sane. When there *is* one of the latter sort, he generally is for a long time incorrigible; and, instead of trying to become better, grows desperate daily.

Within a few miles of where I wrote the first edition of this work there lives one Pierre Bergereaud, a planter, who, before the war, regularly tortured his slaves for amusement. He would bury pregnant women to their waists, and then flog their shoulders and breasts till they were raw. Scores have died under the lash; and in more than one instance has he put negroes in an oven and roasted them alive. Well, it will go hard with such a wretch for many a long century, because he *must expiate his crime*. No one can be happy there who is unforgiven by the victim, and some victims have very long memories, and are hard as adamant to be softened. Conscious crime — crime that could have been avoided — tells heavily against a man hereafter, because like any other well-rooted disease, it has distorted the man, who must grow morally straight ere he can be happy; and to do that requires time. An evil deed wholly the result of organization, of an inherited abnormal bias, is an illness, and not always a purposed violation of the man's moral nature, for that frequently lies dormant until some tornado or earthquake of the soul awakens it from its slumber.

There is no need of a brimstone hell, even on the supposition that a soul could — which it cannot — be burned with material fire; and you might just as well attempt to scorch a shadow as to singe a spirit. For the flames of remorse, shame, loss of self-respect and that of others; the consciousness that everybody knows you to have been a villain, swindler, thief, or murderer, and that you are avoided (until reparation is made) by all the good and pure, is itself a hell of ten thousand degrees of fervent heat; and just as the spirit is higher, finer, and more sensitive — more keenly alive to pain than the mere body, so is the hell of a man up there worse than even the fanciful Gehennas of Gautama Buddha

or the last new Methodist parson. It is supremely dreadful, and there's no escape from its inflictions. Talk about wishing for rocks and mountains to fall on and crush you! Why, when a man is fanged by the relentless lashes of remorse, up there, he would exchange situations with the most tortured soul in brimstone hells, were that possible, and give a myriad of years to boot.

There is a class of people there, who, when here, were masturbators and Onanists, whose agonies are so dreadful that I had rather endure the punishment for murder than their torture. It is fearful beyond description; and the only hope such can have of happiness when there, is to fully break and cure the habit *here:* — a task not half so hard as the poor victims imagine, but one which if not done, entails misery so dreadful, that death by fire were preferable thereto.

Reader, just as certain as that God lives, are these words very truth! Many of those who suffer most up there, are suicides. But there are grades of even these. Those poor French, and indeed, other girls, and some men and children, who shuffled off life from disappointed love; from loss of friends; from penury, — those who rushed into the other world because they could find no loving arms in this, — are immediately taken to a proper sanitorium and tenderly cared for until they are well again; until the lost is found; the friendship discovered, and the yearning, loving heart, meets its holy desire. These are all fine-strung people, in whom love, not passion, pulsed and thrilled. Such have endured their hell on earth; and yet they suffer in another sense: —

1st. The painful consciousness that they have infracted one of the highest laws governing the universe, — that of self-conservation. No one, it matters not how fearful be their misery, has a right to, or is justified in, suicide. The fact that they have done so is patent to every inhabitant of Aidenn, — every citizen of the upper country. They can neither hide it from themselves or others. True, friends endeavor to conceal their knowledge of, but the individual can never forget it. True, they become eventually happy, but it will be a long time before they can think of it without a shudder.

2d. No one has a right to shrink from duty; and our duty is to suffer — if we can't help it; and be strong — or at least try to be. We were born to die naturally, and when the measure of our years

is full. If we are hurried out by war, murder, accident, or disease, while in our prime, we shall lamentably fail to be what we might have been, had we lived on till old age gave us up to God and death; but if purposely, and by our own act, we rush on to a plane of being for which we are unfitted, then our law-imposed sentence is that we must hover about the earth; learn all we can; make our lean souls fat with knowledge; and our moral natures plump, by the good deeds we do to embodied people, in various ways; from the awakening of the sense of immortality, by noises made and feats performed; cautioning some wrong-intender in a dream, or otherwise; prompting, subtly, some sensitive to good deeds; suggesting noble thoughts, comforting some poor mourning soul; frightening the murderer from, or warning his intended victim; to thundering God's gospel into the ears of the multitude, through the brain and lips of some medium. In this way must the balance of the time be passed until that day in which your bodily clock would have naturally run down, had you not, by suicide, have snapped the cords asunder.

You have asked, what becomes of the harlots? This question covers a great extent, and embraces a great many people, — more than perhaps might be suspected. Now, it seems to me, there would be none such were there no patronage; and I do not hold the woman more guilty than the man. I think these people do wrong; but they are not to be damned, for all that. I can tell what became of one; and Jesus might tell what happened to another, — one Mary Magdalen. Attend! Let me carry you back, two thousand years, to a scene enacted upon the stony heights of Calvary: —

"Eloi! Eloi! Lama Sabachthani!" groaned the dying Christ, as he hung upon the cross to which he had been tied and nailed by the "chosen people of God," yet who coolly swore away the life of an innocent man, and one of the best the earth had ever produced; but he groaned only to be mocked and derided, even at the awful moment when the terrible death-agony swept in relentless pain-billows over his quivering frame and rack-tortured nerves. And even thus, "My God, *my* God, why hast thou forsaken me?" comes up through many a pallid lip, comes welling, surging up from many a poor girl's heart, as she feels and realizes that she stands tottering upon the brink of some terrible danger, ready at

a touch to topple over the verge into a gulf of endless misery — and the fright and agony are none the less real and fearful in that she is the victim of an old and idle superstition, and has been taught to value her perishing body at a great deal higher price than is set upon her viewless and immortal spirit. But this is the fault of the past, that the present will check, and the future entirely correct. Yet she feels all the horror possible, while her "lover" (?) — picture it, think of it, her *lover* — stands pleading with her against herself, and does not fail to rack the logic of hell, heaven, and earth, for argument, wherewithal to carry his point, ruin her, and put out another light. "Ah, my God!" she cries, "what *shall* I do?" and then, poor thing! unable longer to withstand the triple tide and storm of passion, love, and importunity, she bows her head upon his shoulder, and yields to what she was wholly unable to resist. Well, the pure, dear, delicious, tender-hearted world says she has "fallen;" but I say, by the eternal truth of God, that the "world" lies! for not one fleck of dust hath fallen on her soul, to mar its immortal beauty here or hereafter, as she roams down the sylvan glades of Jehovah's starry islands. Sin, if there be any, is a transgression of our moral nature; is a thing of soul; and in "falling," that poor child's error is justly chargeable to the tempter, not the tempted. It is him who danced, and somewhere, at some time, *he* is bound to pay the music, not *her*. Something might even be said for him, — especially in view of the fact of his age, the age, and the social falsehoods of the era. All "sin" is the result of bad conditions; when these are removed, all badness will go also. As for the "devil," whom all Christians so belabor, I'm sure I cannot see but that he is their best friend, for what would priests and parsons do for bread, suppose the people should suddenly find out that Lucifer was all smoke, and should burst into a universal guffaw at discovering how they had been "sold"?

Once there was a woman of the town who nursed me into health, when all the world forsook me. And again, in 1865, another, whom I had taught to read and write, heard that the terrible fever that ravages New Orleans, where I was, had stricken me down. It was true; and of all the hundreds, white and black, whom I knew in that city, only she, and a poor old black servant of hers, offered the slightest assistance. Again was I saved by a "bad

woman." When the pestilence recently scourged Chicago, I believe, or some Western city, the most tireless, faithful, generous volunteers at the bedsides of the sick and needy were these self-same outcasts from society, and I never yet saw or heard of one of them whose heart was not soft and tender, and hands ever open to relieve genuine suffering and distress. But I have seen many a high-born lady turn the starving beggar from her door, and shrink with holy horror from even distant contact with God's suffering poor. Out on such, I say. Let us give even the devil his due, and forget not that souls — not their shells — are immortal!

Once again in my career, I became acquainted with a young woman, who had been "deceived" by a married member of a church in Western New York — "deceived" by the agency of her own toothache and his chloroform. Part of the facts leaked out, because they could not be hidden; she was expelled from the church (where sinners ought to be saved), and hooted from the town and State by the elders of that branch of Zion! was driven to the heartless metropolis, there to rise, if she could, — at sewing shirts for ten cents each, — or to sink into a hideous walking pestilence, if she could not. She had no money. Board was three dollars a week, and by eighteen hours' of hard daily labor she could manage to earn two dollars and a half; her rascally employer offered to make up the balance "on conditions." She refused; was turned out upon the wintry street, and then — ah, *then!* Well, it is the same old story of forced error.

One day, they told me a woman was dying. I went. Laudanum! — Stomach-pump! I saved her, and learned her story. Behind her lay as pretty a prattling crower of four months as ever my eyes had seen; and to me both mother and child were as pure and unsullied as spotless snow. Would to God that I had been half as good as that poor, tender, wayworn, and suffering soul, — so true, so forgiving, so noble at heart, and so aspiring, yet so sensitive and wretched! And yet, had the world heard the tale she poured into mine ear, as the hot tears of her telling fell thick and fast upon the floor, and there mingled with the tears of my manhood's hearing, doubtless that chaste and holy world would have said she was impure, not virtuous, with more unco' righteous cant of the same sort; and why? Because she had loved both wisely and well, — just like God is said to have done, — loved her

child so well that she freely sacrificed herself upon the altar of shame, that *it* might live and not die of starvation and cold. A God could do no more! And yet there are hundreds of similar cases; and no one can tell the deep agony concealed beneath the flaunting colors and tawdry smile of the courtesan.

The chloroform practitioner will have a long bill to settle just as sure as heaven smiles above us! I listened to the tale, and cursed the hypocrisy of a Christian world, and "civilized society," which, with a vast deal, — whole mountain ranges of "preach," and "talkee, talkee," has so very little practice. Now when, as it does, society affirms such a woman not virtuous, and that, too, of the loftiest order, I again tell it that it lies! for if the word virtue (a moral attribute) means anything at all, it means the intent to be and do good; to give it and receive it. Many a woman, like poor Maggie S——, is compelled by poverty to submit to things — most infamous wrongs, and crowds of them — from which she instinctively recoils in horror — both in and out of "marriage," in exchange for current coin, or what it will bring. Foolish men think, in both cases, that they have bought her. Sad mistake! She has rented her cloak, she not being therein at all; and I apprehend there's no more virtue in a cloak than in a filament!

Well, after listening to the woman's story, I went home and to bed, pondering on the general subject; and, as is usual when my spirits are at ebb tide, soon felt the soothing magnetic waftings of my dear departed mother, or some other ethereal one, who *knew*, and, therefore, loved me. We are *all* loved when we are *really* understood, — and I was quickly transported on the fleet pinions of the Sleep-Angel to the happy Land of Dreams. Awaking therefrom, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, lo! there came a wonderful change, vision, and experience. I was in the spirit; my soul was free. A divorce, temporarily, had taken place between me and my earthly body; and up, up, up, will-borne, in a thought-shallop, through the star-flecked azure, I sailed, until I reached the roseate Plains of Vernalia, in the Golden Morning Land, and, stepping forth, took my stand hard by a shining gate, near which stood the veiled Judgment-Seat of the Infinite, Eternal, Over Soul, and my spirit was wrapped in clouds of awe. Soon, a mighty voice said, "Sound the Trumpet!" and straightway the chief of the Antar-

phim blew a blast, and instantly ten million echoes awoke the still-itudes of the vast universe, with the startling summons, "Arise, ye dead! and come to judgment!" and then I trembled, for I knew that many a "sin" had left sad marks upon me! that, having been thrice robbed of all I had on earth, by black-hearted, pretend-ed friends, I had, in my agony, bitterly cursed them, and consigned all my foes to eternal perdition; and now, albeit I had forgiven all these wrong-doers, was yet doubtful of a speedy and safe deliverance. While thus standing, and calculating the chances whether I, or those who had been the cause of all my trouble, and most of my sin, would be eternally damned, I suddenly beheld a vast spectral army, — all the dead nations, marching up to where sat the Recording Angel, with the Book.

Presently, the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Generals, Popes, Car-dinals, troops of Priests, Ministers, Lawyers, Judges, and Phi-losophers, — wise and otherwise, with cohorts of Editors and Re-porters, Critics, some of whom had not been bought, marched up, full of confidence, as if their toll were already paid, and essayed to pass through the Golden Gate into the pearly meads beyond. But in this, to their intense astonishment, they were foiled, for the Voice, in tones of thunder, said, "Stand back! The weakest first!" And so they filed away to the right hand and the left, and stood back, and made way for a crowd of world-weary souls, — unfortunate authors, slaves, beggars, and many a poor thief! And as these went tremblingly up, the Angel selected the feeblest and most woe-begone, asked their name, ran his eye over the Book till he found them, and then, with a "strong in purpose; weak in exe-cution by reason of circumstance;" or, "victim of conditions;" "erred from external pressure;" "sinned by reason of physical disease;" "went astray from the influence of hereditary bias;" "foul without, but pure within," ordered the servitor to swing wide the Gates of Glory, and bade the mournful throng pass in, which they joyfully did forthwith, to the infinite surprise and dis-gust of the aristocratic philosophers, and others of the lofty ilk, who could scarcely credit their senses as they beheld the scene, and looked as if they would like to have appealed from Almighty God's decision, if they but knew how; yet, nevertheless, they had to submit, but with a very ill grace.

I now began to understand how and why Deity is no respecter

of persons, and that in his sight hearts, not purses, souls, not position, carry the most weight in the scales of Justice, and the Court of Heaven!

At last came the woman, Maggie, "the fallen one," with whom I had conversed, and whose touching story I had listened to. Against her name, in the Book, were the words, "prostitute, — *by the force of circumstances;*" upon reading which the Angel wept, and his tears fell upon the page, and on the words there written. Presently, the seraph turned toward her, and as he did so, his sleeve swept over the page, his own tears, and the record of her sin, and the words were obliterated from the Book, and when he again looked at the writing, it had disappeared, — wiped out by angel tears!

She safely passed the ordeal, and was bidden, with her babe, "bastard" though it was called, to enter through the Gate; but she would not, and could not, by reason of a fine, but very strong silken cord, called "Sympathy," that bound her to me; seeing which the Angel said, and smiled, while a tear glistened in his eye, "Pass in along with her, for it is written against your name in this Book of Life, 'Even as ye did it to the least of these, my servants, ye have also done it unto me;'" and so I entered the blessed glades of celestial glory.

I entered the Gate of the Golden Country, when, lo! I saw that the woman at my side still loved the man to whom she had given all that woman can. And she went to the top of Heaven's battlements, and gazed afar off to the surging seas of the world she had quitted forever, and there, upon the wide waste of waters, she beheld, and I, too, the ship on which sailed the man that had betrayed her; and methought his name was Thomas Clark, and his lot in life had changed since he ruined and deserted the poor girl. All, all was strangely altered, and he found himself tossed on the rough, tumultuous sea; his lot was cast upon the deep — upon a wild and weary waste of waters. . . . The rain — great round and heavy drops of rain — fell in torrents; the mad winds and driving sleet — for the rain froze as it fell — raved and roared fiercely, fitfully; and the good ship bent and bellied to the hurricane, and she groaned, as if loth to give up the ghost. And she drove before the blast, and she plunged headlong into the foaming billows, and ever and anon shook her head — brave ship! as if she

knew that ruin was before her, and had determined to meet it as a good ship should —bravely, fairly in the face. I have yet to believe that every perfect work of man — ship, watch, engine — has a semi-conscious life of its own, — a life derived from the immortal soul that gave its idea birth, — for all these things — these ships, watches, engines, are ideas, spiritual, subtle, invisible, till man hides their nakedness, with wood, iron, steel, brass, — the fig-leaves of the Ideal World. Some people cannot feel an idea, or be introduced to one, unless it be dressed up in matter. Sometimes we lay it on paper, or canvas, and draw pencil lines around, or color it, and then it can be seen; else we take one, and plant it out of doors, and then put brick and iron, marble and glass sides to it, rendering the spirit visible, and then the good people see the Idea's clothing, and fancy they behold the thing itself, just as others, when looking at a human body, imagine they behold the man, the woman, or the child. A mistake! None but God ever beheld a human Soul, and this it is, and not the body, or its accidents, that constitutes the Ego.

And the ship surged through the boiling seas, and her timbers strained and cracked in the combat, and her cordage shrieked as the blast tore through, and the torn sails cried, almost humanly, — like a man whose heart is breaking because his wife loves him not, and all the world for him is robed in mourning, — and they cried, as if in deadly fear; they were craving mercy at the Storm King's hands. He heard the cries, but he laughed "ho! ho!" and he laughed "ha! ha!" and he tore away another sail and hurled it in the sea, laughing madly all the while; and he blew, and he rattled, and he roared in frightful glee; and he laughed "ha! ha!" and he laughed "ho! ho!" as the bridegroom laughs in triumph.

And still the storm came down; and the yards bent before the gale, and the masts snapped asunder. like pipe-clay stems, and the billows leaped and dashed angrily at her sides, like a trained blood-hound at the throat of the mother, whose crime is being black, — chivalrous, well-trained blood-hounds! And the waves swept the decks of the bark, — swept them clean, and whirled many a man into the weltering main, and sent their souls to heaven by water, and their bodies to the coral caves of ocean. Poor Sailors! The Storm King's wrathful ire was roused, and his fury up in arms; and the angry waves danced attendance; the lightning held high revelry,

and flashed its applause in the very face of heaven, and lit up the night with terrible, ghastly smiles; and the sullen growl of distant thunder was the only requiem over the dead. It was night. Day had long left the earth, and gone to renew his youth in his Western bath of fire, — as we all must, — for death is our West, — and the gloomy eidolon usurped Day's throne, arrayed in black garments, streaked with flaming red, boding no good, but only ill to all that breathed the upper air. And the turmoil woke the North, and summoned him to the wassail; and he leaped from his couch of snow, with icebergs for his pillow, and he stood erect upon his throne at the Pole, and he blew a triumphant, joyous blast, and sent ten thousand icy deaths to represent him at the grand tempestuous revel. They came, and as the waters leaped into the rigging, they lashed them there with frost-fetters; and they loaded the fated ship with fantastic robes of pearly, heavy, glittering ice, — loaded her down as sin loads down the transgressor. . . . And still the noble ship wore on — still refused the bitter death. Enshrouded with massy sheets and clumps of ice, the good craft nearly toppled with the weight, or settled forever in the yawning deep; for despite of her grand endeavors, — her almost human will and resolution, — her desperate efforts to save her precious freight of human souls, — she nearly succumbed, and seemed ready to yield them to the briny waters below. Lashed to stanch timbers, the trembling remnant of the crew soon found out, while terror crowned their pallid brows, that the tornado was driving them right straight upon a rock-bound coast; foaming and hopeless for them, notwithstanding that, from the summit of the bold cliffs, a light-house gleamed forth its eye coldly, cynically upon the night, in mockery lighting the way to watery death and ruin. Steadily, clearly it glimmered out upon the darkness, distinctly showing them the white froth at the foot of the cliff, — the anger-foam of the demon of the storm. Ah, God! have mercy! have mercy! . . look yonder, at the stern of the ship! What frightful gorgon is that? You know not! Well, that is Death, sitting on the taffrail. See, he moves about. Death is standing at the cabin door; he is gazing down below, looking up aloft, gazing out over the bleak, into the farther night. See! he is stalking about the deck, — the icy deck, — very slippery it is, and where you fall you die, for he has trodden on the spot.

Ah, me! ah, me! Woe, woe, a terrible woe is here, Tom Clark! Tom Clark, don't you hear? Death stands glamouring on you! Hark! he is whistling in the rigging; he is swinging on the snapping ends of yonder loosened halliards; if they strike you, you are dead, for they are whips, and Death is snapping them! He is calling you, Tom Clark; don't you hear him? — calling from his throne, and his throne is the tempest, Tom Clark, the tempest. Now he is watching you, — don't his glance trouble you? Don't you know that he is gazing down into your eyes? How cold is his glance! how colder his breath! It is very, very cold. Ah! I shiver as I think — and Death is freezing you, Tom Clark; he is freezing your very heart, and turning your blood to ice. . . .

And the vessel drove before the gale straight upon the cliff. All hope was at an end; all hope of rescue was dead. There was great sorrowing on board that fated barque. Heads were downcast, hearts beat wildly, ears drank in the mournful monody of the scene, and lo! the strong man lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Did you ever see a man in tears, — tears tapped from his very soul? God grant you never may. . . The strong man wept! the very man, too, who, a few brief hours before, had heaped up curses for trifling reasons, upon the heads of others; but now, in this hour of agony and mortal terror, he fell upon his knees in the sublime presence of God's insulted majesty; there, lashed to the pump, trembling in his soul's deep centre, he cried aloud to Him for — Mercy! God's ears are never deaf! At that moment one of His Angels, Sandalphon, the Prayer-bearer, in passing by that way, chanced to behold the sublime and moving spectacle. And his eyes flashed gladness, even through his seraph tears; and he could scarcely speak for the deep emotion that stirred his angel heart; but still he pointed with one hand at the prostrate penitent, and with the other he placed the golden trumpet to his lips, and blew a blast that woke the sleeping echoes throughout the vast Infinitudes; and he cried up, cried up from his very soul: "Behold, he prayeth!" And the Silence of the upper courts of Heaven started into Sound at the glad announcement. There is not only the difference of a species, but of an entire order, between a formal and a soul-sent prayer. "Behold, he prayeth!" And the sentence was borne afar on the fleecy pinions of the Light, from Ashtoreth to Mazaroth, star echoing to star. . . .

And still the sound sped on, nor ceased its flight until it struck the Pearly Gates of Glory, where was an Angel standing, the Recording Angel, writing in a Book; and, oh! *how* eagerly he penned the sentence, right opposite Tom Clark's name: "Behold, he prayeth!" and the tears — great, hot scalding tears, such as, at this moment, I am shedding — rolled out from the angel's eyes, so that he could scarcely see the book, — mine own eyes are very dim, — but still he wrote the words. God grant that he may write them opposite your name and mine, opposite everybody's, and everybody's son and daughter, opposite ALL our names. "Behold, he prayeth!" And, lo! the Angels and the Cherubim, the Seraphs and the Antarphim, caught up the sound, and sung through the Dome; sung it till it was echoed back from Aidenn's golden walls, from the East to the West, and the North and South thereof; until it echoed back in low, melodious cadence from the Veiled Throne, on which sitteth in majesty the Adonai of Adonim, the peerless and ineffable Over Soul, the gracious Lord of both the Living and the Dead! . . . And there was much joy in the Starry World over one sinner that had in very truth repented.

. . . . . .

I saw the catastrophe, in this dream that was not *all* a dream. I saw the soul of the man saved by the prayers of the woman he had so deeply injured, and I awoke, convinced that a sin against the pure love of the soul entails upon the transgressor penalties of a fearful kind. How many of us have them to pay!

. . . . . .

You have my answer as to "What becomes of harlots?" Of course I deprecate their existence, as does every well-wisher of his race, as well as every other social, moral, religious, or political evil. But I won't throw stones, and have never yet seen the man who could fling the first one; and I know that every harlot was once as pure as your sweet child, or mine, ay, and will be so again, up there in the starry sky where God's Justice rules, and not fallible man's prejudices and passions. Besides, I happen to recollect that two parties are essential to adultery, and one must be a male, not a MAN altogether, but a mere "He!"

No woman ever sinned alone, but was hurled down by what

looked like, but was by no means, a Man. Real men never do these things! Woman may be to blame, but not *all* the fault is hers. If she loved not, she would have stood! We can and do talk glibly of the folly of yielding to temptation, who have never been tempted. Oh, the beams in our eyes! and oh, the motes in our neighbors'!

While on this general subject I will here remark that all the aberrations in the matter of love, in this our world, come from blindness, ignorance both of ourselves, each other, and the principle of love itself. This will not always be so, and would not now were not our bodies corrupt from head to heel, with diseases transmitted to us from a thousand centuries ago. Not only are our bodies in this condition of radical impurity, but we have inherited all the moral and mental angularities of our universal ancestry. If this be so, — and who can doubt it? — what wonder that love and marriage are anything else than what they should be? None at all! Just so long as we feed, drink, live, and move in the world as we do, just so long will happiness be the exception and not the rule, as is the case to-day. I have elsewhere said, and here repeat, that love lieth at the foundation, and I hold that his or her chances for speedy happiness beyond the grave are in exact proportion to the love developed in them here, for a bad love is better than none at all. At present magnetic and passional attraction takes the place of genuine love, and it will be so just as long as we subsist on blood-inflaming food, and deify lust and imagine it love. In the starry homes of freed souls on the further shore, love is the very first lesson we begin to learn; and it were well if we began here. There are Sanitoria in nearly all the grand divisions, where those unfortunates who have loved vainly, — yearned for just a little true human love, and have been met with brutal passion, — bridleless lust, — are nursed into affectional health and strength. I hold it impossible for a bad man to truly love, and equally so for a man who truly loves to be bad. Love elevates ever and always, and it is only lust that debases and destroys.

CHAPTER V.

ARE ANIMALS IMMORTAL? — THE ABSORPTION-INTO-GOD QUESTION SETTLED — PHANTOMOSOPHY — A WONDERFUL SPIRIT POWER — ITS RATIONALE — RATIONALE OF DELIRIUM TREMENS — A SINGULAR FACT — HOW THOUGHTS ARE READ — THE EXPLANATION OF MEMORY — A NEW REVELATION — GENIUS — A NEW FACULTY — ANIMALS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLDS.

Question. — "Are all or any animals immortal? Are there any animals in the upper land; and if so, whence and what are they?"

Reply. — To the first interrogatory, I emphatically answer, so far as my knowledge and experience goes, not one! I do not know how extensive have been the investigations of Swedenborg and more modern seers; I can only say that I have been more familiar with spiritual realities, for many years, than with things of earth. The faculty of independent seership was born with me; and bitterly, bitterly have I regretted it; for mine has been a lonely, dreadful existence in consequence of that hereditary possession. I have been forced to live and labor in a world for which by birth I was wholly unfitted; and to earn my bread without knowing how. Hundreds of times people have said, "Randolph, if I had your powers, your genius, your oratorical and literary abilities, I would give half my life and all my property!" and I have invariably replied, "You would lose by the exchange. If it were possible to get rid of this power, I would do it at the sacrifice of everything on earth. But it cannot be done. Then came other psychical phases, which I assiduously cultivated, — for I could not help it, — cultivated these strange faculties; have tried to fathom all mystery, and succeeded in some cases; but never did I hear of, or see, an immortal dog, cat, or any other animal; and while analyzing the principia underlying human psychology, have necessarily deeply studied that of animals, whom I found non-immortal, for the reason that they are not high enough in the scale to elaborate from matter the indestructible essences which enter into the

composition of the spiritual body of man. We know nothing of *all* nature, only so much thereof as pertains to our earth; and so far as our earth alone is concerned, *all* nature exhausts her resources in perfecting the human machine, or rather, chemical apparatus, whose function is that of distilling matter and elaborating spirit. The process begins *in utero*, and ends in the grave. It is accomplished by and through the chemical, mechanical, electrical, galvanic, and magnetic apparatus, man's various organs operating on what he eats, drinks, inhales, and absorbs. The liver, lungs, heart, pancreas, spleen, brain, nerves, stomach, intestines, nostrils, solar plexus, the ganglia, and sexual apparatus, — all these are so many agents and vessels wherein meat, bread, fruit, air, water, electricity, magnetism, and all other substances and fluids are clarified, refined, crystallized, and fashioned in the human form or shape, and that form or shape appears to be that which the *man* himself is to wear through all the future ages.

Once, when *en rapport* with a vast brotherhood of learned Buddhists, of the better land, they taught, and I believed, that there would come a period when man would be so pure and perfect as to lose his identity, and be swallowed up in God, — be absorbed into the great Brahm, a component of whom he would then become. Somewhere, in one of the many books I have written, that idea has place. I forget the order of the argument, but remember that it was based on the assumption, that whatever originated in, and started on its elliptical orbit of existence from, must necessarily return to, God. The reasoning was fallacious, because an ellipse has two, and not one single point, — two *foci*. They can never approach each other. A yawning and impassable gulf eternally and forever keeps them apart. Man is at one focus of this tremendous ellipse, God is at the other; and the ellipse itself is law, — the principles of existence; they move, are, and act from God, on man, and bind the twain together. But it was a long time ere I reached the sublime truth I have just penned. I now believe in our continued existence as humans, — in ascending orders and hierarchies; and this from reason, — from a clear comprehension of known principles, and because my conclusions are corroborated and sanctioned by my tutors, — men of Morning Land, possessed of immense stores of knowledge on this recondite subject.

Beasts, being but secondary chemical vessels, perish at death. True, we all have heard of the ghosts of dogs and birds; and phantoms in those shapes have most undoubtedly been seen; but such are phantoms only. For instance, no truer thing was ever written than that statement of the great Swede, that thoughts have forms. Proof: Take a good mesmeric subject, and, although you, the magnetizer, may never have seen a ship, a Turkish mosque, or spotted tiger, although the subject may be as unwise as you on those points, yet, when in the slumber, if you think of those things, the subject will not only see, but will describe them, each and all, minutely.

The thoughts have shape; the objects seen are phantoms. Thus an animal, dog, or bird, is loved by a man or woman; still they die; but when dead, the ideas of them still exist — forms of love-thought — in their respective owners' minds. Now, with those images in your mind, you ask a seer, "Do you see my pet in heaven?" The answer is "Yes!" and no wonder, for you have just that moment sent the image there. Nor is it any more easy for the seer to distinguish between the reality and the shadow, than for you to tell whether the figure you see in a large mirror, of whose existence at the other end of the cabin of a steamer you are ignorant, is a man or his reflection, until experience shall have taught you better. Again: In this world, we can project or put our ideas upon paper or marble. By the aid of concave mirrors we can project a figure upon the air so perfectly that one would swear it was a real person standing there, and not a mere image. Such things are often done at the London Panopticon; and we all remember the theatrical "ghost excitement" imported therefrom a few years ago. In the spiritual country new powers of mind are developed. Here we can build castles in the air, but, unless we describe them, they please none but ourselves. There, on the contrary, they can be, and are, made visible to all who choose to look; and the exercise of this power affords boundless enjoyment and amusement to myriads of people. Here a lecturer must either illustrate his subject by skilful word-painting, or resort to diagrams or the panorama. There, however, he can produce the scene upon the air, so that all can see and understand; and, in consequence, the schools there are rather better than we find them here. There, our ideas can be, and are, visibly projected; they

become externalized creatures of our wills, deriving their life, their all, from our love, and remaining objectified subjects thereof as long as that special love is dominant. What then shall hinder me from having my dog Ponto? What shall prevent my Cora from still having her pet canary? In the upper country the law of supply and demand is a great improvement upon its action here. When seers behold appearances of well-known beasts, they may rest assured that they are beholding phasmas; and were they to look well about them they would often see the person from whose mind they were projected. Of course, these phantom pets are not the same as those on earth; neither are they, in any sense, the souls thereof. These loves are projected oftentimes unconsciously, and the disbodied person may believe, and through rapping-tables tell us, that they really have their pets with them. It is well known that here we are often subject to spectral illusions, so finely illustrated in Warren's "Diary of a Physician." A person was haunted by a large yellow dog. The phenomenon resulted from some complicated disarrangement of the organs of love, memory, and imagination, operating through a disturbed retina. The same disease in another form is the creating cause of the mice, rats, snakes, and devils of delirium tremens. There is another *arcanum* just here. There are general as well as personal and special projections from and of certain portions of the spiritual zones, divisions, communities, and brotherhoods. Here our architects, engineers, artists, are compelled to build upon their ideas or out-creations, in coarse material, — stone, wood, iron, canvas, glass, and paint, before they are generally perceptible. How we often wonder at our unuttered thought being read and spoken by some seer or disbodied person! Many attempts have been made to solve the mystery without success. The theories have been too far-fetched. As usual, men have looked away off, when, in fact, the solution lay right before their eyes, and is as simple as the day is long. Remembering that thoughts are things, — have tenacity, coherence, and life, — that they are real entities, — the rest is perfectly plain. When a thought is forged in the furnaces of the soul, we are not apprised of it; for the soul works on the other side of consciousness, and we are ignorant of what has been going on, until the thought itself, as complete as the unpractised soul could make it, passes across the field of consciousness. Then we know it, see it, hail it; but we

are not conscious of building it up piecemeal; we only know that we desire to have a certain piece of unknown information. The thought at such a point is an *in*-creation; when we project it before our faculties, and view it, it is an *out*-creation. All an architect has to do is to first photograph his thought well upon his memory; then place it where he wants it, putting stone, brick, mortar, glass, paint, and so on, to the sides, bottom, top, and interior; in short, clothe this spiritual idea with material habiliments, and lo! your palace stands revealed to the gaze of the world. Well, every thought conceived comes from the deeps of being, so to speak, — a thin, filmy picture, from the very centre of that mysterious fiery globe in the centre of the head, to which allusion was made in my "Dealings with the Dead," pp. 167, *et seq*. This sun of man, this seat of power, constantly exists as a point, of greater or less dimensions, within the centre of a globe less bright than itself, and on the walls of this outer globe the soul-forged pictures pass, and, as matter is pervious to the sight of spirits and some clairvoyants, nothing hinders them from seeing these pictures, and reading these thoughts. But neither these images, nor those that come to us from the outer world, through sight, sound, touch, hearing, or emotion, are lost; for when they have passed before the soul's outer eye, they depreciate in magnitude, and enter into cells, and remain there for longer or shorter periods, until, like a photographer's negative plate, they can no longer subserve the ends of use, whereupon they dissipate and are forever gone. This is the rationale of memory.

The scenery of the upper worlds is, in a great measure, the external projection of the general, popular mind, and the loftier are the people, the finer are their surroundings; just as here a barbarous man merely tills the ground for what food comes from it, while the polished and æsthetic man projects pleasure-grounds, conservatories and splendid gardens. It is the same law operating under different conditions. The greater, and therefore the more miserable, is a so-called "genius" here, the more marked is the work of his half-dozen abnormally expanded faculties; for genius is ever a crooked, unmanageable crab-stick, angular and full of sharp points, often, nearly always, meaning well, but almost as invariably stumbling headlong into ill. So of the Spirit Land. In the lower regions, where to some the general view is angular and

cheerless, it is no uncommon thing to behold isolated specimens of the most magnificent out-creations, architectural, artistic, or otherwise, — like a diamond breast-pin in a beggar's shirt-front, or a pearl jewel on a blackguard's finger. But the higher the general mind up there, the more varied, simple, yet ornate, lovely and beautiful is that out-creation, wherewith it surrounds itself, and is environed by that mysterious directing, silent, but omnipotent power called God, but who is really as *unknown* in those spheres, as in Booraboola Gha, except that no one denies its existence, because the evidences thereof, as here, are too palpable and clear. Human likes, dislikes, and tastes are everywhere dependent upon organization and circumstances. A band of freebooters would here delight in gloomy forests and dark caves, contiguous to some well-travelled high-road, and not too far off some well-stocked locanda or cabaret, abounding in good wine and maidens fair of non-resistant principles. A crew of pirates would exult in a long, low, black schooner, capable of putting the wind's eye out on a bowline, and of showing her teeth to an Indiaman, or her heels to one of your crack steam iron-clads. Artists would luxuriate in fine landscapes, fair grounds, toppling cascades, and something good to eat. Poets would prefer love in a cottage, not too restricted, generous wine, and in the members of the Mutual Admiration Society; while people of a different make-up would surround themselves with magnificent grounds and palaces, something after the style of Poe's "Domain of Arnheim," or Calvin Blanchard's unique conception of earth after the expiration of what he so justly called the "Dismal Ages." In the Spirit Land we fall plump and square right into the very place we like best. If alone, why, then alone. If otherwise, among the people best suited to us. True, we may get into some region of phantasy, or find ourselves in a sanitorium or a school; or we may have to join some earth-visiting Missionary Society, bent on civilizing the civilizees, or converting Christians to Christianity, cleaning the insides of the platitudinous platters. Still we will like the place and the work, whatever it be, and take to it as web-footed animals take to water. Moreover, as every useful thing or knowledge is to be had without too much trouble, and none of this clinking currency, why, we live quite cosily and comfortably, and just as our longing souls desire; and this fact, be it known, constitutes

Heaven, — simply the dwelling in the arena of harmony, and therefore, in the bonds of peace. Even Presbyterians are measurably happy, blue, as they are said to be, — but wrongly, — for they are decidedly green, — for a while. All things leave their imprints behind them in, so to speak, the great memory-cells of the universe; hence, whatever has been can be known, and will be (to some extent already is), by the exercise of a now-developing faculty, whose function it is and will be to read these so-called "scrolls of oblivion." Man, universal man, will yet defy the power of forgetfulness, for he will dive into the darkest caverns of the past, and, with a few bold strokes, triumphantly swim every Lethean sea; make every grave give up its dead; recover the "lost arts," and prove history to be something more than biography.

This is already — "already" did I say? I forget. This has been known millions of years by some of the myriads on the father zones; and is in that pertaining to our own system. For instance: a lecture is there announced; subject, — Zoölogy; and the speaker alludes to a megalodon and an icthyosaurus, — pristine beasts of earth, about which none of the hearers know anything whatever, save that they once existed. But the lecturer now wills that they *shall* know, and lo! straightway the lemur, or eidolon, of the beast, stands revealed before them, just as the ship or mosque did before the interior eye of your mesmerized subject. The thing appears just as do the phantom dogs and birds, and by virtue of the same laws of projection and universal memory; and the congregation are at full liberty to examine the wretch to their hearts' content, — and they do so.

I may here say, *en courant*, that there are a great many more "radical" and other passions in the human soul, than either Owen, Fourier, Prodhon, Professor Buchanan, Gall, Fowler, or even William Fishbough — the greatest thinker of them all — ever thought or dreamed of. And it is equally and also true, that every thing or animal is the external symbol of something mental, intellectual, moral, sensational, affectional, or spiritual. Indeed, this truth is generally and practically believed; for we all, more or less, admit that the dog symbolizes constancy, the ant faith, the spider patience, the partridge courage, the bull strength, the hog indolence, the bee industry, the fox cunning, the horse nobility,

the tiger ferocity, the sheep innocence, the peafowl vanity, the turkey pride, the cock lust, the dove love, the gazelle beauty, the elephant generosity, the ass contentment, the mule obstinacy, the hyena deceit, the snake malignancy, the ostrich cowardice, the wasp anger, and so on to the end of a very long list. Well, all these types and many others are occasionally seen in the upper globe and better country; not as real existences, but as forms projected and mirrored on the air, for the purpose of illustration, — "to point a moral and adorn a tale." But besides these protean and phantasmal forms of things that were, and are still here, there are others indigenous and pertaining to the other world; for indeed it were a poor land if all the animated beings there were strictly, wholly, solely human. No; there is a fauna and flora, too, of the Morning Land, transcendently beautiful and interesting. And I am inclined to the opinion that whoever wrote certain Arabian tales of singing trees and laughing waters, talking birds and sensible plants, must have caught a glimpse of some of the startling realities of the upper land, and whenever hereafter in this work I speak of animated forms, let it be understood that I mean real, actual animals, unless treating specially, and naming, phasmas.

CHAPTER VI.

VERY STARTLING QUESTIONS AND THEIR ANSWERS — RELATIONSHIP IN HEAVEN — THE AFFINITY QUESTION SETTLED — IS DEATH PAINFUL? — DEATH BY HANGING AND DROWNING — THE SENSATIONS THEREOF — EFFECT OF BAD MARRIAGES — FATE OF DUELLISTS, SOLDIERS, EXECUTIONERS — THOSE WHO DIE OF FRIGHT OR HORROR — DRUNKARDS — OBSESSIONS — THE FATE OF GENIUS, AND ITS ORIGIN — CRIME-ENGENDERING DANGERS — HAUNTED PEOPLE AND HOUSES — A CURIOUS CAUSE OF MENTAL SUFFERING — MUSIC OVER THERE — WHY DO PEOPLE MARRY OVER THERE? — REPLY.

Question. — "Will, or can you, tell me concerning relationships in the other world? Shall we meet our parents, wives, children and friends? Is the process of death painful? What is the effect of bad marriages *here*, — upon us there? What is the fate of soldiers, generals, and other leading executioners? What of those who died of fright? What is the effect of habit? Perverse will? The fate of genius, and its origin? Is there music there? Why do people marry there? what the effect of suffering *here*, — over there?"

Reply. — As to "relationships:" So far as our common origin is concerned, we are all brothers and sisters. It is blood and physical birth that constitutes relationship in this world; but the mere ties of consanguinity go but a little way in the other one. Indeed, men and women are often more closely knit and bound to strangers than to the children of their own parents. Affinity of psychical constitution, mental habitudes, or a common love, ambition, aspiration, and aim, constitute the *real relationship here and hereafter.*

I have already said that love rules in the sky, and if that love prompts you to seek the man who begat, or the mother who bore you, why, all you have to do is to will yourself in their presence, and you are there. But if there be no stronger tie between you than that of physical parentage, the renewed acquaintanceship will not be of long continuance.

People there are graded, not by outside pressure or enacted law,

but by the higher law of love, affinitude (or similarities), common aspiration, moral and intellectual development, and refinement, and organizational tendencies and peculiarities. If your relations are in these respects like you, they will be graded, and dwell in the same region, with you; but if not, then not. Nearly every one at first seek out their parents, relatives, and friends; their children and acquaintances. If not in the same grade, then for a while a visiting intercourse is established, which, there, as here, depends for its duration on mutual attraction. When that ceases, the acquaintance drops, or is exchanged for those that are more congenial.

Is death painful? If by a disease that racks the nerves, yes; but the agony is short. If by a bullet in the head or other vital part, no; for you are numbed instantaneously. If you are afraid of hell-fire; if your life has been so bad that your death-bed is haunted by the ghosts of evil deeds; if you shudder at facing your own music; if you behold, in mind, the mournful faces of the victims of your lust, rapacity, vengeance, hatred, poison, bullet, steel, or the worse instrument, *slander;* then take my word for it, you will find it very uncomfortable dying; and I had rather not be in your place. In a word, the mental anguish at that moment, far, very far, exceeds in poignancy, the physical; but, as a general thing, the act of dying is a very exhilarating business.

During the rebellion I knew of a colored man, who was caught and strung up to a tree, by the "patriots" of the "C. S. A." Just after he was done struggling, they took him down, and, by dint of plentiful ablutions of cold water, he revived, his neck not having been broken. Failing to get the information sought, they again hung him till still, and again took pains to revive him, after which they let him go. Well, that man declared that after the first choking sensation caused by the stoppage of breath, he experienced not the slightest pain whatever; and that hanging was one of the pleasantest feelings imaginable. Such, also, is the unvarying testimony of hundreds who have had a similar experience.

When a boy, I fell overboard at the foot of a pair of boat stairs, or rather was pushed over, by Steven Vanhorn, a dusky chum of mine, since dead. I was fairly drowned when they got me out,

but not a spark of pain felt I till my lungs were reinflated by the people near. Again, down South, last year, a boat ran into mine and dropped me to the bottom of seven feet of water. I went down, feet foremost, and saw the mud rise as my feet struck bottom; and I fell over on my back. For an instant, a sharp pang shot through me, and then I lay still, croning and dreaming, perfectly happy, and wondering at the magnificent play of colors that danced before my eyes, and the delicious strains of music that thrilled through my enraptured soul. But suddenly it occurred to me that that was death, and that, unless I made some effort to be saved, it would be suicide; and yet it was hard work to rouse sufficient energy to make the trial. I did so, however; got up, raised my arm, and was pulled out, thoroughly convinced that death, in itself considered, was nothing to be feared in the least degree.

Bad marriages here? All I can say on that point is, that there's a safe deliverance in the Spirit Land, without the intervention of council, judge, or jury. So far as this life is concerned, bad marriages are an obstacle to progress; an unhappy, woe-begetting union *is not* marriage; none but fools can call it so; and it ought not to be considered binding on either victim to it. At least I would not, do not, so regard it. Where's no love and respect, mutual and reciprocal, there's a violation of every human sanctity, and legislators ought to be made to understand it. I am certain that a bad marriage here retards our advancement hereafter, because it prevents the development of our better and higher faculties, and at the same time calls into active play many of the lower.

What is the fate of generals, soldiers, and other legal manslayers? If the cause in which they have fought be that of human right, then — although all wars are wrong — the men who have fought them are not morally punished for the slaying they may have done or caused.

Those who have died of fright, terror, horror, are, as a general thing, a long time recovering placidity and composure, as is the case with duellists and those who die of delirium tremens. But a man whose trade was that of an executioner is in a bad plight, for they are seldom speedily forgiven by those whom they have judicially slain; and until they *are* so forgiven, they are not happy. Indeed, no one can be thoroughly contented while there exists

anger or a sense of wrong done, in the mind of any one, on earth or in the Spiritual Country.

What is the effect of perverse will, and bad habits, — such as drunkenness? I answer, self-abasement, finally; disrespect of one's self; self-reproachment, based on the consciousness that those habits were a species of suicide. Lowly organized men for a while rush back to earth, visit their old haunts, and establish sympathetic rapport with those of their own grade, where possible; but where not so, they not seldom infest some poor medium, and drive him or her to acts whereat the victims would, if left to themselves, shudder and turn pale. Many a poor sensitive medium has been rushed into crime and folly by being made the unconscious proxy of some unrepentant wretch from the other side. And when once the rapport is firmly established, it is exceedingly difficult to dispossess the obsessing spirit. Nothing, however, is more certain than that the obsessors incur a dreadful penalty for their acts; and their sufferings will, in the end, be very severe. Of course these pains are mental.

You ask, what is the origin and fate of genius? and I reply: Genius arises from three sources.

1. It may be the culmination of an education or culture of a single set of faculties in a family for a long period of time.

2. It may be caused by the persistent exercise, by the mother (during gestation), of her mind in a given direction.

3. (*a*) It may be, and often has been, produced by constant magnetic operations on the unborn child, by spirits anxious to produce a given result; and

(*b*) It may result from nervous excitability, sadness, and a bias imparted to the child; turning the whole current of the mind into particular channels, — the voluntary or involuntary culture of special faculties.

Every genius is ticketed for misery in this life; for there's but an angular, one-sided, painful development. A few advantages are purchased at enormous cost: a short, brilliant, erratic career; more kicks than praises; more flattering leeches than fast friends; rich and joyous to-day, houseless and suffering the pangs of hell to-morrow; understood by God alone; seldom loved till dead; the victims of bad men, and constant dupes — even of themselves! Genius is a bright bauble, but a dangerous posses-

sion. Invariably open to two worlds, they are assaulted, coaxed, flattered, led captive on all sides, and the only rest comes with death. And although measurably happy, and entirely relieved of many disabilities on the further shore, they yet have enormous tasks to do. They are compelled to train all their previously neglected faculties to something like consonance with those few wherewith they startled the world below. For instance: A man who was a great architect, musician, physiologist, painter, sculptor, poet, reasoner, must cultivate all his other faculties until he becomes rounded out, outgrows his special angularities, and be a different man altogether. It is a blessed thing to be able, as I am, to tell all such, and all the other tearful, unknown, sad-hearted, weary souls; the unpitied, unappreciated wives; the struggling, honest man, who goes to the wall because he cannot pollute his soul by chicanery and low knavery, whereby coarser men find thrift,—I repeat, it is joy to me this night to be able to pen these lines of assurance that in very truth there's rest, and peace, and sweet sleep, and comfort, and sympathy, appreciation, and warmly yearning, loving hearts for them up there. How some of us *will rest*, when our year of jubilee shall come, and death shall set us free!

Let me here say two important things. 1st. Whatever is of value comes through much tribulation and pain. Many a great thought nearly kills the thinker in its birth. Men and women sensitives are often plunged into the most dreadful abysses of misery by spirits, in order either to bring out some latent power of the mind, or to enable the victim to rise to some correspondingly dizzy mountain-top of thought, philosophy, invention, or poesy.

2d. Thought is born of sadness and sorrow; and many of us are sorrowful from the cradle to the grave. These are seed sufferings, from which, in another sphere, will spring gorgeous flowers of happiness, whose rich and solacing perfume will undoubtedly reward us for our pain. It is a long time to wait, but wait we must. I am here speaking of the special sufferings of particularly circumstanced and organized persons.

Is there any music over there? In reply, let it be forever known that the spiritual is not a silent land. But this question involves more than at first appears. I have elsewhere said that man is

infinite, not in power or development, but in capacity. In the early efforts of the race a cave sufficed for shelter, and that suggested artificial caverns, — a hut being the result. To-day we behold crystal palaces, and gorgeous buildings lining our streets. What a contrast between the first and last, — the hovel and the palace! and yet both were the work of the same human faculty. Again, there is quite a difference between the notched-stick methods of our ancestors, and the last series of logarithms; between simple one, two, three, and the calculations of an eclipse for the year A. D. 10,000, yet both are from one little organ of the same human brain. Listen to the horrid din of rude fiddles and worse drums in a West-African Kraal, and then to OFFENBACH'S great opera, *The Duchess of Gerolstein*, for instance. Both originated in the same faculty, and we being still babies, yet having our *Duchess*, what sort of improvements will we not witness at the end of say a couple of thousand years from now?

Now let us look at all our faculties, and we cannot help seeing that, life here being altogether too short for their perfect culture, they must still expand and enlarge in our other home; for, believe me, these mighty powers were not given in vain; consequently the singer will still sing, the builder build, and the architect design, up yonder. It is not our ears that hear; it is the principle within, and we carry that principle with us. There is, therefore, music in the Spirit World. Indeed, we often catch strains of it here, and it is far sweeter even than Mozart's or Beethoven's.

It is asked, why do people marry over there? and I answer, precisely for the same reason they do here, — companionship, love, kindliness, mutuality.

It is also asked what effect follows suffering here, when we are over there? To this I answer that, generally speaking, all suffering is disciplinary. It serves to bring out and develop the man; it prepares him to enjoy ease and peace; it fits his spirit for the mighty work of ages that lies before it; it softens and rounds out the inner self; it shows us the difference between mind and matter; it helps fashion the shape and tendency of our minds, and it teaches us that there is a God; for when in pain all mankind believe firmly in the Deity.

In the Spirit Country people do not suffer the same sort of

inconveniences as they do here; but yet whosoever imagines there is one eternal Sabbath there, — a period of no work and all play, — will speedily have to correct that error; for there are no idlers there; just as it is true that a life of perfect innocence is the only true life, so a life of labor is the only worthy life, no matter whether we be in one world or another. A perfect development is impossible to be had on earth, for we are surrounded on all sides with conditions that prevent, or militate against it. No matter how tame a forest beast may become, there are times when its savage, wild nature, will, in spite of all kindness, assert itself. So also with man, individual and collective. The memory of the short time back when we were forest rangers and cave dwellers, will occasionally come up; and we rise from worship to a feast of blood; leap at a bound from peaceful tables to plunge and rush into "glorious war." In individual cases, it matters not how good and gentle, well-intentioned or just a man may be, there are moments when the "Old Adam" bubbles up; when even Christians persecute, and "regenerate men" damn the souls of those who disagree with them; hell itself occasionally blazes forth, gleams in other time lamb-like features, and the glare of a fiend flashes forth from angry eyes. This is because physically he is not yet man, any more than mentally. We at best are but large children, slowly approximating manhood, and with plentiful recollections of the savage foretime. How true it is that even in the most polished and "civilized" society

> "There's a lust in man no power can tame,
> Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame!
> On eagle wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born to die."

By and by the blood that courses through us will lose its affinities for physical fire; we shall outgrow our similarities to the animal, and gradually become wholly human.

CHAPTER VII.

LOCATION, DIRECTION, DISTANCE, FORMATION, AND SUBSTANCE OF THE SPIRIT LAND — A NEW PLANET NEAR THE SUN — THE SPIRIT WORLDS VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE — THE THRONE OF GOD, ITS NATURE, BULK, AND LOCALITY — LOCATION OF THE FINAL HOME OF SPIRITS — THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRST HUMAN SOUL — UNCREATED SOULS — THE RAIN OF WORLD-SOULS AND SOUL-SEEDS — LOCATION OF THE SEVEN GRAND SPHERES OR ZONES — LENGTH OF AN ETERNITY — OUR SPIRIT WORLD VISIBLE ON CLEAR NIGHTS — ITS DEPTH AND DIMENSIONS — DISTANCE AND SUBSTANCE OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD — HOW WE GO TO AND FROM THERE — PLANTS AND ANIMALS OF SPIRIT LAND — SCENERY ABOUT THE SPIRITUAL SUN — BOREAL AND AUSTRAL SUNS NOW FORMING AT THE POLES — VAMPIRES — WEIGHT OF A SPIRIT.

Question. — "What and where, in the Spirit World, Morning Land, Better Country, Home of the Soul, or Aidenn, are the spheres or dwelling-place of the disbodied human spirit? What is it made of? In what way is it distinct from matter, and the great ethereal ocean you have spoken of? Is it subject to gravitation? How do we get there, and back? Is there any death there? Do we sleep? What are our occupations? Do sects abound there as here? How do we live when there? What is the size of our spirits? Can we penetrate solid matter and exist? Is it possible to annihilate a spirit? Would a man live after being blown to atoms from a gun? Are we there, as here, characterized by red and dark hair, complexions, slenderness, and obesity? Do we use vocal language? Are there kings and rulers there? Are famous persons here celebrated there? What are the standards of beauty? Are there books? Are nations distinct? Where are the dead of a million years ago?"

Reply. — Here is a formidable catalogue of questions, truly! They are to be answered specifically, as well as in the light of general principles; to one of which latter I must now call your attention, my object being to impart a clear understanding of the general subject of human immortality. Take an onion or a rose and you forthwith know of their existence by the sense of smell, as well as those of touch and sight. Well, all things else give off similar

emanations, a part of their life or spirit; and everything is surrounded by its own peculiar atmosphere, invisible yet perceptible, impalpable yet material, spiritual and real; spiritual, because even the invisible odic or perfume sphere, in turn gives forth emanations bearing the same relations to it, that the sphere does to the object emitting it. The dog knows his master's sphere among a thousand others, and never makes mistakes. We are impressed favorably, or the reverse, according as the personal spheres of those we contact with, affect us. We instinctively like or dislike individuals solely on this ground. By and by we will all become so sensitive to the spheres of individuals as to understand them perfectly, and detect with unerring certainty a bad man or woman, no matter how honeyed and plausible their verbal protestations may be. Well, this and all other planets, like objects on their or its surface, emit a vast sphere composed of carbo-oxygenic bubbles, or minute globules, developed by the decomposition of watery particles in the five vast salt oceans of the globe. Being globular they are also hollow; and a higher chemical change is constantly taking place in them, each and every one. By the action upon these tiny globules (atmospheric air) of the magnetic and electric emanations from the land, each one of these globules — batteries they are — becomes filled with a finer fluid, and this is life, or nerve aura of the earth; for, let it be understood, the earth is itself a living organism, — not an animal, but still alive; were it not so, it could not produce living things, either sentient or vegetable. When we inhale air these bubbles burst; the carbon they contain is partly thrown out by the lungs; the oxygen goes to build up the body, while the *spirit* or life goes to sustain the interior nervous being of men and brutes. But all the atmosphere is not used up. We live in a sea of it forty-five miles deep; the grosser particles floating nearest earth, and the more ethereal portion far up, or down, towards the zenith. We all know that the centripetal motion of a revolving body tends to shape it oblately spherical, and that the lighter particles fly off at a tangent on the equatorial line; or at a point midway between the oblate polar ends. Here, then, is the principle, briefly. But I wish to impress a great fact upon your mind right here. It is this: The earth rotates upon its axis; performs an orbital revolution round the sun; another in the course of long

ages, *with* the sun about his superior sun; and the entire galaxy to which he belongs revolves upon *its* galactic axis, and that constitutes its enormous day, around its unimaginable centre, and that makes its, to us, almost eternal year. And it, too, like this globe of ours, has its eccentric revolutions, performed in periods of time that defy all our arithmetic to compute, our fancy to conceive. It is difficult to restrain myself from enlarging on this magnificent truth, shining so clearly upon my soul on this beautiful May morning.

Every atom of matter yields up its perfected spirit, and the earth throws off a continual stream thereof on the equatorial line. It is hot there; particles expand; decomposition and chemical change go on more rapidly and perfectly in the torrid than in any other zone. In torrid climes the earth-essence, the *spirit* of the air, rushes off from the surface; and only enough is retained to merely support nerval life; hence torrid people are more sensational than nervous, more flashful than enduring, more passional than affectionate, more animal than human, more impulsive than principled, and more superstitious than intellectual. In the colder countries this earth-life, this subtle *vif*, this nerve-essence of matter, flows along the surface toward the equator. It is breathed and appropriated by man in much larger quantities; and therefore the people there, away in the temperate zones, have larger brains; more and finer strung nerves; keener and broader aspirations, ambitions, and intellects; and they indisputably govern the entire world. Now the "Spirit World" means more than at first the term conveys: for not only is there one for this world, surrounding it as does the atmosphere, but there is a belt or zone above that, and one above that, and still another. So is there one or more, according to the stage of geographical, vegetative, and animal refinement it may have reached, about every planet in our solar system, the asteroids and a few moons excepted, which have only a mere ethylic or magnetic envelope so far. With reference to the moons of the solar system, no doubt they will in time be peopled; but not so with reference to the asteroidal fragments of the shattered planet that once revolved between Mars and Jupiter. These will all, sooner or later, be drawn into the seas of the various globes whose paths they cross. When that planet burst asunder and scattered its fragments over the floor of space, it altered the relations of the

entire solar system; and was the cause of the great cataclysm that swept this earth with a watery bath; sunk Plato's Atlantis island; upheaved Sahara; rent the continents asunder, and filled the world with terror. Lately a new planet has been formed within the orbit of Mercury; another ring is being forced from the sun, and two comets are globating on the outer verge of the system; and it is owing to these changes that the earth is now altering both its axis and its inclination to the plane of the ecliptic. Hence universal disturbance, wars and rumors of wars, have for some time prevailed, and will, until an equilibrium is again established.

Another and another change will follow, until the era of universal harmony is physically, and therefore mentally and spiritually, reached.

The sun himself is surrounded by spiritual belts, just as is this earth, whose spirit zone is visible to others, and partly so to us (we call it in scientific parlance, "the zodiacal light"), just as we behold the lower belts or zones of Jupiter and Saturn. Well, the law holds good which ever way we look; for the entire solar system is girdled with a belt of spiritual substance; and on its surface is finally collected all the spiritual offspring of all the planets within its royal embrace, from whence they eventually take their flight to that vast zone which encircles our entire galaxy. Nor does our career stop even at that point. But of this more at another time, space forbidding me to here enlarge or amplify the subject. To return: —

The spiritual world to which we go from this earth in dream, vision, or when life's fitful fever is over, is, as already stated, a zone, or belt at right angles with the poles. It is composed, substantially, of the unused essences of matter, electric, magnetic, odic, projected from earth in its constant axial revolutions. The peculiar substances of which I speak are not absolutely, though apparently coalescent, and while not being the refuse of earth, are not required for other than the purposes they subserve. Each planet, sun, astral and stellar galaxy in universal space is similarly belted. Here I must call attention to a stupendous fact. I have already said that this material universe, embracing uncountable systems, is elliptical in form. I have also said that it occupies one of the foci of another awful ellipse, — an equally mighty

one being at the other. The movements are all elliptical, or gyral, — in special instances. Well, just imagine the entirety of systems of suns to be a point in this infinite ellipse, and that the other is occupied by a Sun of suns, ultra spiritual, immeasurably less in magnitude, but shining with an effulgence inconceivable, balancing the whole, and sustaining all, and you will have a faint idea of the dwelling-place of power, the great spiritual centre; the sky from whence suns and starry systems rain down like sparks from a rocket, or snow-flakes in wintry weather; you will behold the vortex where matter and spirit alike are forged; the home of the great Positive Soul; the head and brain and eye of all Being; the inscrutable ante-chamber where souls are fashioned, and wait to be sent forth to be born, the mystery of mysteries, the veil which conceals the infinite, eternal God.

Not all spirits have yet beheld that sun; not one will ever be able to comprehend it; but all will be warmed by its rays; all will be expanded by its heat. Well, around this sun, around this entire ellipse, embracing all matter, is another and final zone or belt, and this is the final scene, and will be so long as the present universe exists. "Then the final home is outside of matter and of God?" No, for God there is the Alpha Sun in its zenith, and the Omega in its nadir; and his divine aura pulsates in and through it as blood circulates through the veins.

The career run by mankind on this or any other earth of space constitutes his first, rudimental or primary stage of being.

Question. — "But there must have been a time when no earth of all the spaces had yet produced a single human being; a time when only God and matter, or that substratum whereon it is based, were in existence? If there ever was such a period, how do you account for the creation of the *first human soul*, the primal man? In a word, where do souls originate? Let that question be settled."

Reply. — Undoubtedly souls are *monads;* are not created, but only incarnated, through and by the agency of the human duo-sexual organism. From the great vortex, — from the *Fountain*, there is a perpetual outflow of, not worlds, but world-souls; not human beings, but human seeds, *monads.* Their number is incalculable. These *monads* flow to every perfected earth in the universe, and there become incarnated, and thence intelligent, deathless beings

The only difference between them consists in sex, and the more or less perfect conditions and refinement of the special projecting fathers, and nidulating, nursing mothers. There you have the answer in brief space.

The first stage of a human career being on this earth terminates at death. The scene of its activities is then transferred to the surface of the zones surrounding this earth (or any other) situated beyond the outer limits of its or their atmospheric envelopes respectively. The third stage of being succeeds the second. (But let it be remembered that the second stage embraces a career upon all the zones or belts connected directly with and crowning, the earth or earths.) The scene of the third grand stage is upon the solar belt. The fourth grand stage is upon the majestic and magnificent zone which engirdles the entire solar system. The fifth grand stage of human existence succeeds the fourth, and its scene is upon the immense belt or zone that encircles the tremendous globe around which not only our own sun with its attendant family of planets, but the cluster to which it belongs, revolves, performing a single circuit in a period not less than eleven hundred billions of quintillions of solar years. This vast body is one of the Pleiades, or "Seven Stars" now known to be, not the star "Alcyone," as some astronomers have asserted, but which I declare to be a non-luminous sun in that direction, and which sustains the same relation to this Galactic System, that our sun does to us and our sister planets. Around that central globe unnumbered millions of suns and planets pursue and whirl their varying courses. The sixth grand stage of human existence succeeds the fifth, and its scene is upon an immense belt or zone that surrounds another dark sun, exactly balancing that in the direction of "Alcyone," — the twain constituting the foci of an immense ellipse, — one being "Positive" the other "Negative;" *we pertain to the latter.* About these two foci two awful galaxies severally perform their tremendous sweep in opposite directions. When first I saw this it was impossible for me to comprehend the principia thereof, and I so stated in the first edition of this work; since then, however, I have discovered the grand dual law of existence, Positive and Negative, Male and Female, extending through all being, — starry clusters, nebulæ, and galaxies being no exception to the universal rule.

Brainful men have recognized this law in earthly things, and even applied it to the Godhead, and it is passing strange that they have never dreamed of its universality; that some planets, systems, clusters, galaxies are male, and others female; that some continents and empires are of one sex, and others of the opposite; that some ages are male, other ages female, — in short that the duality is complete from moss to starry zones. I saw, and now declare, with reference to the amazing ellipse written of, that one of the foci represents the female, and the other the male, — just as matter is male and spirit female, — in the broader sense. Around each of these foci sweeps an awful train of luminous worlds, and spanning each one is a spiritual zone of vast magnitude, each teeming with myriads of angelic beings, and overflowing with unutterable beauty.

If, before I pass over the river to the better shore, I am permitted to write further concerning the SPIRITUAL KINGDOMS OF FARTHER SPACE, I shall amplify the points here merely touched upon, not for want of inclination, but of means to give what I write to the world. [Oh, for some Stewart with an open hand to aid poor struggling authors, — the sad, toiling, unrequited workers like myself, almost starving for bread, yet whose eyes are overflowing with grateful tears because God hath opened them to a few of his most excellent glories!]

Around both these foci and the galaxies they control, — encircling the entire ellipse like a belt of molten silver, is another zone; and on that zone is the scene of the seventh grand stage of human existence. This mighty belt completely environs all created or existent MATTER! It encircles the entire galaxies, just as Saturn's rings engirdle him, or the Zodiacal light embraces its material centre, — our earth.

In this present work I design, for the purpose of correcting some very popular misapprehensions existing on the general subject of the spiritual worlds, to treat principally concerning that portion of the supernal realm, or ethereal world immediately connected with this earth and the solar system to which it belongs; and consequently, mainly concerning man's second grand stage or sphere of existence. As previously remarked, should opportunity offer, I purpose to write concerning the other grand stages of being in their due order and sequence, — especially concerning the origin

of souls. The final zone, I may here say, however, crosses our "Milky Way" at right angles. Here however, let me be clearly and distinctly understood: I have spoken of the "Final zone," and described it as circumvolving all the material suns, planets, and systems in being. This is true. But it is also true that there are, no less than six other grand zones resembling it, but infinitely superior thereto; albeit the transcendent glories of the first one exceed the powers of a seraph to describe. In and of these other six, there is absolutely nothing whatever resembling anything pertaining to the first. They are separated from our grand zone and the Realm of Matter as we know it by distances so inconceivable, that the life of an archangel would be too short to compute them.

The whole seven may be said to resemble a series of hoops, crossing and circumvolving each other in various directions, no two being in the same line or plane, and the whole forming one vast globe, equatorially bulging, oblate at the poles, limited by an amorphous wall, and crowned by the heaven of heavens, — the Deific realm, or Universe of universes, the central Brain of Existence, the unimaginable dwelling-place of the Incomprehensible God! . . . . Let us return from this enormous flight — not of imagination, but of clairvoyance — to what more directly concerns us. And, first, let me here observe, that, when man has exhausted all the resources of the grand galactic zone; when he can draw no more of knowledge, power, or wisdom therefrom; when its seven stages general have been passed, and he graduates, or is prepared to, he will have completed one grand cycle of his career, vast and mighty, — during the period losing never a day of advancement; but there will remain many other cycles to be begun and ended, concerning which tremendous truth-facts the revelation hour is not yet come. But it *will* come, and till it does, the student, the curious, and the world must wait.

Gases thrown off from revolving bodies by centrifugal force, must necessarily, by the laws of motion, applied to elastic fluids, assume the form of continuous belts, oval or circular in form; and this law it is that determines the form of the spiritual zones; and the vast wave of sublimated matter whereof they are composed, invariably conforms to this beautiful law. In fact, at times, the spiritual crown of this earth is distinctly visible to the human eye, and its shape may be observed; for, if you look close

to the sun, just before it "sets," you will see a luminous aura, — the edge of the spiritual belt of earth, and be told by astronomers that it is the "zodiacal light," albeit they are ignorant of its nature, origin, use, or substance. Now, the average thickness of this belt varies, from one mile at its polar edges to nearly six hundred times that much at its equator, and in some places approaches nine hundred miles in depth. At a distance of between four and five hundred miles above it is another belt, and others still beyond that; but these are mere laminations of the first one, and are in no sense to be regarded as separate or disparated zones, — they are parts of one zone, — just as a lady's belt, leather, velvet, silk, jewels, are all portions of one ornament. The joint axis of revolution of these laminæ or belts is that of earth, — except the most external one, which to me has never appeared to have an axial movement, — at least, such as I could discern. The common rate of revolution of this laminated zone is evidently less than that of earth.

The material of these zones is no impediment to the solar ray. They move with the earth around the sun, and with the sun around the dark star, in the direction of Alcyone, — as already stated. A complete revolution about that great centre, according to astronomical calculations of recent date, requires a period of three hundred and ninety-four billions of solar years! — an error, for truer computations will conform to the periods set forth on a previous page of the present work.

Many "Spirits" — I dislike that term, and prefer "Disbodied," or "Ethereal People" — roam for a time, and exist upon the upper surfaces of earth's atmosphere, at distances varying from fifty to four hundred miles above the highest mountain-tops; yet there are scores of thousands who linger here in our midst for long years, not seldom "haunting" houses, and troubling people generally; but the mean distance of the lowest zone proper from earth, is not less, I judge, than fifteen thousand miles. By reason of its rarefaction, compared with terrestrial things, and its great distance combined, it is, save under the conditions above stated, transparent to mortal eyes; and yet is, in one sense, far more solid than the gross materials about us here; because spirit, or subtle essence is actual, real substance, — is the changeful, but indestructible substratum of all material, or visible and external

existences. The average breadth of that first zonal world, crowning this world of ours, is three hundred and nine thousand miles, except at two points, — what may be called its polar axes, where it decreases to about a uniform breadth of forty thousand miles.

Respiration and expiration are universal; we see it in animated nature and in the vegetable kingdom — ay, even in the tides of ocean. It is also true of worlds and zones, for the latter inhale, as it were, the aromal essences of earth, and exhale their finer and more sublimed particles, which volatile essences rise and in turn constitute a belt or lamina above it, and so on until the last one, which gives off a river of fine substance, — an aerial, majestic stream of flowing pellucid electroidal essence, which runs to, and connects it with, the solar zone, whence other similar rivers flow to those other and vaster belts elsewhere described, and finally to that colossal one which encircles and embraces the immense cluster of stars and nebulæ to which we belong.

Another singular fact must here be noted. At the north and south poles of this earth is an aerial river. Where it enters the earth's atmosphere it is electric; where it quits it it is magnetic. This river flows along the earth, and through it, and on both sides connects it with the great zone. On that zone it flows across it, but not always in the same place. It brings to earth somewhat of the spiritual air of the upper land; and on its buoyant tide our disbodied brothers and sisters, if so disposed, joyously hie them hither; and on its pellucid stream, swelled to a broad river by electric contributions from earth's surfaces, our visitors return to the upper globe, and the newly dead go home.

The lower or hitherward side or surface is rugged, hilly, and concave; for mountains and superficial inequalities above extend below, precisely as with the terrene and sub-terrene elevations here on earth. The superior surface is slightly convex, but not nearly so much as is this world below. To the physical eye the zonal material would appear as if made of the most gossamer-like and fleecy cloud substance, its general color being a lightish-gray, pearl-dashed green, shading up to white, and toning down to a sombre drab-gray. Indeed, with reference to some portions thereof, the light and beautiful appearance of the glorious multi-tinted vapors of a tropical sunrise is the nearest approach to a just descrip-

tion of it that I am able to give; and that falls far short of the reality!

The general appearance of Vernalia, or Aidenn, as not a few English, American, and Arab dwellers therein, call the upper country, to a great degree resembles that of this world, save that except in certain, what may be justly called, Edge-regions; it is incomparably more beautiful, refined, diversified, and variegated; and its fauna and flora are entirely different from, and superior to, anything seen here, if we partially except the production of favored spots in India, Africa, and Central Australia, — the gardens and conservatories of earth in those respects.

Now, let the reader understand, once for all, that in no sense whatever is the upper country a phantom land. On the contrary, it is far more real, solid, and enduring than the firmest rock-ribbed mountains of this sub-solar globe; and to its inhabitants is quite as real and tangible as is the land and water about us here on earth to us. Never let these facts be forgotten. I am perfectly aware that there now floats upon the tide of so-called "Spiritual" literature, hundreds of fancy descriptions of the farther land; but these all, or nearly all, have their origin in the imaginations of the writers, who have never yet caught one single glimpse of what they have undertaken so minutely to describe. Nor am I unaware that my own descriptions may be challenged. I expect they will be. But I also know that the age of clairvoyance is rapidly approaching, and, in the myriad concurrent testimonies of coming seers, I look for corroborations of what I have here written, and am to write, perfectly assured that every one of my statements will be demonstrated to be as true as light is true!

Our senses, over there, are vastly more acute and powerful than while we are here, especially the seeing power. The very slight general slope or rotundity of the surface there, affords a vast range of vision. Any object here, even the loftiest mountain, soon sinks beneath the horizon. Not so there, for the pitch is far less: hence a wider range of view can be, and is, had of its varied and diverse scenery. Not that, like the pampas, prairies, or even the lowlands of Louisiana, it is a dead level, — for such is by no means the case; for there are hills, dales, mountains, levels, brooks, slopes, glades, valleys, lakes, rivers, and seas; in a word, *our* spirits are there, and so is that of our earth, and all that marks and adorns

it, so far as these marks are beautiful, good, and true, and nearly all that is not so remains here, and by us is forever left behind until by upward change it becomes so; for the good, the true, and the beautiful are imminent, and inherent in *all* things. and only the element of Time is required to work them to the surface. To illustrate: there are gigantic men and women, — fat monstrosities everywhere in the world, — people who weigh four hundred pounds or more. They die; but in looking for them there, you would not expect to see an overgrown spirit; nor, if you did, would you find it. But, on the contrary, you would see them of the same general dimensions as other people. There is an apparent exception to this rule, but it is apparent *only*. Media and seers very often describe the dead just as they appeared when on the earth, and by these marks are identified. Well, in such cases it is *never* the spirit that is seen, but merely a phantom, — a projected image from the spirit. My experience as a seer gives me authority to say that only about ten per cent. of the spirits, and scenes claimed to be viewed by the persons referred to, are real; and that ninety per cent. are pure phasmas, or images projected by spirits upon the mental retinas of the sensitives of the world; for real and absolute clairvoyance is as rare in these days as are genuine physical media. And here let me say once for all that jugglery has been so systematized in these days, that not more than one so-called physical manifestation in fifty is to be relied on for what they purport to be.

For years I had, without once thinking to apply the test of clairvoyance, firmly believed in, and accepted the "spectral forms" and hands, and other physical "wonders," as real and genuine, and flew off at a tangent when people denounced them as expert jugglery. Now all that is changed. I was first brought to examine the matter from a conversation with a gentleman named Dyott, of Philadelphia, who first put me on my guard against all that sort of thing; and, subsequently a Mr. Von Vleck, whom, with others, I had been led to denounce as an impostor, convinced me that the work he was doing, in the exposure of the charlatans, was well worthy of an honest, honorable gentleman; for while both these gentlemen firmly believed in Spiritualism, they were possessed of brains sharp enough to detect imposture, and noble outspoken courage to properly denounce it, and put the world on its guard against a species of scoundrelism the most mean and contemptible

ever undertaken, — that of publicly sporting with the most sacred feelings of the human heart, and palming off on human beings their adroit tricks as the genuine manifestations of the disbodied loved ones gone before. All honor to Dyott and his co-workers! Success to Von Vleck, in the exposure of fraud!

The scenery of the upper land is illumined, in the first instance, by the self-effulgent atmosphere of that region; in the second place, by the spiritual zone of the sun, which zone by the way, was seen by Swedenborg, and was described by him and many of the ethereal people he held intercourse with. It was erroneously supposed, from its transcendent glory, to be the throne of God; and was constantly spoken of as "The Spiritual Sun shining in the mid-heaven."

The third source of light, in the spiritual realm alluded to, is that of two vast magnetic moons surmounting its two poles, and moving in very brief orbits, — just as, by and by, this earth of ours will be lighted, — for when its present third motion ceases, it will have changed its poles, swung round again, as it has before (when the deluge was, and tropical beasts and forests were buried beneath arctic snows in the twinkling of an eye, from which snows we now get their relics and remains), — only that this time the change will be more gradual; the earth will slowly swing into a new position with reference to the ecliptic and galactic planes; its ices will melt; the seasons become less extreme and irregular, but more even and equable; the molten materials in its vast bowels will be shifted, and new oceans of electricity be generated; the electric, magnetic, diamagnetic, and thermal lines will change, — one consequence of which will be, that man will breathe a more electric and less carbonaceous air, hence will be more intelligent, spiritual, intuitive, gentle; and less belligerent, sensual, mean, grasping, and slanderous; — and the earth will receive a great addition of light; first, from a boreal and electric sun, just over its then north pole, and a corresponding austral one over the south pole. The first one of these I proclaim to be already in process of formation, just westward of the earth's axis of gravity. This boreal sun is to be a permanent, and ever-enlarging auroral globe; not in sheets or fitful and transitory electric flashes, as are now seen on wintry nights in arctic regions, and which shoot up and stream off into space, leaving no sign, but globular, bril-

liant, and enduring; — and when this takes place, arctic climates, as well as tropic heats, will have ceased to be forever. This sun, these suns, will gradually recede till they reach certain points in the arctic and austral zeniths, where, describing short circular orbits, they will remain. Such are some of Jupiter's moons to-day, and some other planets are similarly favored, but not all. I regret that space will not allow me here to enlarge upon the wonderful effects those changes will bring to earth and its inhabitants, and only will I here remark that when the fearful storms and tempests which will inaugurate these changes shall have ceased, the dawn of the good time, so long coming, will be here. Civilization and religious and political changes and revolutions depend, far more than men imagine, upon the electrical conditions of the globe; and so long as those conditions are liable to the changes consequent upon the earth's efforts to reach her proper place, state, and conditions, just so long will chaos reign as now; for we are just what these changes make us, no more, no less, no better, no worse. What a seed-thought is here!

The fauna and flora of the upper land differ in diverse sections there as here. Forests there are, and natural gardens; but all these differ amazingly from any similar things here below. Media in various localities, in the early days of modern spiritualism, very frequently drew pencil pictures of various nondescript fruits and flowers that resembled nothing on or under the earth ever seen before. These purported to be, and probably were, sketches, more or less imperfect, of upper-land realities, but invariably of the lowest grades and orders, and bearing the same relation to the higher and better forms there that our coarse giant ferns, grasses, reeds, moss, and lichens do to our most perfect dahlias, roses, peaches and — highest of all earthly fruits — the pear.

With us on this globe heat and moisture are the sources and springs of all vegetable life, motion, and form. It is not so up there. Such warmth as we experience here is not known in any part of that fair country. True, there is a sort of heat, but it is, so to speak, *exusive* — or from within; it is the result of interior motion — (as is the heat inspired by anger and desire here), — has its rise from the centre, and is not externally applied by the sun's rays, or heat from any astral body.

Moisture, as we understand it, is there wholly unknown. But

in its stead there is a life-principle in the very air, that invigorates and sustains all with which it contacts. *Actinia*, the chemical principle of light, is there not needed in the same form as here, and therefore does not so exist, for in that land there can be no decay, as in these realms where life is dependent on the solar ray. Of course cold — which is — maugre all the scientists aver to the contrary — something more than a mere absence of caloric, or negation of heat — is there wholly unknown.

Were it not so, and a disbodied one were exposed to its rigors, no spirit lives who could withstand it; for no being thus subject, could pass through the bleak regions forty miles above the earth where the cold reaches some thousands of degrees below the point of frozen alcohol!

In that fair land above us all floral life is vastly fuller, completer, and more perfect than in this, comparatively, dismal world; for magnetoidal, electroidal, and etheroidal elements and principles supersede heat, cold, moisture, solar light, and actinism; hence, in consequence of the non-existence of the coarser chemistry, decomposition is never seen or known. Nine-tenths of the "sins" of this lower world — and virtues as well — are, and hereafter will be proven to be, entirely chemical in their origin, — that is to say, will be seen to be dependent on purely chemical conditions, as is well known to thousands up there; and when that truth finds a lodgment here, the race will bid "good-by" to jails, gibbets, priests, politicians, and the whole list for which Christ died to redeem man from the effects of, — according to popular belief.

Up there it is true in more senses than one, that "Death is swallowed up in victory," — in fact is a misnomer everywhere, — but *there* totally and wholly unknown in any form whatever. True it is specially revealed to me that, at a certain stage of man's career, a change, correspondent thereto, occurs to him; but that change is a whole epoch off in the misty future, and of that I am not now inclined to write. *Suffice it that when it is reached he will lie down and sleep awhile; but from that wondrous slumber he will rise again, — rise in majesty and might — to the exercise of Creative energy!* But I am trenching here upon forbidden ground. Let us return, and pursue our even way.

All earthly elements and things refine away and advance to

certain stages and degrees of perfection gradually changing their grosser forms, and, finally exhaling like vapors in the summer sun, flow off into, and combine with, the great ascending electrical rivers, and in time become part and parcel of the *externe* of the zone; and the same facts obtain of the zones themselves, until the very last and final one of *all*, and then the next step is — DEITY!

The absolute forms of things, being, *in esse*, ideas of God, or the supreme THINKER, cannot wholly perish; but the coarser refine away toward absolute beauty, reproducible, in higher types, to all the vast eternity; for they are, at bottom, more or less modified, divine, and celestial principles. For instance, to illustrate the idea; take two persons, one a Hottentot, digger-Indian, or thick-lipped Negro of the "Stupid" tribe, — two or three specimens of whom may be often seen waddling up and down the streets of Boston, listlessly staring in the shop windows and fancying themselves ultra human, when but three removes from the horn-headed gorilla, — the other shall be a glorified seraph from the galactic girdle of the universe of universes. They are both men, — are the same externalized idea, but what a difference! one would eat his brother — the Hottentot; one is ignorant of God's existence — the Digger; one, the thick-lipped Negro, is wholly unprincipled, incapable of refinement or true civilization, and would swear away the liberty or life of his best friend with perfect nonchalance and moral unconcern; — while the last, the seraph, would plunge into the seething hell — if one existed — to save his most malignant foe. It is the difference of a lump of charcoal against the koh-i-noor, the largest and most costly diamond known; and these last are again both identical in substance, — the very same idea, each being carbon; but one is valued at ten cents a bushel, the other at two million pounds sterling, — an emperor's ransom twice told! Now, a word here about grades. I do not believe there ever will be a time in all being, when either the Digger, the Hottentot, or the "Stupid" Negro, will approach the *same sort* of perfection the seraph hath reached, — not even when billions of centuries shall have rolled away. For they have neither the quality, grade, volume, or quantity of soul the other has; and they never can attain it, not that they will not be happy and measurably perfect, but the *grades* never either mingle, merge,

cross or fuse. An eternal gulf divides them here, an eternal gulf will always roll between them! I find seven distinct grades and orders of men here, all moving in separate grooves. I find the same seven distinct grades in the Spirit World, and I believe the separating lines to be eternal. It is impossible that a low-grade man or woman can overtake a high-grade one, for, as progress is in arithmetical order, the high-grade man will not only always keep his immense advantage, but will forever increase it; and a thousand eternities will not be long enough to enable Cuffee to catch Carlyle, or low Pompey to overtake high Theodore Parker. *It can never be!* There is no democracy in the spheres! It is all a system of grades, and men there as here, will forever rise higher than others. Aristocracy prevails in AIDENN; but it is one based on integral volume, inherent weight and worth, and not upon pretence or wealth. No one believes one man as good as another here; no one does over there.

Question. — "You have heretofore spoken of a vast Spiritual Ocean,— an Ethereal Sea,— a mighty, space-filling reservoir. Now, how, and in what way, and respect, is the spirit-home, as such, distinct from that wonderful sea, whereon the material universe floats like an island, and is forever upborne? And in what consists the difference between the material, so to speak, of that ocean, and that whereof the spiritual zones are composed? These are regarded as very pertinent queries, and such as no writer has ever yet attempted a reply to. And is it true that spirits can go out at will into open space, or whither they please upon the waves of that shoreless tide?"

Reply. — And to the last question first: I affirm that no spirit whatever can go out into absolute space, any more than a man here could walk on unfrozen water; for in each case the adventurers would instantly sink, — the one to the bottom of the flood, the other to the abyss; provided he was not by gravity hurled within the orbit of some star in space, — very likely to be the case. Every spirit is compelled to make all its transits on the lines of the various and numerous ethereal rivers, which rivers connect, more or less directly, every sun and globe in each system with each and every other sun and globe therein; while similar streams afford connections between diverse systems and starry clusters, and still others communicate with the different circles or belts of suns;

hence the several parts of the Grand Universe of Universes are united by a majestic network of rivers of light. So far *that* special point.

Now observe: The zonal homes of mankind differ from the vast spacial sea around us, and in which we float, in this respect: the latter may be likened unto a sea of water; the former to the bubble of free oxygen floating on its bosom. The one is original, primal, crude, — just as evolved from the Vortex, — is, and serves as, a cushion; the other is derived, refined, rectified, and is cushioned. A simile: It is (as) raw alcohol compared with finest wine; soil to roses, sunlight to a taper, coarse wool to peerless satin, tow cloth to a queen's scarf, oyster shells to rarest pearls, or a bar of cast iron to a coil of watch-spring, — so vast and wonderful are the disparated differentia of the two existences.

We must have a nomenclature; for without names, ideas can neither be expressed nor conveyed; wherefore we call the aura which surrounds and embraces all the galaxies ÆTHER (using the diphthong); that which fills the interstellar spaces, ETHER (without the diphthong); that which on the belts serves as atmospheric air does here, and is there breathed, we call *Ethylle;* and the substance of the zones themselves we call etherod; the material of man's ethereal form we call Spirit; the informing, intelligent spark we call Soul, and the motion of that Soul is — Mind!

When a man, woman, or child here is about to die, some one up there knows it *beforehand*, even if that death appears to every one here the result of an unforeseen accident, as a stroke of lightning, sudden bursting of a gun or boiler, — no matter what; there was *no* accident about it; the thing was foreordained and foreknown; and the ethereal friends prepare for the event with as much earnestness and interest as midwives and others do when a mother is about to give a child to the world and God. But the newly dead do not by any means always hie off to the Morning Country from this Mourning Land of ours; but they not seldom linger for weeks, months, and even years, their attachments (as with certain misers and murderers) being so very positive and strong, in some cases; and in others, they, like still-born children, undergo a discipline, — a sort of practical, magnetic education, within the limits of the earth's atmosphere. Thus we have haunted houses; and it is not an uncommon thing for persons here to receive long essays about

the other world, and transmundane life, from spirits who have never, or scarcely, been there at all, and really know no more about it or its mysteries than some newspaper traveller, whose voyages were all made in his library, but who in reality was ignorant of the countries he attempts to describe; or a Louisiana Kedjin of the Milky Way. These roving spiritual gentry are they who delight to make spectral appearances, to fright the souls of fools and cowards; who are in raptures when they can infest and obsess another class of people; frequently so sapping their nervous system as to make life itself a burden. But this obsession and possession is no new thing, for spiritual infestation is, and has been for ages, quite too common. It comes of resigning the Will, and is followed by all sorts of vagaries and madness. Perfectly sane, healthy, normal, and sound media are as rare as white blackbirds. I know hundreds, but cannot point to one who is not either full of angles, broken-hearted, forlorn, and world-weary, or else badly diseased in body, mind, or morals, — sometimes all three at one time, — and all from obsession! This fact of infestation ought alone to have demonstrated the post-mortem life of humankind long ago, for every age, since the dawn of civilization, has been familiar with it. What else were the oracles of Delos, Delphos, Dodona, and Phrygia? What else the demoniac possessions of Christ's time? What else the Obi and the Voodou spells of Africa, the West Indies, Long Island, and New Orleans? What else the secret mummeries of the Druids? And what else is the practice of modern mediumship? for from the lips of its oracles you hear divinest teachings, and the next hour ribald curses and most awful blasphemy! Why? Because the unfortunates are in the merciless grasp of the exuvia of the spiritual worlds — the larvæ of the starry skies. To all such, God himself thunders, "Break thy chains! Be a Woman, or a Man!" And they can be neither one nor the other until the chains *are* broken.

The Orientals called, and still call, all such earth-infesting spirits Ghouls, that is to say, Vampires, or life-suckers, and too much care cannot be taken to guard against their devastating inroads. The rationale of the whole matter has never been explained, nor would I stop to do it now, were it not a bounden duty. That explanation is perfectly simple, and measurably relieves the class of spirits referred to from the awful charge of unmitigated malig-

nancy generally laid at their doors, so to speak, by both Oriental and Occidental writers on the subject.

I have already stated that on the surface of the Spiritual Zones every essential requisite for sustaining spiritual beings has been provided by a beneficent God. Spirits, like mortals, must subsist; for all activity engenders waste, and this waste *must* be provided against. Let a healthy person here sleep with a diseased one, and the tone of the first will fall and the other rise, simply by the transfusion of magnetic life and vitality from one to the other. Now, within our atmosphere, no spirit can find the magnetic conditions required to sustain their activities, and therefore they fasten like leeches upon all such sensitive and approachable persons as are accessible to them. Of course the victim is at first aware of the possession, and the spirit forthwith begins to flatter the vanity of the medium; puffs him or her up to believe in some most wonderful and important mission or other, and, in order to keep good hold, frequently simulates the mighty dead; and thus we have any amount of Cæsars, Washingtons, Lincolns, and even Christs and Gabriels, who pour their sickening flux of words into the ears of silly people, through the lips of poor victims,—to their own vanity, —and the play generally ends with suicide, insanity, domestic trouble, elopements, divorce, or early graves. Now, on the magnetism of such victims these spirits live, exactly as "Grandma" lives on little Julie, her grand-daughter, who sleeps with her; as David lived on that of the virgin whom he knew not; and as white-livered consorts live upon the vitality of their mates in what passes for wedlock or marriage, in these dismal ages!

"But," the reader says, "all this is evil! Why does God permit such atrocious wrong to exist, and allow these wandering ghouls to play such a dreadful game?"

To which my reply is, I do not know! Rum-making, perjury, war, rape, lying, murder, and ten thousand other things, are, in our view, most decidedly wrong, and yet God, for some, to us, inscrutable purpose, permits them to be. But, be that as it may, one thing is certain: neither the ills named, nor the infestations, can be gotten rid of without some conflicts and trials. None of us can become better from mere outside pressure, and that virtue that cannot take care of itself is rather poor stock! All freedom

must be self-achieved, else it is not freedom. Begin at home! That's the *point d'appui!*

Question. — "This is decidedly interesting, sir, and as you seem willing to share your knowledge with us all, pray tell me if the spiritual world, *per se*, is, like ours, subject to the law of gravitation?"

Reply. — In a measure, yes; but of course not to the extent that this globe is. Neither the spirit worlds nor their occupants are altogether imponderable, but have sensible weight, — bulk for bulk; the difference between them is about two thousand eight hundred times less in weight there than here. You, who weigh one hundred and eighty pounds on the planet, will not balance even one pound there!

Question. — "How do we get there, did you say?"

Reply. — As an almost universal rule, the exceptions being stated before, the newly dead are come for, met, and conducted by loving friends to the polar river already described. Sometimes they are conscious, sometimes not; and upon its ascending electric billows they recline, but do not sink therein, any more than a bubble sinks on the surface of a brooklet. Calmly, tenderly, the friends place themselves upon the current, the head of the newly dead one pillowed gently upon a loving bosom; and thus, in a very brief space of time, and without jar or disturbance of any sort, they are joyously transported to the ever-blooming and fadeless shores of the higher and the better land!

CHAPTER VIII.

SPIRITUAL RIVERS — HOW WE GET TO SPIRIT LAND — SECTS IN HEAVEN — FAIRY PEOPLE — THE COMPLEXION QUESTION IN SPIRIT LIFE — THE LANGUAGES USED IN SPIRIT LAND — AGE IN SPIRIT LIFE — THE QUESTION OF RELATIONSHIP IN SPIRIT LIFE — OUR OCCUPATIONS THERE — OUR NAMES IN HEAVEN — NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN SPIRIT LIFE — GOOD PETER COOPER, THE MILLIONNAIRE — SUBSTANCE, FOOD, DRINK, CURIOUS — VERY — "FREE LOVE" — SINGULAR.

This river debouches into a wide gulf-lake, running on a line with the zonal equator. The upward flight is arrested, and the new-comer — and there are tens of thousands every day — is met upon the glowing shore by the dear and loved ones gone before; or, if there be no such, as is often the case, then by some pitying souls who know the life you have led, and either sympathize with, or commiserate you. Perhaps, and likely, it will be your mother, sister, husband, wife, or lover, who awaits your coming, —

"And oh! the rapture of that meeting,
Of that blessed spirit greeting,
Is unknown to mortals; they can never,
Till they pass the dark, deep river,
That divides their world forever, from our own,
Comprehend how hearts once blighted,
In a world with sin benighted,
Are forever reunited, on the shore
Of that river brightly glowing,
From eternal fountains flowing,
Where the trees of life are growing, evermore."

This vast lake or sea is one of two special ones, at either side of the zone. They are connected; and one discharges a river toward the earth, as the other receives one therefrom. But each of these streams has returning eddies, or side currents, quite available for passage to or from by either river. As a general thing, when a person wishes to return to earth, he or she repairs to the magnetic polar stream that ever sets its tide toward the land of their travel and travail, and the swift current speedily bears them

hither. When the river reaches the earth it debouches, and spreads upon the surface thereof; and when ethereal people arrive they quit it, and either transport themselves whither they please, by means peculiar to themselves, described elsewhere, or else walk upon the air, which is terraced or laminated so as to permit it; or they can pass through any part of it, and against the strongest wind that ever blew. In my "Dealings with the Dead" I have explained that mystery, and also how a spirit can brave a storm of rain and not be inconvenienced thereby.

"Do sects abound there?"

Most decidedly they do. You will find people of all shades of religious faith and opinion in all the lesser societies; while in the higher there exist countless brotherhoods, no two of which are exactly alike in those respects; and it is only in the highest that perfect unanimity prevails. But there is no rancor generated between people on account of these dissimilarities; for they all know that while truth and God are real, they are also kaleidoscopic, and except in cases of absolute fusion of individualities, is it possible for two to think exactly alike, because each is compelled to see the truth from his own peculiar stand-point, and through his own organization. The law of individuality is acknowledged and respected throughout all the higher ranges of transmundane existence.

How we live there will presently appear.

The size of an ethereal person is, but not invariably, such as, were they solid substance, would balance from eighty to one hundred and fifteen pounds; albeit, there are in some of the spiritual zones very tiny people indeed, who, having been occasionally seen by earth-dwellers, have been christened Fairies, Fays, and Banshees. There are others ten feet and over in height; while on the farther zones there are people wholly and totally dissimilar in all respects from those of this solar system. Here is the law: Large earths produce large creatures; small earths, small; and if our moon's inhabitants ever reach the human plane, they will not exceed the height of thirty inches; while the people of Jupiter, Herschel, and Saturn, are a great deal larger and finer than ourselves. The size of the planet also determines the law of duration. We are old men when Jupiterians are mere boys; and their school

children would laugh at the mental imbecility of our profoundest *savans*. Pope was truly inspired when he wrote the lines: —

> "Superior beings, when of late they saw
> A mortal man unfold great nature's law,
> Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And showed a Newton, as we show an ape."

An ethereal man cannot penetrate solid matter while organized. Were he enclosed in an iron coffin he would pass through its pores as sweat through the cuticle, re-form on the outside, and consider it a very unpleasant experiment, not to be repeated. An ethereal man could not be annihilated by any means whatever, even though blown from a thousand cannons. Such a thing would shock a man, and incapacitate him from thinking clearly for a time, but that is all.

"Do we retain our physical characteristics, as hair, eyes, and so forth, in the other life?"

To a certain extent, as to general form of features, save that deformities are toned down. Our red and other colored hair here, is of a general flaxen hue there; it is long and flowing; we are beardless, except we choose to assume the contrary appearance, as is the case with Persians, Arabs, Jews, and Northmen. Fat men lose their fatness; negroes lose their short, crisp, woolly hair, and they are no longer black. Nearly all of us there are of a beautiful olive-pearly tint, with the peach-rose in either cheek; our eyes are both light and dark, but not violently so; the tall man becomes shorter; the stumpy man or dwarf increases in stature; and the lank skeleton attains to beautiful and harmonious proportions.

In reference to vocal language, I reply: It is used. At first we speak in our native tongues; but rapidly learn others, because hearing the sounds that convey a man's meaning, and at the same time both feeling and seeing his thought, we soon acquire what otherwise would necessitate long study. The tendency of all vocal speech there is towards a universal Phonetic system, and in the upper grades such is universally used. But there also we have two other modes of conveying information: one of which is through reading; the other, by conforming our features to the required expression, which is readily understood by the developed initiates.

I will take occasion here to say two things. 1st. That children grow up there as here; and 2d, that females *generally*, though not universally, appear to be about twenty-four years old, some younger, and a few choose to appear as matrons of from thirty-five to fifty years. Men generally appear of from thirty to forty-five; while occasionally one is seen *a la* patriarch, and many as mere lads. A few of earth's celebrities are famous there; not because they were kings and generals, but by reason of the parts played in the moral, political, and religious worlds. Thus, Gautama Buddha, Pythagoras, Luther, Plato, and others, including the Moslem Chief, are the centres of great attention and attraction still; but I never knew of such a person as Christ being seen.

The standards of beauty vary there, according to the tastes of different constitutions, nations, and customs. Purity and intellect generally are the criteria; for, as these are possessed, they are reflected on the countenance.

It is asked if there are books there; and I reply yes; but not such as we have. They are on scrolls, not pages, and are picture-written, not type-printed or morocco-bound. There are libraries to which all who wish have access.

Are there kings and rulers there? Yes. But these, except in the lower regions, are such by natural, spontaneous gravitation and selection. Mistakes are never made, for the reason that the right man glides into the right place by a natural process.

Are nations distinct there? At first, and on the lesser planes, yes; but soon a great intercommingling takes place, as individuals rise from, and gravitate out of conditions tending to isolation and non-progress. Whoever would ascertain the condition of the dead of a million years ago must quit the boundaries of this solar system, for none from it are in that sphere, and search for them among the constellar zones of space, where they exist in myriads.

The next question on the list concerns our occupations in the worlds of ethereal people. To fully reply to it would require not one, but an entire library of books. I can, therefore, give but a very general response thereto, as I am but treating of the mere second stage of human existence, and necessarily but partially of even that. I shall therefore epitomize the several responses thereto under alphabetical heads, in order to be clearly understood.

Trusting that the *principles* herein discussed and demonstrated, are well before the reader's mind, I proceed to remark, first: —

(*a*) We retain and acknowledge no relationship there, save such as have love and friendship for a basis. My father is not necessarily related to me, *merely* because he was the nervous channel through which I came to earth; nor is my mother any nearer to me simply because she received the monad *Me*, incarnated it in a flesh-and-blood body; nursed me for seven years, more or less, and called me her son and darling. Ties, blood, race, or family, count for little or nothing over there; for it continually happens, as said before, that the veriest stranger is nearer and dearer than husband, wife, parent, sister, child, or brother; ay, even than those we sometimes believe to be our "Eternal Affinities." And one of our occupations there is the study of the laws that govern this subject.

Kindred there is based on homeogeneity, not on consanguinity or external law. We love those who love what we do, and these are our brethren and sisters. Two cannon-balls are not necessarily related because cast in the same mould; nor are people brothers or sisters merely because their parents were the same; for their natures may be, and often are, wholly opposite and antagonistic; nor is it unusual to see a coarse, rough, brutal, lowly-organized man, and a girl born of the same couple, who is fine, gentle, sensitive, intellectual, and spiritual, to a very high degree. Where's the relationship? In what does it consist? The study, then, of psychical law, will afford scope for the best minds in the spiritual worlds.

(*b*) "What's in a name?" some one asks. A great deal, I reply. There are long catalogues of names, and what they represent, to be learned; and in one single branch of nomenclature, that of botany, we have abundant occupation in the study. Then there is architecture, history, algebra, the higher mathematics, government, ideology, phonetics, music, melody, harmony, vision, acoustics, and ten thousand other arts and sciences to engage our attention and occupy our thoughts. Speaking of names, reminds me that those given us or assumed here, go for nought in our upper homes. There are no John Smiths there; nor is Mynheer Johannes Von der Spreuchtlinsaber any longer compelled to respond, when hailed by that formidable appellation.

(*c*) Old names, then, are dropped, soon after our arrival there, — albeit, if an earthly sufferer yearns for the ministrations of an ethereal friend, whose name might once have been John Truman, or William Hardy, his electric summons will reach him in the upper land, wherever he may be. Every person's quality is expressed upon the features, just as the unspoken thought is mirrored on the tablet of consciousness. Like that, too, it can be read, unless, indeed, as is possible in both cases, — but only by a painful, continued effort, — the person wills to conceal the thought, or give a false impression to the features; and that general quality, or a peculiar trait determines the name by which the person will be known. Now, the combination of qualities and traits are simply infinite, and so are the names of the myriads who possess them. No two are alike; no language could express this multitude of qualities and specialties.

That can only be achieved through and by the celestial phonetics of the spheres. For instance, Olive Belk, of Janesville, Honey Lake Valley, California, was the peerless and redeeming spirit of that town, — a gentle, tender, affectionate, and loving soul, — qualities expressed in the higher phonetics by the sounds Zoi-li-vi-ia; hence her most beautiful name will be Zolivia. Mary Winthrop may on earth possess qualities, social and intellectual, which not only stamped her as a genius, but also made her the cherished idol of society. She will therefore be known as Eu-lam-pi-ia, — *Eulampia*, Greek, *Evlambea*, Anglice, *Bright-Shining Light*.

It is not difficult to determine, from a three-quarter portrait, not merely the character of the original here, but his status, place, grade, order, general occupation, and even name, in the higher country, because all this is governed by immutable law; may, and ought to be learned here, and is one of the sciences taught there, and affords pleasant study and occupation to thousands. I call that science Tirau-clairism, as I practise it now.

(*d*) The vast encircling zone of earth has many small, and seven grand divisions, discreted in some respects, continuous in others. There is, therefore, so to speak, a geography and topography, thereto; and here we have another source of study and occupation, to say nothing of the sciences of government; the affairs of earth, philosophy, philology, ethics, the laws of beauty;

those of comparative zoölogy, of learning, theology, theosophy, in their less-exalted departments.

I am speaking within very moderate bounds, when I say that the first or lower sphere — that right over our heads — is tenanted at any one given moment by not less than three hundred and forty millions of times as many persons as occupy earth at any moment; while the same ratio holds good between *it* and the next above; for the dimensions of each succeeding belt are as great between it and the next below, as between earth and the primary girdle. There are four beings born on earth, and two die, every second of time, from natural causes. But accident, wars, disease, and pestilence sweep off additional millions every year. People are, therefore, arriving at the first zone at the mean rate of not less than three in every second of time; one hundred and eighty a minute; sixty times that, or ten thousand eight hundred an hour; twenty-four times that, or two hundred and fifty-nine thousand two hundred, a day; and twenty-six millions and five hundred and eight thousand between the firsts of two Julys.

If here is not food for thought and study, I know not where it can be found.

The departures from one sphere to another are in proportion to that vast emigration; forever settling the question of *special*, and establishing on immovable bases that of, general Providence. Here then, again, is food for the mind and time of an archangel, much less you and I.

The seven Grand Divisions of Vernalia (the ever-blooming country) are each subdivided into seven minor sections; and while each Grand Division is peopled by one distinct order of people, each of the minor ones has its respective classes and subclasses. Another grand source of occupation: — the laws governing the differences between men.

Let it be understood, at this point, that the graduating qualifications essential to advancement from one section or division to another, consist not in intellectual ability alone, for there, as here, are plenty of intellectual wretches, — morally unprincipled people, who have not yet learned to respect themselves and others sufficiently to warrant their transference to better society. They must first outgrow their present position and yearn for something better. The law of progress depends upon manhood, goodness,

rounded-out-ness, CHARACTER, aspiration combined with intelligence, and a cultivated will. Surely, the philosophy and *rationale* of personal purification and reform is no mean study or occupation for man, either here or there!

(*e*) The higher classes and orders constantly mingle with and visit the lower, on educational errands, just as sisters of charity, lay and clerical, Protestant and Catholic, in the church and out of it, here mingle with the low and depraved, for redemptive ends and civilized uses. But neither here nor there do the high mingle with the low on terms of equality, for, strictly speaking, there *is* no such thing as human equality, save in two respects, — immortality and improvability. Nowhere does the man of lofty mind and high moral tone consider the being of low habits and instincts by any means his equal or peer. He is willing to instruct and polish his unfortunate neighbor. Here again is another vast field wherein people occupy themselves in the other life, and a splendid and magnificent one it most assuredly is.

(*f*) There is an aristocracy of mind as well as of wealth, title, and rank; and the former is the true one. On earth artificial, unjust, and, in many respects, absurd distinctions, separate men and create classes. It often, indeed generally, turns out that your genius lives in a garret, faring sumptuously on fifteen cents' worth of poor crackers and worse cheese, with a small glass of exceedingly mild ale, *per diem*, while just across the square, a fool of a millionnaire, whose only wealth is gold, dwells in a palace, richly decorated with all that art can create or wealth procure. I say fool, because money avails no man after death; and when its acquisition becomes the passion of a life, he neglects all else, and arrives there shrivelled and weak; is laughed at for his folly, has lost all the respect his dollars once commanded, and finds he has committed the worst kind of suicide. His house there is poorly furnished; that which he occupies here has its gay carpets, crystal windows, splendid piano, rich harp, rare books, and fine pictures, — things he has for ostentation's sake, but which, ten to one, he can neither appreciate nor understand. He puts on airs because he can, and it is fashionable to do so.

I am not deprecating wealth because I am poor. I have not a dollar of mine own, as I write these lines. I am friendless, save by the ethereal ones who are prompting me, and who manage to

find me bread. I am not satisfied with my poverty nor envious of the wealthy. I would be rich if I could; and yet, poor as I am, I would not barter my manhood for all the gold of Colorado; and clairvoyance tells me that there exist hills of it there, and that I can find it — indeed, I am certain of it. I would do as Peter Cooper — great, good man! — with my wealth. I would make a telescope capable of resolving all the nebulæ; and I would put a free school on every plantation in the South, that Africans might drink at the fount of knowledge!

Death is the great leveller who straightens out many things as they should be, and rights many a wrong. I know of a man, of at least ten millions of dollars, whose food, on silver dishes, is handed to him by a servitor in livery, who, if report be true, knows more of real knowledge in five minutes than his wealth-laden master probably will in a century. The man shares his six hundred a year with those who know hunger; the master seldom bestows a loaf of bread. When death shall touch them both, I had ten thousand times over be honest John Thompson, the waiter, than Old Ingots, the possessor of millions; and yet, money is an enormous power,— is not to be despised,— only the unworthy uses made of it.

Here, then, we have social and domestic economy; wealth and its uses; the psychical results on men and nations; the grand study of the ways and means to remedy the error of ages; and a thousand contingent and cotangent questions and subjects for our occupation in the land of disbodied souls.

(*g*) To return from this digression, wrung out of my heart and pen, let me observe that the lower societies of mankind — by which is not meant the vile or wicked merely, but the ignorant, savage, ultra-barbarous sons of earth — occupy a broad area on the edges of the zone. Between these edges and the next interior country there are given routes of travel; as there are also between the two edges across the zonal continent. People there, as here, improve by making voyages, and visiting countries other than their own. There are no railway or steamer fares to pay, and millions find profitable occupation in visiting and studying the habits and customs of other people.

(*h*) The quality (and here I remind you that I am only treating of the *first* zone) of the grand divisions improves and ascends as

you approach the centre; and the highest societies, the supreme, or solar section, occupy the zonal equator, whence the people who compose it, after finishing all they can accomplish there, take their flight to the belt or sphere above. There they settle on the edges, as the savages did on theirs; for the lowest society of the next sphere was the highest of the one below.

I have already stated the universality of the sex-principle. It obtains of Divisions and Sections, quite as generally as it does of persons, for each division and section has its north and south sides, peoples, degrees, and societies, — in other words, its male and female *principles*, and it is by the attrition, contact, fusions and interactions of these two that progress is achieved and real advancement made. There is no part of God's universe where these principia do *not* operate.

The system of government on the zone whereof I have been treating, and, indeed, of all others, is fashioned on the model of our solar system. The grand equatorial division is as a Sun, which, through its agents, irradiates its mental and ethical warmth and light over the entire sphere; and its neighboring divisions may be compared to the planets, moons, and comets of the system, — they being tributary, and in some sense dependent upon it.

This law of solar harmony, be it known, obtains throughout God's illimitable universe of matter and spirit, so far as known to man, or revealed by mighty spirits. Now, here is again food for study and occupation — the laws of solar and social order! — themes fit to engage the intellect of seraphs.

(*i*) We come now to special topics.

The first portions of the first grand division, the edges, are devoted to, and peopled by, the most imperfect tribes of human kind — the savage and cannibalic men and women of the earth; those that are just immortal, and no more, — that is all; those who are but a touch-grade above the beasts of the forests, or the giant apes and troglodytes.

Here are to be found the Kaffirs, Jaloffs, Mandingoes, Hottentots, Bosjesmen, Diggers, Marquesans, and others of similar grade, who live for long ages pretty much as they did before they went there; that is to say, pretty much as they please, — a wild, semi-clownish life, without law, save that of nature; for reason, the Godlike attribute, is still latent in them. True, they are taught;

but their education is a very slow and tedious process. They seldom realize that they no longer inhabit earth, though sensible of a change of localities. The scenery around them corresponds to their condition. It looks tropical, and the trees and other flora are in accordance therewith. All spiritual beings subsist on, or are invigorated and refreshed by, the atmosphere inhaled, and subtle auras absorbed, as well as by proper food. These people gather and consume fruits of various kinds, which, by God's bounty, exist there as previously on the earth. When one at first sees such persons there, it is hard to believe that one is not dreaming, or in some unpleasant vision. Yet, it is true such men *are* there, and will, in the course of ages, develop out and up. The first immortals must have been quite as low as these are, and yet not one but has long since taken his flight from the equatorial division, and is probably now on the solar zone. Wherever there is a soul, that soul must grow and expand; indeed, I deem it far easier for one of these sinless ones, as they are, to grow to full manhood, than for many a man who proudly walks earth's streets to-day.

The reasons are self-apparent. Their habits and customs are in strict accordance with savage rules, save that cannibalism and flesh-eating are simply impossible, — they *cannot tear each other apart, or bite and cut to pieces.* This at first surprises them. The *fact* they realize, cannot account for, and finally give up trying to, and take to a frugivorous diet.

Marriage, either mono or polygamic, is of course unknown; but an indiscriminate freedom in its functions is the universal rule. Of course, there can be no palpable result to this; for no children are born there, but they do not comprehend the fact. They imagine different results, and their females realize their wishes with reference to offspring; but of course not as upon the earth, though of that fact, too, they are ignorant.

When Quisbee wants a baby badly, she receives one of the proper grade for her, if such is to be had; for that whole region is presided over by a superior wisdom quite equal to that governing higher circles. She finds the child by her side; don't know how it got there; thinks she bore it; but is mistaken, for, in fact, it is one just dead in Kaffir-land; or an emigrant from the slums of Canton, or the banks of the Zambezi, or Niger, just sent home by having its brains knocked out for coming when not wanted, — a

custom, although the *modes* may differ, quite too common *out* of Kaffir-land, or Canton!

This youngling she accepts as her own, and rears, until the young thing is strong enough to be removed to a better nursery,— for many such there are in all parts of Spirit Land. Here behold the Divine economy! See what a study of God and his goodness!

While speaking of children, I beg leave to remark that, of all subjects that can possibly engage our attention here, not one — save that of marriage — is so deeply important as that of the education of children; and of all sights that burst upon the enraptured vision of the seer, none are so electrically joyous and happifying as those of the schools of the Morning Land, where countless millions of children are being trained and educated. There are more people in the spiritual country who went there while children than who passed away at maturity; for there are billions who went there before their second year of life, and these are all graded and sent to those peculiar schools and nurseries for the which, upon a true analysis, they are found to be best adapted. How good is God! What a blessed heart-warming truth is this, — that even all these little ones are loved and tenderly cared for by the peerless Lord of ineffable glory! Our royal King, — our beneficent God!

CHAPTER IX.

THE HEAVEN OF SAVAGES — FIRST GRAND DIVISION OF THE SPIRIT LAND — MUSIC UP THERE AND HOW MADE — HOUSES, TOWNS, CITIES, IN THE UPPER WORLD, HOW BUILT, AND OF WHAT MATERIAL — BREATH UP THERE — THE FEMALE THERMOMETER — CURIOUS, BUT TRUE — A WONDERFUL SPIRITUAL FACT — JEWELS THERE — SCHOOLS IN HEAVEN.

THERE are places and persons, hospitals and societies, to whom and which are assigned all the poor little murdered ones, whose bodies choke the sewers of London, Paris, and Vienna, and which fester in the docks of more than one American city, — a dreadful, but a common crime, and one only to be prevented when mankind begins to learn the value of a human being, *any* human being, whether "legitimate" or not, and provides against that kind of wholesale murder, as Russia does, by foundling hospitals and Magdalen retreats. Russia, where motherhood is not counted a crime, second only to murder, unless — unless — well, let us say nothing further on that, and pass on. . . . I repeat, the low people of the section just treated of do not know how they came there, until their minds become expanded, and they pass its limits on their upward way. People find abundant occupation in the study of the laws of psychical development and soui growth.

(*j*) The next section of that grand division is a great improvement on the first. It occupies more surface; is greatly diversified; is higher, both in reference to the scale of perfection and the equator. The fauna and flora are less coarse and rough, corresponding to our semi-tropics. The fruits are finer; the forests less dense and uninviting; the atmosphere is much more agreeable. The inhabitants are still quite coarse and low, but far less brutal and gross than in the former section. It is mainly peopled by Kanakas, the ruder Negroes, Esquimaux, Finns, the refuse of China, Tartary, Japan, India, and certain tribes of aborigines from all four of our continents. They are mainly employed in roaming over their extensive territories, and enjoying a sensuous, semi-animal existence;

albeit they already show slight promise of improvement. Passing across the barrier, we come to —

(*k*) The next section, which, besides containing all the multitudes, whose moral and mental gravitation has fitted them in proper places here, also contains an immense host of Mongols, Tartars, Chinese, Malays, Arabs, Lesbians, Greeks, Turks, Poles, Irish, Scotch, Negroes, Indians, Esquimaux, English, French, Swedes, Finns, Spanish, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, Moors, Kanakas, Islanders, and Japanese; in fact, immense numbers of the semi-savage classes of all nations of the earth; the lower orders of all human society, — the nearly ineducable hosts of the world, embracing vast multitudes of soldiers, miners, sailors, peasantry, and other external, coarse-grained people; large delegations, or rather graduates, of whom, rapidly pass on to the next section, because they improve their opportunities, and their surroundings are such as, when appreciated, to make strong, good, and lasting impressions upon them, and to beget a more intense longing for further improvement. They begin to feel and appreciate the first conscious throbbings and yearnings for a higher and better sort of existence. They vaguely, dimly comprehend that they have neither obtained the possible acme, nor a final state of content, but that there is still much, very much, ahead to be had and labored for, — a good lesson for earthlings, that!

The scenery in this particular section is a great improvement on that of the last. There is more *vif* or life in the air, precisely as there is more physical life on a given area in the tropics — crude, carbonaceous life — than on the same space in the temperate zone; and more of the higher, electric, or oxygenic life in the latter than in the former.

The flowing rivers are finer to look at and float upon; the mountains are not so high, steep, precipitous, jagged, and uninviting; the light is purer, clearer, better; the trees, flowers, fruits, and birds decidedly of a higher order and standard. There are fewer caves, natural or artificial, and far more pretension to order, system, and a sort of rude, weird beauty. The people are clad in finer, more comely, and better-adapted apparel; for God, who clothes the fields and fauna, also arrays his human children in fitting garments, with but an almost unconscious wish of themselves or others.

In this section some taste, esthetic and normal, in these respects, begins to be manifest; and out of these awakened senses there slowly rises the vague idea of a power superior to themselves, and nascent energies of their own, that dimly foretell greatness yet to be. As a matter of course this feeling, as among Moslems, Baptists, Methodists, and other noisy demonstrationists, manifests itself in external jubilance, as is the case invariably with all barbarous minds, orders, and grades of humanity everywhere; for civilized and refined people *never make a noise about religion*, because with such it is a supreme consciousness of unity with goodness, and not the effect of mesmeric repletion. It is with them a principle, not a mere passion, excitement, or magnetic ebullition, as among dervishes, Christian or Mahommedan, and people of that class generally. Hence worship and God-recognition, in that section, is a feeling or sentiment not yet crystallized, or intellectually perceived and appreciated. It is sensuous and emotional altogether, and in strict accordance with the universal law.

Behold the striking analogy between the physical world without and the human world within us. We have a mineral basis or sub-strata in the earth, — our granite, feldspar, scoria, upon which all the teeming beauties of material life are reared and builded. It is hard, intractable, impervious, and low. But presently the mineral gives way, softens, crumbles, becomes more and more susceptible to every active influence; at length produces, or is changed into, soil, from which springs the grosser vegetation, — ferns, reeds, moss, grasses. So with man. His heart, or emotional nature, was as solid stone; his religion mere existence; but presently he begins to crumble, soften, and to yearn toward something better, higher, fuller. His was a vegetative life without and within; but by and by he grows, refines upon it till a degree of beauty is reached and grasped. Look at earth once more. The animal succeeds, or is an outgrowth of, the vegetable; and as comes the animal on earth, just so man also reaches a plane correspondent thereto, namely, a purely sensational religion; and even as animals mark a scale from perfect docility to the utmost ferocity, so with man's religion at a certain stage of human growth; — now in the ark, devoutly praying; then trying to propitiate God with sacrifice, self-denial, and burnt offerings;

and anon burning men and women to his glory, at an *auto-da-fe;* this day petitioning "Our Father," and to-morrow whetting the knife for wholesale butchery and indiscriminate massacre! "THY WILL BE DONE!" in one breath, and "DEATH TO THE HERETIC!" in the next. Presently he refines on that; sees his error, and, after a time, quietly corrects it; and bigotry, no longer possessing discretionary killing powers, quietly murders Religion to frighten fools with her ghost.

Again: The earth produced intelligence, as succeeding sensation. So also human religion transmutes, changes, grows, expands, advances, ascends; the lower classes of human kind still cling to more or less modified sensational forms, and boast loudly of Methodism, Baptism, repentance, regeneration, justification, love-feasts, revivals, hell-fire, the hoofed and horned devil, a pregnant maid, fatherless son; a grand *auto-da-fe* — that of Calvary — a judgment-day, vindictive God, physically enforced moralism and virtue, with ten thousand other infantile crudities. This is a transitional stage of human growth; for very soon the intellectual phase begins, and we have all shades of religious opinion, from intellectualized sensationalism, to sensational intellectualism, shading away to an utter denial of all but pure material religion, like that of the late CALVIN BLANCHARD — (a sensual devotee, whose worship was incarnate lust) — Fourier, Pearl Andrews, Owen, Cabot, and Brisbane, — mainly visionaries, and all but the last named wholly unpractical; as well as the systems of many sound and great reformers, who, seeing new truth, hastened to proclaim it from the house-tops, that all might hear and be saved, — not from a blazing hell, or the clutches of an imaginary devil, but from making more mistakes; the deepest and gravest of which is — false marriage.

Well, earth's drama still goes on, and she crowns intellect with spirit. Lo! what a change! Instantly the thirsty army of advance drink of the flood; they abandon sensational emotionalism with all its noise, confusion, shouting, yelling, baptizing, love-feasts, dervish-dances, shakerism, free-love platforms, hell, damnation, and the devil; abandon all your partialisms of whatever sort; quietly bid farewell to all socialisms, burnt-offerings, and bleeding lambs, and stoutly lay hold on natural law and cling to immortality, — by which I do not mean mere spirit-rapping or

any of that crude stuff, — but I do mean a belief in post-mortem existence, so sound and well-based, that it makes a man a better citizen instead of a libertine, and a woman a true daughter of God, instead of a sly and lascivious wanton. So far the correspondence; but, behold! scarcely are they — this army of advance — well-grounded in their new faith, ere nature effects still another change. She had given the world minerals, vegetables, animals, and man; she had produced motion, life, sensation, and intelligence; but now she crowns intellect with reason, and has spiritualized it; the first effect of which is the birth of intuition, — a shining coronet, flashing o'er the whole,— man's ubiquity to God's omniscience,— our human much-knowing to his all-knowing.

This last improvement sounds the everlasting, resurrectionless death-knell of all priests, ministers, kings, potentates, and princes! That change is coming, just as surely as that truth exists. Already we are — some of us — fearlessly breasting the last waves of refined barbarism, trusting to the unerring guidance of crowned reason; fully aware of the dangers of what to many has proved a death sea; for we know all its terrors and all its shoals and soundings, but caring nought for them because we have reliable charts and skilful pilots who — these clairvoyants — have often crossed it, and know much about the Morning Land on the other side. The demonstration is complete; the analogy is perfect. What a sublime study and occupation is here for embodied and disbodied men!

The people of the section we have now left are just beginning to develop the thinking, reflective, perceptive, and religious faculties; there is a vast difference between Cuffee and Carlyle; yet the former will bridge it in time, just as the latter will leap the chasm between himself and the myriad Cuffees of ages lang syne, — and these have just fairly started on the journey. Already they begin to appreciate their teachers, and to comprehend their lessons, although quite stolid on many points, and indifferent on others. Of course their tastes are those of other barbarians; their modes of thought immature and crude; their customs and habits openly disgusting to the refined; their pleasures nearly all grossly sensuous, and nothing like system or social order is observable. Schools of the primary order are established among them, taught

by chiefs and assistants from several of the higher sections and grand divisions of the zone.

(*l*) The fourth section of the first grand division shows us still a larger conglomeration of men and nations, markedly higher than the last, but yet, compared to what we know of many communities on earth, very crude and undeveloped. The numbers and extent of area have been constantly enlarging and increasing as we have ascended and gone toward the equatorial division. The people in this fourth section are like the leaves of the forest. The country, in appearance, is greatly finer there and superior to the last preceding section. There are here immense lakes, rivers, seas, and mountains, trees, valleys, and rolling plains. The people no longer live so isolated as before; are generally nomadic, but occasionally live in apologies for towns. Their clothing is neater in shape and outline, but is of high colors, crudely matched, and rather flaunting and fantastic. Towns and villages begin to appear, but not orderly or beautiful; still there is apparent, in all the people and their surroundings, quite palpable evidences of a yearning and striving for man and womanhood. The sense of shame is decided and pronounced; they have scented the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and begin to have vague longings for a taste of that which grows upon the (mental) tree of life; — they want to eat of it and live forever, — free from certain disabilities, and obstructing influences, — for the better self-hood is strongly seeking for expression. Emulation and taste are beginning to display their power in moulding character; an undefined ambition begins to spur them to something like sustained mental effort, the effect of which is a sort of envious competition for the general good opinion.

The divine idea of music here, also, for the first time, comes to the surface, as a prophetic thing, and is heard with strange, wild delight by those who succeed in producing it, and by others, who forthwith endeavor to imitate, equal, and then surpass it. This music is vocal, — not words, but sounds, produced by humming, croning, droning, and gurgling; and it is, of course, crude, sharp, angular, hissing, guttural, and uncertain, — rude and harsh to ears refined, but the quintessence of melody, and exceedingly delightful to themselves. All things, mundane and ethereal alike, are comparative, and doubtless there are those in some of the

"spheres" who, listening to one of our finest concerts or most delicious operas, would wonder what we were grieving about; or possibly mistake our sweet and *dulcet* strains and notes for the harsh filing of *dull-set* saws. The sounds alluded to above are made in the throat and chest, and some of them, when first heard, are quite novel, startling, and moving; in many respects reminding one of the Arabian and Turkish music which I, and others have frequently listened to in Cairo, Smyrna, Beyrout, Constantinople, and Jerusalem. Especially is there a close resemblance between portions of it and that very peculiar oriental female cry, known as the *Ziraleet*, — a prolonged, sharp, shrill sound, pitched in C, and that cuts its way through the ear, as a barbed arrow does through the flesh. And yet out of that shrill seed grows the sublimest musical harmony of lofty seraphs.

In that section, also, custom rises to the dignity of artificial law, — rather Draconian in spirit, certainly, but nevertheless evincing a tolerably fair beginning; for their civilization is just in the bud. All the surroundings of these people are less chaotic than in sections below; and their habits, customs, manners, — everything, are decided advances upward and onward. It is often asked: What possible occupation can an intelligent person have in the next life? and I have just partly answered it. There are plenty of subjects to engage our attention; for instance, with reference to the section just described, we have the study of human progress, in its relations to final perfectibility; the laws of Music, and the relation it sustains to religion, intellect, and the sentiments and affections, — subjects not quickly exhausted.

A wide interval separates this fourth from the fifth section. They are not restricted within those limits by external barriers, walls, or rules, but by the action of inherent principles, that, if not already apparent to the reader, will become so as I proceed with the revelation.

(*m*) Another step onward and upward brings us to a section of the ethereal home of disbodied souls, many times more refined and genial than the last. Its superficial area and extent is incomparably greater than that of the section just described. Here order fairly begins its triumphant reign; society conforms to something like disciplined system; sects, societies, tribes, and clans exist; cities in embryo deck the wide-spread scene; the mountains are

less stupendous; the air more balmy, clear, radiant, refining, and exhilarant. Let us rest awhile, just here, for at this point two very important, though subsidiary questions and topics present themselves, and demand elucidation. The first of these is, "How are cities built? of what material? for what uses? — seeing there are no climatic influences to guard against, no cooking to be done, or anything of that sort!" The second topic concerns the atmosphere; and, as it is more convenient to me, I propose to answer the last question first.

Ethereal persons ("spirits") of a high grade can inhale the air of a low society, and escape injury if not too long persisted in, just as a man of high health here may defy an air charged with epidemic death, in the shape of disease, which shall sweep off its thousands of those less prepared to encounter its devastating power. But, let it be distinctly understood, an ethereal person of a low grade cannot, for any lengthened period, breath the air of higher climes, sections, regions, or societies, because it is painful to do so. Every man, woman, or society, there, as here, gives off an *aura* or atmosphere thoroughly impregnated with themselves, or itself, and unless one is in the same plane, of the same general grade, and in the same sphere of loves and uses, these spheres are unqualifiedly distasteful, repellant, and, in some cases, quite abhorrent.

Put a quiet Quaker into a noisy Methodist meeting, and he is by no means the happiest man alive. Put a Methodist into a Quaker assembly, and the poor man straightway becomes entirely miserable; for the enveloping sphere constricts his chest, seals his lips, chills his heart, and he aches and tingles to get away. This law operates throughout the universe, — alike on solid earths, and imperial spiritual zones, — the triple law of attraction, affinity, and repulsion being general in its operations. Familiarity with the fumes of sulphur will render them endurable; but no one likes them for all that. Here, we are often obliged to breathe repellant spheres; but there, we can and do escape them. Here, we are forced by circumstances to breathe foul airs, moral and physical, and we glide along the scale like a woman, tempted to sin, who has a gamut of twenty degrees, — zero, two below, and seventeen above it, — easily accustoms herself to breathe badness through all the stages of dead-heart, ice-heart, zero-ice, cold-heart,

indifference, great modesty, shame, attention, sympathy, attachment, irresolution, vulgar love, temperate love, ardent love, exalted love, intense love, passion, extreme passion, culpable passion, criminal passion, and the next step is total *abandon!* This feminine thermometer illustrates what I mean by "Spheres," for in each of them she breathes foul air, but *here* cannot always escape it.

In reference to the necessity for houses in the upper country, I may here say that there, as here, there are times when we want to be — and ought to be — alone; and others when it is not agreeable to have our sacred privacy intruded upon by the best or dearest friends we have. In the next place, we, there, not being wild people, naturally desire to display our civilization, and that is done by and through elegance, taste, and luxury. The upper is not a phantom land, but real and palpable. The hills, mountains, plains, forests abound, not with material trees, stone, marble, gold, silver, and so on; but with their sublimated equivalents, which answer the same purposes there that their cognates do here. We erect our buildings in the same general way, save that there are higher and more perfect agencies than saws, hammers, nails, paint, putty, glass houses, and all that. We do those things in a day there that require months on earth. True, there, as here, we can build any amount of castles in the air; but they tumble to pieces unless, as here, we plant more enduring substances around them. We keep our houses till we want to get rid of them, and then we unbuild and scatter the material into thin air; for the palace is built through a law of will. By that law it is sustained, and when that love and will are withdrawn, like sap-life from a board fence, it drops apart, and is forever gone. Just so is it with our jewels that ornament; in short, with anything we want or need. So much for these mooted points. Presently we shall encounter others still more difficult.

In the section now written of, there are numerous institutions of learning, — the first-reader classes of the great university. They are attended by millions of pupils, and their instructors come principally from the third and fourth grand divisions, — themselves being under the tutelage and guidance of teachers from those particular solar societies, which make the art of instruction a particular specialty. Onward goes the mighty movement, with, like a falling body, a constantly accelerating rate of motion. Here

we find an uncountable multitude of people, dwelling in large cities, and scattered generally over a surface above four thousand miles in average width, and nearly as long as the entire periphery of the zone. These people represent all the nations of the earth, both those that are now extinct here, and those that still exist. They are the barbarians, not the *savages*, of terrestrial so-called civilization, — the latter idea being yet a misnomer on the earth, and as yet an unrealized dream; for civilized people will not fight, quarrel, get drunk, steal, lie, rob, cheat, swindle, murder, go to war, or — worse than all — slander!

Here are found immense delegations of the democracy, — hunters, miners, hod-carriers, sand-hillers, boatmen, soldiers, canallers, butchers, drovers, farmers, shepherds, planters, and their former slaves, serfs, banditti, lazaroni; together with the riff-raff, scum, ruff-scuff, and huge-paws of deserts, wilds, villages, towns, and cities; millions of those who once were murderers and pirates of low grade; people who have been hanged, garroted, guillotined, slain in drunken brawls, duels, killed themselves, fallen in unjust war, prison-birds, thieves, pickpockets, rowdy politicians, pugilists, street prostitutes, and others, of the lowest, but not therefore necessarily the worst types of mankind; for clairvoyance reveals the fact that by far the largest portion of these people were born in an atmosphere of vice, were reared to crime, and were made worse by inhuman treatment, — people crowned with the priceless gem of immortality, but so badly situated as to have either no moral or mental light at all, or only just sufficient to realize that they have done wrong; with half latent aspirations upward, but not sufficient integral stamina to defy temptation, or inner force to stem the downward tide.

Question. — "What are crimes, in reality? how do they affect those who commit them here, after death? and what is the effect of disease upon us here, after we have died? and can any disease here, affect the immortal soul?"

Reply. — Few more really important questions than these four it would be difficult to ask. Crime is graded, and, as said before, far oftener results from chemical, electrical, magnetic, and other purely physical causes, than it does from "moral turpitude." Whatever chemical acridity operates upon the physical brain; whatever redundancy of acid in the blood, alkali in the liver, oily

matter in the kidneys, sourness in the lubricating fluids of the joints and bones; the retention of the various secretions; neglect of washing *all over;* the frequent presence of various kinds of worms in the intestines, liver, brain , stomach, flesh; animalculæ in the pancreas, veins, arteries, heart, prostate gland, womb, vagina, peritoneum, muscles; electrical and magnetic insulation of any of the nerves; sanguineous bitterness; induration of the testes; an excess of lime, iron, urea, uric acid, — all and singular, are so many physical causes of what we call crime; and thousands of human beings are daily sentenced to long terms of dreary duress, who, morally, are as irresponsible as a child unborn, and who are fit subjects for hospitals instead of jails. Men are hung for deeds of violence justly attributable to worms in the brain, or ulcers there. I lately looked into the brain of a woman who had been guilty of deliberate perjury, and found the whole brain suffused with a dull-red inflammation. Morally, therefore, she was innocent. I know a celebrated *litterateur*, who is a good man, but from excessive toil liable to periodic attacks of cerebral suffusion and undue heat, in which case he damns everything sky-high, and swears worse than "our troops in Flanders," or General T——, who, under like conditions, used to send for Colonel B—— to come and help him "curse those infernal mules." I know another man who at the least excitement will fly off into violent anger. Congenital inheritance! Another, the extreme vampiral (all take, no give) passionalism of whose wife has pulled him down from heaven to hell, — for to that one end alone that woman sacrificed him in every possible way, — robbed him, stole funds entrusted to his care, purposely made him jealous, associated with her inferiors, and with them hatched plots to destroy the man who loved her dearer than life itself. Finally, they drove him from his own house, and, when he resisted, arrested him for assault and threats, endeavored to utterly ruin him, and did destroy his business. In consequence of all this, he became irritable, unsocial, and quite angular, for the constant play of her unappeasable scortatory magnetism upon him at length produced an extreme feverish tenderness and inflammation throughout the entire cerebellum, and this affected the man's whole nature. Relief could only come from death or separation. He resolved upon the latter. The vampire returned to her Low-land swamps to carry

on her destructive war, and the man was cured and again began to climb the ladders of thought God planted in the world.

Now, when people thus physically disturbed are also magnetic sensitives, the cases are ten times worse; for not only are they subject to fits and spells of moody gloomery, but during the paroxysms are entirely open to, and nearly defenceless against, the life-depleting attacks of the vampire host of spirits already described in these pages. But such, and all similar victims to disease, escape hereafter the moral pangs of other criminals, because it is clear that they are, like young children, wholly irresponsible for conduct that, under other conditions, would be reprehensible, and merit proper correction.

Some diseases here leave long-enduring impressions or effects upon us there, entailing sadness, — as in cases of consumption. Irritability and impatience of restraint, contradiction, and teaching accompany for a time the victim of dyspepsia. The insane frequently abide in their illusions, sometimes for years. But, as a general rule, we speedily recover the benumbing effects of nearly all diseases. But to this rule there is an invariable and painful exception, — indeed, *three* exceptions, but the principles underlying them are identical. First, the victims of syphilis suffer long and most poignantly. Second, those who have destroyed themselves either by sexual excess, or total abstinence therefrom, remain morbid, restless, unsatisfied a long time, and with them are the arsenic, opium, hasheesh, beng and tobacco eaters, rum-drinkers, — to excess, — and all who have habituated themselves to abnormal appetites and habits. Third, — and worst of all, — the onanists and masturbators often suffer the pangs of concentrated agony for long, long years. The reason is that whoso robs the soul of its physical aliment, — as all these, and especially the last do, — prevents that soul's due normal and proper expansion. All know that such is the case here; and I and other seers know what the effects are there. I therefore not only caution the victims of this last habit, but I declare it to be what was alluded to in the Apostolic days, as the Sin against the Holy Ghost! It saps the vitality of soul, body, spirit, mind, and morals; makes fat souls lean, and, unless its ravages are promptly stayed, and its effects obviated, I repeat what I have written before, I had rather endure the punishment due to murder, than undergo the

strange and horrible penalties to be undergone, as sure as God lives and reigns, by those who, by solitary vice, and abuse of the sexual system, mar their eternal prospects hereafter. It was this discovery in 1854, that induced me to study this class of patients, and since that day that study has been my specialty, — not solely for the emolument accruing, for I have treated nine in ten gratis, — but because that specialty was in the hands of empirics, and scarce a respectable practitioner would touch it, and yet none are to be so pitied and assisted as these poor victims of what passes current as nervous diseases.

. . . . . .

Let us now return to our researches in the world of spirits. In the sanitary schools established for the education and healing of these sick ones, regular seasons of active work and rest prevail and alternate. Emulation and true endeavor are aroused by judicious systems of praise and reward; but there is very little censure. In some of these Sanitoria, law courts are simulated, cases are made up and tried in due form, dignity, and strict decorum; counsel plead on either side, and attentive juries watch every point that may be made; and he is crowned victor who gains his cause on the clearest principles of abstract, unequivocal justice.

Debates are also encouraged by their tutors. Bickerings, excitement, false statements, personalities, and abuse, being strictly interdicted; but all strife must be amicable, all bitterness avoided. At their conclusion, the teacher reviews the whole proceedings, corrects all errors that have been made, sets the subject before them in the light of truth, as seen from his stand-point; demonstrates the uses of self-restraint, as contrasted with enthusiasm; and the whole has a direct and positive tendency to make them wiser, less excitable, and therefore better men and women.

The people of the section just described, as well as their pleasures are sensuous-intellectual, but not advancedly so.

(*n*) The remaining portions of this, *first*, grand division, present corresponding improvements upon all the rest below. A higher and more thoroughly scientific system of education prevails. Worship habitually obtains; clanship — rather indiscriminate — still exists; but the lines between clans are softened;

schools abound on all sides; life, customs, habits, modes of thought; the scenery, fauna, flora, atmosphere, are, one and all, greatly superior to any yet seen on our march from the first section to the last of this first grand division.

The people I am now describing, are in the first degrees of intellectual sensuousness, and they begin to clearly understand that a man is a vast deal more than a mere bundle of nerves, senses, prejudices, habits, appetites, penchants, and passions, — a lesson that might with advantage be learned by those in power on this earth of ours.

How strange it is that the idea of grades in the world of souls never struck our religious teachers! and yet, how readily they accept the thought when fairly set before them! That would be a strange human society here on earth in which all grades of men and women indiscriminately mixed and mingled. No refined, intellectual, cultured person could possibly be or feel at home among the coarse, low, degraded, brutal, savage, and barbarous peoples of this globe; and, retaining all our sterling qualities after death, none of us who have become cultured, civilized, and refined, could feel happy were our lots forever cast among those who are in every sense beneath us. We are not to be thus humiliated. There are grades, grooves, places, for us all, and each child of God finds him or herself just in that precise spot for which by capacity, organization, and culture, he or she is best and most fitly adapted.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUESTION OF SEX AND PASSION IN SPIRIT LIFE — AN ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURE THEREANENT — ARE CHILDREN BORN IN THE UPPER LAND? — NEW AND STRANGE USES FOR THE HUMAN ORGANS WHEN WE ARE DEAD — THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTACT — CURIOUS — STILL MORE SO — LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

HAVING thus completed my rapid survey of the first grand division, it remains but to discuss a few other topics in order to complete the present initial revelation of the Spiritual Country. In the six other grand, and forty-two minor divisions, man reaches a degree of unfolding absolutely beyond the comprehension of our loftiest intellects, — attains to power and knowledge of the principles of the worlds without and within himself, so great as to be inconceivable by earthly minds; and yet, even at that exalted point, his wonderful career is but *just begun!*

In preceding pages I am aware of having mooted a long-contested point of great importance, promising to recur to it at a subsequent stage of this essay. I now do so because the *pudeur* of others has hitherto prevented its just discussion. Strong objections will be, and have been made, to the position I am about to assume and maintain; not for argument's sake, but because it is an impregnable truth, and one that ought to be revealed and understood.

Proposing to meet this objection fair and square in the face, I shall present it in the strongest possible luminous light and language, after which it shall be demolished by the inexorable *logic of facts*, and analogy; for if God has made a mistake on *that* one point, then, not only does the theory of his perfection fall to the ground, but immortality is scarcely worth the having, — that is, if we still retain our human nature there, in another world. As for myself, I know we do from personal experience, from the testimony of thousands of others, and from what I see and hear at the

very moment that I am in this barn in St. Martinsville,* penning the lines now before the reader's eye, for those who have passed beyond the tomb are at my side, and mine eyes are unsealed to the great realities I am, with their assistance, attempting — oh, so feebly! — to describe. If ever a religious enthusiast was justified in singing with a *verve* the following lines, I am without enthusiasm, for daily, nightly, I can truly say and sing, —

> Bright angels have from glory come;
> They're round my bed, they're in my room,
> They wait to waft my spirit home!
> All is well! All is well!"

"Am I," so goes the objection, "to understand that *all* the impulses, tendencies, penchants, desires, and passions, which characterize us more or less, while here, are retained after our immigration to the scene of our new activities, on what we call the farther shores of time? To put the question clearer: Are we to understand that men and women after death are, even for a while, the creatures of passional impulse? I supposed that we left all that behind us; that the blood-fire alone caused it; and that after we parted therewith we also parted with its effects. Is the fact otherwise? or are we still tempest-tossed and passion-driven? It has been affirmed, by noted authorities on matters spiritual, that subsequent to death the loves are purely amicive, or friendly; in no sense different; but strictly platonic. In a word, that amatory passion and the uses thereof end with the grave's edge; that sexual intercourse, or the appeasement thereof, was both impossible and unknown to and in the other world. Tell us, is this so or not? If so, why? If not so, why? Still —"

(*o*) There! I think that question could not possibly be more fully or fairly put. It shall be as fully and fairly answered, because it ought to be. But, let it be remembered that in doing this the design is neither to gratify a morbid thirst for occult knowledge, or provoke criticism; but because it is a vital question; a holy, natural, and pure one, that interests every human being, of either sex, and it opens a new vein of philosophy hitherto almost wholly unexplored. For after reading Von Reichen-

* Where the first edition of this work was written, in May, 1866. Published in Chicago the same autumn.

bach's "Dynamics of Magnetism," the man who is not deeply interested in nerveology and the rationale and philosophy of contact, whether by and of hands, spheres, nerve-aura, the kiss, or other modes, is not so keen a student or lover of knowledge as he will one day be. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* and let us now proceed.

If a man goes to sleep a zealot, bigot, or fool, I see no good reason why he or any one else should expect him to wake up next day a perfectly right sort of person, sane and sound in all respects; entirely and completely changed, re-made, worked over, purified, and crystallized; do you? If a Jersey rogue starts on the ferry-boat from Hoboken, I see no reason why, or method through which, his nature should have undergone an entire change by the time he reaches the dock in New York; do you? If Oscar or James should happen to be either political simpletons or noble-hearted patriots in New Orleans, I see no reason why they should be either diplomatic chiefs, or black-hearted scoundrels, by simply crossing the Mississippi to Algiers; does any one? Well, death is but a ferriage across a rather broader stream. All a man's acts are expressions of himself, under more or less pressure, and consequent distortion, from without. What he does under that pressure he cannot be held wholly unaccountable for either to God, society, or himself; but what he is in the long run and from his traits alone; that is, himself, legitimate expressions of his present selfhood and organization,—is the result of his experience, and in all cases he requires time for modification and reformation. Habits are acquired; they may be conquered or outgrown; but a functional habit, though it may be suspended, or distorted, being natural with the man, must resume its action when the obstructing causes are removed. But it can be wholly destroyed—never! Suppose a man's eyes are blown out, the principle of vision yet remains. Proof: he sees in his dreams, and can be made clairvoyant, be his eyes never so sealed. And so throughout.

Now there are those who declare the passion we are discussing has its function fulfilled when offspring ensue from its exercise. Half the human race laughs at such an absurd conclusion; for so far from being true, *that* result is but an attendant thereupon, for

reasons self-apparent. Its use is triple, generative, equilibrative, and expressive. What were human love without it?

The "Perfectionists" of Oneida have certainly struck upon a truth, albeit I differ from their conclusions, because I believe in monogamy, — where perfect love reigns supreme, on both sides. Well, then, springing from this triplicate function, comes joy, not happiness, but an element thereof.

When the sleeping fool wakes up, and the rogue reaches the city, one will still be a ninny, the other a rascal. One must grow wise; the other grow good. The days of miracle are past, and instantaneous conversions are — ? Well, death is sleep's twin brother. A man may quit this world at the point of a triple-edged sword or bayonet, on the field of martial glory, — just think of it! or at the end of a yard or two of good, stout Christian rope, — just think of that, too! or he may die on one of old Ingot's satin-velvet couches; but, asleep or dying, he's the same man still, — for it is his soul, not body, or bones, that makes him what he is. Death, at most, is but a short slumber; and no matter where, how, or when one may awaken from either, the "man's the man for a' that." Man will be man and woman be woman, no matter where they be, asleep, awake, or in another world; in a carbonaceous or electroidal body; they are essentially the same, and so remain until modified by a new series of conditions and influences. A man carries himself with him wherever he goes; carries all his good and perverted qualities, all his appetites and passions, and is quite as much a man on the other, as he is on this side, the veil of so-called death.

At this point, then, abiding more decisive argument, I affirm that marital form, in *union*, *essence*, *rite*, and *fact*, exists in the land of souls just as here; and in the *same* respect. The loves between the sexes are the same in kind beyond, as here, differing only in degree. And it would be a poor Spiritual World, and a very gloomy heaven, were it not so. For what else are souls duo-sexed? That's what people want to know; nor will it do to argue that we carry all other parts of us along, but that sex is left behind us; for in that case we were no longer human, but only monsters. But, let it be forever known, mutual love decides the matter there; and we win our wives and husbands with something better than smiles and money.

"If this be so, then I suppose that offspring are born to us there. If not, why not?"

(*p*) An erroneous supposition: because the human material body is essential to the reception of soul monads; to their incarnation; to the formation of the spiritual or ethereal body; and an earthly life and experience are essential to its development, and to prepare it for the field of future operations subsequent to its flight; and this, in brief, is the why not! Babes are neither begotten or born through marital union there.

"That is very strange. Such is its purpose here, such at least are the results. Two new difficulties now appear. The test of woman is her love; no love is, at least on earth, at all comparable to that for her young, — her self-sacrificing love for children. How is that gratified in the other life, if offspring is denied her? Again: the purpose and the function of the liver, lungs, and all the special pelvic organs are well known. Now, if we carry *all* ourselves to the other world, what possible substitute can there be for the procreative function? Here appears a break in the economy of existence, for there is a use without an end."

Reply. — So far as philoprogenitiveness is concerned, there are myriads of earth-sent children to call forth its tenderest display. There are also millions of children yet in earth bodies to invoke its dearest action. In the statement concerning the new uses of the stomach and other viscera, to the effect that they become batteries generating and diffusing different auras, the answer to the first objection just stated is found. The special ethereal uses of the pelvic viscera will presently appear. Let it not be forgotten that conjugation *seldom or never purposely serves the end to which* nature applies it. She steals a march on it, and serves herself and us at the same time; for her part of the mystery is not expressly sought by one in a hundred millions of us who use the means.

Offspring everywhere are natural accidents. At this point I ask a question in my turn. Do you know *why* two men shake hands? Not exactly. Well, it is simply because each imparts and receives an odic, magnetic, electric, nerval, or spiritual shock or current, all the more pleasurable for the purity and depth of the sentiment or feeling that prompts the act. In fact, *all* contactual joy hinges on the truth here set forth, whence may God

pity the unhappily married, in which case there is no contact of spirits, and the auras, otherwise reciprocally imbibed, are wasted, lost, dissipated into thin air, making people grow old, thin, wrinkled, and superlatively discontented and wretched long before their time. I have treated fully upon that subject in my book, entitled, "Love and its Hidden History."

Did you ever study or imagine the meaning and philosophy of a kiss, — the rationale of contact? No? It is because there are nerval poles in the lips, *as there are elsewhere*, — connected, telegraphically, through nerves, to the very penetralium of soul itself. What are the nervous ganglia, but relays and retorts, generating, storing up, and diffusing the electric fluids that flash along their filamental wires, telling the soul what's going on in the external world, — in the mines, on the mountains, in the valleys, over the continents, and through the seas of its material and spiritual world of body and its lining? Nothing else. Now the soul is a king, having various offices where each separate sort of business is transacted and messages received; nor is the news of grief, pain, sorrow, recorded on the same tablets, or in the same chambers as is that announcing victory, pleasure, love, felicity, good news, and joy; but when one of these chambers is open, the others are partially or wholly closed. News reaches the man not only through the senses, but he has telegraphic communication with vast worlds above and around him, which enter him through the brain directly; for it is very true that — as elsewhere quoted in this book —

> "Sometimes the aerial synods bend,
> And the mighty choirs descend,
> And the brains of men thenceforth
> Teem with unaccustomed thoughts."

Your lukewarm, sentimental, unimpassioned kiss sends a platonic message of a peculiar sort to the soul. Another sort of kiss despatches a courier to say that all is right and square in the filial, child-loving, fraternal, or parental departments of the great republic. Another sort of kiss, external, short, business-like, and customary, conveys the intelligence that things might be better, deeper, more sincere in the affectional domain. When warm lips meet warm lips, rendered odorous by balmy breaths, charged with deep desire, then there is let forth a whole battery of lightning,

that wakes up the slumbering soul, closes all other doors, and brings the king down from his couch, not only to see what's going on, but to mingle in the scene. Messages are despatched to all nooks and corners of the physical continent, and all the bodily powers are invoked to the congress of — sex. Then the spiritual and chest organs of either and both tingle again, and all things but love are unheeded and forgotten; for even death, disgrace, or danger are laughed at in utter and contemptuous scorn. But when two fond hearts and loving meet upon the lips; when that love is pure, deep, sincere, and right straight from the soul; when it is natural, full to the brim, based on mutual fitness, then, oh, *then!* — the soul, spirit, body, — all desire, — are instantaneously kindled up into a blaze, — not consuming, but creating, — with, to and in, a fervid, fiery, non-exhausting, magnetic glow, thrilling, filling, plunging both into a bath of exquisite delight, — a delicious, delirious, soft, yet almost killing rapture; a lavement in a sea of glory, of supreme bliss; so universal, so deep, so acute, so intense, full, sweet, *biting*, as to be inexpressible by tongue or pen; compared to which all other joys are tasteless, dull, and insipid, yet wholly unknown, and unattainable to all who do not fully, purely, centrally, and wholly, yet holily love each other. Mere fitful, physical, blood, electrical, and magnetic lovers realize nothing of all this, because they love not fully, truly! In many cases their wilful waste makes woful want. They must die and live again before they get the first taste, or understand love's primary lessons; but up there, and there only, can its deep mysteries be fully known, its keener joys be felt!

Human love is made sport of in these dismal ages. It is mainly regarded as animal; but that is only one of its phases. The thing itself is really divine; *it can only thrive in purity*, and that of course is holy. To sum up, then, — the meaning of handshaking, the kiss, and other unions, is the realization of contact. Bearing this in mind, let us now proceed.

True marital or conjugal love strengthens; but mere passional or scortatory love is false, consuming, dangerous, wasteful; for it never is appeased, is always longing, easily dies; and it entirely, usually, both maddens and destroys.

True love is pure and sweet desire,
But passion — lust — consuming fire.

In a love like this last — either in or out of wedlock, — not marriage, for marriage is never desecrated, — all the fire is on the surface, in the blood; and when it goes out just so much life goes with it; souls repel, while bodies endure each other; beautiful women drop by thousands into premature graves, while men spit themselves away in tobacco, fume away in smoke, or drown themselves in fiery baths of disguised alcohol. Real love is a divine and sacred thing; sex, and sex alone, is the field and means of its divinest operations. I do not mean *merely* and *only* the physiological fact, but the mental, spiritual, psychical ones as well; for the mere physics of it is its least part and charm; which latter reside, and are to be sought for, in the spiritual and metaphysical demesne of the great human estate. All are not women who wear the human shape, nor men that look like the homos. The one's masculinity has to be softened down, the other's femininity toned up, to proper points,— not here, but in the great hereafter. Let this revelation never be forgotten.

To a greater or less degree, spirits touch when hands are shaken; but in most cases touch merely. In the ordinary kiss of friendship, a little more of the two surfaces come in contact; in common marriage, if positive spiritual repulsion on *her* part does not exist, spirits come, at times, a little closer; but souls themselves not only touch, but actually fuse and interblend, in the high, holy, and mystical conjugations of real marriage; because love lies at the basis of our human nature, procreation of the species being its lowest office; procreation of ineffable forms of beauty and divine sensation one of its highest. All animals, and man, too, outgrow parental affection in time; the instinct ceases with the self-helping stage of growth in the young. In man it merges into all-embracing fraternal love.

The procreative power and functions of earth cease at death, and perish, in woman, with the last catamenia. Still she loves on as ever; indeed is then more fully ripe, and clings to her idol more tenderly, sweetly, and dearly than ever, there being no more fearful risks to run, or terrible price to pay; wherefore also love conjugal is relieved of dread, and is forever untrammelled, in the realms of disbodied souls. For this reason, among others, lovers know each other more perfectly than is possible here, because no

drop of poison taints the wine, and fear, the gorgon of the feast, departs forevermore.

Death does not radically change us, and I affirm again that the union referred to *does* constitute one of the lesser, yet full and perfect, joys of man's post-earthly life.

Why should it not be so? We all know that the fusion of male and female spheres constitutes the supremest joy of existence; and that we retain sex beyond the grave, is not only reasonable, but is actually true. Why should God unsex us there? There is no reason why he should, and accordingly he does not. I am fully aware that the position here taken will be assailed; but what of that? It will still be true, notwithstanding. That all the attraction between male and female here hinges on sex every one is fully aware, and that the same laws obtain in the realms beyond is equally certain and true.

I have a further revelation in regard to sex to make, but defer it till I write the sequel to this present volume. But one thing I will here say, and that is, I know that what I have here written is true, and that when this matter of the sexes and their proper relation is fully understood here, misery will take wing and fly away forever. While I remain in the body, I am willing to correspond with friends on these points, and thus can say what I cannot now spare time to write or print. Let us pursue the subject a little further in the next chapter.

NOTE. — Since the above appeared in the two first editions of this work the author has written the promised book, "LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY," — a work for woman and man, for wives and husbands, and all who hope to become matched and mated. I call especial attention to the sections upon the chemical and magnetic nature of love; the diseases of mind and body incident to counterfeit and perverted love; that on vampires, the chemical tests of such states, their cause and cure, and the culture of the human will. Few persons will believe that the state of the soul can be truly known by the analysis of a little urine; yet such is the fact, for chemical states of body unquestionably induce more of supreme happiness or intolerable misery than is even dreamed of or suspected, — witness the horrible results of opium, alcohol, or hasheesh, for instance, — two experiments with which latter the author made in 1856, but which he would not repeat for all the wealth a dozen worlds could afford ten thousand times over.

CHAPTER XI.

CERTAIN ORGANIC FUNCTIONS IN THE SPIRIT WORLD — EATING, ETC., THERE — ANALYSIS OF A SPIRIT — ITS BONES, ORGANS, ETC. — THE ACTUAL EXISTENCE OF THE TREES OF LIFE AND KNOWLEDGE — HEAVEN AS SEEN MAY 22, 1866 — INSTITUTIONS, EMPLOYMENTS, AND PLEASURES OF THE UPPER LAND — DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE THERE DEAD 10,000 YEARS AGO.

(*q*) Now comes the specialty, — the *res gestæ* of this part of the present revelation. The ethereal or spiritual, like the material body in some respects, is subject both to waste and want, not in its absolute nature, — for as it lives on aerial essences, to a great extent, through inhalation and absorption, to starve a spirit to death would be like the attempt to handle a shadow, a simple impossibility, — but in what may called, not exactly its organic, but rather some of the functional departments of its nature. As said before, there is no fœcal waste, micturition, catamenia, bile, saliva, tears, exuvia, liquid-blood, prostatic fluid, or semen, — all of which, while we are here, are mere material vehicles for the essential fluids, aeriform and volatile, electric and magnetic, which are generated in the body for the building up of spirit. We do not live on food, only on the gases it contains. These are extracted from it by the digestive apparatus; the essences are appropriated, and the material refuse expelled from the system in solid form, as the excreta; liquid, as in perspiration, and so forth, and fluid, as in carbonic acid gas from the lungs and through the pores. Of course, then, these vehicles, being no longer needed, are dispensed with after death, and the chemical process goes on without them; the gases and essences, necessary in their then state or stage of existence, being made by a more summary process, but by the same set of organs, unencumbered with flesh and tissue. Waste, effete, and unappropriated essences are there gotten rid of by a process quite analogous to cuticular exudation.

The question arises here, "What, in the outer sense, constitutes a man or woman or child?" Certainly not one of their special

parts or organs, any more than a bed constitutes a home; but the unitary combination,—the full consolidarity of the entire categories. If a spirit is anything at all, it is a full man woman or child,—the whole being, bereft of none of its parts, save only the temporary physical coating of flesh it once wore. If a spiritual person thinks, there must be a head, brain, and organs to think with; it must have hands and legs to use; and these, it is affirmed, we often see, re-clothed for a moment, in the presence of media. It sees, and must have eyes; hears, and has ears; talks, and must have organs, lungs, heart, face, nostrils; *sex*, and the consequences of sex *must* follow; in short, there must be all that goes to make up the complete and complex homo. Whether organs determine function, or function organs, in either case they were made for specific ends,—to serve a purpose in the grand economy,—and that end is far from being accomplished in this short and fretful life.

True, function may be changed, as in some sense is the case in regard to the human osseous and muscular systems, for neither are needed in the other life; but while both serve the same anatomical end, they become also batteries for the elaboration of electric forces there, just as here, only not indirectly *then*. New conditions require, command, and enforce new modifications; but take away a single organ, and it is no longer a man or woman who stands before us; it is neither brute nor human, but a monster,—a thing without a name in nature, or a proper place within the universal realm. But, thank God! not an organ or faculty is lost, but many more are gained; not a natural or normal power is withheld.

In the first stages of man's *post-mortem* career, all his organs continue to act as before, and for a while old habits are retained. As he ascends, he refines, and their action is modified. Eating, for instance, ceases to be an absolute necessity; is indulged from habit, continued for pleasure, and finally becomes a matter of the highest and finest science and philosophy. Here, our best cooks or chemists are unable to tell us the precise effect of a given dish upon different persons, or the same person under different circumstances; but there, in the higher grades, all this is clearly studied, discovered, and imparted to the teeming millions, who thereafter partake both for joy's sake, and to effect certain desirable changes or states.

"What, sir! Food affect a spirit or soul?"

Yes! I reply. Why do you take champagne? Is poor De Quincey and his opium-eating, then, so strange to you? Have you ever read Fitz Hugh Ludlow's astounding experience with hasheesh? or Theophile Gautier's? or Alexander Dumas'? or Bayard Taylor's? In short, have you ever taken a drink of brandy? If so, then you know that matter cannot only act on matter, but on spirit also, and through spirit on the regal soul itself. Besides, it is not rum, hasheesh, opium, or wine that does the business; it is their essences, their auras, their volatile principles, — soul acting on soul. Everywhere man imbibes the essences that keep him up and on; but there he takes food that develops faculties and acts directly on him for positive ends. The tree of life, and of the knowledge of good and evil, are not mere figments, but profound and solid truths; though how the world came by them four thousand years ago is not quite so clear and plain.

At best, we, and our organs too, while here, are but rude, rudimentary, and germal. There, as here, the love-organs perform the highest office in the spiritual, but not the psychical, economy; for they extract from the system and condense in suitable reservoirs that fluid white fire, which when set open in love's embrace, even here below, rushes like a whirlwind through man, plunges soul and body in a baptism of delight, as it sweeps along the nerves, giving a foretaste of heaven, — the most exquisite rapture he is capable of enduring. And yet he is coarse to what he will be, and his nerves are dross-coated and dull to what they shall become. We sing "Oh, there's a good time coming, wait a little longer," and sing truly too.

A merely sensual person is a brute; a merely religious one a fool; a merely intellectual one a monster; but just combine this trinity of evils, and you will not have a religious sensual brute, but a full-robed man of sense, intellect, and religion; one only just a little lower than the angels. Two evils may neither neutralize each other, or make one good; but combine the three named, and you have a seraph in embryo.

Man will be man all along the line of the culminating ages! and still man when eternities shall have ended and material universes toppled in decay! His life beyond must be triple, — *is* triple there, as here; sensuous, intellectual, religious. He has nerves to tingle with sensuous enjoyment, to inhale God's odors, and

smell the rich fragrance of his gardens there beyond; to thrill with the kiss, and languish under love and luxury's spells; a moral nature to worship the Adorable One, and riot in good deeds done to fellow-man; and an intellectual power to sound the deeps of science, and plumb the mysteries about him.

What are our dearest memories here? Are they not associated with our magnetic, nervous life? Unquestionably! With what delight we recur to this dinner, that supper, or the other dance! How an old opera tune, or the pleasant refrain of an ancient song, will linger for years, echoing in and through our souls, — sweet reminiscences of the glorious foretime! What sighs a bit of satin, a leaf, a lock of hair, or an old ball-dress, will bring from the heart, sometimes crowned with, "and *now* I'm old and — dying! Heigh ho! what next, and where then?" This I am trying to tell you!

How well we remember the stroll in the country, lang syne; the ripe berries, sweet milk, green grass, and fragrant new-mown hay! Ah! Again, how clearly we recollect the deep, thrilling, tingling of our nerves, once upon a time, long ago, long ago, when with full and happy, bounding heart, with only one loved one by our side, we have tasted the nectar on the lips of our darling, and have melted beneath the spell of her dear eye — or his! And yet all this, keen as it may have been, thrilling though it was, is no more to be compared to that of the love-joys of the other world, than bricks are to emeralds, or cast iron to golden bars, — so supremely felicitous and delightful is contact with hands, and lips, and forms of those we love and who love us in return; for the joy and rapture — magnetic, if you please — that one lover feels even in the mere presence of the other, is so full, so complete, intense, and deep, that embodied people could not endure it, nervous filaments convey, or earthly brains fully conceive. The finest-grained voluptuary, the keenest Sybarite here can have no adequate idea thereof. Here there is ever a point to be reached, which never is attained, — there is dissatisfaction at the best, — there is always something wanted; but over yonder the cup runs over; we are content and cry, — hold; enough!

The senses: Roses emit sweet odors, yet not all the fragrance of the Gulistan, ten thousand times refined, can equal the blessed aromas that float upon the breezes of the happy land of educated

souls! Color: prismatic hues are fine; the flash of sparkling diamonds transcendently beautiful, while the play of colors in polarized light is vastly more splendid still; but no man of earth, save through clairvoyant intromission, — and that is extremely rare, — ever yet saw, or even imagined, the superlatively magnificent melody of hues and tints, or the ineffable brilliance and glorious beauty of the flowers blooming there!

Music: Ah, how shall cold human language convey an idea or sense of the transcendent melodies, tones, and exquisite sounds heard and *felt* in the upper divisions of the spirits' home, whereof I am writing? It is impossible! I dare not undertake the hopeless task; and yet it will, one day, be described. Those who have listened to *Offenbach's* opera, *La Duchess de Gerolstein*, will remember the exquisite orchestral overture to the third act, just before Fritz's disaster. Well, I am *positively* certain that that piece of music came to him complete, and note by note, from the Spirit Land!

Scenery: Imagine your highest ideal spread out before you; deck it with the most regal and imperial cities, every house of which shall be a perfect palace; surround it with parks, adorned with trees, whose fruit and foliage shall be unequalled save in a poet's or a lover's dream; let there roam beneath these trees, or stand under their outspread branches, parties and groups of loving men and women, all of whose forms are fair and faultless; females of transcendent grace and beauty; men looking every inch as kings, of intellect, and royal, gentle manhood; children lovely as the summer sunshine, gay as mountain-birds; animals, compared to whose forms that of the gazelle is dull, tame, and crooked; and when you have all this in your mind's eye, believe me when I say, it is no more equal to the reality up there than a cedar swamp is to a king's garden!

Taste! Flavors! Wait till the nectar is quaffed and the ambrosia tasted by yourself; for no human tongue can tell, no pen explain them, or even intimate their scale or gamut.

Touch! Contact! Ah, my God! I have attempted, and may again, attempt to describe them; but as I look at my descriptions, glowing and impassioned though they be, I am sensible of having failed to convey even a dim and faint notion of the thrilling raptures and exquisite joys of touch and contact awaiting us all

over there, and now being experienced by countless billions who have gone before!

Buddha's Lokas, the Moslem's Paradise, and the Christian's Heaven are conceptions cold and tame, compared with the realities of man's home in the higher divisions of earth's auroral zone!

There blessed peace reigns supreme; harmonious melody prevails; God, not man, or creeds, or a book, is there devoutly worshipped; love underlies, will compels, and lofty wisdom directs all movement there. Rest and labor alternate; God rules through magic-working law, to which all most joyfully assent; order prevails on every hand, and chaos is unknown!

(*r*) Feasts, *fétes*, parties, balls, operas, concerts, the drama, shows, schools, colleges, universities, libraries, museums, lectures, theatres, orations, celebrations, congresses, elections, coronations, — in fact, everything good that man here enjoys, he also has there, in the upper country, with the exception of genuine law courts, churches, baptisms, and funerals; and some of the glorious scenes there exhibited immeasurably surpass the most ecstatic vision of poet, voluptuary, enthusiast, or dreamer.

Look! Lo! at this very moment, as my pen indites these lines of this second edition of my work, all alone in my little chemical laboratory here in Boston, — where my hours are mainly spent in studying mankind, and the mental and moral diseases that afflict it, the causes of which lie too deep beneath the surface to be easily discovered, — mine eyes are opened, and, clairvoyantly, I am there, and the dearly treasured lost ones look unutterable love, tenderness, kindness, and sympathy into my eyes again, as of yore, in the foretime. Oh, how joyful is this inrushing sense that, even as I sit here by my lonely table, deserted by all the world because I am unlike the people who inhabit it, some one loves me, even the so-called dead, and that the blessed ones of AIDENN, who know me best, pity the toiler at his work for the world, and afford him counsel, and direct his gaze as distantly he catches brief, yet satisfying, views of man's future home, — *home!* what a word! what a blessed thought, for lonely ones! — in glory, to assuage his sorrow and prepare the way for THE COMING MAN — now on his way! for he is already born! — bright and glorious Healer of the Nations — Reformer of the World!

Reader, come with me and share this vision; gaze upon these

glories — all to be yours — and mine — one of these approaching years. Look down yonder sylvan glade, and behold these hundreds upon hundreds of sylph-like human beings of either sex. They are not of our times, or our form of mind; they are Phœnicians, Babylonians, Ninevites, Arabs, Persians, Egyptians, Hindoos, Moors, Chinese, and some from Central Africa, some from Greece, and some from old Etruria, and the site of storied Troy. Many of them immigrated from earth ten thousand years ago, — some longer than that; and very few of them less than half that vast period of time; and yet not one of them looks to be over five and thirty years of age! They have drunk at the fountain of perpetual youth and partaken of the fruit of the life-conferring tree. The females! How like peerless queens of Grace and Beauty! What holy love and tenderness beam from every eye! What melting passion dwells on every lip! How like clouds of lovely glory they move along; and what amazing perfection sits crowned on every feature! And all of them were once poor, weak mortals like you and I; vexed at a trifle, pleased at a straw; small in spirit, cramped in mind, and warped in soul, heedless of all but what the fleeting hour afforded of pain-mixed joy! Many of the women you see there were once the victims of a victor's whims, servitors of his lusts, and creatures of his passion. And yet, for all that, they were not ruined, else they had not been where we see them now. No guilt lasts ten thousand years; no hell is half so long!

Others of them were stately, cruel queens on earth; filled with envy at another's beauty, and who were accustomed to wash out all rivalry in a brook of blood shed from victims' veins. And yet they were not damned; for lo! they flourish still! Others of them were dusky handmaidens on the banks of Tigris and of Nilus; but, dark and bond as they were, they found their way to Heaven; and so, one day, will all who wear earth's burdens now. So, too, will all others, no matter how stained by time and accident, for are not they and we in His hands who doeth all things well, and who *never* makes mistakes? Ay, they *are!* Look yet! How gracefully the pleasant throngs glide through the royal bowers! See! they are clad in pearly white, purple, azure, green, and gold, while zones of cerulean blue, star-flecked, float from their shoulders and shimmer in the zephyr's sigh! What royal, queenly robes are

theirs, whose voluptuous undulations, as they rise and fall in gentle, wavy motion, distract a man's soul, and make him sigh for sudden death, that he may take his chances there,—all too forgetful that heaven must be made within, and that false coins are uncurrent in the skies! When he knows as much, lives as truly, worships as sincerely, deals as justly, loves as soundly as they do, he will join them there, and not a moment sooner, even though his probation lasts five hundred earthly ages.

What a splendid sight is that we are beholding up there! How ravishing those flowing garments; how bewitchingly they are looped upon the shoulder, and festooned at the bottom! Their feet! Ah, what exquisite forms; what sandals; what perfection of turn and outline! Those taper hands, and slender fingers; what peerless arms, half naked to the upper sleeve, exposing just enough to add the last drop of admiration to the already overflowing goblet! And see! they are adorned and braceleted with jewels that pale the diamond in lustre, and exceed the pearl in purity and whiteness. These are *real* jewels; those of earth are but material imitations! See how they glitter and flash a thousand colors in the soft and mellow light of the heavenly aurora! What faces, necks, swelling busts and shoulders! What superlative, intoxicating love-aromas float around them, to entrance us poor on-lookers with rapt seraphic, delirious, entrancing joy!

Reader, you are destined to realize that and more, whereof this picture is the crudest sketch!

More, did I say? Ay, more! for although the lesser heavens are but little superior to earth, yet in the far-off promised land there is joy unspeakable, and the most glorious dream falls far short of the blissful reality. There is no legal rape there; no social murder, misnamed "marriage," nor does the foul tongue stab deep, incurable wounds, for all *that* is left behind forever, and the glad soul scans the ineffable beauties of God's wide domains with unclouded vision, and no canker-worm gnawing at the heart. God's pulse is unobstructed there, and the blood of his divine life flows through the veins of human, sorrowless souls. How good is God! how sublime is human destiny, even though our apprenticeships are served in an ending hell! There *is* a good time coming, after all!

CHAPTER XII.

EXTENT OF THE UNIVERSE — DESCRIPTION OF A HEAVEN — CURIOUS POWER OF A SPIRIT'S EYE — ANIMALS IN SPIRIT LAND — A PALACE THERE — LECTURES — STUDIES IN HEAVEN — LOVOMETERS AND SOUL-MEASURES — CONTENTS OF A MUSEUM THERE — MARRIAGE UP THERE — LOVE ALSO — DURATION OF AN "ETERNAL AFFINITY."

Behold those splendid bands of braided hair; those magnificent curling tresses! Ah, it is too much! Look at the men! what kingly dignity; what imperial grace and ease; what native, gentlemanly bearing; what clear and lofty brows, where reason sits enthroned, and knowledge holds her daily courts! See what perfect shapes; what soft, yet searching eyes; what manly, yet supremely courteous, gentle, tender bearing. No wrinkles mar those features, no corroding sorrow casts its sombre shadows to mar angelic simplicity and ease, or spoil transcendent grace. And yet, O my brethren, all these were once erring, sinful, sorrowing, imperfect, grumbling, perverted, bereaved, sour, and discontented people, just as we are at this present hour, and each one of them can truly say to each of us:—

"Remember *this*, as you pass by,
As you are *now*, so once was I;
As I am now, so *you* shall be."

It is a gala day in Aidenn! They are holding high festival on Vernalia's emerald slope, and troops of angels are flocking to the scene. It is Shelley's dream actualized and more, for even that most noble of poets never imagined supernal glories such as we are here beholding.

No suspicious hearts beat there; no overshadowing pall of indefinable dread — of what, you know not; from whence, you cannot tell — falls on you there; because those above you are sinless, and consequently there is no vicarious suffering; no superior agony reflects down upon your head, as is the case with

us of earth. Not a line of grief, jealousy, or envy traces its wrinkled course upon a single cheek or brow of these, my readers, your sisters and mine, my brothers and your own. Not a mark of trouble retains its impress, or sets its seal upon the dwellers of the seventh section of this the fifth grand division of the sphere; and yet high, refined, and blissful as they are, they occupy but subsidiary positions in the grand hierarchy of ascending grades and orders; *for there are millions incomparably superior to them*, even on the first zone, there being no less than *fourteen* sections there, immeasurably above it in all conceivable respects. But even there in the fifth division, which I have been delineating, — not describing, — for this last, as it should be, were an impossibility, — all things exceed the highest conception of us poor, half-developed children.

That some faint idea may be formed of what the universe is,— which universe is the grand scene of man's unfolding, and we and our spiritual worlds, with all their wondrous perfections, but at the starting-point of advancement,— let us glance but for a moment, not at revelation, but at the deductions of human science, confessedly in its veriest infancy. Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of the power of Lord Rosse's celebrated telescope, says that he has looked into space a distance so tremendous, so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in a second of time, would require a period of *two hundred and fifty millions* of solar years, each year containing about thirty-one millions of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between our earth and the remotest point to which that wonderful instrument has reached! How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of the immense period! To conceive the passing events of one hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years. The sun is more than ninety millions of miles distant from the earth; yet a ray of light will traverse the immense distance in about eight minutes. Long as may seem the distance passed in so short a time, what comparison can it bear,— what comparison can the mind frame, between it and that greater distance which Dr. Nichol and Lord Rosse absolutely, unequivocally, mathematically demonstrated, would require every second of that time to be represented by more than five hundred thousand years?

And yet Rosse had only penetrated the edge, — the outer crust of space, — and had no more sounded its depths than a boy's sixpenny fish-line has sounded the retreating fathoms of old ocean. All the vast congeries of constellations yet revealed to the telescope, are but the archipelagos,— the island groups upon the bosom of the *abyss*. They merely dot the shores of the material continents; yet all combined is but a bubble of substance floating on the shoreless sea of Spirit, — of the Æther, — of the Vortex, — of the workshop of the incomprehensible God! Truly, every immortal has good reason to swell the sounding chorus of the "SONG OF THE SOUL:" —

"What I WAS is passed by;
What I AM away doth fly;
What I SHALL be, none doth see;
Yet in *that* my beauties be!"

Return we now again to the primary zone surrounding earth. I said it was a gala day with the people there, and that there was a nameless, glorious something, around them,— an aura of goodness, an odor of power, a perfume of happiness, that earth can never give, but to something like which it will one day attain. Magnificent and lofty trees, the very movement of whose leaves is softest, sweetest music, the melody of motion, are there in rich profusion, forming bowers and arched vistas, in and through which seraphic people wander, hand in hand; soft eyes beaming tenderness and love to eyes that more than speak again, and marriage bells are nowhere. Streams of living water ripple through the sylvan scene, flashing back a thousand rich tints and hues of more than magic beauty, to the stately but unmoving boreal and austral suns shining in the heavens. Flowers of rarest conformation, whose colors and rich fragrance put earth's fairest products to the blush of envy, unfold their glory-cups in countless millions to heaven's starry eyes, and yield grateful incense to the mellow air! Bowers of gorgeous shrubs and vines, laden with nectarous and ambrosial grapes and fruits, gladden the eye and tempt the taste of those who wander by. Resplendent meadows, redolent with richest perfume, tempt to glory-walks along the brinks of many a silvery brooklet. Magnificently crowned and stately trees, in stately groves, adorn the sylvan scene, through which hilarious

and joyous crowds of merry children trip and play; for this being a *féte* day, they are brought thither to have a foretaste of what shall be theirs, when the necessary progress has been made. Among these glades, seeking retirement, soul-wed lovers stray; and wives and husbands enjoy God's smiles and each other's society, — a fashion that ought to come in vogue on earth.

Splendid palaces tower in the distance, and cosey cottages peep out 'twixt groves of greenery, — the solidified thoughts of some great soul, or comfort-loving swain. I have stated the process of building there; and here we see the finished result. All these will remain just so long as they satisfy their owners' ideals. After that they will disappear, and others more ornate or simple will occupy their places; for as we grow our ideals change and expand. The world is not the same to us as that of twenty years ago; nor do the things that gratified then, afford us satisfaction now.

The interiors of these cottages and palaces are rich and beautiful beyond comparison, even though we take old Ingot's parlors or Napoleon's dwelling as standards. Gorgeous domes, star-fretted as the sky; magnificent halls, that shame the lanes of Sydenham or Champs Elysées; emeraldine tesselated floors, and tapestried walls; diamond-studded ceilings, constellated and astral. Beautiful courts, sparkling fountains, pleasant grottos, outvying old ocean's coral caves; perpetual bridal chambers, — more resplendent than all, — divine alcoves sacred to love's most endearing caresses and mysterious joys, are there, and within their pearly walls disgust, repugnance, sorrow, sickness, and pain can never, *never* enter. On earth our every pleasure's bought with pain; but not so there! for in every joy there's nothing to be asked for more. Here all caresses are magnetically exhausting; not so there, for every taste but whets the appetite for, if possible, another wave of varied bliss; and it comes! and so on forever and forevermore; and each successive draught but makes us fitter, stronger for the next. Near at hand is the opening of a vista, down which we gaze upon the green, flowery banks of a golden-tided river, on whose grassy brink, studding it like pearls in a virgin's mouth, are rows of cottages *ornée*, gemmed with climbing clusters of arbutic vines, around which are seen green arbors and flower-decked trellises, shedding the most delicious

odors, rendering supremely happy the rightly-wedded ones who therein lovingly reside.

Look yonder! See the coming hundreds from miles and miles away; some skipping through the odorous air like lovebirds in the morning, and others gliding along the surface like shadows of beauty before the noontide sun! We need no telescopes there to enable us to scan distant objects; for the air is more pellucid and clear than that of Araby the blest. No dull, darkling clouds are there to obscure the roseate light, but only glowing crowns of electric vapor, tinged and gilded with the most splendid colors, and ever and anon breaking into a thousand fantastic and beauti ful aerial scenes, are observable in the bending heavens above our heads, far outvying the gorgeous sunsets of most favored tropic lands.

(*s*) Another arcanum here must be revealed. On earth we shorten or lengthen the telescopes we use, else replace eye-pieces by those of greater power. We need no such machinery in Vernalia; for, by a slight volitional effort, we can render vision subservient to the ends we seek; and can so control the eyes as to render their powers immeasurably finer than the most perfect microscope yet made on earth, or instantly endow them with space-penetrating and defining powers, such as put Rosse's telescope entirely in the background. That instrument has resolved many of the nebulæ into starry clusters, yet leaves many a dusky cloud unsolved; but I am enabled to say that not one of these yet seen clouds are really nebulous, but are, in fact, distant universes, far more vast than our galaxy, but which are so far off as to appear no larger than an orange. Well, the human vision up there is capable of resolving even these nebulous points; and yet there are others at such awful distances across the abyss, that Rosse's nebulæ are but next-door neighbors in comparison! They defy the powers of a seraph's vision to fairly and completely solve. And these nebulæ are as thickly strewn upon the floor of Space as stars are upon a clear and silent midnight. Talk of distance, after that!

(*ss*) It has been said that animals are there. This is true; not merely phantasmal forms, but really living beings, some of familiar shape, like lambs, gazelles, pet dogs, kids, and playful kittens; and some entirely different, and of strange, peculiar forms and

gracefulness. They are in no sense the immortal spirits of animals that once lived here; but are the spontaneous productions of all bountiful and prolific nature there. How they originate, live, yet do not perpetuate their species, is one of those labyrinthine questions that is quite as difficult of solution as is that of the origin of species here. Both facts exist, but the principia of their evolution is not easily soluble. One thing, however, is certain: All the fauna there typify or symbolize some salient and positive love, principle, or affection. There are no reptiles or vermin in the regions named; nothing noxious, dangerous, or disgusting, to create a shudder or a qualm of fear; nothing offensive; no bugs, snakes, spiders, mosquitoes, flies; none of the larvæ, worms, fearful brutes or parasites, except their lemurs in museums, to be yet described. Among the most pleasant things up there is the universal tameness of these animals; and a great deal of pleasure is derived from rare birds of the most brilliant plumage, which flit among the branches of the trees, making the groves of Vernalia vocal with their sweet and trilling warblings. Their numbers and variety are legion.

(*t*) Look yonder! at that rich and massive, yet light and airy temple, on the smooth summit of the gently sloping hill upon the right, standing in the midst of the beautifully ornamented plaza.

What do you suppose it is? "A cathedral, perhaps." No; it is one of a vast number of Halls of Science; it is a temple of Learning, and in it are taught the very fulness of much, indeed, nearly all, whereof on earth man has but an inkling. Here is known and taught nearly all that has ever been developed in whole or in part below, or discovered in the lesser sections of the circumvolving girdle.

That upon which our attention is fixed appears to have been built of finest jasper and chrysolite. It is very like what one John of old beheld in vision and described in the Apocalypse. The building before us is septagonal in shape; has a central dome of crystal, clear as air, flanked by six minarets or turrets. It embodies all the excellences, and bears none of the crudities, of earthly architecture; it has all the advantages, from those of the simple cavern, to the most ornate composite of the current year. In size this temple exceeds those of Karnac and Nineveh, for it covers a space five square miles in extent, and is of corresponding

height. In it are many halls, from the rostra of which lectures are given to thousands upon thousands of eager and delighted students, who, beside being personally benefited thereby, are fitted to go forth as teachers to the innumerable multitudes of lesser grades; and also to the earth. Many and many are the audiences here who have sat spellbound beneath the eloquent outpourings of some entranced medium, through whom these ethereal envoys were repeating the substance of many of the lectures originally delivered for their instruction in the temples of the Rosy Land.

In the temple before us are taught the rudimentary principles of the higher grades of knowledge; and people, not morally, and otherwise fitted to dwell in that grand division, but whose intellects demand such food as is there dispensed, are, under certain conditions, allowed to listen to the teachings, just as a semi-repentant rebel might be allowed to attend speeches upon loyalty and the inalienable rights of man in one of the loyal institutions of his country. There are also taught letters, generally; fine art; sculpture; architecture; enginery; the elements of music as a graded science; elemental algebra, with all the lesser mathematics; spherical astronomy; geology; plane and spherical trigonometry, with reference to both astronomy and sphereonomy,—the science that there corresponds to geography here; zoölogy, the elements of medical jurisprudence; elements of social physics, static and dynamic; elemental logic; mechanics; chemistry; elements of language; natural history; elemental botany; elemental embryology, and the sciences relating to the origin, dissemination, and intercommingling of nations, and their primary effects.

In this temple are laboratories for experimentation in all demonstrable sciences of an external nature. There are here, also, two singular instruments of a magnetic character, one of which is a loveometer, and the other a soul-measure. By the first can be told the love power of the soul; by the other the development and capacity of the soul itself. But these, like phrenological callipers, and the gyroscope, are philosophic toys, rather than really useful agencies.

We have here also very fine museums, in which we may inspect whatever the earth has produced, both normal and monstrous; there are also valuable scroll volumes, and numberless caricatures,

intended to teach by antitheses and ridicule. Here also may be seen representatives of animated nature, from the common zoöphyte to the monster creations of ten millions years ago, not a vestige of which has ever been seen by earth-embodied man, but whose simulacra are reproducible by a law stated in a previous chapter of this work.

Great sport is made, in pictures, of the physician who undertook to cure a mental disease by solely physical means; and *vice versa;* of an educated man whose fame and gain resulted from his skill in lawing and lying; the picture of a pulpit; an ordained minister; a newspaper editor; an honest politician; the virtue-compelling appliances of these dismal ages, in a series, embracing racks, thumb-screws, cat-o'-nine tails, tar, feathers, jails, revolvers, State-prisons, bowie-knifes, dirks, whiskey distilleries, *a la* that of Deacon Giles; a few guillotines, an executioner; a fine representation of hell-fire, with grilling souls and grinning parsons gayly looking on; with a club-footed bugaboo — most ridiculous of all! — with pitchfork and dragon tail, all in complete Miltonian style; a gallows or two; genuine copies of Christian divorce laws; statues of a happy married couple of 1868; portraits of the public man or woman who escaped scandal or slander, and who were righted by taking notice thereof; a wife that preferred being driven, to being drawn, to duty; a husband who relished Caudle lectures, and whose love increased for his wife in proportion as she put on airs and exposed his faults to the world; a child that grew up properly by being abused and beaten; a man really grateful for a favor bestowed; one who remained true to him, of whom he borrowed money; him whom a prison reformed; a case where persuasion effected less than force. Such and a thousand other methods of teaching by antithesis are adopted in these colleges.

(*u*) Marriages in the soul world are not dependent upon what people say or think of a proposed match. Nor is it necessary to procure a license or employ justice, parson, or priest; for as it concerns the parties themselves, they never say, "By your leave," but go straightway and marry themselves, — that is, their fitness for each other being apparent, their union being natural and spontaneous, is forthwith recognized as right and proper by themselves and everybody else. "My eyes met his," said a disbodied woman, referring to her meeting with one she loved and who loved

her as well, "and in this meeting there was a mingling too. We felt the blending; knew we were for each other; tacitly acknowledged that we twain were one henceforward for a time, if not indeed forever. Poor me! I did not then know how long 'forever' is. In love affairs on earth it practically means two months, more or less; and until both parties are exhausted by excess, or the magnetic attraction changes polarity, and bodies repel as they once drew together. But the term stands for a longer period in ethereal land, but yet fails to embrace all the category of eternity — quite. States mark duration here, in some respects, and not the tick-tick of the mantel-clock; and marriage lasts just so long as the parties thereto are agreeably and mutually pleased with, and attracted, to each other, and no longer. It may endure for ten weeks or twenty ages. But just so soon as perfect happiness no longer results from the union, a mutual separation inevitably results, and each is at liberty to find another better adapted to that end." Nothing can break a union there but mutual discontent, and nothing can perpetuate it where that exists. It does not in the spiritual world; it ought not in this. People never quarrel about these matters in the upper grand divisions. They know that anger is folly, its exhibition barbarous, that it never mends matters or heals any ill whatever, and so they tacitly agree to disagree, and there the matter ends.

"On earth," says the lady, "I, as a thousand others had, believed in the dogma of eternal affinities, or that God had from the beginning created and appointed a certain man to husband a certain woman, from the time they met, — a matter of the merest chance, — till the end of the 'everlasting ages,' — a term or expression wholly meaningless. According to that doctrine, God had foreseen that Tom, the tinker's happiness, depended upon his eternal conjugation with Betsey, the chambermaid, and hers upon the same conjunction, and yet took infinite pains to so mix things up in the world, where Tom and Betsey needed each other most, that they had just about as good a chance of meeting each other as they would of again finding a single drop of red ink flung into the sea. True, people not seldom find their 'affinities' on earth; but so far from being everlasting are they, that if they endure for six calendar months, that particular eternity is unusually long! Thousands, with myself, had believed that every one would some-

where meet with a congenial partner; and so far the dogma is unquestionably correct and true; but when it is also affirmed that in company with the particular congenial one the amazing cycles of eternity would be spent and passed, then a grave error was committed; a false conclusion reached; and here are the unmistakable reasons why: No one is infinite, except in capacity of acquirement. At every stage of the human career, the cry is more, more! and constantly we find new wells whereat to partially quench the soul's thirst. There is an attainable point of development just and evermore beyond. And albeit a joy experienced in section five may be full to the point of pain, yet that same degree experienced in section seven would be a very tame affair. A, b, abs, and simple addition lose their interest at twenty-five. The intellectual and every other horizon, vast as it may be, will still grow larger, like that of a man going up a steep mountain, who from its summit sees villages close to its foot and near at hand, which yet are fifty miles away, while the ocean yonder is three times as far." *

NOTE. — I here wish to present a thought worth remembering; it is possible for *any* human being to derive joy in prolonged waves, lasting for years, from each and every other human being in existence, and there comes a time in every human career when he or she shall become infilled with the joy of every other human being that has lived on *any* earth, doth live, or will hereafter live a perfect, continued, normal joy, either of love or friendship; for heaven were not complete to any soul so long as there is one untasted joy, a single unrealized pleasure. Well, mankind have peopled this one earth for *over* two hundred thousand years, and for that length of time have averaged over one death a second. This will give a line of figures impossible to be grasped by any human intellect. There is not less than twelve *nonillions* of solar *systems* in space within the soul-bearing galaxies of a single GIRDLE. There are at least twelve man-producing planets to each sun; there is an infinity of other GIRDLES, and the probability is that more souls are born and pass to the second stage of being than there are drops of water, grains of sand, blades of grass, or forest leaves upon this or any other single globe of space. Now, how long will it take you to form the acquaintance, and gain the individual love and friendship of all who leave this earth in a day, month, year, century, two hundred thousand centuries? — of those from this solar system — from the awful host of peopled worlds? from all in space, from all that have been or shall ever be? Why, a line of ETERNITIES numbering *millions* would be all too short, and yet I have not told one-half the amazing story as it stands revealed before mine eyes.

* From Dealings with the Dead — Banner of Light Office, Boston, Mass.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHY "ETERNAL AFFINITY" IS NOT TRUE — EFFECT OF A BAD MARRIAGE ON THE VICTIM, AFTER DEATH — HOW SOULS ARE INCARNATED — WHY SOULS DIFFER — THE SECOND GRAND DIVISION OF THE SPIRIT LAND — SEAS, PORTS, VESSELS, SAILORS, IN SPIRIT LAND — HUNTING SCENES THERE — THE PRESBYTERIAN HEAVEN.

THE scope, sweep, and extent of the entire human being must ever enlarge: mental, like physical motion, gives heat, and heat expands its subject and object. As we advance in the spirit, as in this life, new, higher, and better and nobler ideals are conceived, and we are impelled by the law within to work up to, and act on, those ideals, whatever they may be; and whether they interest the personal, social, moral, æsthetic, religious, or intellectual departments of our nature. New possibilities will ever be attempted and achieved, albeit nothing whatever can permanently fill the vast reservoirs of the soul, for though they be filled to-day, the pressure will expand them and thus make room for more ere to-morrow shall end. True, the soul may rest satisfied for a while, and a long while; but the monotony will at last be broken, and it will sigh and seek for change. Action is the law of true life, multiplied and varied action. Eternal sameness means eternal stagnation.

The love of thirty years is not the love of eighteen or forty-five. No one goes alone from earth to Spirit Land. Some loving one is always by his side or hers, from the last breath till eternity grows bald and gray. No one goes alone from one grand division to another; no one can gravitate from a low to a higher state before he or she is fully fit to do so, and then they graduate in couples. But it does not follow that those loving classmates or kindly ones are ever the same persons. It were a poor heaven if only one true soul sincerely loved us. If comrade A, in division three, is not prepared to go with B to division four, then A's place is im-

mediately taken by C or D, who *are* prepared, and the union, thus based on *fitness*, is far closer than that just dissolved.

"As like as two peas!" Well, no two peas are alike, nor any two persons in existence; no two souls can develop alike, in all respects and at the same rate, because no two can be exactly similar; and if they were, the chances are a million to one that this one forges a little ahead of the other, or that one springs a mine without the other's sphere. The chances are infinitely against their remaining alike for any given period. Their earthly experiences could not have been parallel, and a single reminiscence, a memory, may beget a change that will establish a divergence of eternal duration. A tone heard, a flash of light, a motion seen or felt by one of the parties, may beget a movement that in time would completely change the entire mental and emotional constitution, just as continued grains of poison would modify the body that took them. For this reason, then, that no two souls can forever develop in parallel lines, one of them must, in time, diverge from, advance beyond, rise above, or constitutionally change, outgrow or offgrow the other: the "eternal" affinity must be considerably foreshortened and lopped off here and there, until common sense makes all clear, plain, right, and the Infinite wisdom be vindicated. Yet souls are made in pairs; but this involves perpetual *friendship*, but by no means eternal marriage, — it requires *opposites* for that; but our twin is very like ourself. Hence we don't commit incest up there!

Marriage in Aidenn is an entirely different affair and institution from what it is on earth in these most dismal days of these dismal ages, in purpose, nature, and result. Lust or passion *as such*, are lopped off altogether in the higher communities, and loftier stages of *post-mortem* existence. On earth true love often goes begging for recognition, appreciation, and return. Generally, love is surface only; is short-lived, plebeian, — amounts to trouble and nothing more. In the better land it is imperial, human, natural, and pure. On earth it has many counterfeits; people are deceived thereby; legal union follows; and what promised to be a fair heaven, proves the hottest kind of — its opposite. Whoso disputes this needs but look at the pale and haggard cheeks of women; the long train of uterine diseases; the half-made children; the millions of graves not three feet long; the thousands of tombstones showing how

young Mrs. So-and-so died; the multitude of grog and tobacco shops; the long rigmaroles of quack doctors, in the public prints; the brothels, high and low, open and secret; the sickening catalogues of infamy in "criminal" and "*criminal*" journals; and the general hell of society at large, — all of which is the pestilent result of false marriages, and what comes of them; and none of which would exist if *love*, not interest and passion, reigned in the families of Christendom. This is gall and wormwood, I know; but it is as true as truth's gospel, nevertheless. "And the Spirit says write!" and I write; for these truths are written on the whole face of the universe, and whoso fails to read, fails in human duty. First, the establishment of the logical grounds of immortality and its demonstration; and then to strike at the evils of society, — among which that of wrong marriage is one of the greatest, — was and is the mission of spirits to the earth, and true clairvoyance to the world.

Among nominal reformers one of the vital questions for discussion and settlement is that of "virtue," meaning chastity, because it is a basic subject. All sorts of opinions have been ventilated; and measures proposed to heal all ills in that direction; and some have even proposed the homœopathic system, and to establish the reign of virtue by making libertines of all the men, and prostitutes of all the women. This claiming too to be "philosophical" might do it, but *how* I am unable to perceive.

These people call themselves individual sovereigns, under the leadership of one who, being a man of brains, though not quite a "god," ought to know better. Then there are those who dwelt in "Agapomene," or the "abode of love," along with the late "Brother" Prince; then there are the nasty "perfectionists" of Oneida, who live in "complex" marriage with four hundred "wives," mostly red-haired — more or less, under the tutelage of Noyes; then there are the latter-day saints of Utah — an absurd lot; next we have "Passional Attractionists," or "free love," which gets more people into exceedingly hot water than into heavenly bliss; all of which shows that the land of marriage needs exploration and clearing up.

Now, people go to the lower divisions of the spirit world just as they were here; what wonder, then, if occasionally some unhappy sensitive is tempted into error by them, or the wandering spectral

gentry already described herein; or that the most absurd things are "communicated" on the subject of marriage, including all the above and other ridiculous notions, still more revolutionary. Such teachings come from the second grand division invariably, whose inhabitants are as prone to absurd fallacies as are similar grades on earth. It is, at the same time, most undoubtedly true that all Spirit Land is constantly assailing the marriage laws and customs of Christendom, and I think justly too, especially in all that relates to divorce, because they are unable to see why an unhappy couple, whose misery is complete, should be necessitated to commit a grave error, not to say crime, in order to a safe deliverance from a false and wretched bond. So am I. Pure streams cannot flow from corrupt sources. Good children cannot come of unhappy parents; nor a family, on the whole, be right and normal, the heads of which are improperly mated. We expect devils in hell, social or domestic, to exhibit their traits, and produce their kind. Couples who mutually love can easily prolong their union till death, and such *never*, or very seldom, wander astray after strange faces. But it sometimes happens that a genuine love between man and wife, from *two unsuspected causes*, grows cool and dead. But as a general thing all the disturbance can be righted quite easily, and domestic infelicity be forever ended by the observance of a few simple rules that may be written on a *single sheet of paper*. It is not my province to write them here.*

To resume: Let it be clearly and thoroughly understood, that there can be no universal heaven until *all* the domestic and social hells are completely changed. Then, and not till

> "Then, will the reign of Mind begin on earth;"
> And all mankind pass through the second birth;
> Domestic love shall rule, the wide world o'er,
> And discord, pain, be banished evermore!

(*v*) Comparatively few people really know anything about the wonderful extent of what they call Nature. For instance, how few are aware that, in regard to bulk, a common flea holds the middle rank of all land, and probably all sea, animals also; that there are sentient beings as much smaller than a flea, as that flea

* But I hope, before passing away, to be able to publish a volume that shall cover the entire ground above referred to, and to give some information thereon which the world sadly needs.
P. B. R.

is smaller than the most bulky elephant or mastodon! And this is not mere talk or assertion, but is clearly demonstrated; for we find animals by aid of the solar or oxy-hydrogen microscope, so exceedingly small that even then they are barely perceptible, and yet the glass shows them to us from fifty thousand to *three hundred thousand diameters larger than they really are!* Now, each of these animals has organs; what then must be the amazing tenuity of the blood and nerve fluids that course through its tiny veins? Of what bulk must be the creature's eyes? its joints? the particles composing its cuticle?

Now, if so many are uninformed of these marvels of animated nature, and are lost in wonder at their contemplation, how vastly great would be their astonishment were they made aware of the greater mysteries of the human being, and the yet more wonderful processes and machinery by which the human spirit is elaborated and built up, and the death-proof soul incarnated. At the request of very many correspondents, and in pursuance of a promise made in a former chapter of this book, I will now proceed to unfold a chapter of esoteric physiology, hitherto unattempted by any writer that I am aware of, living or departed.

The question has long been mooted whether the mother is the creator of the soul of her child, or the father. Some, and Dr. J. H. Redfield among the number, maintained that the only office fulfilled by the male in the procreative or sexual act, is to quicken into active life the germ already in the female organism. Others contend that the germ of the body is furnished by the woman, that of the soul by the man; still other theories and hypotheses exist. In the semen of a healthy man there is found by the microscope quite a large number of tadpole-looking worms, and to these, which some think to be germinal human beings, has been given the name "Spermatozoas," "Spermacules," and simply "Zoas," by which latter name I shall speak of them. They are undoubtedly living creatures, created or existing for a special mission. They have often been seen to fight, show signs of anger and satisfaction, and to force their way through the coating of the female ova, or egg, and it is their numbers and activity, while in man's pelvis, that occasions the feeling of desire or lust, — that being one of God's methods to provoke man to procreate his species, the act of which, in right union is the source of the

highest nerval joy the human frame is capable of experiencing. [I may here, say, in passing, that more than seven-tenths of the diseases man endures arises from the presence in his blood of an acrid substance, — a compound of bile, uric acid, and phosphatic salts, *that kills these zoas*, rendering him nervous, irritable, angular, dyspeptic, and the prey of morbid fancies, not seldom ultimating in chronic impotence, magnetic depletion, and confirmed insanity.]

As observed before, these zoas have been supposed to be the living germs of future human beings, and that they are merely enlarged, in the womb, by the absorption of juices from the mother, until, at the end of a certain period of time, expulsion takes place, and the child, which has thereto lived in and breathed water, like a fish, now breathes the upper air, and becomes a living soul.

This hypothesis is, and is not, correct and true. It is true that these zoas are the material points about which is deposited that which subsequently becomes a human body; but it is not true that a mere enlargement of the zoa in utero constitutes that body; for, in the first place, such an enlarged zoa would be a monster, formed something like a gelatinous lizard; and, in the second place, the zoa, like all other seeds, *dies as* a seed, or zoa, before it becomes a human being. As a zoa it subserves another end, presently to be stated; but I will here remark that those children who are begotten when, on both sides, passion's tide is at the highest flood, and neither party exhausted, — when impregnation results from the first contact after prolonged absence *and* abstinence, — are immeasurably superior to those of the same parents, launched into being from exhausted bodies and fagged and weary minds; for such children are from ripened zoas, invariably, and a ripened zoa may be of the fourth or fifth order of monad, concerning which mystery read on. So far as the zoospermes of beasts are concerned, they have solid heads, and, in some of the lower orders, seem to enlarge, and finally become gestated into the perfect animal whose species they are. To a great extent this is also the case with the zoospermes of the simia, embracing all the apes, even up to those which almost trench on human ground, — namely, the orang, chimpanzee, gorilla, and neschiego, — the link below the bushmen and tailed "men" of Western Africa. It is not so with reference to the strictly human zoas, or germs, for each one of these has a crystalline head; but, again, these heads approach the

solid or beast type, the lower in the mental scale is the man or men whose they are. For instance, those of negroes are nearly opaque, and but dimly clear at best; while those of a cultivated white man, like Poe, President Lincoln, Persons the healer, and men of their mental calibre, are very clear and crystalline. This clearness differs in accordance with the mental stature of the man. I have said that every zoosperme of the strictly human being has a crystalline head, — which fact the microscope will ere long demonstrate, — and in that head is contained a monad, and a monad is a seed-soul, just as it came from God; and each one of them has a history, mission, and destiny of its own, being distinctively and essentially unlike any other monad or soul in existence, and yet having affinities for all others, and a special one for its own twin, — for in the beginning all monads are dual, — male and female; and hence, in very many respects, are peculiarly fitted for each other, although it may happen that one of these twin creations may be incarnated ten thousand years before its mate. It may also happen that one of them will develop into a human being the first time it is lodged in utero, and that its mate may not succeed even on the fourth trial. In such a case the superior one will act as guardian over the other, and develop the mate through magnetic rapport to a degree measurably corresponding with its own. It is by reason of this mysterious principle that marked characters often love and wed far beneath themselves, — something impelling them thereto which they do not understand.

Genius almost always weds with folly, and the most brilliant minds consort — unhappily, ever — with beautiful stupidity; yet probably the world is all the better for it in the long run, because in the children the obtuseness of one parent is toned up and raised, and the angularities of the other rounded off, producing a character or characters brighter than one, less eccentric than the other, and more useful than either. Elsewhere in this book, also in a sheet long printed, I have given a rule for the production of offspring, which, if heeded, will be productive of children of surpassing beauty, worth, intellect, and power.

Observe these facts: the crystalline head of the *zoa* is both material and spiritual. It contains something of all parts of the father, for it is the foci of the human ellipse, about which everything within him rotates, and which is influenced by all that dis-

turbs or pleases him. Proof: a child begotten under the influence of extremes of any kind is sure to bear the marks thereof either in mind or body. Witness the effects on the child of liquor or tobacco, anger or avarice, passion or power, on the father's or the mother's part.

Each of these crystalline heads of zoas bears mental and psychical marks as well as merely physical of the father; it also bears the stamp of ages, — impressions, strangely transmitted, of the foretime, which subsequently are recognized as resemblances, more or less marked and pronounced, social, physical, mental, moral, passional, to ancestors dead half a century before. It is this crystalline head or spirituo-material point (enveloping the monad) that determines the shape and grade of the body, spirit, and soul of the woman or the man; for the heavenly tenant is forced to accommodate itself to the apartments furnished it; and conditions precedent to, and during gestation, combinedly, decide *that* point. If they are large, open, and roomy, the soul thus situated for a time will correspond: if they are narrow, dark, dingy, cabined, cribbed, confined, so will be, perhaps for a lifetime, the royal prince of the house of God; but it is sweet and excellent to know, as I do, that he will not be forever thus victimized, for time will burst his chains!

Within the atmosphere of earth the spiritual ethers float; and on that inner air the monads are upborne. These monads cluster around all males of the human species, but are not drawn to, — in fact are magnetically repelled from, the female. At puberty man begins to breathe them in. They enter the lungs, pass into the circulation and, while there, visit every conceivable portion of the body, gathering some property and quality from each part. They next pass into the testes, where they received their first purely material investiture, — their tadpole-like extremities. When that process is completed, they leave those special organs and rise to, and enter the tube or vessel above, where they are exposed to two new influences: first, they are played upon by a combined magnetic, electric, and nerval battery, — the generation of the right and left teste, generally, although that from either will suffice; and from that source impressions of greater or less intensity; they also receive tendencies, bias, and predilections from the physical man, more or less modified by the continued and contained force

of his ancestry, which effects are again modified to a greater or less extent by the corresponding physical influences of the mother and her line of progenitors.

Let us watch this holy and wonderful process a few steps further; the expulsion of the prepared monad from the ejaculatory tube of the father, into the incarnating apparatus (womb) of the dear mother, where it receives not merely body and a new form of life, but impressions more or less strong and distinct from her. Sometimes the impressions from both parents mingle, coalesce, combine, and the resultant child resembles both. Sometimes one set neutralizes the other, and the child resembles either, and sometimes both are completely obliterated by a more powerful impression, in which case the child resembles neither, but perhaps looks like some one else who has very strongly engaged the mother's attention; the non-understanding of which law has made many a man wretched, and brought suspicion and untold misery upon many an innocent woman.

Another singular fact just here: all children by different fathers resemble the man who first knew the mother, and all the stronger if she bore children by him. Again: a negress or white woman who may have offspring by fathers of the opposite races, can *never afterwards have them of pure blood, even by pure-blooded parents!* because the blood of the first progeny has mingled with, and become a part of the current of her own, and of course enters into all she may subsequently bear. A cow who has her first calf by a red or black bull will *never* have one, even by sires of different hue, that will not bear the plain marks of the *first* coverture! and the same law is operative in the human world as well.

Speaking of human germs, there are hundreds of them in every drop of semen. In the successful impregnation, one, sometimes two, and occasionally three, or more, develop into human beings. The balance decay, all but the monad within the crystalline head, which returns to the atmosphere, — the great ante-chamber of the world, where souls wait for mortal birth and incarnation. But these last monads have gained a great deal in some respects, albeit they have failed in the great end sought. Some of them have failed three, four,— and sometimes five failures have marked their career.

Elsewhere I have said that mankind was graded off into finer

or coarser; and that grades of like nature affinitized. Well, let me here state that men of the first or lowest grade are they who originated from a germ that became incarnated on the first trial. The next higher grade of human kind spring from monads that have twice passed through the laboratories of both sexes; and so on to the highest. Occasionally we find a man or woman of the fifth order on the globe; the majority of the better classes, especially in America, being of the third and fourth.

In the physical processes of incarnation, accidents sometimes occur; monsters, like the twins of Siam; double headed and limbed children; limbless and idiotic imbeciles; dwarfs, like Stratton, Nutt, and the Warren girls; or huge giants are born; yet all of them have properly shaped spirits; nor are there any ligamentary attachments beyond the grave.

Monads that have repeatedly passed through the ordeal enlarge as they do so, and produce larger men; a fact we all recognize, when we speak of "Mr. Jones' little, tucked-up," or "Mr. Wilbor's great, big soul."

Now, I have stated that there was a mission for the tadpole-looking termination of each zoa. It is thus formed in order that it may *move*, and it can go only in *one* direction, — *straightforward*. Why? Behold! On the instant that the semination takes place, and the monads enter the uterus, they start in a straight line toward an attractive point therein, — the ripened ovule, or female egg, — fighting and contending on the way, the strongest generally, but not always, winning the race. The one that reaches the ripe ovum (sometimes there are several ripe ova in the uterus, in which case multiple impregnation is likely to occur) first, immediately attacks it, forces an entrance, and forthwith dies, in its then form, to live again in a higher one. As soon as the zoa has entered the ovum, the aperture it made immediately closes and shuts it in. Then the central vesicle, or "yolk" of the ovum divides, admits, and envelopes the crystalline head of the zoa, and the gestative work goes on, — successively passing through all the stages that life passed through on the outer globe, namely, a gelatinous point, analidal, fish, reptilian, quadrumanal, simial, until finally it reaches the human plane of development, — for the unqualified truth of which statement I appeal to every true embryologist in the world.

Now, if no interruption takes place, a new soul is in existence. If otherwise, then the mere material carcass, death-charged, is born, and the imperial spirit abides its chances for another trial. If the process is arrested, but not stopped entirely, the child will bear the image of that class or order of animated nature at whose point the estoppal took place.

It may happen that monads of a high grade are incarnated under favorable conditions by parents of a low one, which accounts for many of those exceptional cases, wherein couples of coarse texture produce extraordinary children, with physical, moral, and mental organizations immeasurably superior to that of either parent.

Another fact: zoas are things of growth, just like anything else; and it requires time for them to ripen and become crystal-crowned. We *can* eat green fruit, but it is not good to do so; and we can also lodge these zoospermes in utero before they are duly prepared; but whoso plants unripe seed cannot expect good trees or fruit. Unless the zoas are at least nearly ripe, the results are bad; if not ripe at all (from excess, disease, etc.), no living results can follow.

Now, suicide is a dreadful crime; so is wilful murder; and whoever commits the first, by *habitual* violation of the natural marriage and parental laws of being, — or the other, by too frequent violation of the sanctities of his own or another's nature, — will pay for it by an exceedingly long pilgrimage to the fifth grand division of Spirit Land.

. . . . . .

(*w*) The reader will please remember that on the completion of my rapid survey of the seventh section of the first grand division, I had a view of the fifth grand division, which view I invited him or her to share and enjoy with me; and that I took advantage of the opportunity thus offered to reveal certain arcana of great value and importance; having done which, I now go back to the point where I finished the description of the last section of the first division.

Now, the second division occupies a belt or area more than twice as broad as that just below it, in order, and is peopled by many millions more than that; indeed, the population is so im-

mense that it can only be numbered by grades, nations, societies, brotherhoods, communities, large families, and special orders. Here natural laws begin to be modified by human laws, or, rather, natural laws are studied, classed, codified, and laid down as guides and rules of life.

As a matter of course, there are no "statute books." People begin to understand the importance and value of self-restraint, and to check a too exuberant spontaneousness. Enthusiasm, as contrasted with principle, is realized to be nearly altogether unreasoning and emotional, hence not to be depended upon, being far less reliable than calm reflection. Tolerable order prevails. Religions multiply, and are encouraged, but are quite superficial, few of them being grounded on either understanding or principle. It being a semi-barbarous region, kings, priests, chiefs, and rulers, generally, affect great pomp and state. Rites, ceremonies, pageants, processions, celebrations, and embassies are both frequent, and conducted with great display and on a magnificent scale, — in that respect outvying the old Greek and Roman triumphs. Here it is seen that barbarism is softening its lines, has perceptibly declined, and is fast refining away toward something better and more worthy of man.

In this division immense numbers of children of the lower and middle class or grades are trained and taught, in a variety of ways, by numerous tutors, who are themselves the pupils of devoted missionaries from loftier realms.

There is one thing very peculiar in this division, which, from its singularity, merits special mention. I refer to the region of phantasies, — a sort of lunatic asylum on an enormous scale. One entire half section of this division is put to very strange uses; but it is also a vast sanitorium, as will be seen.

Here are seen vast seas, some of which bear the names of ours; and on them, myriads of ships, boats, and other craft generally, are navigated by persons who were used to such occupations before death. On the shores of those seas maritime ports and cities exist, to which these seamen sail and trade; and all this in strict accordance with the wonderful law of Projection, but in a dual sense. First, it is an out-creation of the general and particular master-mind of the water-loving classes; and is at the same time, a special providence of the Over Soul, hence is also

the creation of general law. What would otherwise give joy to, or gratify the mariner or his class? Evidently, at first, none at all.

Speaking of the Indian's heaven the poet says, —

"His faithful dog shall bear him company;"

and it is true of other classes as well as of the red man of the wilds. And so far as sailors are concerned, nautical they were bred and many of them born; nautical they lived, nautical they died, and after that to a nautical scene they go. The principia of all this will shortly be seen.

Such persons would be simply wretched and miserable in a scene purely terrene. On earth they were used to splashing waves, roaring seas, and gayly festive scenes ashore; and provision has been made for them quite as much as for the self-styled magnates of society and the world, no matter how "great" or "popular" they may be or have been. Such persons — mariners — want such scenes and surroundings, and lo! they have them there, just as here; and phantom-like shallops, laden with phantasmal fruits, and so on, go alongside of phantasmal ships, disposing of phantasmal goods to genuine sailors, for phantom money. Brokers, bankers, exchangers, grocers, money-getting Jews, — such as killed Christ and sell old clo' in Chatham street, — abound thereaway; and a life of stir and commerce gratifies the tastes of persons in that peculiar phase of love and life. In another part of that same section, Indian hunting-grounds are found, stretching away for many a furzy, grassy league; and many a spectral stag or buffalo is chased, with whoop and yell, to phantasmal death and capture; whereat loud sounds the triumph-song, merry goes the free, wild dance, and all are filled with tarantulean joy and gladness! Here, also, are large domains, wherein fox-hunting lords and squires renew their old pastime. Loud rings the "tallyho!" and "harkaway;" while spectral jowlers, growlers, ring-doves, and fowlers, spurred to wild frenzy by the weird hunters' hip, hurrah! hilloo, hil*loi!* — leap phantom ditches, bound o'er phantom walls, and rush, full cry and pell-mell through phantom forests, fens, and brakes, followed helter-skelter, at neck-or-nothing paces by as jocund a set of genuine sportsmen as ever followed stag or emptied punchen

beaker. Many a reynard is thus worried out of his brief and phantom life. What a host of originals these weird pleasure-seekers have left behind them here on earth!

Horse-racing — making better time than did ever Childers, Sir Henry, Fashion, Kentucky, or Eclipse — is of frequent occurrence in that section, sandwiched with deer-stalking, regattas, cock-fighting and rabbit-coursing. Clubs for pleasure abound, suited to all tastes and all sorts of people, who delight in hurdle-leaping, ball-play, quoits, rackets, draughts, chess, bagatelle, and billiards. Turner *festes* are favorite amusements among Teutonic peoples; while many a Spanish don and grandee's heart leaps again as of yore in their earthly days, at the exhilarant spectacle of a ferocious bull, receiving the *coupe de grace* at the spear's point of some victorious matadore. In short, nearly whatever you see here, you will see there, also, in accordance with a law already partly defined in this book, and thoroughly so in its antecedent — "Dealings with the Dead."

But, after awhile, this life of phantasy ceases to be pleasurable, precisely as a lunatic grows weary of his lunacy, as reason begins to reassume her sway. A higher law comes in operation, gradually elevating the subject, and effecting changes in the individual, and making all these things tasteless, vapid, insipid; and as distaste increases, first one and then another person gravitates from them and thenceforth seeks for normal joys, labor, and advancement. They ascend to higher and better grades, sections, and societies. The law of Vastation asserts its power; they throw off the old, begin *de novo*, and their healthful, upward, normal life commences.

In still another part of this section of phantasies, large numbers of Christian sectarists abound, all still most devoutly believing in election, salvation, predestination, the efficacy of prayer — in *words* — not deeds; — justification by faith, — whatever that may happen to be, — and in the utter, final, and complete damnation of all outsiders. They still, as of yore, believe that there is a real, sulphur-burning hell, presided over by a devil with hoofs, horns, tail, trident, pitchfork, and whose common beverage is melted lead; that the floor of that hell is thickly strewn with human infants just a span long, or thereabouts, and that all the future ages are to be spent by themselves and God in listening to

the delicious music of the eternal groans of all these myriads of grilling souls! They keep on believing such folly, until time, reflection, and testimony modify their opinions, whereupon one fallacy after another is dropped; they become convinced of having hugged sable Error as Divine Truth; and then they, under the operation of the law of advancement, seek admission into societies where better things prevail.

Speaking of Phantasies, leads me to remark that, scout at it who may, eleven-twelfths of us here on earth dwell in that identical region. More than one great thinker in this world has contended stoutly that this earthly existence of ours was, and is, but a dream life, and that death is our waking hour. However that may be, it is certain that most of us lead anything but truly normal, wakeful lives. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," is daily thrown up to us by the waves of experience. How many millions of us fancy this or that to be our supreme good, when afterward it is proved to have been a merely phantasmal benefit? What is party, sect, creed, fashion, inordinate wealth, personal vanity, pride, ambition, human glory, but an existence in the realms of the phantasmal? It will not always be so, but certainly is to-day, and nine-tenths of our mistakes in life are the result of looking through phantasmal glasses at what only *appears* to be human good.

No seer that ever yet lived has revealed to man the ultimate destiny of the human soul, for the reason that very few have ever reached the necessary degree of lucidity and telescopy requisite, and when they have reached it, were forbidden to tell the wonderful story. I am writing this emendation for the third edition of this work, in March, 1869, and take this occasion to say that since one year ago to-day I have learned more of disembodied man than in all the former years; and the highest truths revealed in these pages are but a mere preface to a work on man beyond the veil with which my soul is big and pains to be delivered. I have sailed through new and strange soul seas since; bowed down in desolate sorrow, I gave these pages to the world, all the while a-hungered for bread, and cold for want of fire; yet out of that agony came this book, and out of sorrow shall come the new one, the revelation of the spiritual kingdoms of the vast ineffable beyond. Wait patiently; its natal day draws near.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECTARIAN HEAVENS, AND THE STRANGE DISCUSSIONS THERE — THE MAHOMETAN HEAVEN — THE THIRD GRAND DIVISION OF SPIRIT LAND — SANITORIA — HOSPITALS FOR THE SICK, AND WHO THEY ARE — THE WONDERFUL HERB, NOMMOC-ESNES — ITS USES — THE FOURTH GRAND DIVISION OF SPIRIT LAND — THE "SPHERES" — THE HEAVEN OF HALF-MEN — FIFTH DIVISION.

In other sections of this second grand division may be found large societies of Methodists, Baptists, Shakers, Episcopalians, Catholics, and other sects, though they are only of the rank and file armies, for the leaders generally must be looked for among the people who, knowing truth, yet followed error, either because they saw profit and place therein, or were too indolent to investigate.

One excellent custom has been introduced and prevails here. Long, spirited, and interesting discussions and regular debates occur, in which many profound and valuable questions are brought forward for examination pro and con. Such as, Who was Jesus Christ? Was he God incarnate; a special creation? or simply the truthful-hearted son of Joseph, the carpenter? The doctrine of transubstantiation or the real presence of the Holy Ghost in the Eucharist; and is there any Holy Ghost at all? To what extent is the religious emotion dependent upon bodily states and physiological conditions? Will there be a general judgment-day, and if so, what are the chances of a safe deliverance? To what extent is man personally responsible, either to man or God, for his acts? Is a man responsible for his thoughts? Could a man commit a crime so terrible as to justify eternal damnation, or even a hell-bath, one hundred years long? Is there really a hell? If so, where? Has it a club-footed monarch, or any monarch at all? and if so, where did he originate, and what was the origin of the first sin? Is there really a principle of absolute, unqualified evil? If so, and good be universal, and God the supreme King, how can two eternal principles, forever antagonistic,— how can God and a Devil exist within the limits of one universe? If evil exists,

inter alia, what can be God's reasons for permitting it? Is it absolutely necessary that all human development be achieved through suffering? that man must wade to heaven through the swamps of perdition, social and otherwise? Such and similar are the expansive topics discussed in these assemblies. They also study the first lessons of the primary catechism of creation; causality and comparison receive a fillip, and the general advancement is slow, but sure and healthy.

A singular noteworthy fact here presents itself. In all this division, not a single edifice can be found dedicated to any form of religion whatever. The teachers are all intent upon inconoclasm; they seek to obliterate dividing lines, and to demolish all separating fences; the object being to unite and not diverge the people. There is a wonderful law tacitly obeyed which prohibits the establishment of any source of discord; and when such do arise, the teachers, who thoroughly read and understand their pupils, immediately explain the matter so that all see it aright, and the trouble forthwith ceases.

All worship takes place in the open air, for the people have not yet learned the better way of silent homage, and perpetually present religion,—the religion of smiles, and love, and joy, constantly upwelling from grateful, happy hearts. The congregations are ever shifting and changing, as graduates advance higher, and new-comers arrive from grades below.

In the seventh section of this grand division are to be seen vast societies of lay brethren of the Brahminical and Buddhistic faiths such as blindly worshipped either God; and there are similar collections of the worshippers of the Llama as well as of the Lamb. As a rule, the Mahometans are decidedly the most interesting, because they are the most active-minded, and are of a religious genius that enables them to conform to custom and law, as well as to appreciate the sensuous advantages of their heaven. None of these worship in pagodas, mosques, or temples, although these architectural ornaments grace the scene, and lend a charm to all around; but kneel, bow, or prostrate themselves in postures of adoration.

Class for class, and grade for grade, the Mussulmans are happier than the Christians, and more rapidly advance; their temperaments are more generous, because their minds have never been

packed and crowded with ten thousand follies; hence they have far less to unlearn and get rid of, preparatory to ascending to higher grades. Their minds are more yielding and speculative; their loves fuller and more intense; their faith in God deeper, truer, more *soulful*, and sincere; for in many cases the former keep themselves midway between two powers, placating God and having a weather eye open for the advantages of the "other party,"—worshipping heaven through fear of hell,—as most of them do here.

The sons of Islam and Esau, on the contrary, believe in all the good they can obtain, and search after it unwearily. Voluptuous to the last degree, they bask in the sunshine of God's favor; trouble themselves precious little about anything but their own affairs, and, believing in fate,—that what is to be, will be, and no help for it,—they find but little time or inclination to dispute, quarrel, go about on philandering excursions after what don't directly concern them, or to insure themselves against hell-fire.

(*x*) The third grand division exceeds in grandeur and magnificence anything earthly except the hasheesh vision of a refined Turk, or the blissful dreams of a poet in love with an unreachable beauty. It may be called the grand *Sanitorium* of the zonal worlds; for it is the place where, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, we drop many and many a load, borne in some instances for a thousand years or more of earthly time. For our progress is entirely spontaneous and voluntary, and is forced upon us in no possible degree. In this division many and splendid hospitals abound; not large houses with long rows of beds, tons of nauseating doctor's stuff, paid nurses wishing you would hurry up and die, so as to be able to get the purse under your pillow, or the jewels from your ears and fingers; there's nothing of the sort there; no crutches, slops, water gruel, bad wine, and worse panada. But these *Sanitoria* are vast estates, leagues in extent, diversified with all that is charming and grateful to the senses; pleasure-grounds, brooks, groves, mountains, vales, hills, dells, prairies, meadows, gurgling rills, silvery rivers, neat cottages, gorgeous palaces, retired groves and pearly grottos, gymnasia, and museums, model hills, and contrasted pictured heavens; panoramic displays of earth's history, and man's progress from creation till the passing hour. Here, all those of a tolerably fine temperament, but who were crookedly grown in mind; who were mentally and morally

unhealthy; violently or partially insane or demented, are rationally and scientifically treated to perfect recovery; for no one can reach the next division who is not sound (although perhaps still weak) in the mental, moral, and religious departments of their nature. Some of these graded estates are larger in area than either of earth's continents, and every conceivable means of cure are faithfully resorted to. The stay of a patient depends upon himself. If he learns fast, he passes on; if not, he remains till he *is* prepared.

The medicine most in vogue there is that of *Nommoc-Esnes*, sometimes used on earth. When well applied and digested, it there, as here, effects the most marvellous cures. I may state, however, that people on earth spell the name of this great remedy backwards, for here the letters are reversed. Every one can find and use it, and it is already being applied to the cure of many ills, among which are those of marriage and religion.

The diseases treated there are mainly various forms of mental and moral insanity; and many are admitted whose minds are so warped that they actually believed in the absurdity of promiscuous and temporary passional marriages, of the merely physical grade or order, — the "Sociologists," "Free-lovers," "Mormons," "Agapemones," and others of that ilk, as well as the "Shakers," and other opposite extremists. Many are there doctored to health who once firmly and honestly believed in hell-fire, eternal damnation, capital punishment, distilleries, rum-selling, absynthe, and other dram-drinking, wars, duelling, slavery, *woman-buying*, and *man-selling*, in more senses than one; the divine right of kings; that complexion or money makes the man; that span-long babies are in torment; that the heart is depraved, above all things, and desperately wicked; that God's heart can be touched through his ears, while the conduct and thought are far from him; that he created and gives free scope to a personal devil; that might is right; that Adam was the first man, or that any such family as his and Cain's, Abel's and Seth's, ever existed, save in Israelitish and other Oriental legend; that the Eden story is anything more than a pretty fable, conceived by men anxious to account for what they saw, and could not understand; that all men descended from a single pair; that God ever selected the Jews, — such as killed Jesus, and live in Chatham street, — as his peculiar people; that

they ever were a nation, or anything else than a class, with old clo' and banking penchants; that Moses or any other man, mythical or real, ever talked face to face with the Creator; that Moses ever saw God's posteriors, or that God has such at all; that Baalam's ass ever talked Hebrew, good, bad, or indifferent; that Samson slew a thousand Philistines, with the jawbone of an ass — except in *print;* that Adam and Eve were snaked out of Paradise, and that said snake was a good linguist, skilled in the art of seduction; that a man threw down a stone temple by main strength; that he carried off the gates of Gaza; or that his power lay in his hair, and not in his muscles; that the whale swallowed Jonah, or *vice versa;* that Noah's fabled ark contained a pair of all animals; that Noah, Jesus, Buddha, or any other man, was ever born of a virgin, or were special incarnations of Deity; that the prevalent idolatries, Christian and otherwise, of these dismal ages, will not be superseded by the religion of Reason, Science, and Common Sense, — the only great and truly reformative faith yet extant; that lip and formal worship is equal to that of silence and the heart; that divorce consists in a judicial decision; that religion really consists in anything else than practical goodness, based upon interior conviction, outcropping in noble actions and broad sympathies; that marriage consists in a ceremony. In short, millions of people are treated for such and similar insanities; and their cure is thorough, radical, and complete.

(*y*) The fourth grand division is the general receptacle of the graduates of all below it, coming through the third. From certain sections of this circle, constituting the great Missionia, go forth the thousands of ethereal people who are now engaged in rapping common sense into the public head, and reasonable thoughts and rational faith into the people of earth generally, through tables, chairs, and other furniture, from which articles the American people have advanced to "bureaus," — the Freedmen's and Educational, — the former being provisional, the latter a blessing to the world.

This division is the one so frequently alluded to by rapping spirits and speaking media, as the "spheres," its sections being numbered from one to seven, inclusive; although, in fact, it is far below the spheres truly thus numbered, — for if we speak of absolute spheres, thus they are: first, the entire shell of zones sur-

mounting earth, for the first sphere; the seventh being in that zone that embraces our starry galaxy, and which is situated octillions of billions of trillions of miles away in straight lines from the earth, for it encircles nearly every star that we can see.

The principal studies in this division comprise chemico-dynamics, algebra, geometry, electro-dynamics, magnetism, phrenology, biology, reasoning, and kindred branches of anthropological science, social statics, history, and that branch which teaches how to upset a man's prejudices by overturning his mahogany. Spiritual communion in its multiform phases is an exact science, and a lofty one, nor is it easily mastered by those on or off the earth.

Thousands of actors, mimics, preachers, authors, artists, musicians, doctors, lawyers, sculptors, engineers, judges, poets, senators, orators, singers, thinkers, dramatists, kings, generals, queens, emperors, scientists, mechanics, cultivated Indians, are there, and more of that general class of half men and women, rapidly wearing off their angles and rounding out to fulness.

From these sections undoubtedly come the most of the "kings" and "Richards," and manifesting spirits generally; while from other and higher parts come such as develop the higher grades of clairvoyance and seership; for, under the direction of societies of the next division, they have general charge and supervision of the grand spiritual irruption to the earth. Of course there are millions who come independently; but it is they who teach mankind to do good, combat the errors of the age, dethrone Superstition, and hasten the good time coming.

Here will be found large numbers of people of all nations: Chinese, Hindoos, Arabs, Greeks, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Swiss, Swedes, Finns, French, German, British, Negroes, Mulattoes, a few Jews, Indians, Spaniards, Italians, Japanese, Russians, Turks, and Americans, representing all nations in themselves, for they owe their greatness to the fact that they are miscegens, or composite men, formed by international blendings, in and out of wedlock, and representative delegations from all these constantly teach in lower spheres, and flit back and forth from the earth upon various philanthropic and scientific missions. These people are mainly those who have outgrown many, if not all, of their theological, religious, and social errors, and who have gone far to-

ward correcting their mistakes. Their sole business is not to teach partisan creeds, but to uproot them from their well-posted strongholds in the public mind, and to lay instead thereof the solid foundations whereon truth may be hereafter built; first, by demonstrations of the prime cardinal fact of immortality, irrespective of all moral, mental, and religious qualifications; and afterward by stirring up the thinking powers of mankind at large. This division excels the one below it, as much as that does the one beneath itself. The area is vast indeed; the language is an improvement on the phonic speech of the third division; the fields of air are fairer and more vivifying; their lives are sweet; their aspirations actively upward; and in all respects they are a great advance upon all or any human society on the earth. The music there is very sweet and ravishing indeed.

(*z*) The fifth grand division has already been described; and I have only further to say of it, the necessity of restraining and repressive laws not existing, there are none such. The inhabitants are not givers and takers in marriage in the same sense as of earth and the spheres below, for they are angels in heaven, and marriage is not only spiritual, but is mystical also, for in these unions and blendings something of each is imparted to the other of a permanent and enduring character. Let me explain. A person who has reached this grade, generally has fully developed all the faculties possessed on earth; but on reaching this division all those faculties may be regarded as being consolidated into one, and when the love fires of this division begin to burn, other, and therefore latent or nascent, powers spring into life, modifying the entire nature, and opening new windows in the spirit through which the soul can look out upon new sections of the mental and moral universe.

Talk of human felicity! What is it at best compared to the superlative joys of this glory-crowned paradise? It is a tuft of grass to a boundless prairie; tow cloth to satin garments; iron money to golden coin! The males there are perfectly regal and magnificent, — but the women! Ah, the women! My God! — but it is of no use writing or talking about them, for the subject is too fine for speech or pen, and I feel half-disposed to throw my ink out of the window in sheer despair at my inability to do them justice, not alone as regards their supra-mortal loveliness and heart-

subduing beauty, but their odor of purity, excellence, and knowledge. I well remember the effect upon my soul of the appearance of one of the radiant women of the upper land. On the night of July 4th, 1864, I was writing the biography of the Brothers Davenport, and correcting the stereotype proofs in an attic, — I generally live as near heaven as I can get, for want of means to live nearer earth, — at No. 68 Sixth Avenue, New York, when suddenly raising my head from my work, I absolutely, unmistakably, unequivocally beheld, just without the sash the head, eyes, face, and part of the bust of a woman from one of the higher sections of an upper grand division, and that woman was my mother, — dear, darling, ever true and faithful mother! — thirty-three years in heaven, and I, as many, in a capital substitute for the other — fabled — place, especially now, since two years have been spent in New Orleans and Louisiana, — as near perdition as embodied man can get! Her eyes, beaming with immortal love, gazed long and earnestly into mine. She spoke not, only telegraphed this message, "There's a good time coming, dear! wait a *little* longer!" and was gone. Reader, whosoever you are, love your mother, for her love is deathless and will only change when you are perfectly happy, not before; and she, like mine, will bridge the eternal gulf, to cheer you in your labor, and be the friend at your side when all but her and God are deaf. Reader, love your mother!

In this fifth division there are many colleges and universities, in which spirit, its laws, static and dynamic, are taught. Memory, the laws of thought; the statics of life; the principles of social evolution; light, its sources and nature; esoteric laws of life; embryology; the integral and differential calculus, direct and in their application to various branches of human learning; entosophy, astronomy, paralactic calculations; the higher mathematics, algebra, and the true theory of the higher equations, psychological law, and a hundred sciences not yet evolved by, or sent down to, man on earth; the laws and dynamics of beauty, harmony, melody, form, government, religion, God, the laws governing friendship, affection, love, the source of the generation and growth of thought, and a thousand things beside.

The people are extremely refined, and seem to have decreased in size from what they were in the grade below. They partake of fruits and various aromas, bathe for pleasure's sake and certain

ends to be obtained, and already explained. They are mainly sustained by what they absorb and inhale. They sleep, as do all others, and are refreshed thereby. There are no crowded cities; nor is the scene entirely rural; but their houses, cots, and palaces are scattered at convenient distances apart over a vast area of surface. They frequently visit the divisions above and below them, and occasionally they visit other realms of human abode, just as we here are intromitted to higher ranges of being occasionally.

NOTE. — While correcting the proof of these chapters a very remarkable occurrence took place at my residence. I was cleaning a spirit-glass, or magic mirror, that I had just ordered for a correspondent, when a lady called, and began to look into the glass. She almost instantly saw, clear and distinctly, not only distant scenes, places, things, and persons on the earth, but developed another extraordinary power. To illustrate: Said I, "Who do you see, Ellenor?" "I see Kate and O——!" "Where are they?" "In T——." "Can you make them conscious that *you* see *them*?" "Yes." And placing her will upon one of them, she soon said: "She sees and *hears* me." "Tell her that I am very ill, but do not mention of what." "I will do so; but she is ill herself, — she has been ill herself, — been struck by a falling sign, and hurt her left cheek and side; she will die, — she will pass to section seven, division four. I now see that glorious region, — James, Henry, my mother, *dear* mother! are there. I now believe in immortality. I shall become a seeress. I thank God that I came here this day!" And, overcome with emotion, she burst into a flood of happy tears. One more human being rescued from utter disbelief through the "accidental" agency of what half this world laughs at, but which in these days, as in those of the persecuted Dr. Dee, is unquestionably worth the most serious and profound attention. To test the truth of the lady's clairvoyance, a friend telegraphed and found the account all true, and that at that very hour Kate had beheld Ellenor as plainly as if in bodily form. What they did others can do as well.

CHAPTER XV.

ORIGIN OF THE SPIRIT WORLD — THE FIRST TWO SPIRITS — THE TERRIFIC IMPENDING DANGER OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS EARTH — A FEARFUL AND ACTUALLY EXISTING POSSIBILITY — AN APPROACHING CHANGE IN THE EARTH'S AXIS — A NEW PLANET NEAR THE SUN — A NEW RING ABOUT BEING THROWN OFF FROM IT, AND THE FORMATION OF OTHER PLANETS BY COMETIC CONDENSATION — UPRISING OF A NEW CONTINENT — DESTRUCTION OF THE ASTEROIDS — GOLD HILLS — HOW THE FIRST SPIRITS DISCOVERED THE SPIRITUAL LAND AND WENT TO IT — THE REV. CHARLES HALL'S ARRIVAL IN SPIRIT LAND — HIS SURPRISE — THE EARTH A LIVING ORGANISM.

Questions. — "There is one point of vital import hitherto and purposely left undiscussed in this work; and I do not know, or believe it has ever been treated of before since the world began. I refer, not to the origin of spirit, but of the Spirit World. If there is such a place, then it must have had a beginning? is a very natural question, and one that immediately suggests another, which is, What prevents the earth from slipping out sideways from within the encircling zones? Now, such a thing might happen; for instance, the earth might explode by dint of the tremendous pressure of its internal gases and fires, if, by any means, the volcanic rents or escape pipes should be stopped up, as they easily might be by the caving in of land; or, should the floors of the ocean give way, and let the waters into the awful chasm of white and fervent heat below, the globe could not fail of being instantly shattered into a myriad of pieces! Suppose the not impossible case, and what would be the consequence? What would become of the spiritual world or zones above it?"

Reply. — 1*st.* Wishing to bring facts, illustrative of foregoing principles, prominently before the minds of those who read this work, — to leave no stone unturned that can add to or strengthen human belief in immortality, — the proof of which is vainly sought elsewhere than in the new philosophy, variously called spiritual and harmonial, — it is necessary to retrace our steps down the vast avenue of ages, and plant ourselves upon some commanding

mental height, whence we can clearly view the panorama of creation, as it unrolled from the chaos of the pre-human world.

There was a time when there was no spiritual zone, or belt of sublimated matter, surrounding earth's atmosphere; and then there came a time when it began gradually to form. There was a time, also, when there were but two persons who had died and left their bodies behind them; and as others slowly quit the form, their sparse numbers were added to, forming scarce anything like society, for they were exceedingly weak, and very lowly organized.

These younglings of the race, these first fruits of immortality, these ethereal protoplasts, these pilots on the mighty deep, fearlessly put to sea, without chart or compass, for they were the first who had sailed over these mysterious waters, — the first who had essayed the untrodden paths. Of necessity, all these people dwelt on the earth and in its atmosphere, for as yet there was no higher realm, although it was then being fabricated, — they needed it not, they were so low in the organic scale, — just barely imperishable, and no more, like unto many and many a one this very day. No other sphere was required. Demand and supply are interrelated and dependent laws.

In the course of ages disbodied people increased to millions; some had greatly advanced toward a higher, though still exceedingly low state. A wider field was needed. Meantime the earth had given off such an amount of subtle matter, that it formed an equatorial belt, at about fifty miles above its surface, and, while it constantly received new additions from the earth, it also evolved its own more sublimated material, which ascended to a distance of two hundred and fifty miles perpendicular height from earth's surface; and that belt also evolved another, whose mean distance from the common centre was eleven hundred miles, and so on till the entire series were formed. Not for a hundred thousand years from the death of the first immortal did a spirit enter upon the first zone, and not till that zone was well filled with people, did one of them ascend to the higher; and myriads of those who have been out of the body for a dozen millennia, have been passed and surpassed by spirits but just, as it were, from earth; while others again of earth's first-born, are to-day towering immeasurably above the reach of men of this last ten thousand years. These

zones gradually receded from each other and the earth for a long period, but, when the great catastrophe befell the planet that burst asunder between Mars and Jupiter, the earth changed its axis, and its inclination to the ecliptic and galactic poles. Millions of people were killed on this earth, for the centre of gravity was instantly changed. "I consider," quoting from my own book "Pre-Adamite Man," pages 134, *et seq.*, chapter on cataclysms, "the testimony concerning the flood as being unimpeachable. There must have been at least *two* great cataclysms in Asia and Africa, besides others of equal extent in America. . . . The melting of the ice at the poles, the bursting of volcanoes, and other frightful convulsions, . . . caused the molten bowels of the earth to move; and in their movements, islands, mountains, continents were upheaved in some portions of the globe, and other islands, mountains, and continents sunk to rise no more. Vast floods of water rushed down from the north pole, and up from the south, and myriads of the people attained immortality in the twinkling of God's eye, and their souls rose in millions to heaven, and entered the portals of disbodied glory, while their fleshly forms sunk, food for fishes and for worms, leaving only here and there a fragmentary bone or skeleton, to become, in future ages, mute but eloquent witnesses to the fact that there did exist, once upon a time, pre-Adamite races of men. The particular event here alluded to is not the oriental flood of Noah, Deucalion, and others. But there was one *before that*, and infinitely more fearful. I allude to the 'mysterious event,' so dimly indicated in the early Chinese annals, and, perhaps, may be the same terrible catastrophe alluded to by the priests of Sais, in their conversations with Solon, something like six centuries before the Christian era.

"Upon geological, astronomical, and other grounds, I have reached the conclusion that, at a period not less than forty-two thousand, nor more than fifty-eight thousand six hundred years ago, there occurred the most tremendous event this earth ever witnessed, or ever will witness until a final convulsion shall hurl it out of being, as a habitable globe." Since I wrote the above I have become convinced that we are liable to such a catastrophe at any moment. Indeed this sense of a terrible impending danger is general; witness the adventists and Dr. Cummings, the "Great Tribulation" man. And, while not an alarmist, I feel it to be my

sacred duty to indicate the direction whence this danger is to come. I have already hinted at an approaching change in the earth's axis, and inclination to the ecliptic. It may burst upon us like a whirlwind, and it may be that children now born will live to see it verified! There will occur a throwing off of an immense ring from the sun, accompanied with the conglobation of several comets within the solar field; simultaneously with which the family of asteroids will be precipitated upon the solar disc, and the planets that cross their path. This will cause the northern pole of earth to sink, and the southern one to rise, — forever altering the inclination of its axis; entirely changing the seasons; causing terrific storms, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions. The bed of the Adriatic Sea will fall, and all that portion of the globe will sink and again be thrown up, as has already been the case with Sahara and the Asiatic deserts. A new continent will appear in the South Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans; thousands of islands will dot the seas; mountains and mountain-ranges will be levelled; earth's bowels will be completely out-turned; gold, silver, precious stones, and metals will be thrown to the surface in quantities that will forever bar them as standards of value, — for entire *hills* of them will be discovered, and the consequent effect upon human society may well be imagined. Thus will be ushered in the millennial period of earth. Let it be remembered that I predict these things on this 24th day of May, 1866, and that I say they may, in all probability come to pass within the next century; or, if not then, certainly within two hundred years; but I believe they will come to pass in less than eighty years from this day!

To return to the quotation from "Pre-Adamite Man," referring to the last great cataclysm: "It is known that the solar planets are interdependent; mutually connected . . . Fifty-eight thousand six hundred years ago, the planet then revolving in an orbit between Mars and Jupiter, *burst asunder* (in consequence of the falling of an ocean floor upon the central fires in the world's belly), scattered into a million fragments; the larger ones now constituting the Asteroids, Juno, Pallas, Vesta, Ceres and a hundred more, and the smaller bits of which are revolving at greater or less distances apart, in a track or belt so situated as to be crossed by the earth from the 13th to the 24th of every November, at which time, it is well known, we are visited by showers of mete-

oric stones, attracted then by the globe. And these stones invariably enter the atmosphere at its highest, which, of course, is the northern polar point. As the result . . . this earth suddenly changed its axis and its angle toward the ecliptic; the sun (and internal fires) melted the ice at the poles; the molten mass in the earth's bowels became disturbed, and it vomited forth (as it will do again) fire and flame from a hundred volcanic mouths; and Strombolic craters rained down fire enough to bury a thousand Sodoms and Gomorrahs. The reminiscences and legends of those scoriac rivers, — those fiery tornadoes, — those floods of sulphurous flame, in my opinion, furnish the basis of the Sodom and Gomorrah stories! Who can doubt it, in the light of science, and common sense?

"Earthquakes rent the globe asunder — almost; scores of Asiatic, European, African and cis-Atlantic cities, countries, peoples, nations, were hurled into watery and fiery graves; the Atlantis island sunk to rise no more; the great lake of Central Africa (Mosioatunye) was drained; the British isles were riven from Central Europe; the vast regions lying between the fifteenth and thirty-sixth parallels of south latitude, and now known as Sahara, were upheaved from the bottom of the salt sea, to which, when tillable and peopled, they had once sunk, perhaps, — else whence the pyramids? The Hesperidean lake of Diodorous Siculus, (Sicily and Naples itself, being probably one of the oldest countries and cities of the globe), situate in Afric's heart, ceased to be; the regions of the Atlas and the Soudan were tossed up from briny depths; the Arabian peninsula, the Deserts of Zin and Shur, Libya and the salt Kuveers of Persia; the prairies and deserts of America, and the sterile steppes of Russia, Tartary, and Siberia, appeared with all their dreary majesty and chilly horror upon the surface of the visible world. By this great convulsion, China was torn from Japan, — a family was separated, and lo! what a difference has developed between the two branches of that self-same tribe! And then go back to their common progenitors, from whom themselves and the Tartars sprung, and see what time has done for either branch! The Carribean Islands were wrenched from Columbia's main; the Greek Archipelago was brought into being; the climates of whole continents were changed, which is proved from the fact that bones of tropical animals and

remains of tropical plants are now found in frozen regions, and the plants and remains of northern fauna now exhumed from tropical graves. . . . I believe I have handled things fashioned by men who lived before that terrible devastation. And there can be but little doubt that the cyclopean structures of Etruria, the stately pyramids of Egypt and Central America; the imposing and mournful ruins of Palenque, Copan, Uxmal, Kuzan, Chichen, and Cuzco, are remnants left of those which were swept away in that awful ruin. Death rode in many chariots in that dreadful hour; and men and animals perished by carbonic, sulphurous, and nitrogenic blasts, those only escaping who occupied favorable localities." Thus has it been! Thus, and more dreadful may it be again! The earth is gestating new and better children: fearful will be her parturition; but joyous will the family be!

I do not say that there were no people upon the spiritual zones at that period, for there were; but I do say that there were vast numbers of disbodied people roaming about the earth long before there was a place prepared for them above the world; or rather *off* the world, for there is no spiritual world either *above* or *below* us; for *above*, as the earth swings in space, is due north, where flows the stream from upper land, and where is a vast open sea of space, through which come the meteors and aerolites as we cross their paths. A similar opening is at the south pole. Hence the centre of the supernal zones is directly above the equator.

While these armies of dead people were slowly rising intellectually, the earth itself was refining and giving off its unappropriated essences; the zone and zones were gradually formed, and as gradually receded to their present distances from the earth; the polar rivers began to flow; the spiritual people discovered them; were pleased; made experiments; trusted to chance; launched themselves upon the ascending tide, and were conveyed to a scene immeasurably superior to the one just left behind, — to their house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Ah! what a joyful hour that was! It was only equalled by that of a wicked Baptist minister of New Orleans, a man who had lived by hypocrisy all his life, fell sick, and felt sure that when death closed his eyes he would only open them again in the midst of perdition, which he also felt he richly deserved. He died horribly; but what was the almost ludicrous surprise of the ex-Reverend Charles Hall at

finding himself unscorched in the midst of a crowd of former bacchanals, in the upper land, who were gathered around him to see the effect of his awaking to the reality. When he felt certain that he was safe from hell and the clutches of the devil, a more uproariously joyful man was never seen before or since.

Curiosity is the spur of knowledge, the road to wisdom, and the key to all mystery. It opens all doors, and is operative upon all men precisely alike, — save only in degree. Of course the immigrants immediately began to explore their new-found home, and it was not long before they came across another river flowing away toward a large brown ball floating out upon the sky; and they saw another river flowing away from that ball toward what they reasoned, correctly, to be the other side of their own newly discovered home. The brown ball was a big bead strung upon a silver cord hung around God's neck, — or the inscrutable something beyond themselves. And so they tried another ride through space; made the trip in safety; saw their friends; told the good news to all they could, and returned to their blessed homes again. And thus was established the first express route between heaven and earth, and their example has been followed to the present hour.

Originally the zone was but a few hundred miles across; it expanded, however, continually, — the finer substances at the centre, the coarser near the edges. It is graded, as are those above it. Even the earth is not a lump of dead matter, but is a living organism, with the tides for its pulse, volcanoes for its breathing apparatus, its gastric juice is white fire, and forests are its hair. Its surface constantly becomes more porous, and penetrable to astral, lunar, solar, and spiritual (ethereal and ethyllic), influences from the external; while its internal heats, its wonderful chemical action upon its own substance, its evolution of gases, its refining retorts, and man's handiwork, materially modify it year by year; and its superficial magnitude continually enhances and increases; as in fact is the case with other planets of the solar system. Even our moon's actual diameter will show a sensible increase over measurements taken a century ago. Especially is this true of Venus and Mercury, both of which, with the earth, are receding from the sun to make room both for the small planet that revolves nearer the sun than any other, and for the tremendous fiery ring ere long to be cast off from the sun, and which, as with the case

of all the comets belonging to this solar world, will one day consolidate into earths like this.

On the zone the people naturally divided off first into two, and then three, and finally into seven classes, representing so many grades of intelligence, and as they advanced in these respects, new laws came into play, and orderly development speedily followed. As the superficies of the zone increased, and the people advanced in knowledge and numbers, each division again divided by seven, and again into sub-sections. There was a time when the highest society was not equal to the intelligence and refinement of the grog-shop philosophers of the present day. And the time *will* come when the lowest society there will be higher, more intelligent and refined than any collection of people now on earth, even if selected especially for the contrast. What, then, will be the seraphic development and condition of the highest sections of the seventh grand division? Of the seven grades of the second zone? — the next? — the next? — the last? — of the solar zones? Stop! Human imagination can no further go! That the same relative distances separate minds is certain; and that progress is alike operative in all parts of the human universe is as true as figures themselves, and is known to us by reason, revelation, inspection, and intromission.

To-day I saw the sides of the first zone clearly. It resembled mottled marble; it was clear, palpable, and seemingly quite solid.

The question is asked: Would it be possible for the earth to be hurled out into open space from the centre and embrace of its encircling girdles? Could it fall through? and if so, what would become of the zones? I answer: Nothing short of an utter shattering of the globe could alter its relations to the girdle. But if that *should* occur then the zone would sail away to, and become incorporated with, the sphere of the planet nearest like its own, which in our case would be that of Mars, to whose societies all our spiritual people would instantly be transferred. This has already occurred, for the sphere of the lost planet has become part and parcel of Jupiter's sphere, and constitutes one of his visible belts.

Thus, having answered the questions propounded, let us now resume our subject.

(*aa*) We take another flight across the glorious country, and arrive within the boundaries of the *sixth* grand division of earth's

spiritual girdle. Human language is all too poor to do justice to the more than auroral magnificence of the magic realms we are daring to approach; and yet, ineffable thought! supremely glorious and superlatively gorgeous though it is, and so far, so very far, transcending human conceptions here, of blest utopias and bright arcadias, it is not even the half-way house for human pilgrims on their everlasting journey through the heavens.

The scene is semi-equatorial; it is entirely different from anything beneath, either on the earth or in the spheres; and at first view it seems impossible that there can possibly be nobler men, more lovely women, fairer children, happier people or delightful situation. The extreme breadth of this division greatly exceeds that of any of those at which we have glanced.

The transcendent beauty, intellectual power, dignity, and majesty of the teeming myriads of our brothers and sisters who dwell in this celestial region, exceed all human powers of description. While gazing at the glowing scene, a mystery was revealed to me, namely: It was given me to know the sphere, division, grade, or section, to which any man or woman on the earth interiorly pertains and belongs; and to know that the signs are printed plainly both upon human *hands* and faces.

It is extremely doubtful if ever a great thought originated on the earth. I believe that nearly all great inventions — even destructive fire-arms, in order to make war so awful that human slaughter will finally be abandoned by common consent — come, with more or less clearness, from the world of spirits. I believe that all genius is clairvoyant, and that it is possible to place ourselves *en rapport* with whatsoever kind of knowledge our souls may crave; and that every one is born *graded* to one or more places of the spirit realm; and it is not difficult to determine to what grade, sphere (of action), division, section, order, or fraternity of the upper worlds, any given man or woman on the earth belongs, consequently what special line of life, sphere of movement, or groove of being, he or she will most naturally succeed best in. But by reason of descent it may happen that a person has *very* strong affinities to a dozen or more grades; that person will be thorny, sharp, acute, angular, — in short, a genius. This whole subject is fully explained and taught in the schools of this grand division of the spiritual zone above us.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIXTH GRAND DIVISION OF SPIRIT LAND — THINGS TAUGHT THERE — THE ORIGIN OF ALL MATTER — THE LOST PLEIAD FOUND — A LIGHTLESS SUN — THE LAW OF PERIODICITY — SOUL-STORMS — CREDO — A NEW REVELATION OF A MOST ASTOUNDING CHARACTER — THE SEVENTH GRAND DIVISION OF MORNING LAND — ITS SUPERLATIVE GLORIES — WILL MAN LOSE HIS IDENTITY IN THE GODHEAD? — A MOURNFUL, YET GLORIOUS FACT — A HOME FOR ALL, ALL BREAKING, BLEEDING HEARTS, ALL SORROW-LADEN SOULS — A NEW REVELATION CONCERNING SLEEP — WHY A SPIRIT CANNOT BE DISMEMBERED — CURIOUS — THE COMING MAN — MISCEGENATION — SOUL'S FLIGHT TO THE SOLAR ZONE AND SECOND GIRDLE.

In all cases these divisions are discreted and in no sense continuous. There are unappropriated tracts or sections separating them; there are stated routes or passage-ways leading from each section and division on one side of the equator to the corresponding ones on the other, and above and below.

The fauna and flora there are beautiful beyond comparison. They cannot be likened unto any corresponding existence ever seen elsewhere. The trees are vocal with melody beyond description, and these melodies are perfectly *lawful;* that is to say, languages, ideas, and expressions that are clearly understood and translatable by the human people there-away. The architecture is wholly indescribable by reason of its magnificence, its grand simplicity, and the infinite diversities of form, of its myriad palaces, and dwelling-places, exceeding in size, material, and beauty, anything yet imagined upon earth. They, in material, resemble nothing so much as a soap-bubble inflated to the collapsing point for they contain and reflect a thousand kaleidoscopic hues, shimmering gloriously in the pearly light of Aidenn. Vast theatres, museums, colleges, parks, laboratories, and universities are plentifully distributed about that auroral country. In the institutions of learning are taught all the arts and sciences known here, with many that are yet undreamed of. Here teachers from the solar division (themselves taught by missionaries from the zones) ex-

plain the true principles of knowledge, through the means of the solar language, — a perfected phonic system, in which a single sound stands for a single thought, and words are perfect pictures of even convolute ideas; the exact theories of mental action; the true laws and gradations of matter — generic and special; the true account of the imponderables, and the intricate laws governing the same; the calculus, integral and differential of life, anti and prezonal; the esoteric laws and principles of mental evolution, as modified or caused by nervous states and physical conditions; the seven grades of love and its forty-nine modifications; monadology; the laws of chemical, mechanical, social, psychical, magnetic, electric, spiritual, physical, moral, nerval, amatory, mental, odic, and reflective affinity; the rationale of contra-resemblances. physical, religious, moral, political, natural, spontaneous, and acquired; the wonderful law of differentiation. Here also geology is taught in its purity; as also spirit's departure toward, and its return from, matter; how there is but one single base to matter in all, especially its metallic, forms and modes; how that one base, associated with from one to six or seven gaseous accompaniments, constitutes the various metals known to man; as iron three, silver four, gold five, and so on; different proportions determining the characters of the various metallic substances; here is taught why and how heat is but a mode of motion; how fire is but another form of it; how fire is spiritual substance in violent action, in its last analysis, whose efficient cause is in God himself; here is taught how and why all matter is but one form or mode of spirit; that all solar bodies were first material germs from the abyss, and then immense spheres of *ethyl* in violent motion; then tremendous globes of incandescent vapor; that all suns discharge their cooling crusts in annular rings, which subsequently conglobate into nascent planets, the outermost of which rotate and revolve generally on the plane of the former solar periphery, the interven ing distance being developed by mutual recession and condensa tion, consequent upon their irradiation of heat. Secondly, in an nular rings, which being denser at given points, impel the entire fiery mass through space, as comets, themselves destined to become planets in due process of time; and these are the reasons why all the planets of this system are in the plane of the zodiacal zone, not far from the line of the solar equator; and herein also is

seen why the equators of both sun and earth, and therefore their poles are constantly shifting, more or less; why the earth requires over sixteen thousand years to complete one cycle in space, equi-different from its axial and orbital revolutions, many of which are accomplished while the sun is making a single revolution around his distant centre, in the *awful* period already stated in this essay. I may here say that the dark sun near the path of Alcyone, was not always so, but is what is known to astronomy as "the lost Pleiad," because a few centuries ago its light faded, for reasons easily explainable, but not necessary to this treatise. It may be treated of in a future work dedicated to a description of the *Planes Beyond*.

In the institutions the laws of motion, gravitation, magnetism, electricity, heat, light, polarization, are taught, statically and dynamically. Meteorology, cometology, and all solar and planetary laws are explained. Ascending to other educational institutions, we find that vast hosts of people are instructed in the higher branches of social science, and they find out for the first time that the law of periodicity is an eternal, unvarying one, operative alike, in all departments of the physical, moral, mental, social, and psychical universes. They see, for the first time clearly, why a certain word will occur just so often exactly beneath another word just like it in writing, why we are at stated periods more like devils than angels; why storms prevail in the soul as in the air; and learn for the first time that all mental, social, and moral evolution follow laws of periodicity as regularly as the seasons or any other physical phenomena. Here they learn that the Egyptians did not build the Pyramids, but that they were erected thousands of years before the existence of the people so-called; that there have been four preceding eras of civilization starting from the people of *This*, *Memphis*, and *Philœ;* that Isis, Osiris, Brahma, and Gautama are comparatively modern people, therefore that "Adam" was *not* the first man by ten thousand generations, and that all these epochs of civilization are discreted from each other by interregnums of not less than five thousand years each; that the earth may be said to be periodically renewed, and that the civilization in existence at the beginning of the earth's epoch (sixteen thousand solar years in length) is invariably replaced by another of a different genus at its termination.

In all these, and a thousand more similarly novel, useful, and delightsome studies, the people of this blissful region find themselves much more profitably employed than they possibly could be in tooting on any number of horns, silver, or copper, or in playing everlasting Old Hundreds on golden harps for the special delectation of the Presbyterian God!

The entire career of human kind in the series of divisions and sections here treated of, are but so many ascending grades or classes in what may properly be called the great university of man's second stage of existence, the highest, or graduating class of which, is that of the seventh or equatorial grand division.

On earth we are merely rudimentary at best, and are only primary pupils at the highest. On the zones we enter and pass through the preparatory or intermediate grades, and graduate from the last department into the Freshman classes of God's great college in another sphere of being. That college is the limitless universe, material and ethereal. Every successive *stage* of human career is but an ascensive step from one class of that college to another; but the graduating point of all is what neither man nor angels know, simply for the reason that they are not omniscient or ubiquitous,—both of which are prerogatives that belong to the great mystery, or God, alone.

And yet I have much that I could truly say, concerning human kind in the upper worlds of space, infinitely surpassing in marvellous truth the loftiest fact, idea, conception, or revelation herein set forth, or that ever yet fell from my tongue or pen. It may happen that some reputed seer may dispute the correctness of that herein, or hereafter to be, revealed; yet, let this be as it may, I have revealed nothing but truth precisely as I saw it, and as it has been handed down to me from hundreds of actors in the scenes described.

The creed I believe in, and which is essentially that of the highest circle in the world above us, is the same as that announced in the 13th century by the Abbe Porteus of Xeres, in Spain. It has scarcely been equalled, never surpassed, by the loftiest philosophers of earth or Aidenn. This creed I here transcribe, and commend to all mankind as the most perfect yet evolved from the human intellect, and when it shall be that of all mankind we may look for the speedy advent of the good time coming.

(*bb*) I believe in God, the universal law, the all-pervading spirit, omnipotent, omnipresent, immutable, infinite, and eternal; ruling the processes of all existing things with wisdom, regularity, harmony, and perfection, and causing all these things to exert themselves for good.

I believe that there is no evil in the world save that arising from obstructions to the processes of nature, and that upon these obstructions a penalty is imposed; but that the processes possessing within themselves a corrective power, the evil is corrected, and the result is good. I believe that it is our duty to do all the good we can, and to avoid evil, by conforming to the regularities and harmonies of nature; and this, not for the hope of reward or fear of punishment, but in deep love and reverence of the Supreme Ruler of all existing things. This matchless creed, it seems to me, embraces "the whole duty of man."

(*cc.*) In the sixth grand division worship is crystallized, and assumes a higher tone and form than is yet known to, or conceivable by, earthly man. Music exists in a state of perfection not to be described in the cold, dull drapery of words; and in that sphere man first obtains an inkling prophetic of his future sphere of activity, and begins to know that to be man at all is to finally be a creator — a god — or even a God! In that sphere also he realizes somewhat of the subtle meaning of the sentence "universal marriage." Parental, social, filial, passional, fraternal, and other loves now begin to concrete, crystallize, and deepen into general and universal love; and an exquisite, melodious harmony of affection commences to wed the denizens of that auroral abode into a union almost absolute and perfect. The diverse faculties are consolidating into one, preparatory to the unfolding of a new series of organs and corresponding faculties, with which mankind will begin a new career when it shall have quitted the second for the third stage of the immortal career!

Here Pagan, Christian, Brahminical, Buddhistic, Greek, Mahometan distinctions between men and races begin to disappear, and all those deaths are swallowed up in victory! The earthly passions, penchants, prejudices, are all outgrown. Vast societies, orders, communities, brotherhoods begin to mingle into one, for all separative barriers are being thrown down and surmounted; and all souls begin to come *en rapport* with the perfectly divine; in consequence of which, all the asserted and so-called "beatitudes"

and blisses of the fabled heavens of theological and ecclesiological lore are much, very much, more than realized.

(*dd*) Lo! We are approaching the seventh grand division. No human tongue or pen is equal to the description of the ineffable glories and grandeur of the scenes now bursting on the view; for even those of the division below immeasurably surpass the wildest, most roseate, and impassioned vision of sybarite, poet, or enthusiastic dreamer; and what then shall be said of this section, where all things are as superior to those, as is a garden to a bleak and stony wilderness! A few men, while yet embodied have been permitted to catch a distant glimpse of that celestial country. One of these was Gautama Buddha, who called it the seventh Brahma-loka, and who believed it not only to be the supreme and highest heaven, in which he was, as others have been, mistaken, but he believed that there he and all others of the finally faithful would attain the divine degree of *Narwana;* absorption into Deity. He tasted of its bliss, and conceived that the next step of joy would amount to, and result in, virtual annihilation, — a swallowing up in God, an eternal oneness with him; a loss of personal identity; an everlasting fusion, just as a drop of water mingles inseparably with, and is forever lost in, the fathomless deeps of ocean! In the sixth grand division are to be found a great many of the honored and revered ones of former ages, Zeno, Plato, Aristotle; scores of Greek and Egyptian, Ninevite and Etruscan kings, princes, and notables; scores of thousands who never had place or name among the world's great; other scores of hundreds of the martyrs of all races and ages, including some very celebrated ones whose names I forbear to mention, but whose reputations are world-wide. In this same sixth division, under the inspiration of the solar division, the affairs of the earthly nations are discussed, and means and measures resolved upon, and thereafter carried out, whose ultimate results are the amelioration of the social, intellectual, moral, political, and spiritual condition of the peoples; sometimes, as in the case of Italy, Sardinia, France, Russia, Turkey, Mexico, and the United States, wars, long and bloody, are precipitated, dreadful while they last, but regenerative in final results. At other times, and under similar impulses, they decide to so operate upon some selected earthly couple, as to produce a specific and important result, in the peculiar constitution of a child, whose subsequent

career and mission is that of a hero or reformer of the world. There are many men thus moulded in existence, there have been many, and there will be many more. Such men are nearly always isolated and wretched to the last degree, seldom live long, perform their parts midst blood and tears, and are generally crucified at every step from the cradle to the grave, yet

> "Departing, leave behind them
> Footsteps on the sands of Time."

The seventh grand division can have but little said of it here for the reason that it was not embraced in the general design of the present work, — I intending to make it the subject of a chapter in a work sequeling this, — if I live to write it.

While it abounds with human beings, it bears scarcely any resemblance to aught ever seen on earth; and yet I proclaim, in the light of principles well-known and universally operative, that the lowest society of the Spirit World, next to this identical earth of ours, will one day be in some marked respects superior to that resplendent zone, and then the first circle of the sixth grand division will far exceed the highest now existing in this solar system, and the seventh division of the zone of that era will be — ah, who can imagine what it will be? But this I know: that will be a marvellous epoch wherein the lowliest inhabitants of this world shall rank in the scale above the best, noblest, most intellectual, and spiritual, not only of us, here and now, but above the beatific dwellers of the zonal heaven, — the present perfect paradise of man!

Omitting, then, till another occasion, all detailed description of the people of the equatorial societies, their appearance, powers, occupations, studies, scenery, edifices, arts, sciences, customs, and social structure, I shall close with a few lines regarding the principia culminating in the ineffable glories of the solar section and its peoples.

People from earth are not necessitated to pass through all the sections in regular gradation; for many are already fitted for association with clubs, societies, orders, families, or communities in many of the sections and sub-sections of the second and third grand divisions, rarely for the fourth, and very seldom indeed, if ever, for the fifth; occasionally there is a man or woman here who ascends

directly to the third section of the fourth division; such, for instance, as Elizabeth Barret Browning, Frances S. Osgood, Letitia L. Landon, John Brown, of Ossawattomie, and those of that moral and mental stamp of all climes and ages. When persons die they gravitate to that particular society in any of the sections for which, on a general average, they are best fitted. No matter what the peculiarity of their specific cast, grade of mind, or personal genius may be, there are people and places where they will be perfectly at home; their entire development determining the precise spot in society for which they are peculiarly adapted.

The treatment or discussion of the science of foretelling future events lies not within my present design; but that men there and here can foretell things, is quite certain; only that there they see clearly, and not through the glimmer as do we; hence by the exercise of that strange power they are often aware of the exact time when a friend on earth is about to die, and prepare themselves accordingly. But in the case of one who has been and worked in sympathy with a special society, that society often make the grandest demonstrations in celebration of his or her arrival; those poor ones who have toiled through life, in the good cause of truth, all alone and unaided, midst thorny paths with naked feet, head bared to the pelting storms of undeserved sorrow and grief, hands all torn, hearts aching ready to burst, souls bowed down, and bloody sweat oozing from the brows, are happily comforted there.

Preparations are made for the advent of these tired souls who need so much care and rest. Cottages and palaces just suited to them, and around which the lovely forms of tender hearts are flitting, are prepared, and the dead-to-earth are there conducted, where sometimes they sleep on flowery couches for an entire month, during which time they are inhaling the vigor-giving atmosphere of Aidenn.

Having incidentally mentioned sleep, I may as well, in a few words, relate what I have recently discovered concerning that phenomena. Sleep is the result of the inhalation of a very subtile, ethereal fluid, filling the interstices of the outer air; it is breathed in by all vegetable and animal being; its action is positive, sometimes to the extent not only of closing all the outer avenues of sense, by its somnific, yet strengthening effects; but it can render the entire being heedless of pain. It is a peculiar aerial fluid, gen-

erated by the friction of light upon the electro-magnetic sea above and around us. It is a fine, elastic, and powerful sort of mag netism; and one of its offices is, by its friction with the nervous fluids, to create a peculiar form of electricity, which not only charges the digestive apparatus with vital power, but effects the change of food, etc., into tissue. All things grow in sleep; all things waste without it. One step more: No two particles in the human body touch at all; no two atoms contact. The spirit in man is a reticulated structure, — a very fine sieve, whose particles, so to speak, touch at seven points. They are star-shaped, and their contact at these points is absolute. Through this network circulation goes on. It remains so forever, only that after death the interstices become exceedingly minute.

Every part of the body in life is full of minute cells, to the number of quadrillions; and as the life-principle, rendered polar, and charged with elemental force, so the sleep-principle rushes along the myriad-telegraph system of the body, each one of these cells becomes filled therewith, and we become stronger and refreshed. These cells are so many galvanic retorts, and they manufacture their contents, — the coarser into flesh, blood, bone, hair, nails, lymph, saliva, pancreatic juices, milk, tears, and so on, — while the finer is converted into lochia, sperm, prostatic liquid, and spirit, the crystallized, immortal man; and nearly all this while slumber seals the senses. When the supply in these cells gives out, generally those of the brain and nervous centres first, they immediately yearn for more, and we grow "sleepy." When full or nearly so again, we awaken; when partially full only, we dream; and this, in short, is a true philosophy and rationale of sleep, and is here first given to the world.

In the entire categories of spiritual worlds, spontaneity takes the place of repression here, and all effort has a direct tendency toward the correction of angularities, eccentricities, and those general and special insanities which characterize all civilized people more or less, especially those concerning social life and marriage. In the higher departments there, human love between the sexes is amative, magnetic, spiritual, and even propagative, but of ideas and higher states, not offspring, or young spirits. But generally those people expand soonest who were *parents on the earth*. Woman there, as here, is the highest form and embodiment of love;

and the expression thereof is the source of the soul's most thrilling joy. There lies the fountain of all human pleasure, the eternal spring of all progress and effort in the field of discovery; for investigation would count but little but for her smile's reward; and exertion were tiresome but for her appreciation and encouragement.

The secret of heaven is to be a true law unto one's self, on earth, and in the arching skies. All in the higher divisions know full well that law against Nature is law against God; that to be in harmony with all surroundings is to tap perennial springs from within, whose murmuring waters bear joy-bubbles to every part and hall of being; that the law of sex is the law of power and inspiration; hence they *love one another;* and unless the sex-love, and philoprogenitive nature be developed on earth and unfolded in the heavens, human progress is far less swift and sure. These are basic loves, the rich and fruitful soil whence spring luxuriant aftergrowths of myriad joys and pleasures. Some trumpet-tongued son of God will yet spring from the bosom of the people here, well fitted for his work, and he will tell the world, in tones not to be mistaken, that man and woman have, among other inalienable rights, that of being truly and thoroughly known by all others, and of being justly rated and read. The table of contents of the human soul may be found under the head-line "*Love;*" and whoso thoroughly understands the index will easily turn to the proper leaf. He will tell them that men and women must have love, and of the right sort, too, and that failing to obtain it they peddle themselves upon life's highways for a sorry substitute, painfully realizing that a lean and poor, is far better than no love at all. He will, perchance, demonstrate that one of the causes of prostitution and crime — and a very efficient one too — may be found springing from one of the holiest fountains of the human soul; but turned aside by "obstructions," and rendered foul and turbid by reason of the murk and slime through which it is forced to flow, in the fens and swamps of miscalled "social" life. In that day that man will plead with heaven's eloquence, for the poor harlot, the thief, and lowly-organized and worse-cared-for and instructed ones of the world; echoing the divine words of the man of Bethlehem, "Son, daughter! neither do I condemn thee! Go thy way, and sin no more!" Oh, the inestimable power and blessings resident in one kind word! That man, as a man, will point the race to the

true causes and the cure of crime. World, hail that conquering hero here when he comes! Behold I, who am not worthy to unloose his shoes, proclaim him to be now coming to meet us on the way!

The laws and operations of Nature are from unity to diversity, and forward, not back, again to unity. Probably all families started from single pairs; increased and diversified into classes, finally consolidating into different nations, developing various languages, habits, customs, genius, and modes of thought, religious and intellectual. All human speech started from monosyllabic sounds, at first phonetic, and gradually changing as human wants multiplied and ingenuity suggested modifications and improvements. Thus it developed into different forms of speech, — the two great classes, Iranian and Turanian, finally consolidating into the crystalline and concrete English, — the culmination of them all. As with their speech, so with the speakers; they intermingled, and each cross improved the blood and stamina intellectually and constitutionally, until, as on this northern continental section of the globe, the race is rapidly blending and making the concrete man, or perfect miscegen; for here all bloods are intermingling. All human faculties start from similar unitary points, as do all animated things from the simple cell. The mere animal instinct of feeding — a unit — develops as the child grows, — whether that child be an individual or a young species or nation. Food, in either case, begets strength and the desire to provide, which in turn suggests appropriate means of gratifying the wants. And so the person or nation grows until a single power has begotten a hundred new ones, and mere animal wants have increased the mentality to the extent of a hundred faculties or more; all of which consolidate toward unity again; but a unity embracing them all under the grand name of intuition, or clear-seeing, in all the hundred directions, or faculty-windows of the mind! In the first five grand divisions man's faculties spread, concrete, diversify, there being but a slight degree of crystallization in the last, — where he just begins to ripen and be generally intuitive, or instant-seeing and much-knowing. In the sixth, the faculties have an unmistakable tendency toward consolidarity, oneness, or unity, a perfect and complete blending or fusion of the whole into one extraordinary, intellectually, ubiquitous, comprehending central

power or faculty. This wonderful change continues through the career of the seven sections of the equatorial division or solar section of the first zone, and this goes on until in the last period of his stay in the last section he again reaches unity, — that is to say, all his separate organs or faculties are blended into one grand faculty or oneness, and he becomes all knowing of everything beneath and around him, except, of course, himself. Finally, he reaches the highest possible perfection attainable there, — becomes more than we imagine of archangel or seraph; earth can give him no more; he has exhausted all that that zone can impart, and he prepares, not to die, but to slumber awhile, during which he takes his everlasting flight from that glorious sphere, as a permanent resident, to far loftier ones in the ascending series, until he reaches the incomprehensible grandeur of the solar zone, whereof in future days I may be permitted to speak.

Arrived at the second girdle of earth, he finds it divided and sectioned off into sevens, as before; but now he has, as a newborn child, — on reaching that marvellous world, — but one single faculty, but that one is the crystallized, consolidated unitization of hundreds theretofore developed on his amazing pilgrimage through two worlds. And now from that amazing unity, with that tremendous capital he goes on, — for remember he starts from the lowest grade of his new state, — he goes on to a new diversity, to the development of other hundreds of faculties, far greater than that mighty one with which he sets out; with that capital he accumulates mental and spiritual riches in profuse abundance, contrasted with which all his other accumulations were poverty itself! What these latter are, their nature and direction, I may state at another time.

The man goes on and upward, section by section, grade after grade, division succeeding division, till he reaches the sixth, whereat the same law of unitization from diversity again comes in play, a new ripening begins, another unitization commences, resulting in another crystallization into unitary faculty and power. In the seventh section of the last division of this second zone or girdle, all these tremendous powers, qualities, and faculties converge and blend and mingle into *one*. He has again reached the plane of unity, — has become as a God. And now a stupendous fact. When he shall have received all that he can in even that re-

splendent stage of his career, he has but *two* faculties developed; but these two are inconceivable to mortal man. He is destined to develop as many of these as he did those of earth, — whose numbers are over one hundred. A greater fact still: When he shall have as many of those royal powers unfolded as he had of primary faculties, all these will in turn consolidate into unity, and he will begin a career totally inconceivable by the loftiest imagination on earth, except from actual revelation and intromission under the most favorable circumstances.

Even after we shall have exhausted all the grand and unutterable glories and ineffabilities of the earth and all its encircling zones, our career is but just begun, as I could, were permission accorded, easily and triumphantly demonstrate. But the time may yet come. . . . Thus it is in one sense, most unreservedly and emphatically true that, —

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun."

. . . . . .

It is a happy thought that, after all our trials and sufferings and sorrows here; after all the war, bloodshed, and carnage, deceit and slander, treachery and ingratitude of this world, and the lives we are compelled to lead, we shall one day pass over the boundary, and find our pathway illumined by the sun of certainty, rest, and happiness, on the further shore!

The days of priestcraft and eolism are numbered, and those of positive revelation are already dawning. They herald the coming jubilee; and in the noontide of that day all sin will be overcome of practical, unbought righteousness.

"In that new childhood of the world,
Life of itself shall dance and play;
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins be hurled,
And labor meet delight half way."

God himself is now speaking unmistakably to his children, both by the logic and speech of events, and through the lips of the triumphantly risen dead, bidding them rise from their sloth and folly

to the house not made with hands. It is a blessed thought that our real trials cease with death, and that our truest, best, and highest education begins after we quit these frail bodies, and this scene of strife and confusion, suspicion and distrust.

Thus my present task is finished, and it only remains to review the unwise positions and declarations of a class of misled and misleading teachers of the people.

["PLANETS DESTROYED. — The belief that the world is ultimately to be destroyed by fire is supported by the discovery that such a fate has befallen far larger planets than ours. French astronomers assert that no fewer than fifteen hundred fixed stars have vanished from the firmament within the last three hundred years. Tycho Brahe gives an interesting account of a brilliant star of the largest size, which, on account of its singular radiance, had become the special object of his daily observation for several months, during which the star gradually became paler, until its final disappearance. La Place states that one of the vanished fixed stars of the Northern hemisphere afforded undoubtable evidence of having been consumed by fire. At first the star was dazzling white, next of glowing red and yellow lustre, and finally it became pale and of an ashen color. The burning of the star lasted sixteen months, when this sunny visitor, to which perhaps a whole series of planets may have owed allegiance, finally departed and became invisible."]

Experience has convinced me that neither glasses, crystals, or phaphters are adapted to the American people; for although I know of some undoubted successes by their use, I also know of nearly as many utter failures, hence advise no one to invest either time or means in the pursuance of the road to clear-seeing through that means.

I am perfectly convinced that the grand obstacle to clairvoyant success consists in impatience and magnetic irritability. The first can be overcome by mental effort, — constant practice; and the latter by being frequently magnetized by a *good* person, and a tender, *loving* hand. But, also, I know that a good tractor magnet (a bar horseshoe) drawn down the head and person will go far in the right direction. Now sleep is akin to magnetic coma, while dreams approach clairvoyance, and not a few *are* that, actually; hence I am of the opinion that a properly constructed magnetic bandage, with its poles at either temple, or front and

back head, alternating them, and worn at night after retiring, will, in most cases, prove a valuable and inexpensive aid in not only equalizing the personal and cerebral magnetism, but of actually inducing the magnetic slumber itself. While it acts in that manner, it of course is also an agent of health. I suggested these ideas to F. B. Dowd, Esq., and that gentleman fully concurred in the opinions above set forth, and either himself or brother, I believe, have since then put such a bandage before the people. I have not the slightest doubt but that before the century closes we shall have institutions where clairvoyants will graduate as do scholars from our colleges at the present time. Mental science is fast being reduced to understandable elements: immortality, and its consequent powers, is the universal heritage of man, and I can see no reason why the entire race shall not or may not become absolutely clairvoyant. If that time ever comes, as it probably will, it will sound the death-knell of all villany and wrong, for both will be impossible in a world where all human beings are fully, truly, and wholly CLEAR-SEEING. God in mercy speed that happy, happy day, for in it love will not go begging as now, nor will lust be mistaken for the kingly feeling; well-meant deeds and words will not be construed to our injury; we shall know each other as the angels know us, and be credited for what we really are, not for what conditions make us seem. In that day "spiritualists" will not preach charity, and rip poor mediums' characters to atoms and shreds, nor will foul slander of some poor misunderstood son or daughter of the living God, season every meal of the unco-righteous as it does to-day! Thank God, the day cometh when we shall look upon each other face to face and see clearly; when JUSTICE will reign in our courts of law, and hospitals take the place of jails, prisons, and the gallows,—just think of it,—gallows to strangle God's image, in the face of God's bright sun, and hundreds gathered round to enjoy the *Christian* feast! Great God!

CHAPTER XVII.*

A PHILOSOPHICAL ERROR CORRECTED — CONCLUSION.

WITHIN a few brief years many, very many novel and exceedingly strange, not to say hurtful, ideas and notions have sprung up, to challenge attention and demand analysis; nor have they failed to impress themselves upon the plastic front of this, the most remarkable age, and eventful epoch, of the great world's history. No notion, theory, hypothesis, or statement, no matter how wild, immoral, obscene, or ridiculous, but will find some to accept and believe it, even with all its palpable absurdities. Utopianisms, of all sorts and kinds, are rife to-day in the public mind. Strange, wild vagaries abound on all sides; and we encounter extremes of the most violent description, turn whithersoever we may. In fact, as a general rule, the wilder the vagary, the more it departs from common sense and innate respectability, the more certain it is to attract attention and enlist recruits,— so deeply runs the abnormal vein through the bodies politic, social, philosophic, and religious. Sinners of all sorts, but more especially those with penchants toward a particular *kind* of license, have always been on the *qui vive* for plausible excuses for their derelictions from the path of common honesty and moral and personal rectitude. Nor have the so-called philosophers of the times been at all backward or slow in the work of supplying these excuses. Every sort and species of villany is, in these days, attempted to be based upon — Sacred Scripture. Your Mormon "seals" a dozen or two wives, according to Scripture; your affinity man or woman claims holy inspiration as his or her warrant for infracting every social law; the Perfectionist who lives in "complex marriage" with two hundred and seventy-four — *females* — (for to call them WOMEN were a desecration of that holy name!) tells you

* The substance of this chapter was originally published under the *nom de plume* of Cynthia Temple.

that "the true Church of Christ constitutes one great soul;" and that the union between its members, of right, ought to be of the most *intimate* character. And these people have the effrontery to assert that in so doing they are but following out the example and precept of Jesus the Blessed! People there are by thousands who seek to so freely translate texts of Scripture, or philosophical statements, that they can go on doing just as passion prompts, and yet apparently not transcend the law. Language, in these days, is twisted and distorted to such an extent, that one can hardly affirm that black is black, or that two and two are four, lest some so-called reformer or transcendental genius steps forth, and in a long disquisition proves to you that "black is not black, for the simple reason that the sheen upon which the eye strikes is invariably white; and that so far from two and two being four, they are really only three, because the mind can never conceive of similarities. There are no absolute resemblances in figures, volume, or anything else; wherefore two and two must make either more or less than four!"

"And so with words the fellow plays,
Talks much, yet still he nothing says."

Sophistry reigns king to-day, and rules it with a strong hand over every domain of human life, and human endeavor and interest. There are those who will give you a "moral law" and Scriptural authority for the commission of every crime in the entire calendar. There are others who take refuge behind the walls of an exploded Optimism; call aloud to the passer-by; bid him or her take full advantage of the times; eat, drink, and be merry, for "*Whatever is* IS *Right;*"—itself, in so far forth as human life, interest, and action are concerned, one of the most pestilent fallacies, and philosophical absurdities, that ever seduced a human being from the paths of moral rectitude and virtue. The abominable notion has gone forth, and to-day is slowly but surely not only sapping the foundations of domestic and social happiness, but is certainly infusing its deadly miasma over all the land.

People in these days talk much of "liberty," when there is already too much freedom in some respects; for "philosophers" (Heaven save the mark!) have talked so much of liberty to do this, and liberty to do the other, that instead of wearing the goddess'

crown, she has of late been clothed in the wanton's cap and robe. Virtue has seceded from liberty; and vice, for a time, has usurped her throne; but, with Heaven's aid, we trust to drive her from the seat.

Within a comparatively recent period, the *Popeish* doctrine that whatever exists is just as the Eternal One decreed and designed, has gone forth to the wide world under the express sanction of more than one pseudo great and honored name; and it has received the implied, if not the direct, countenance of scores of others, not a few of whom call themselves thinkers, philosophers, and philanthropists. This dogma, as it is (and it cannot fail to be popularly understood), is the most formidable and dreadful battery ever levelled against human happiness from the frowning ramparts of hell itself; for, while apparently encouraging a reliance on the goodness of our heavenly Father, it in reality sets a high premium on vice, and is the direct result of the most appalling and dreadful enginery of error, attacking man, as it does, in his weakest points, and throwing a glamour over the moral sense which at once shuts out the benign light of all that is pure, and good, and true. It is the great gun of wickedness, — ignores all human responsibility, fosters all sorts of iniquity, prolongs the reign of evil, retards the dawn of righteousness, makes a person a mere natural machine, stultifies the moral sense, sears the conscience, libels nature, blasphemes the Infinite, panders to the basest of all appetites and prejudices, dethrones the virtues, and inaugurates discord and error. It tears down at a single effort every rampart of domestic virtue, and becomes the authoritative warrant for license of every sort, and for every kind of wrong-doing, libertinism, and profligacy, that barbarous minds can invent.

Surely, something can, and ought to be done, to extract the fangs of this viper, and to send it back writhing to its home, among all the other festering falsehoods of the past ages; to send it back to associate with all other foul and loathsome things that have ever cursed the earth.

May the world have a safe and speedy deliverance from this last new pirate! At all events, I feel called upon to do my part toward this most desirable end; and every man who remembers the word "mother," and recalls all the holy memories which cluster around it, — every man who has a sister, or presses an innocent

daughter to his heart, will gladly become my helper in this important labor.

In a certain merely material aspect of the subject, it is undoubtedly true that "whatever is is right;" but when the venue is changed to intellectual, social, moral, religious, and domestic grounds, *then* the affirmation is as foreign to the truth as any falsehood well can be. Take the civilized world at large, and not over ten persons in every one hundred can or will comprehend, or rest contented with the higher and nobler definition of the great postulate, but a postulate only on the material, climatic, and other physical planes. On the contrary, if you affirm in the presence of one hundred persons that "it is all right," ten to one but that ninety of them will secretly roll the knowledge up, and profit by their — not your — *intended* definition thereof. It is human nature to take advantage of everything that promises to cut the restraining cords, and permit a looseness of action, thought, and sentiment. There are scores of thousands in this vast empire, who, upon learning that the so-called great men and women of the world have asserted that all actions and all things are right and proper, will clap their hands in jubilance, and secretly, if not openly, avail themselves of the sophism to drive with a loose rein along the roads of life; do all sorts of evil things; give passion and prejudice full scope and play, and do their utmost to gratify self, heedless of the certain consequences that must accrue to themselves as individual integers of society, or to community as a whole. What care they if the walks and ways of life *are* transformed into practical realizations of pandemonium, so long as their ends are served by the removal of the restrictions, every barrier and mound of which is swept away by the little sentence "whatever is is right"? Not much, it seems to me. True it is, that all men are not either villains or badly disposed; equally true it is, that all women are not at heart unchaste; yet, if this modern doctrine be true, both may become so, and that, too, without violating any of God's laws; for if they remain virtuous, it is all right; if they sink into rotten filth and vice, it is all right still.

Unmistakably this sophism is the most dangerous one that has yet arisen, either within or without the ranks of Spiritualism, — the great and prolific mother of a very singular family of ideas

But, it is said, the notion did not originate with those who believe in the advent of human spirits to the earth, and in their interference in mundane affairs. The advocates of the dogma do not pretend it to be a revelation from the other world; yet it cannot be denied that very many of those who have been most active in foisting this last absurdity on the world, are also those who believe devoutly in the ministration of departed souls. Justice, however, must be done, and therefore it is incumbent upon me to say that, notwithstanding many Spiritualists profess to believe this phase of Optimism, yet itself forms no essential part of the Spiritual creed; and tens of thousands of this class of thinkers, reject the new *ism* in utter scorn. Only a few have clear conceptions or realizations thereof. Some people say that they most devoutly believe in infinite damnation; heartily concur in the assertion that some are elected to reign in the courts of glory, and that some are God-voted to an eternal baking, roasting, broiling, grilling in the deeps of hell. No doubt these people are honest; still all such, save rarely a lunatic, consider the chances of "number one" as most excellent for escape from, or evasion of, the fire-doom which they feel equally assured will be the lot of their neighbors, the numbers two, three, and four, and so on. Self-love rules this age.

Says G., in public confession, "Brothers and sisters, pray for me. I am the most heinous sinner, the vilest wretch on earth; and, feeling the full enormity of my wickedness, I can but have a blessed assurance that if my just deserts were meted out, I should at this moment be grilling on the bars of hell, over the belching flames of the eternal pit, fanned by the infinite wing of God's justice." Mr. G. knows that he is not uttering his real sentiments. He does not believe one word of such an absurd doctrine, and only talks for the purpose of trying to say something eloquent, — something that shall tingle in the ears, and awake the sleeping emotions of his audience. Down he sits, and straightway the moderator calls on brother H. to tell *his* experience. Brother H. rises, and, having a spice of satire in him, says, "As for myself, I know that I am less virtuous than it is possible to be. I have nothing to say concerning my soul or its conditions; but I feel assured that every word uttered in regard to himself by brother G. *is true*, — every *word of it!*" "Why you miserable *lie-beller*, I'm a better man

than you any day!" thinks, if not exclaims, brother G., in high dudgeon, at the idea of being supposed to believe for a single instant the unreasonable things whereof he had, but a moment since, delivered himself. It is utterly impossible that he should believe it. His first speech was unnatural, and its substance false and hollow; his second one was spoken from the heart, and was in all respects a normal exhibition of human nature.

The advocates of the fallacy are so many brother G.s; they sail in the same boat, and when weighed in the same balances, tested by their own doctrines, will, to a man, be found wanting, and practically refute their own theory. That very odd sort of philosophers, who claim to be optimists, and believe that "whatever is, is right," who "recognize neither merit nor demerit in souls, have no fear of evil, devils, men, God, or angels," and who use words to so little purpose, cannot for an instant stand the fire of honest, candid criticism. Cheat one of them out of a dollar; traduce his character; call his wife a harlot, and his children bastards; break his heart by all sorts of ill-usage; and then ask him if it is all right; and he will admit it to be so, — if I may use an expressive vulgarism, — *over the left*. If he replies, "It is all right that those things should be done; but it is also right that I defend myself and make you suffer all I possibly can," then set him down as so far *non compos*, for green and purple cannot be the same color; a valley and mountain cannot be the same. Such a man is bent on riding his hobby. Like Ephraim, he is bound to his idols, and the more he is let alone, the better for all concerned.

Logic is worth something in the affairs of the sublunary world. By its aid we determine truth, and are enabled to detect error; and whosoever ignores its canons, not only *usurps* the title of philosopher, but evinces a woful want of common sense beside.

"God made all things; God is perfect; he never makes mistakes; *ergo*, 'whatever is, is right,' proper, — just what it should be, else God is a delusion, and Nature a blank lie." Such is a fair specimen of the looseness with which these modern optimists reason. One would think they were afflicted with something denser than mere intellectual obtuseness, else they could not fail to detect the glaring absurdities hidden away in the above ridiculous proposition. Entrenched behind that rampart, they imagine their

fortress to be impregnable; when if they would inspect it a little closer, the seeming adamant would prove to be even more flimsy than brown paper. Let us see: The advocates of the doctrine now being anatomized, pretend to believe most devoutly in the great "principles of progression." Now if these last do really exist, then their new ism is a falsehood. Why? How? Because the very fact that all things — man and his institutions included — have, during all past time, been ceaselessly advancing from the imperfect toward a higher and completer state, — have been, and still are, steadily going ahead from bad to better, and from better to best, — proves irrefutably that God never made a perfect thing, never created perfect conditions, but only planted PERFECTIBILITY in all that he has made. Of course, then, if this be so, — and all things abundantly prove it, — whatever is cannot be right; but all things are steadily moving in that direction.

According to some people, there must be a period in a man's affairs, wherein it will be all just, and correct, and proper, for him to either sit calmly while some one insulates *his* head from his shoulders, or for him to perform the same operation on another person. There must be a time wherein it is all right and proper, and very fine for him, to run off with his neighbor's wife, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his. It will be all right for him to seduce his friend's daughter, debauch the morals of his son, and to do other delectable things of the same general ilk, — since "there's a time for all things."

Now I broadly assert that whosoever affirms that there ever was, is at present, or ever will be, a time wherein murder — grim, gaunt, spectral, red-handed, bloody-mouthed murder — is all right, is either a maniac or a fool! And yet the oblique, if not the direct effect of the promulgation of the sophism cannot but be the positive encouragement of that and all the other deep villanies God's earth ever groaned under, or God's angels ever witnessed and wept over.

"Oh, these things are all right to the *conditions* that gave birth to the acts you deprecate," replies the optimist, to which I rejoin, Sir, or madam, are these conditions right? Let us probe the matter a little deeper. You are a merchant; I enter your store to buy some cloth. We differ as to the price. I am an honest woman. let it be supposed; and you think to lure me from virtue's path;

and instead of conversing about calico, you talk about love and passion, my red, rosy cheeks, plump figure, sparkling eye, and a deal more in the same direction. Is this all right? Well, I go home, and, somehow or other, my husband finds it out, and, as a recompense for your gallantry, breaks nearly every bone in your body; and, in laying you on a sick-bed for a year or so, not only ruins your business, and reduces your wife and children to beggary, but also blasts your prospects for life. Is this all right? Again: Suppose that I am a man; that I have a quarrel with you; that, tempted sorely, urged on by a momentary but ungovernable rage, I deal you a blow which sends you across the sea of time to the shores of eternity in less than five minutes. Is that as it should have been? Come, sir optimist, speak out! Now that stroke of my fist *may* have forever decided the question whether you are thereafter to be an inhabitant of heaven, or a denizen of hades. Do not fail to take this consideration into the account.

Of course I am arrested, jailed, tried, convicted by a deliberating jury, of a deliberate homicide, for which I must be deliberately choked, — gaspingly, horribly *choked to death!* Your business was settled in ten seconds; mine takes as many months; and, within a day or two of the final act, my ears are regaled with the delicious music of the saws and hammers, busily plied in constructing the gay little platform from whence I am to step into, — ah, God! what may I *not* step into from that platform, if common theology be true?

During the delightful season of my waiting, my poor soul is prayed to, for, with, and *at*. I am well fed, it is true, during the intervening days, weeks, and months, but I can't grow fat; my digestion is exceedingly poor, and I cannot eat for thinking. Ah, it is a terrible thing to *think*, under certain circumstances, yet it is our doom; and in compelling man to think, God created man's heaven or his hell. Well, the day has come at last, — a gala day it is, too; for don't you see the soldiers are out, in all their feathers and finery? *Certes!* it is a gala day, — these hanging times! One would think the most fitting colors to be worn on such occasions should be black, — black as the heron's plume, — black as night!

'Tis a deed of darkness to be done;
Put out the lights, — conceal the sun!

There stands the monument of the civilization of the nineteenth century, — a gibbet. Up, up its steps I walk, — painfully walk, — for my arms are tied behind me. True, I am supported by a man of God on one side, and a sheriff on the other; one to sign my passport to the other world, the other to see me safely on the voyage; but the consciousness of these things makes it *very* painful walking up these sixteen steps. At last we reach the platform, and I take a look upward, — one last lingering look at the bright blue heaven above me; but instead of it, my bulging eye-balls fairly crack with agony as my sight rests upon the cross-beam, to the centre of which depends a short chain with one large link. I know that the link is for the hook attached to one end of a rope; the noose at the other end is for *my neck!* Ah, God, have mercy on my soul! "Time's up!" says the Christian sheriff, "you must prepare to — die!" The military, the policemen, the "invited guests," and holders of tickets to the hempen opera, catch his words, and a nameless thrill pervades the mass, every one of whom stands there to receive a lesson in humanity, justice, mercy, and Christianity! And now the rope is adjusted, the signal given; there is a sudden *chug*, — strange colors float before my eyes, and stranger sounds salute my hearing sense, — soft, low, sweet, dulcet sounds, — it may be the requiem for the dead which God's angels sing! — I am dead! My soul has been sent upon its long journey at the end of a yard of rope, and my body — poor, sinful body — is dangling there to damn the age which sanctions the deed, — dangles there a sickening sight, to sear the memories of the little host who had gone out there to see a man die, — to see me strangled!

Of course, all these things are right, — are they? — all just what God intended when he made the worlds, — are they? Nonsense! But this is not all. Next day the story of my strangling is most minutely told in all the papers. The horripillant feast is forced upon scores of thousands, who read it from the fascination of horror. Out of all this mass of readers, some three or four, who are life-weary, reading how "very easily" the culprit died, go straightway and hang themselves, as the most expeditious and pleasant way to shuffle off their miseries. We are not to the end even yet; for my wife dies of a broken heart, and my children are very frequently and benevolently told that their father once upon a time

danced a hornpipe upon the empty air; until at last the taunts and jibes and jeers upset their reason; they run stark staring mad; one commits suicide, and the other ends her days in the mad-house. *Is* all this right? Oh, but we are dealing with a glorious doctrine, most assuredly!

Have we reached the end of the disastrous results springing from the popular interpretation and acceptance of the All-Right doctrine? Verily, nay! For the terrible act, the slaying of a man in my anger, *may* have doomed me to an awful punishment in the world beyond, if Christian theology should happen to be true, — which *it isn't!* It *may* be, that by that act of slaying I may have incurred a penalty not be satisfied when ages of agony shall have elapsed; and by that one single deed every faculty of my being *may* have been transformed into an instrument of torture. Mankind must think; and so long as my soul is capable of thinking, the memory of my awful deed must cling to me, and I be doomed to see the fearful drama, myself the chief tragedian, constantly being re-enacted before the mind's eye, until, if ever, it may please the King of kings to bid my torment cease. It *may* be that my guilty soul shall be compelled to wander through all the eternal ages yet to be, haunted by that terrible remembrance, and lashed to agony by the inexorable whip of remorse, — the racking miseries of a guilty conscience, — than which, no greater hell can be well conceived! The deed was mine, and I must suffer the dreadful penalty; there can be no evasion, no escape; for a man cannot commit suicide in eternity, — cannot run away from himself! Yet this murder, this execution, and all the dire consequences that follow in its train, is all right! May God have mercy on us, and forbid it for his own sake!

At this point we are met with something after this style by the would-be optimists: "In the light of great general principles, everything *must* be as it should. From the Infinite's stand-point whatever is, cannot but be a right." To which I rejoin: How do you know? *You* are not the Infinite; and what can you know of the views he entertains of man and his actions, save that, being good himself, he loves to see his creatures so?

No one will, or, being sensible, can dispute the existence of certain immutable or fixed principles, which govern all things in God's material universe; and, so far as dead matter and the un-

reasoning brutes are concerned, scarce a person can be found silly enough to deny that whatever is, is right. But it so happens that man belongs to neither of these categories, — is not a citizen of either of these dominions; on the contrary, he pertains to a higher realm altogether than those to which trees, stones, dogs, horses, sheep, goats, and oxen pertain, and wherein they begin and end their being; yet the doctrine in question places man and all else in the same category.

The same things cannot be predicated of man that are justly so of animals. People have liberty to choose and decide; trees and brutes do not. Human beings have a sense of fitness, fairness, and penalty; but I have never yet seen a conscientious tree, nor a dog or tiger suffering under the pangs of remorse. How happens it, if "it is all right" that we cannot elevate robbery and wrong to the dignity of the fine arts? How is it that he who debauches his soul, or the souls and bodies of others, cannot sleep quiet o'nights? Why *will* the thing called conscience be forever raising up the ghosts of evil deeds, to haunt the doer till the death?

Gentlemen and ladies of the All-Right school, you have missed it this time; for not only the moral and religious sentiments of the age are against you, but it requires but a single effort of reason, to arouse the common sense of all the world to arms against the sophistry. Nor do I care how closely you wrap yourself in this new blanket, it is impossible for you to evade the law of your own minds, or escape the inflictions of conscience whenever that law is broken; and this consideration and *fact* tells against you with immense force and power.

"Oh," replies the All-Right philosopher, "it is evident that you are a Pharisee, — one of the self-righteous ones, who rub their hands and thank God that they are not like other people!" Well, I reply, if they *are* better, why, I say, "Good for the Pharisees!" that's all. But if you go on proclaiming your *ism*, you will be quite *Sad-you-see*, before long, provided that truth and logic are of more vital stamina than their opposites; besides which, I confess to a liking and respect toward him or her, who, in full view of the deep rascality everywhere abounding in scores and hundreds of our human kinsfolk, can inwardly, truly, fully feel that himself or herself is really righteous, and in the heart-deeps of being, and in

a strong conviction of personal probity, thank God they are not like certain other people. Good for the Pharisees! I say again, provided they be of the sort just sketched.

At this, the All-Right person feels gleeful, and says, "Ah, *now* I have you, for you can't help admitting that what you have just said is all right!"

Not so fast, friend. I do not for an instant admit that the fearful *contrasts* among men, which alone can provoke such exclamations, — without which no such expressions could ever be made, — are at all right. *Every* man and woman should be good and true, just and righteous, and not merely a few of earth's children.

The age of virtuous *talk* is passing away; the age of virtuous *action*, we humbly trust, is drawing near. The genuine test of a philanthropist's honesty lies in the performance of good deeds, — not in contenting himself with telling people it is all right, when he knows, if he will but look about him, that much that is, is wrong. The only credentials current in the courts of heaven are the good deeds done while in the body; nor will any amount of sophistical twisting impose upon the recording angel who sits within the gates of glory. Heaven has its customs law, nor will any contraband articles be allowed to enter, much less a soul whose best days have been spent in deluding the multitude unto the insane belief that every crime in the calendar was all right. *There*, a man must appear to be what he really is. The law of distinctness is imperative.

Soul is an eternal asbestos; it cannot be consumed, but is purified by fire; and so, whoever would have the soul a pleasant fount of joy in the worlds above, must not lay up bad memories of bad deeds, but forever steer clear of the rocks whereon it is certain to strike if the "All Right" be the beacon or the chart.

Education has much to do in man and woman's final making up. There is a deal of good in every soul, — whole mountains and rivers thereof; but there is also much that may be perverted, — many a little brooklet of very bitter water. In human education many of these have been unduly increased, till now they threaten to overflow the whole estate. Let us dam them up, cut off the supply, and see to it that these brooklets — the passions and bad tendencies — be not caused to flourish by such culture as the oft-quoted maxims would encourage.

The age of extremes of one sort — now happily sliding away — bids fair to be succeeded by another kind, unless good men and earnest women seek to check it ere too strongly grown and mind-entrenched.

We stand in the door of the dawn, fully persuaded that the sun now rising will, ere long, gladden the hearts and homes of men. We have had a surfeit of philosophy, and now need a little common sense. The fact that the race *can* see the first gleams of a better day constitutes no just reason why any man or woman should assume an attitude of self-complacency and proclaim alike to those who *can*, and those who cannot, think clearly, that all the sin and sorrow, vice and misery, now causing the very land to groan beneath the heavy load, is all right; because to do so is to proclaim — a lie! and never was nor can be otherwise. It will not do to shift the responsibility of all existing evils from ourselves to the Creator. God is no more responsible for your deeds or mine than we are for those of our descendants forty centuries hence. Were it otherwise, then creation is a stupendous farce, and God becomes our inveterate enemy, instead of being, what I believe him, — our best and most benignant friend. The Infinite One created, made, fashioned, and decreed the progression and procession of all things. But his work is not yet done — the mighty task is not yet completed; for he is, at this day, still working up the worlds toward the standard himself can only know. He is still present with and over us, in his divine Fatherhood and Providence; he still smiles when we do his will, — still grieves, as of yore, at all that is bad or brutal, unseemly, unmanly, unwomanly, and wrong.

No, no; it will not do to charge God with our shortcomings, and none but an arrant coward would seek to crawl away from the presence of the music himself has evoked! Every true philanthropist, — and these, be it known, are not such as talk temperance, and fatten on the worm of the still; are not such as publicly mourn over harlotry, and let houses for its prosecution; are not such as say, "It is all right," and by their daily actions give themselves the lie direct; are not such as commiserated poor Pompey, and voted him back to the gyves; are not such as go into holy hysterics once a year, and from gayly thronged platforms proclaim the negro a man and a brother, and next day "damn his *black* pic-

ture" because he offers love to their daughters, or attempts to sit down at the same table, — merely by way of testing their honesty, and perpetrating a "black joke" at the same time; not the strong-minded ones who are so rampant for women's rights, public applause, oratory, and fanaticism, that they must needs enlist for life in a warfare against men, — not one of whom they ever made happy for a single hour; not your lady of harsh voice and vinegar soul, who, in the business of world-saving, "goes it with a rush," to the utter neglect of the fireside, the husband, the baby, and the dear, sweet home; not the Spiritualist, who *talks* exceedingly spiritual, and acts as if the body and its gratifications were the only things worth while attending to; not the Harmonialist, whose harmony of life, deed, and influence partakes of the nature of filing saws and discordant penny trumpets; not of this sort is the true philanthropist; but rather he (or she) who in a quiet way does all the good possible, and sticks to it, — every such an one, I repeat, realizes that the world needs bettering; and, for that reason, feels called upon to encourage much less "talkee, talkee," and much more action, *action*, ACTION, with strong arm, steady purpose, and in the right direction. Evils — tremendous, soul-dwarfing, spirit-subjugating evils — such as now afflict the world, can never be talked down; they must be written, worked, lived, and fought down; and the true business of every man and woman who wishes well to the world, is to be up and doing, and keep doing all the while. Will the evils whereof we so justly complain — prostitution, for instance — disappear if we merely stand idly looking on, proclaiming that it is all right, and voting ourselves philosophers when we approach much nearer being fools? He or she who thinks so is neither man nor woman, but only a sort of "What is it?" very interesting to look at and listen to, but a "What is it?" nevertheless.

See! yonder goes a woman; she is fallen, degraded, lost to every sense of decency or shame. Her present mission is to sell herself for so much ready coin to the first human brute who will purchase her. Does she do this fearful sin for the pure love of sinning? No! she does it that she may hand over the jingling deity to the baker, in exchange for bread! bread, sir, to keep her soul within her body yet a little while, and to keep that body above the ground for just a little longer. She is coarse and un-

tidy, uses bad language, and is low; but still, she is a woman, like your mother and like mine, and like them, too, she was once pure and sweet, and beautiful and good. But ah, Christ! how fallen, oh, how fallen! Yes, she was once like *them;* God grant that *they* may never be like her. Is she fulfilling her proper destiny? Virtue is natural; vice is acquired. Bias toward either is hereditary. Circumstance governs the fate of many unfortunates like that woman; she, nor you, nor I, can control circumstance *alone*, but we can join the army of goodness, before which bad circumstance must fly, and better take its place. Come, let's do it. Let us see how many of such fallen ones we can save in a year, — this very identical current year. I'll try! Won't you?

The woman, that wretched sister! — is she and her actions all right? Nonsense! Blasphemy to assert it! She is sliding down the hill of ruin, and will reach the fatal bottom, unless we who can, shall, and will, put forth the effort to redeem and save her. She, poor thing! and there are millions of such, — more's the pity and the shame to those who have made her and them what we see, — she is marring the beauty of her deathless soul; is killing by inches the body she wears; is defacing the priceless tablets of her immortal being; and whoever says all this is right is a fit subject for the lunatic hospital. And yet, there are those who *do* make this preposterous assertion. Now hundreds, ay, thousands, there be, who do not scruple to brand that woman — the unhappy representative of an entire class — with all sorts of infamous and opprobrious epithets, instead of, as they ought, saying and doing all they can to reclaim and save her. They rack the language for harsh names to apply to her, until the poor creature, feeling — most bitterly feeling — that no kind heart throbs for her, no tenderness is, or ever will be, vouchsafed; that she must remain a victim to the spirit of human cruelty, or what is, if possible, still worse, — mock charity; feeling all this, and that she must continue to grope her way all alone through the world, and then drop prematurely and uncared for into the cold, damp grave, from a still colder world, and, all unprepared, crawl up to the Judgment-Seat she has been taught to believe in; feeling all this, and more, it is no great marvel that her heart grows hard, and her once pure soul now totters on the very brink of desperation, while she eats, drinks, and sleeps, the food, and drink, and slumber, of vice and

infamy, day by day, and week after week. Look! there she has accosted a man upon the sidewalk, but scarce has a single word passed, ere one of the potent guardians or custodians of the public morals — an individual in blue coat, brass buttons, and large authority, who has just tossed off a glass of the "good Rhein wein," the generous proffer of a burly ruffian who can afford to *pay* for the protection of his magnificent looking-glasses and marble counters, behind which he stands to deal out liquid ruin at so much the glass — catches sight of the Cyprian plying her dreadful trade. *She*, he *knows*, cannot pay, and so he grows indignantly scrupulous, gruffly tells her to move on, and accelerates her movements with a round oath or two, and a not very gentle push. She mutely obeys, because resistance is out of the question, besides which, she knows that he carries a legally authorized bludgeon in his pocket, and that he would not hesitate to use it on the slightest pretext, either upon herself or any one who should expostulate or counsel gentler measures; a very dirty bludgeon it is, too; still he tries to keep it clean, and once in a while washes it of the blood spots, and cleans it of the matted hair, — human hair, — from the heads of the last half-dozen drunken sots whom he found asleep upon the sidewalks, and took *such Christian* means to arouse from their airy slumbers. But why should we find fault? Isn't he a regular policeman? Well, be quiet, then, and don't complain. What better can you expect? Is it at all reasonable to demand that an officer should have plenty of muscle, and a heart at the same time? Nonsense! Now I ask if all the parts or any of this picture are right? and I answer *No!* and the utterance is both deep and full; so deep, so loud, so full, that the very vaults of heaven echo back, and ring out, No!

No human being exists but in whom the germs of the generous and good, the beautiful and the true, lie ready to spring forth into excellent glory. We know this, and know it well. These germs may be in fallow ground; still they are there, and it is your business and mine to so plough this fallow land that it shall cause these seeds to spring up and thriftily grow. What though the soil be hard and stony, dry and parched; the fruit of our culture will be rich and succulent, for the warming beams of God's sunlight and grace will perfect and ripen the produce, and it shall be immortally sweet, eternally beautiful and fragrant, forever and for aye!

Reader, have you never observed the fact that even the very bad and vicious occasionally flash forth somewhat of the Divine, — sometimes gleam out the hidden glory? Well, there's a mine of diamonds in every soul, and God and nature, and all human love, calls on you and me to bring these diamonds forth to the sunlight, that they may catch the radiance of heaven, and flash out their glories on the air and to the world, kindling up the emulation of virtue and excellent doing in all human souls.

There goes that abandoned woman. Let us follow her, — this prostitute, this lost and ruined sister, this creature, fashioned after the likeness of our God, but now, alas, so supremely foul and wretched. She is hieing *homeward!* Homeward? what a mockery that word conveys; yet she has what she calls a home, and beneath that shelter, such as it is, lies at this moment, upon its pallet of straw, a babe,—*her* child, bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh. Poor infant! truly begotten in sin and brought forth in iniquity; but none the less a precious, priceless, immortal soul, for all that, — a SOUL just as dear as any for which we are told God's Son forsook the courts of glory, and came to earth to suffer and to die on the stony heights of Calvary, — a soul just as precious to the Infinite heart, as the best-born of earth, because it *is* a human soul, and his life pulses through it, as well as through you or me, or the holiest ones of earth or heaven; and albeit, we may, and, as virtuous citizens of the great world, can but frown upon the guilt and folly that opened the gate by the which it entered into outer being; yet nevertheless it is a soul, and as such has crying claims upon our love, and care, and kindliness; for being here is not that blessed baby's fault, and in the coming judgment, if there be one, God's prosecuting angel will hold it accountable for its own sins, not for its mother's sorrows and misfortunes. And even for its own sins, Sandalphon, the prayer-angel, will eloquently plead at the foot of the eternal throne.

Well, she has left the highway, and turned down a narrow, dark, and dreadful alley, one of those horrible sinks of moral poison, pestilence, and perdition; the awful and disgusting vice-cancers, sin-blotches, and festering pest-lanes, which are the eternal disgrace of all the great cities of the world; infamous purlieus of Misery, wherein gaunt Robbery moodily sits plotting

his villany, and pale Murder lies nursing red-handed Butchery, who ere long will fright the very world with horror.

How strangely people change! A little while ago, and that woman's crest was held aloft and erect, in brazen impudence and defiance, as she paced up and down the streets, a human spider, intent upon drawing silly human flies into her horrible web,—a web which they can never quit as pure, and good, and innocent in body and in mind, as when they entered; for it is poison,—every thread and fibre of it, except the baby in the bed,—and the deadly odor of the Upas fills all the region round about.

Why turns she so quickly down that lane? Well, I will tell you. Because the itching and the tingling of her breasts told her that the babe of her agony and her shame was a-hungered for the thin, blue milk of her bosom. And so she quits the street, for maternal love is much stronger than the love of guilt or money. Soon the glare of the street lamp no longer shines upon her form, for it is lost amid the labyrinths and devious windings of that dark and noisome alley-way, this horrid tomb of all the human virtues. But her aspect has changed; and the flaunting courtesan hangs her head, as she carefully and lightly threads her way along. The harlot's sun has set, and the star of the Woman and the Mother reigns triumphant for—an hour!

Up, up, up, the dark and filthy stairs she flies, for the milk-pains urge her on; anon the attic is reached; a little brass key turns in the lock; a ready match is ignited; the little lamp illumes the seven-by-nine den, for chamber it cannot be called; she runs to the bedside, falls lovingly upon it, snatches up the prattler, presses it to her bosom, and "*my babe, my precious babe!*" she cries, as the great round tears gush up from her heart,—her *woman's* heart, after all! The little one answers with a gleeful chuckle, and in another moment is busily engaged in drawing vitality from the body of weakness, virtuous life from the paps of guilt! *Love*, pure, dear, sweet, and precious love reigns then and there; just such love as your mother felt for you, my reader, my sister, or my brother; just such love in kind, and degree, as Christians tell us prompted our God to send his only begotten, because most perfectly begotten Son, to earth for purposes of salvation and redemption; just such love as made the meek and lowly Nazarene toilsomely bear his cross up the stony steeps of Cal-

vary, and afterward groan and die thereon! Surely that woman is not wholly lost who feels even a little love like this.

And so we see this woman in all her sin and misery. Is it all right? By the God of Heaven, *no;* a pealing, thundering, heaven-rending NO! It can never be right for a true woman, or a true man, to rest contented while such things be! Society — you, sir, and me, — you, madam, and I, as integers thereof, must *work*, WORK, WORK, to bring about a better state of things. It can never be right to foster or in any way encourage the growth of such monstrous evils, as I, who love the race much better than a party or a philanthropic clique, herein attempt to outline and depict. The modern declaimers for the doctrine "whatever is is right" could not have foreseen the fearful consequences likely to arise from the enunciation of the great sophism. I am charitable enough to believe they did not so foresee them.

Nevertheless the infectious malaria *has* gone out upon its peace-destroying mission; and doubtless there are scores of thousands who, failing to perceive the utter rottenness of the fallacy, felicitate themselves that, being God's creatures, they can do no wrong; because he is at the head of all human founts and springs of action, therefore everything is as it ought to be. It is quite time the calumny was refuted, and the people set right on this question, and if this endeavor in the right direction shall have, as I believe it will, the effect of depriving this new viper of its fangs, this detestable serpent of its sting, this asp of its poison, I shall not fail to thank God, with an overflowing heart.

Doubtless all things in the mere material, and dumb, deaf, unthinking, unconscientious, and unreflecting world are right, and the man or woman must be insane who would find fault, cavil at or dispute the truth of what, in this light, confessedly, becomes an axiom.

I cannot evade the conclusion, looking at the subject from the stand-point of intuition and clairvoyance, that God understood his business well when he began the world; and when we take this lofty stand to pass judgment on the "All-Right" philosophy, we cannot help affirming that, beyond all cavil, the man is correct who affirms that "whatever is is right."

But my endorsement of the doctrine extends not one single step beyond the mere physical world, its laws and action; for

when the All-Right doctrine ventures beyond that and enters the vast domain of custom, habit, philosophy, morals, and religion, then it is woefully out of place, and unworthy of even respectful consideration. Let us live, act, talk, and die right, — then it will indeed be for us and the world — All Right.

Our life on the other side will demonstrate the truth of what this book contains, carp at it *now* who will or may. I have penned it at a time when it was more than doubtful if I should live to finish it. In the words of poor Poe: "What I have here written is truth, therefore it cannot die; or if it be trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to the life everlasting.

I thank God for this great living light of clairvoyance, which has enabled me, a man who never had two years' schooling in his life, to behold these eternal verities and principles. It is not a special gift, but a latent power in us all, and as I have stated in my book THE WHOLE ART OF CLAIRVOYANCE can be attained by a majority of those who patiently try.

"No curtain hides from view the spheres elysian,
Save these poor shells of half-transparent dust,
And all that blinds the spiritual vision
Is pride, and hate, and lust."

As for me I shall still, while I remain on earth, devote my life and clairvoyance, not to the mere examination, but to the treatment and cure of those human ailments and diseases that I have made a specialty, and in which, by God's great favor, I have been the means of curing to so great an extent.

And now, little book, go forth and work out the mission for which you were designed; and may all who read you find peace and good, and, dying, meet your author where the *weary* cease from troubling, and the *wicked* are at rest.

Meanwhile, grateful and thankful to the Supreme Power of the universe for the gift of seership, and for the power of upraising those who, by perverted law, have fallen into disease and despair, I shall, while living, continue to exercise the divine privilege, and thus perfect my dwelling in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

P. B. RANDOLPH.

JUNE, 1869.

APPENDIX.

PART II. A.

DISCOVERIES — THE GRAND SECRET OF LIFE.

That soul, spirit, and body are, in this life, closely related, and interdependent, is a truth which, although denied by unreasoning zealots, is so plain and clear, under the strong light that starry Science has thrown upon the subject, that none but semi-idiots can possibly disaffirm.

I now announce another startling truth, believing, most solemnly believing, as I do, that moral, social, domestic, and intellectual health cannot possibly exist unless the human body is also in a free, full, pure state of normal health likewise. I have not the slightest doubt but that the bodily states here affect the immortal soul hereafter, and that the sin against the Holy Ghost is, in its ulterior effects, the most terrible that man can imagine. Elsewhere I have defined it, and also announced the discovery of two other very important truths, namely, That nine-tenths of all the "Crime," "Sin," and "Iniquity" committed on the globe, and especially within the pale of so-called "civilization" is wholly, solely, and entirely the result or effect of Chemical, Electrical, and Magnetic conditions; and that if those who commit them were under the influence of an opposite state of things, quite opposite results and conduct would be the rule and not the exception! However this theory may be misapprehended now, the day is not far off when its golden truth will be gratefully acknowledged on all sides; for it will be clearly seen that the same laws govern the mind as rule the body. Who is there that does not know that drunkenness is a mere *chemical* condition; that the effect of sudden ill-news turns one sick at the stomach; that disappointment hardens the

liver; that fear relaxes the bowels; that grief unstrings the muscles; and that, in fact, a hundred other purely chemical effects demonstrate the truth of this my new theory?

My researches into the arcana of mental and physical disease have fully satisfied me that this world of ours will never be the delightful place it is capable of becoming, till the great chemico-dynamic laws are clearly understood and obeyed. There is a theory extant that man is born with just a certain amount of life capital, which can never be added to, and which, when used up, terminates his earthly career. But that theory is *not* true. I am satisfied of the contrary, and it is a pleasure to me to be able to tell such as fear early death that habitual deep breathing, a reasonable share of bathing, good food, soft water, sunshine, music, and, above all, calmness under provocation, and true human love, will add new stock to the bank of life.

Should my readers, and the vast public that I now address, be asked to state what they considered the most supreme bliss of physical life, no two answers would probably be the same; for one would name this, another that, and so on through them all; and the chances are that not one of them would correctly name it. Beyond all question the most rapturous sensation the human body can experience is sudden relief from pain, — an assertion amply confirmed by every one's experience. Freedom from pain is a supreme joy, perfect health the chief good, — facts not realized till both are gone.

The surgeon at his dissecting table is struck with awe as he beholds the marvels of the human body, even when still and cold in the icy folds of Death; but what would be his astonishment and awe, could he with true clairvoyant eye behold the mighty machine in full and active motion, — as I and many others have through that marvellous magnetic sight? Not for an emperor's diadem would I exchange the blessed knowledge thus acquired, for it has saved many a valuable life, and the glory is greater, and hereafter will be more highly prized, than that of any imperial butcher whose fame is builded upon rape, carnage, and fields red-wet with human slaughter.

"It is all guess-work!" said one of earth's greatest physicians, when speaking of his own art; and it is certain that nearly all the old theories of diseases and their remedies are fast dying out, and

that the era of Positive Science is already dawning on the world. People now begin to understand of what their bodies are composed, and to realize that the best remedies are those already manufactured and compounded by Nature herself; or, in other words, they begin to know that any given form of disease indicates either the excess or absence of one or more of the elements that go to make up the body, and that means must be used to vacate the excess, or to supply the deficiency, which being done, and chemical harmony and electric and magnetic equilibrium being restored, physical, mental, and moral health follow, *must* follow, with mathematical certainty and precision. These physical remedies of Nature are heat, water, light, exercise, sleep, food, and fresh air,—the last being greatest, seeing that it is the most direct vehicle of life itself.

Men, and women too, have existed for long years immured in vile dungeons, deprived of all light; for no blessed sun-ray ever reached their blank abodes. These same victims, and millions more, existed and exist, without exercise, and with but poor food, and a worse supply of water. Caravans on the desert, and sailors becalmed or wrecked, have gone even twenty days without water, and yet survived to tell the dreadful tale of their fearful agonies when thus deprived. We are all familiar with the records of the long periods of forced abstinence from food, not a few instances having reached the enormous period of thirty consecutive days; nor need I scarce mention the wonderful resisting power of the human body against the extremes of both heat and cold, but especially the former. In some parts of India, Australia, and Africa, men thrive under a temperature within twenty-five degrees of that of boiling water; while here, right in our midst, thousands of fools flock to see others of the same species handle bars of hot iron, wash their hands in molten lead, walk barefoot on red-hot plates, and enter ovens with raw meat, abiding therein till said flesh is thoroughly done. Pity some of these foolhardy people couldn't find some safer way to earn a livelihood than by thus sportively trifling with sacred human life!

In reference to sleep, how many of my readers have spent sleepless nights for weeks together, when, by nervous irritability, trouble, or illness, it has been utterly impossible to snatch a moment's respite from the terrible unrest! How often the poor, pale, sad-hearted mother, as she leans and lingers over the sick-bed of

her fever-stricken darling, finds sleep a stranger to her eyelids, and a fearfully intense wakefulness baffle all her attempts to catch even one brief half-hour's slumber and repose! How often the "business man," — he who breathes the atmosphere of money-bags, lives wholly on 'Change, and whose sweetest melody is the music of jingling dollars, — the man who reads with feverish anxiety the daily commercial news, and watches with deep interest the fluctuation of stocks and commodities in the half-glutted marts of the "civilized" world, as he bends in slavish worship at the shrine of the golden god, — how often, I repeat, do men like him, — and they are very plentiful in these dismal days, — go day after day, for months and years, with scarce a night's sound sleep! Thus it is plain that mankind can, and often does, support existence, when deprived of food, raiment, light, heat, exercise, water, sleep, and fresh air.

Atmospheric air is a compound, one-third of which is oxygen; and this oxygen contains the principle of animal life within the minute globules whereof it is formed. Now, if there be an excess of this life-principle in a given volume of oxygen, whoever breathes it burns up, as it were, and becomes unfitted for normal living. If in the air we breathe there be less than a due amount of oxygen, containing the vital principle, whatever breathes it, slowly but surely dies. This discovery — that oxygen is more than a common gas; that it is the vehicle of the vital principle, hence is itself a principle — is a most important one to the world, and especially the scientific portion thereof. If oxygen were to be withdrawn from the air for one short five minutes, every living thing — man and plant, animal and insect, reptile and fish, bird and worm — would perish instantaneously, and the globe we inhabit be turned into one vast festering graveyard. Not a vestige of any kind of life would remain to gladden the vision of an angel, should one of God's messengers chance to wing his flight that way. All terrestrial things would have reached a crisis; creation's wheels and pinions be effectually clogged; life itself go out in never-ending darkness, and gaunt, dreary chaos ascend the throne of the mundane world, never again to be displaced!

The immense importance of this principle may be seen in the case of those who delve for lucre in the shape of coal, tin, etc., etc., hundreds of feet beneath earth's surface; for these people

manage to live with a very limited supply of oxygen and the vital principle as inhalants, making amends for it by eating highly phosphoric and oxygenic food; but the very instant that the gaseous exhalations, frequently generated in such places, reach a point of volume, bulk, or amount, sufficient to absorb or neutralize the oxygen, as is liable to occur from the combination forming new compounds in those dark abodes, that instant, grim Death, mounted on the terrible choke-damp, — as the accumulation of foul air is called, — rides forth to annihilate and exterminate every moving, living being there!

Again: It may happen that oxygen, which is the principle of flame, accumulates too fast, gathers in too great volume, and unites with other inflammable gases. In such a case, woe be to that mine and its hundreds of human occupants, — if by accident or carelessness the least fiery spark touches that combustible air, — for an explosion louder than the roar of a hundred guns upon a battle-field takes place; one vast sheet of red-hot flame leaps forth to shatter, blast, and destroy, and in one moment the work of years is undone; the mine crushed in, and no living being escapes to tell the dreadful story of the awful and sudden doom.

If the entire oxygen of the air should take fire, as it might by a very slight increase of its volume, the entire globe would burn like a cotton-field on fire, and the entire surface of the earth be changed into solid glass within an hour!

And yet this terrible agent is man's best and truest friend. It is a splendid nurse, and a better physician never yet existed, and never will.

This great truth long since forced itself upon the popular mind; but no sooner were the people familiar with the name of oxygen, than empirical toadstools, in the shape of unprincipled quacks, sprung up all over the land, persuading sick people that they would speedily get well by breathing what they had the impudence to call "vitalized air," as if God himself had not sufficiently vitalized the great aerial ocean in which the world is cushioned; or that health and power would come again by inhaling "oxygenized air," — as if it were possible to add one particle of oxygen to the air we breathe more than God placed there originally.

A couple of these harpies once partially convinced me that they really effected cures by administering what they called oxygenized

air, and, liking the *theory*, I accepted it, and even wrote two or three articles in its favor. But when I looked into the matter and found the theory false, — having been led thereto by an article written by the ablest chemist in America, Dr. Nichols, of Boston,— I decided that whoever was so unwise as to inhale their stuff was in danger of sudden death, while whoever should *breathe* pure oxygen would as certainly burn up inside, as if he or she drank pure alcohol and kept it up.

There is but one way in which the *inhalation* of oxygen can do any good whatever to a person, sick or well, and that is to breathe it just as God intended it should be, — in the sun-warmed, open air!

I have elsewhere said that no one can be good or virtuous in soiled linen. I strengthen it with — nor unless the lungs be well inflated!

Look at the operation of this principle in the case of a man who is pent up in an old dingy office three-fifths of every day. He cannot enjoy life. Why? Because his lungs are leathery and collapsed, never filled with aught save close, dusty, foul, over-breathed, stove-heated air. The man is, though ignorant of the fact, dying by inches, because his blood and other fluids are loaded down with the foul exhalations which he draws into his system while breathing his own breath over and over again, as he does at least five thousand times a day; and at every breath he puts a nail in his own coffin, and drives it home by every half-chewed meal he eats. Now, let that man smell the heart of an oak log two feet thick every morning, — after he shall daily cut his way to it with a dull axe, and in one month his ills will vanish under this prescription of "oxygenized air;" his weight will have increased twenty pounds; for the labor will have made him puff and blow, and his lungs, taking advantage of that puffing and blowing, will have luxuriated in their oxygenic treat. Why? Because they impart it and its contained vitality to the blood, and away *that* goes, health-charged, through every artery of the body, cleaning out the passages as it flies along, leaving a little health here and a little there, until, in a few months, the entire man is renewed and made over from head to heel. His color comes again; his haggardness has gone; he is full of life, vivacity, and fun; pokes your ribs as he retails, with flashing eye and extreme unc-

tion, the last new practical joke he played. He eats three times his usual quantum of roast beef and plum-pudding; plays at leap-frog with his boys in the parlor, to the utter bewilderment of all the rest of the family; and when his wife expostulates, embraces and kisses her with a fervor that reminds her of the early years, — lang syne; laughs at dyspepsia; bids the mully-grubs good-by; dismisses his doctor; cracks a *mot* at the expense of the cemetery man; outwits his peers on 'change; dances the polka with his head-clerk, to the *can-can* tune of Offenbach's "*Duchess of Gerolstein;*" enjoys life with a rush, generally, and swears he cannot die for laughing! So much for oxygen, — inhaled as it only ought to be, — naturally.

Now, look at these other pictures: One is the babe of parents, fast, fond, and foolish, as ever drew breath, hence their child's first practical lesson is to have a holy horror of fresh air, sunshine, — not a hand's breadth of which ever falls on its pretty face lest it get tanned, and some fool declare its grandfather must have been an American citizen of African descent, — and cold water. Out on such folly! The poor child is gasping for God's free air; and its pale lips and sunken blue eyes, white, delicate, semi-lucent skin, narrow chest, and cramped soul and body, are so many eloquent protests against baby-*cide*, and pleadings for more light, air, life; more backing against the croup, measles, scarletina, fevers, worms, wasting, weazenness, and precocity, to which all baby life is exposed, and which it *must* meet, conquer, or die itself.

Instead of exercising common sense, the child is padded on the outside, and stuffed and crammed with sweets, cakes, pies, candies, and a host of other abominations, all of which diminish its chances for health, and tend directly to ripen it prematurely, so that at ten years of age, if it lives that long, it is perfectly well posted in certain baleful school habits, which I have elsewhere stated is the same that in Scripture is meant by the "sin against the Holy Ghost." In plain words, I refer to self-pollution.

Look now at another baby, the child of yonder Irish woman, clad, it is true, in coarse raiment; whose poverty won't afford pies or such trash, but only the coarsest kind of food, which is, however, most deliciously seasoned with that richest of all condiments, — hunger. But poor as she undoubtedly is in this world's goods, she is richer than a queen in real wealth; for she is con-

tented with her lot, by reason of robust health, itself the result of labor, and supremely blest and happy in her glorious but uproarious family of children, — nine young ones and two at the breast, — regular loud-lunged roysterers are most of them, the terror of squirrels, birds' nests, and stray dogs, but at the same time the hope and pride of Young America, — of Milesian lineage, — chaps who will one day give a good account of themselves, if ever the foreign foe invades the soil of this fair land of ours! Girls that are girls in every sense, with something tangible rather than spring-steel or cotton-paddible to boast of! — cherry-lipped, rosy-cheeked, plump, and fair, destined to family honors by and by, prouder than a queen upon her jewelled throne. No disease lurks there; no consumptive lungs under those breast-bones, and no terrible catalogue of aches, pains, bad teeth, and worse breath; no cramps and qualms and female diseases there, because the house they live in is built on beef and potatoes, instead of hot drinks and fashionable flummery.

Now, it will be just as difficult for the children of that poor woman to fall into the popular train of vices characterizing too many American youth, as it will be easy for the children of the first couple to be victimized before they reach their fifteenth year. The coarser type will outlive the more delicate, and when all is over will have been of more real service to the world.

"How the candle flickers, Nellie! how the candle flickers!" said a dying man to his darling wife, the idol of his heart, the beloved of his soul, the pure, the true, the beautiful Nellie, wife of his soul. "How the candle flickers, darling! put it out, — and — go to — bed, weenie. I shall sleep well — to-night — and awaken — in the — morning! Good-night, darling! *How the candle* flickers!"

It was *not* the candle that flickered, it was his lamp of life burned to the socket; for death was veiling his eyes from the world, — at fifty years of age, — mid-life, when he should have been in his prime.

Why was he dying? Why did life's candle flicker ere half-burnt out? Because his had been a life of thought. To embellish immortal pages he had toiled, almost ceaselessly, and wholly unrequited, during long years, and that, too, in gaunt poverty, while those about him whom his brain-toil had enriched and made

insolent, fared sumptuously every day, while he was immured in a garret, painfully laboring for an ungrateful world, — which usually crushes a man down, and stamps upon him for falling! As fell that man, so have thousands of the world's true heroes and geni fallen. But he and they are not blameless. His fault was neglect of his lungs and general health while recuperative energy yet remained; and then came colds, coughs, nervous debility, until at last he gave the signal of departure for the summer shores of AIDENN in the sad, sad words that fell like leaden rain on the heart of her who loved him *so* tenderly and well.

"The candle flickers, Nellie. I — shall — sleep — well! Go to — bed — weenie. I shall awaken, darling, — I shall awaken in the" — vast eternity!

Died for want of an ordinary precaution, and because those who make disease a professional study did not, could not, comprehend his case. When, oh, when will people of brains learn to abide by Charles Reade's advice, "Genius, genius, take care of your carcass"?

This simile of a flickering candle is a true one, for the very instant you cut off the supply of carbon and oxygen, out it goes. Supply what it wants, and instantly it regains all its power and brightness. Just so it is with our bodies. When sick they do not require a heroic system of treatment, but simply a clear understanding of what elements are in excess or exhaustion, and a scientific procedure on that basis will not fail to brighten up many a human candle that otherwise would speedily go out forever, so far as this life is concerned.

Of course it is seen from this that the system I claim to have discovered, and which I apply in my practice, and am here trying to impart to others, aims to entirely revolutionize the medical practice of Christendom; and that it will do so is just as certain as that truth is of more vital stamina than error; and I gratefully appreciate the reception of my theory by so large a number of intelligent and prominent physicians.

That system has never yet failed in a single instance. It is, briefly, the power and art of extirpating disease from the human body by supplying that body with the opposite of disease, which is life. Now, it has been demonstrated that all known diseases are the result of the excess or absence of one or more of the seven

principal components of the body, — potassa, manganese, chlorine, azote, osmozone, oxygen, and, not as chemists heretofore have contended, phosphorus, but an element embracing that principle and which I have named phosogen, — the hypothetical radical of Elemental Phosodyn, chemically speaking, and the base of the dynamic-medical agent, called phosodyn. Now, while the administration of any of these in crude form would be useless, it is absolutely certain that ethereal, semi-homœopatic combinations of them furnish the most prompt and radical means of cure the world has ever seen. Here are the principles; let them be fairly tried by the profession, and failure is impossible.

These four elements and combinations I alone discovered, and I alone shall make them till I leave the earth.

I cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of all who shall hereafter read this book that nearly all drug medication is worse than useless. Diseases are of but two kinds: one exhaustive, — consumption and that class; or repletive, as fevers, dropsy, and that class; and one requires carbonaceous treatment, food, etc., the other oxygenic food and treatment; and both should be potentialized by human magnetism. Most diseases are negative, and require phosogenic treatment, and food and drink containing that order of elements, as beef, fish, etc., or drinks rich in oxygenic and nitrogenic elements, for life itself is the very basis you proceed on. Now, when the physician or nurse administers a cordial thus compounded, as soon as it reaches the stomach and comes in contact with the gastric surfaces, they are instantly changed into vital force in liquid form; for oxygen itself, independent of its contained vitality, is not a simple, but a compound, whose constituents are heat, light, and electricity, as I have discovered and demonstrated, and that great agent is immediately generated in large volume *within* the body, and in its *natural* form; thus the blood which takes it up is instantly charged with absolutely new life, and the life thus supplied is ramified through every nook and corner of the system, and the elements of death, in the shape of morbid conditions, and foul and offensive matter are straightway dislodged, expelled the system, the worn-out tissues rebuilt, the nervous apparatus rendered firm, the wastes made to bloom again, grief taken from the mind, sorrow from the heart, morbidity from the soul, and a new lease of existence taken, simply be

cause the abnormal *polarities* are changed, and the chemical conditions entirely altered, — for it is an axiom that the conditions of death cannot coexist with life.

The human body may be compared to a steam-engine, which so long as the fires are kept up goes well; but if the furnace is fed with wet wood, the speed slackens, fires go out, and the machine comes to a stand-still. But suppose you put the very best wood in the *boiler* instead of in the furnace! Why everybody says you are a fool, and laughs you to scorn because you tried to drive an engine after that absurd fashion. Well that is exactly what medical men are doing with the human body, in their attempts to correct the evils of perverted or excessive passionalism, and the horrid train of nervous aberrations that now afflict the better half of civilized society. I am loth to say it, but it is the eternal truth nevertheless! If a person is ill, it is fashionable to assign the disturbance to the stomach, and to forthwith begin to cram that unfortunate organ with purgatives, and a long catalogue of herb teas, and outrageous compounds, which, if cast into the sea would poison all the fish, turn leviathan's stomach inside out, and line our coasts with rank carcasses, sufficient to kill all who dared breathe the pestilent odor; and yet this is called medical "science!" If a woman is sick, give her quassia, say the doctors; if rheumatic, give cholchicum; if she is irritable, administer assafœtida, bitter almonds, castile soap, croton oil, valerian, and cubebs; or else attempt a cure on strictly homœopathic principles, — with the little end of nothing whittled down to a sharp point; with boli of the quintillionth solution of a grain of mustard seed! else souse her, douse her, stew, steam, bake, broil, grill, roast, boil, freeze, or drench her; else resort to botanizing her with marley, barley, parsley, mullein, rose-leaves, lilies, toadstools, catnip, and daffydowndillies; or pull her to pieces with the "Movement Cure;" or take the prescription of one of the charlatans who, calling themselves professors, are as ignorant of the chemistry of the human body, as they are of who built Baalbec, or "The Old Stone Mill." Pursue either of these courses and perhaps you will cure the patient as fishermen cure shad and salmon — when well dead! — certainly not before that event!

A man who has the catarrh: Well, give him plenty of peppery snuff, to irritate the seat of his ailment! Rheumatism, — go

and rub him down with cayenne pepper, coal oil, alcohol, pitch, tar, and turpentine, ginger, salt, and allspice, — for these are all capital things to "*cure.*"

Look! yonder is a fair, pale-visaged girl, — said to be dying with consumption of the lungs, and being doctored accordingly, — when the chances are a hundred to one that the seat and source of her disease is in the valves of the arteries, fimbræ, pudic nerve, uterus, duvernayan glands, or in some of the minute lacunæ of the pelvic region, producing, of course, nervous exhaustion, followed by lung ulcerations and death, in nine cases in every ten. Now a month's treatment with the prepared bromides, followed with either of the phymyllic remedies would put that girl upon her feet, sound and well; but instead of that she is plied with lime, cod-liver oil — pah! mustard-plaster, onion syrup, iron, soda, morphine, and a hundred other unavailing nostrums.

Wait awhile: "What's the news?" "She died last night!" And thus it is in the majority of cases of real or apprehended tubercular consumption, asthma, dyspepsia, bronchitis, neuralgia, female complaints, prolapsus uteri, spinal disease, and all that vast host of illnesses that have their origin in disturbed affection, unrequited love, uterine diseases and continued grief in women, married and single. And yet these are *not* diseases, but symptoms of one great disease, — a chemical disturbance, originating mainly in morbid conditions of the *nervous apparatus*, hence emotional systems, of men and women, — causing radical changes in the fluids of the body, and thereby loading them with bitter, acid, acrid, corroding, biting elements, which malignant elements never were, nor can be, driven out by any amount of drenching or mere drugging; for so long as they are *there* the patient *must* move graveward. Now, when once the fluids are thus charged with these angular and corroding atoms, the latter invariably locate themselves in, and fasten upon the weakest spot. If the lungs are weak and shallow, look out for consumption, bronchitis, asthma, pneumonia or peritonitis; if other parts be more vulnerable, then dyspepsia, epilepsy, nervous weakness, magnetic depletion, fits, uterine prolapsus, cancer, scrofula, spinal complaint, are sure to follow, and not unfrequently the brain itself is attacked. And no drugs can cure them, because they indicate the absence of five great elements from the body, and three others in excess. Now, I

affirm that a judicious combination of the elements already named will unquestionably banish all such forms of disease from the world forever, and I believe that I shall not have been many years in the land of disbodied souls, ere the discoveries I now announce will be accepted the wide world over, and that the binary combinations of these few elements will supersede all other medical agents on the globe. In making these disclosures I do not pretend to say that I am not desirous of duly reaping a fair profit for the brain toil given to perfect my discoveries; for to do so would be untrue; but personal gain is by no means the strongest motive that actuates me; for I know these dynamic agents will cure all nervous diseases; I know all nervous diseases spring from disarrangements of the sexual system, from various causes, and I believe these diseases affect the human soul and spirit on both sides of the eternal gulf, and for that reason alone I make these disclosures. True, I am grateful when orders come for them, and I gladly shut myself up in my laboratory to compound and fill them; but if never a dollar came I should still give my knowledge and thank God for the opportunity of saving hundreds, and perhaps, by God's mercy, thousands, of insane, nervous, and exhausted people of both sexes, — unfortunate victims of amative extremism and inverted passional appetite, — people now robbed, poisoned, and irreparably injured by the rampant quackery of the times in which we live, to say nothing of the relief that by these means may be given to the vast armies now rapidly marching on to irremediable ruin under the baleful influence of the three great fiends of modern civilization, — alcohol, opium, and tobacco, — all of which I not only believe, but absolutely know, to be not merely destructive to physical health, but deeply injurious to man's immortal interests after the passage over the river of death, — injurious to a degree only less than that of solitary pollution, — the crime against God, and beyond all doubt the sin against Man's immortal soul

Teachers innumerable, male and female, have asserted that love is in no wise connected to, associated with, or influenced by, amorous desire. So far as my long-continued observations go, they are both right and wrong. Right, when they elevate the sentiment of friendship and call it love; wrong, when they confound the *amicive* or friendly feeling, with the *amative* passion.

Affection is an attribute of the soul, *per se*, and in one of its

moods or phases is altogether independent of magnetic attraction, personal appearance, sex, or condition; and yet it is impossible for a really fine soul to fully *love* a brutal or coarse one; and when such anomalies present themselves, as occasionally they do, the passion is unhealthy, abnormal, and must be set down to the score of insanity. Intensification of friendship undoubtedly constitutes one of the supreme blisses of our port-mortem existence; and yet it would be a poor heaven, in my judgment, in which there were no reciprocal play of the purely nerval sexual forces of the human soul; for *that* love, above all other phases of the master-passion, is, after all, the attractive chord, chain, motive, substance, or principle, which connects the two universal sexes together, and of them constitutes the one grand unity, Man. It is entirely different from that which binds together persons of the same gender.

I announce another new truth when I affirm, as I do, that love is not only liable to, but often is, the subject of disease, and from the diseases thus originated spring nine-tenths of all human ailments.

Not a tenth part of civilized mankind are free of all effects of diseased passion and love, nor can perfect concord reign until *all* are so. The existing state of things can and ought to be remedied. If the love of a man be diseased, then there is not sufficient secreting or generating power to produce the prostatic and seminal lymph, or to effect the chemico-magnetic change into nerve aura, that fluid fire which suffuses and rushes like a dream-tempest through our souls, bodies, and spirits, when in presence of one who evokes our love, — love in its very essence, purity, and power. If a woman's love-nature be diseased, then her whole better nature becomes morbidly changed, and a dreadful catalogue of sufferings gradually fastens upon her, not the greatest of which are the innumerable weaknesses, cancers, nervousness, neuralgias, consumptions, and aches, which remorselessly drag her down to premature death, and whereupon unfeeling quacks wax rich. We cannot have great men till we have healthy mothers!

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to briefly show the interrelations and mutual interdependence existing between our souls, our spirits, and our material bodies; I will therefore briefly do it.

Over eight-tenths of the food we take consists of water and earthy, carbonaceous matter, most of which the body expels, while

the fine essences enter the blood, are carried to the heart, and after being charged with additional oxygen and vitality in the lungs, where they are first forced, and afterwards pumped through the body, building it up and renewing every part through which it passes while swinging round its circle, — nervous, osseous, muscular, cerebral, pelvic, — and thus supplying mental, physical, emotional and passional energy. Now suppose, as is really the case in eight out of ten ailing persons, that the lacteals, the mesenteric glands, and absorbents are broken down by over use, tobacco, liquor; or that they are packed and clogged with earthy, chalky matters, or slimed up with purulent mucus, — why, then over three-fourths of the food taken fails of the end sought; is expelled with the waste, and the blood rushes over its course with either too few nourishing elements, or is heavily loaded with pestilential substances, utterly hostile to health and vigor, and prolific of a thousand pains and penalties. By aid of a power peculiar to myself in some respects, at least, I have been able to demonstrate that the blood is a clear lymph, in which floats myriads of round red globules; and that certain chemical conditions of the system greatly alter or change the shape of these globules; and that wherever they are thus changed pain is an absolutely certain resultant. If these globules preserve their proper shape and consistence, they glide along easily, smoothly, and deposit their treasures in proper places, — eye-material to the eyes; nail, bone, cartilage, nervous, muscle, bone salival, prostatic, seminiferous and other materials, all are lodged just where they are wanted. But let there be a chemical alteration, changing their shape, and the wrong materials are quite certain to go just where they are not wanted; hence irritating particles are frequently lodged in the lungs, instead of, perhaps, in the bones, where they properly belong. Now these irritant atoms are sure to beget ulcerations, which may, and often do, terminate in death. If such atoms are lodged in the brain, we have insanity, head trouble, etc. If in the nerves, neuralgia follows; if in the artereal valves, the heart suffereth; if in the prostate, then seminal troubles ensue; and so of all other parts of the grand bodily machine. Perhaps, because this theory is new it may prove offensive to antiquated medical "science;" but it is none the less true, and real for all that!

Any one can swallow peas, currants, or even small shot without

inconvenience, because they are smooth and round; but if each pea, currant, or shot, should happen to be armed with several stiff, sharp points, leaning in all directions, the task were a great deal less agreeable. Now, if the blood be loaded down with acid, acrid, or other morbid matters, indicating a change of chemical condition, as well as of magnetic and electric polarity, the blood globules become flattened, bulged, angular, and pointed; hence they clog and impede the general circulation. Lodge these angular atoms here, there, and everywhere, and we are forthwith tortured with sciatica, gout, rheumatism, acute, stationary, chronic, or flying. Flying, why? Because by hot fomentations, rubbing, etc., the blood-vessels are warmed. Heat expands; the channels widen, disgorgement occurs, and the fluid blood carries the semi-solid angular globules somewhere else, and the shoulder agony is exchanged for knee torture, — only that, and nothing more; for we *never* get rid of rheumatism till the blood globules change their form, which they will only do when supplied with the deficient elements, or the excessive ones are withdrawn. And so with every other form of disease known to man. No patient ever yet died of cholera, or yellow fever, to whom chlorine and phosodyn elixir was administered before death seized on him! No one ever yet died of consumption who was treated on the principles herein laid down.

It is well, too well, known what slaves mankind are to alcohol, opium, and tobacco. Why? Because the globules are retained by the blood in a multi-angular shape, and the effort to regain their normal form, when the victim tries to burst his bonds, is exceedingly painful. But suppose these victims *drink water only*, a few weeks. What then? Why, that angularity is gradually and painlessly removed by a chemico-dynamic operation on the blood, and the victim is released from his gyves forever. Not one such effect can be produced aside from the principles here set forth.

It makes not the slightest difference to me who applies these principles practically, so long as their application works toward human redemption from the thrall of disease. Had I the capital to put my discoveries before the world, and *the truth* in every household, I would be content to die, that man might live; but I am too poor to do it; for all that I have ever saved has, up to this hour, been spent in perfecting what I religiously believe to be the

purest and best system of Rational treatment, and most perfect series of medical truths the world ever yet saw; and this not for gain alone, but because I solemnly believe that certain forms of disease affect the human soul, and *waste* it, and that these effects are not soon vastated or gotten rid of even beyond the grave. I also know that the system I have wrought out will cure these special forms of disease, and of both these things I am as certain as that I know my Creator lives and reigns triumphant beyond the starry sky that bends above our heads! In the light of these new principles I affirm that potassa will cure the bites of mad dogs, rattlesnakes, or any other animal poison, administered at any time between the bite and the dreadful moment when, gathering demoniac force, the effects rush forth in such appalling horror as to fright the souls of bravest men. Why? Because the alkali dissolves the virus, expels it from the body, and brings back the angular globules to their normal chemical condition, and therefore shape. By the application of the same principle, consumption and the pale train that accompanies its deadly march is surely robbed of all its terrors, and we need no longer be horrified by the spectacle of millions of graves of people cut off by that fell pest in the midst of life and youth.

Wilful waste makes woful want; yet to those who chew and smoke their lives away, these principles afford the only known and positive refuge; while that larger class, who, in youth and ignorance, have sapped their own lives, manliness, womanhood, beauty, courage, health, and power, — who have sacrificed themselves on the altar of a deceptive, ruinous, and pernicious private pleasure, — the baleful habit of solitary vice, — in these principles and their agencies have probably their sole and only earthly salvation, — [and here let me caution parents and guardians to treat these erring ones as *patients*, not as quasi *criminals*, for the trouble is chemical, not psychical, and kindness is better than its opposite, in their, as all other cases; for a kind word, fitly spoken, may change the whole career of a human being. When it is remembered that it is as easy to speak a kind as any other sort of word, and also reflect how in one case it may do worlds of good, or in the other worlds of evil, is it not strange that so few of the former and so many of the latter are uttered? It is true that words are only air, but air sometimes suffocates and destroys. If rightly com-

pounded and good, it gives life and strength; if otherwise, it enfeebles and kills. Think how much you may do with a kind word, and then go and utter them, for there are waiting opportunities on the right hand and left of you, and this above all, in cases where from folly or moral accident erring ones have tampered with their own lives and happiness, as I believe, here, and after death has transported them beyond the darksome river.]

The whole and only secret of this revolutionary theory of diseases and their remedies is, briefly: oxygen is heat, light, and electricity in unitary form. When it and phosogen are present in the body in proper quantity, it acts as a solvent to all morbid accumulations, and expels them from the system, while its contained *vif* or vital principle builds up and restores. It is the only perfect vehicle of the curative principle in existence, and cannot be administered through the lungs by any system of inhalation to an extent sufficient to do much good, if any at all; and this discovery consists in a means whereby a combination of two or more of the seven named elements are made to generate vitality upon coming in contact with the gastric, billiary, and pancreatic secretions, positively, promptly, effectively.

Beautiful, blessed, life-giving, health-laden oxygen! It is thy triumph I celebrate! With thee, the physician of the future shall be armed at all points, for thou never failest in thy holy and perfect work! Royal principle! sweetly sleeping in the virgin's heart, and playing on the infant's lip! Thou givest zest to the story, and point to the epigram; and thou art the spirit of eloquence on the orator's tongue! On the rugged mountain-top thou art breathed forth by myriad giant trees, and in the valley thou sighest from the corolla of a flower! Thou art the destroying breath of the typhoon and sirocco; and thou the sweet perfume exhaled from the lily's spotless chalice! Thou givest strength and fury to the flame that wraps vast forests in sheets of living fire; and thou layest waste great cities, leaving them shrivelled and seared behind thee, as thou marchest forward in thy wrath! And yet thou art gentle as a mother's love, — lovely as the blushing dawn, — true friend of man, when he understandeth thy moods and law; but a bitter teacher of those who know thee not! — Thou tender nurse, faithful friend, and chief of all physicians, —

"They reckon ill who leave thee out!"

—thou servant of Heaven! beautifier of earth! maker of happy homes! healer of all human ills! comforter of our souls! dispenser of life! foe of death! banisher of pain!—ever blessed, lovely, beautiful, holy, and God-Sent Principle of Life!

PART II. B.

THE proper study of mankind is Woman! and precious few are they who really know anything about her, although millions of those who wear pantaloons and sport whiskers, imagine that of all other studies of this mundane life of ours, they have mastered *that;* but a greater mistake was never made since creation began, and the morning stars sang together for joy. If it be true that of all enigmas and mysteries on this earth, man is the greatest and most profound, then certainly the most difficult part of that mighty riddle is the wonderful being called Woman. Wonderful in many ways and senses, as I shall most abundantly demonstrate before the conclusion of this brief article.

There is an old Talmudic legend concerning the advent of woman on this earth, which goes far toward showing that in many things she was understood better some thousands of years before the Christian era, than she is to-day, even among the most highly cultivated and polished circles of modern civilized society, in the loftiest centres of learning and refinement. The legend tells us that when the idea struck the ELOHIM that they would people this earth with beings only a *little* inferior to themselves, they were so pleased with it that they forthwith set themselves to work to gather the very finest and most perfect particles of dust they could find in ten thousand years; which dust their chief straightway formed into a man, and in doing so, used up all the material. After enjoying the sight of the new-made being awhile, they put him in a very pleasant garden; but the lonely one was very miserable and unhappy, and at last made such a hideous noise with his grumbles and growlings, that, to save their lives, the Elohim could not get a wink of sleep. He kept it up, however, night and day,

till his hair frizzled all over his head, and he grew quite black in the face. That was the Talmudic origin of the black race. But one day he chanced to go near some still water and saw his own image reflected therein, which sight so frightened him that he stopped groaning. Now the sudden cessation of the noise caused one of the Elohim to look out of his window in the sky, to see what on earth could be the matter, and, observing the man, he went down and asked him what was up. Says the man, "I'm tired of this garden, — it's altogether too lonesome." "Well, *I* haven't anything to do about that. Who *are* you, anyhow? I never saw *you* before, — that's certain!" Said the man: "I wonder, now, why *you* made me, and put me here?" "*I* made *you?* Why you black wretch, I never saw you till this moment," and with that he slapped his face, flattened his nose, spread his feet, and he has remained so ever since. That first experiment was a failure. After the Elohim had discovered his mistake, the council determined to try again, and this time made a fine-looking fellow, and put *him* into garden number two. But *he* grumbled also, till he grew *red* in the face, scaled the walls, and went for the woods. Failure number two. Again they made another man; but he knew at once what he wanted, and so kept continually crying "*Woh-zoe! woh-zoe!*" which in the Edenic language signifies, "Woman, woman!" "Sure enough," said Elohim, "he very naturally wants a wife!" But where to get one was the difficulty; seeing that it took thirty thousand years to collect materials to make three coarse men, it would take ten times as long to find the wherewith to make one fine woman. At last one of them suggested making her out of a part of man, and acting thereupon, they straightway put the three men asleep, took a rib from each, and thereof made three females, or woh-zoes — which means woman — seeing that she was taken out of man. Now when the three men woke up, they were surprised and delighted exceedingly. The black man took his Dinah to Africa, and stayed there; the red man took *his* squaw to America; the white man was so delighted with his sweetheart that he began to whistle "Over the hills and far away," with variations on "Yankee Doodle," and "Push along, keep moving," and he *has* kept moving from that day to this, evincing his superiority to the other two by demonstrating practically that though a rolling stone gathers no moss,

yet a travelling man gains knowledge. In proof of which the white man to-day is master of the world, and says, does, and knows just twice as much as both the others combined. The white woman is chief of all women, as the white man is unquestioned king of all who wear the human form; and yet, wise and knowing as he undoubtedly is, he has yet to learn a thing or two about women.

Among other errors concerning her, now prevalent, is the absurd idea that, sex excepted, she is precisely what man is, in all respects whatever. While the truth of the case is, that in all respects she is his opposite and counterpart, mentally, socially, physically, esthetically, physiologically, anatomically, magnetically, electrically, chemically, and mechanically; and to regard her as being but a softer, finer, more delicate sort of man, or male, is not only a grave mistake, but one that does her rank injustice. And yet how many thousands of men fall headlong into it, and during the whole course of their lives are stone blind to some of the most beautiful facts of existence. For instance: woman everywhere, and under all circumstances, is cleaner than man. Soap and water, fresh linen and free air, will always purify her, no matter what her previous state may have been. Not so with man. Let the cleanest man living wash in forty clear, pure, fresh tubs of water, one after another, and the last water will be dark and cloudy! But let a woman do so, and the thirty-five last tubs of water will be as pure and clear and free from clouds as the forty-first one just drawn from the running brook or bubbling spring upon the hill-side. Again: there is said ever to be a dirty corner in the mind of every man that treads, or has ever trodden, the earth. This is *never true of woman!* and doubtless never will be.

That she is magnetically different from man is proved by the superior results of the care and nursing of both sexes by woman and man. In the case of man he merely allays physical anguish, while woman does that, better still, and at the same time soothes the spirit and leads back, with silken cords, the rebellious soul to virtue, truth, and God! Anatomically she differs, being wide in the pelvis, where man is narrow, and narrow in the shoulders, where man is wide. She eats the same food man does, and drinks the same general fluids, but she makes a far different use of them; for while man converts them into muscular force, woman changes

them into nervous power; milk, — during lactation; and into love and affection, besides various forces that are unknown to the sterner sex. Physically, she is immeasurably inferior in strength; but in endurance, fortitude, courage to undergo, and victoriously to endure pain, she rises as far above the best man living, as the midsummer sun transcends a tallow candle! And if any man were called upon to suffer one-half the physical anguish that every female has to encounter, the graveyards would overflow with their dead bodies within a single year! While if men had to suffer mentally half that women do every month of their lives, the in sane retreats and mad-houses would be crammed to suffocation. Let no one henceforth speak sneeringly of Woman as being "the weaker vessel."

This point will be clearer when it is understood that a woman's nerves are not only far more in number than man's, but they are infinitely finer, more subtle, sensitive, and acute; hence she is liable to a variety of diseases of a purely nervous character, peculiar to her sex alone; for instance, variously seated neuralgia, — one of the most excruciating tortures the human frame is capable of enduring; while, when we speak of the pangs of maternity, ulcerations, prolapsus, ovarian tumors, swelled breast, profuse, painful, suppressed or abnormal periods, — we speak of things whereof man can have no experience whatever, and therefore no adequate idea. Even learned professors know very little of woman, and not one in a thousand has a clear understanding of her nature, — a being so delicate, so full of mystery, and in whom the nervous life is all in all. Disappoint a man in love, and he straightway recovers from the shock. Disappoint a woman, and forthwith she languishes, falls into consumption, and dies. It is a very grievous sin to do such a thing. She needs — always needs — the love and support of a protecting arm, — not false love, but true. When she has this, sick or well, she is a tower of grandeur, and you cannot deceive her. Without it, she becomes warped and soured, and the prey of a hundred forms of disease; and to cure which, people pill, purge, leech, blister, and narcotize her. What nonsense! Blue pill for a breaking heart! Catnip tea for disappointed love! Blister plasters for a jealous fit! A new bonnet to pay for nights of absence and days of cruelty, neglect, and abuse!

To successfully treat the diseases of woman, requires a vast deal more of science, art, culture, patience, experience, and ability, than it does to treat those of the opposite sex, for the reason that her organism is infinitely more complex, and her mission and function broader and deeper than man's. "Not so," says a caviller. "Pray, what has woman done in the world? Has not man built civilization, erected cities, states, and mighty kingdoms? made ships, mills, railways? has he not done all this?" I answer, "Most certainly he has; but look you, sir: *Woman makes the man who in turn does these mighty things!*"

The great physical difference between the sexes consists in the uterine system of organs and its tremendous offices, — that of building human bodies and incarnating human souls, — and the mammary glands, or breasts, whereby the young soul is nurtured into life and strength. Now, if by any cause whatever, the life or happiness of the woman be disturbed, there is straightway a reaction upon the breasts, heart, lungs, and the entire uterine system, involving the dreadful chances of cancer, heart disease, consumption, dyspepsia, and prolapsus, to say nothing of the hundred other specific forms of female diseases, often resulting in life-long misery, mental agony, and early death, — and all from a variety of causes to which no man can possibly be exposed. Hence I again repeat, and without fear of successful contradiction, that at least ten times the skill is required in treating her diseases than in those of men alone.

If a man receives a blow upon the breast, he speedily recovers; not so with woman; for it may so injure her as to cause tumors, ulcers, or cancer; and if not, then the milk glands may be ruined for life; and on her ability to do justice to her child, both before and after birth, depends the inferiority or superiority of the race of men who are to rule the world hereafter. It is a sad truth that I utter when I say that nine-tenths of the women of this country labor under some form of disease peculiar to them alone. They are most common and distressing, by reason of their annoyance and exhausting effects; the constant irritation, and the extreme difficulty experienced in getting rid of them when once firmly settled upon the system of the sufferers. They are common to both married and unmarried women, but far more so among the former than the latter class, owing to a variety of causes. One most

distressing and depressing trouble is prolapsus of the uterus, with which most American ladies are more or less afflicted; and to be relieved of which, they often resort to very questionable means, among which are the forty thousand illiterate, money-catching quacks, — with their catholicons, balsams, pessaries, belts, and Heaven only knows how many more detestable, cruel, poisonous, inefficient, yet always unavailing and positively injurious contrivances. More than nine-tenths of woman's illnesses is the result of vital and nervous exhaustion. It comes of too hard physical labor, lifting, too frequent child-bearing, and, what is worse yet, and the principal cause of four-fifths of it, from continual domestic inquietude and fretting.

This last cause alone is productive of far more illness than would readily be believed, did not general observation and experience demonstrate it beyond all cavil. In the first place passion's true object, so far as nature is concerned, is offspring, and whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever it is habitually and unwisely perverted to other and mere animal, not pure affectional uses, it is a desecration of woman's holy nature, and an outrage on the exquisite sanctities of her being!

Unwelcome "love" is no love at all. To force nature is a crime against God. The strain is too heavy on the nervous system, to say nothing about deeper parts of human nature. That's the way that some, and a good many wives are *poisoned*. That is the reason why so many of them mysteriously waste away, sicken, grow pale, thin, waxen, and finally quit the earth, and send their forms to early graves, — like blasted fruit, falling before half ripened. It is a terrible picture, but a true one.

If poison — prussic acid or strychnine, for instance — be administered to a woman, she dies from its effects. But why? Because it enters the seat of life, changes the nature of her blood and death follows. Well she may be poisoned quite as effectively in *other* ways; for she may be exhausted and die for want of nervous energy; or she may have morbid secretions, the poison of which is sure to enter the blood, until the blood is so heavily charged therewith that the disease assumes another form, while retaining the old one, and before she is aware of it, the foul-fiend Consumption, has laid siege to her lungs, or Scrofula in some of its myriad forms, — from cancer to salt rheum, — saps the foundation of her

health forever. And yet a certain class of physicians tell us that her ailments can be cured with drugs, herb teas, bathing, magnetic treatment, electric shocks; or any one of ten thousand methods, — all and singular of which, are as worthless and useless as a last year's almanac, for you might as well expect an oyster to climb a tree, or to see a whale dance the polka, as to expect utter impossibilities in the direction indicated; for never, since the world began, did any such treatment cure a woman of the troubles referred to; nor is it possible unless the active and producing cause be *first* understood, *then* attacked, and finally removed. And they *cannot* be so removed unless she be purified and strengthened. Will herb teas do this important work? Will all the drugs ever imported — to kill patients and make doctors rich — do it? will washing, sousing, dousing, scalding, accomplish the desired work? Will any amount of magnetizing, electrifying, or pulling, hauling, blistering, bleeding, purging, plastering, or manipulation, solve the great problem and banish these diseases? I answer most emphatically, NO! Why? Because all these methods proceed upon the plan of *relieving symptoms*, not fighting the real disease; and just as long as such plans are adhered to, just so long will the agonizing groans of millions of suffering women ascend to Heaven, craving the help from thence that is denied them here.

To cure the outer, physical, and most of the mental and emotional ills of women, nature herself must be taken as both copy and guide. Indian women, negresses, and, in fact, none of the dark-skinned women of the world, are ever troubled with the grievous catalogue of disorders and complaints that afflict so many millions of the fair daughters and mothers of our otherwise favored country. And why is this? The answer is plain. In the first place *they* are born right, and of perfectly *healthy* mothers, whatever may be said of them on the score of morals, beauty, and intelligence, — they being confessedly as far inferior to American women in these three respects, as themselves are undoubtedly inferior to their dark-skinned sisters in point of health and physical stamina. This is proved by their utter freedom from all diseases of the pelvis and nerves, and by their exceeding brief, and almost painless illness in confinement; nor is this fact accounted for on the theory that were their children as large-brained as American babes, their sufferings would equal those of our wives and mothers, — for there

are large-brained oriental people, — but the results in no wise differ from the rule laid down.

Now, why this immunity from disease? I reply: because, first, they live right; they are not pampered with health-destroying hot teas, coffees, pork-fat, sweets, quack doctors, or any other abomination. Second, they have plenty of out-door exercise; consequently their lungs are well inflated and their blood oxygenized. And, third, they are not worn out by exactions which kill half the white wives before their lives are more than half spent!

The domestic habits of American women are by no means calculated to promote health or prolong life. An excess of fat food, doughnuts, rich indigestible pastry, hot drinks, hot air, feather beds, close rooms, lack of amusement, warm bread, and compressed chests, are, each and all, making sad marks upon American women. But this is not the worst feature of the case, by any means, in two respects. 1st. Whatever other just things our country may boast — whatever pride it may fairly have in its institutions — it is a deplorable fact that marriage in our land, as a general thing, is anything but a "bed of roses," as is demonstrated in a thousand ways daily, in every section of the land. Disgust, discontent, hidden grief, and a hundred real and imaginary evils and wrongs, are constantly paling the cheeks and dimming the eyes of scores of thousands of wives in this our fair and vast domain. It is certain that scores of thousands of wives perish yearly, — victims of thoughtlessness on the part of others and themselves too. They have failed to fortify themselves, — their nerves and constitutions, against the excessive drainage to which too many of them are exposed. A very little knowledge, of the *right sort*, would enable them to successfully do this, and no one the wiser for, or the loser by, it. Never shall I forget the terrible impression made upon me by the account of a young wife's dying bed, told me by Mrs. Reed, of Boston, — a fair young creature, — a gazelle, — mated with a brutal elephant, — a thing shaped like a man, but who had no more real manhood than a wild buffalo. Now, had that murdered wife — a victim to Christian marriage — been wise, as she might have been, she could have preserved her life and health in spite of the thing that called himself her husband.

2d. Women, when afflicted, frequently become the victims of charlatanry and medical mal-practice to an alarming extent, and it

is an open question whether the outrageous exposures, operations, indelicate manipulations, heroic drugging, and unmanly, unscientific, and inhuman treatment generally, to which they are subject, is not more fatal and injurious, in the result, than the original disease sought to be remedied! I hold the man, physician or not, who unnecessarily violates the holy sanctities of woman, and rudely assails her delicacy, as being no man at all; and here let me say, is to be found one of the prolific causes of the general unhappiness of woman in wedded life. Husbands forget three things of vast importance to the happiness of wedlock: That love can only be maintained by Tenderness, Consideration, and Respect; and that he comes too near, who comes to be denied; and that it is not and never was or will be true, that a man may do what he likes with his own!

But where unhealth exists from domestic causes, the woman has a sure relief, and it mainly consists in expanding the lungs, bracing and invigorating the nervous system; the means adapted specially to which end, I have already indicated, in oxygenization. But, the question rises: "What is this oxygenization of which you speak? and by what method is it done? and how does it act to produce results so desirable to nearly every female in the land?" These are very just and pertinent questions, demanding clear and explicit answers. In the first place, then, it is impossible for a woman to be ill, in the direction here alluded to, if her lungs be large and sound, her blood pure, and her waist uncramped by the tyranny of fashion. But if her lungs be squeezed into the shape of a blue-bottle fly, or an hour-glass, it is impossible that they can be filled with fresh air, or any air at all; and if they are *not* so filled at every breath she draws, the blood that rushes to the lungs from the heart cannot receive the due share of air to which they are entitled, and for which they were created. Now, if such is the case, it follows that by degrees the blood becomes foul, because it cannot rid itself of the impure and noxious substances gathered from all parts of the body, and of which it would speedily discharge itself, if the heart and the lungs were permitted to do their *full* duty.

I have already demonstrated that the body of woman is infinitely finer, more delicate and susceptible to all sorts of impressions and influences, than is that of man; and, by reason of her sex and its

responsibilities, she is doubly liable to what man never can be, — disarrangement of peculiar organs.

I need not say — for every one knows perfectly well — that the uterus (and its appendages) is the most wonderfully delicate and sensitive mechanism ever constructed by the hand of the living God; for in it, by it, and through it, the purpose is accomplished and completed, for which the ETERNAL BEING has ceaselessly labored during countless millions of rolling centuries! It is the sacred recess wherein nature's loftiest and finest work is done! It is the sealed and thrice-holy laboratory, wherein God manufactures the most surprising machines. He builds the most exquisite furnaces therein, — witness the lungs! The most magnificent chemical works; witness the stomach of a babe, — a machine that converts gross food into eternal and infinite thought, and imperishable mind! The most wonderful dyeing works in existence, for what can equal the marble purity of an infant's skin? or the carnation of a maiden's cheek? or the blushing coral of her lips? Behold the fourteen miles of blood-vessels, and the five hundred miles of nervous filament, every one of which is an electric telegraph a million times more perfect than that of Morse! Behold the skin that covers the human form, with its forty-five millions of pores, through which is hourly sifted noxious substances too fine to be seen by the human eye! The human eye itself! What microscope can rival it? What telescope compare in elaborateness and use? The ear! What a wonderful instrument! Behold the mystery of the hand and arm! Look at the astonishing perfectness of the wheels, levers, hinges, doors, cells, wells, pumps, and pillars of the human structure, and you are lost in amazement at its extraordinary and marvellous workmanship! Yet it is all fashioned and completed in the uterus of woman! Nor is this all. When we look at the human body, with all its wondrous workmanship, we realize the stupendous truth that it was created especially as the temporary residence of the eternally enduring human soul. And that soul itself, with all its transcendent powers for good and evil, is fashioned, biased, built up and modelled for *all eternity*, within its holy walls, from whence it is launched upon the waves of eternal ages; and its destiny here and hereafter unquestionably is determined before it sees the light, by the happy or unhappy, sick or well, condition of the mother whose work it chances

to be! In Heaven's name, then, how can we expect wives to bring forth children but a little inferior to angels in perfection, while the mothers are in some respects treated inconsiderately, rudely, and ignorantly, like unto the beasts that perish? Now observe: whatever sensation, emotion, pleasure, or pain the woman has, be it mental or physical, immediately acts upon the uterus, and its appendages, causing either pleasurable, healthful feelings to pervade her entire being, or inducing pain. But if, from cramped or diseased lungs, the blood be impure and charged with noxious substances, there is sure to be trouble, either in the uterine, digestive, or nervous system, but mainly in the former, and manifested by weakness in the back and loins, nervous irritability, sickness, nausea, side-pains, headaches, and impure catamenia, — not infrequently ultimating in ulcers, cancer, or confirmed consumption. Frequently the uterine ligaments become weak, relaxed, flimsy, and suffer the uterus to fall forward, backward, descend, or become partially turned inside out; and if it becomes bruised while thus hanging down, as it very often is, cancer may follow, or a chronic induration supervene, — in either case causing the most intolerable anguish, or a lingering, painful, wasting illness, to which death itself is very often preferable. For this state of things I have never found any medicinal agents at all comparable to those I have herein named; especially that known as PHOSODYN, — an element closely approximating the principle of vitality itself, because it is speedily absorbed by the blood, is carried to the lungs, — which it heals if ailing, — and from there, having gained additional oxygen from the air, back to the heart, which, with renewed energy, sends it whirling, flying, searching, into and through every vein, artery, cell, muscle, organ, and crevice of the entire body, leaving not a single spot unvisited, unsearched, unexplored by the life-charged blood, — I say life-charged, for this subtle agent most assuredly is very near akin to life itself, and while as perfectly harmless as the air we breathe, is, like that very air, the accredited vehicle of muscular, digestive, cerebral, and nervous energy; for wherever it goes it carries life, vigor, health, and strength. The lungs, be they never so badly diseased, immediately begin to heal. Sleepless nights are exchanged for hours of sweet slumber and calm repose. Exhausted nerves gain new thrills of gleeful, joyous life, activity, and vigor. The dyspeptic

stomach regains its healthful tone, the liver is forthwith cleansed and purified, the kidneys begin to thoroughly do their proper work, and the excess of uric acid, urea, chalk, carbonate of lime, pus, slime, and poison is strained from the blood, as they ought to be, and are, through the bladder, effectually cast forth from the body. The brain is relieved from pressure, and its functions are again effectively carried on. The ligaments of the uterus contract, and, as they do so, the organ is drawn up and back to its proper place. The acrid secretions are effectually cut off; the scrofulous humors that have tainted the blood are completely and thoroughly nullified, rendered harmless, and evacuated from the system; and the patient's groans and heart-rending sighs are heard no more; for they are changed to notes of joy and gladness, hope and rest, by simply obeying the rules here laid down.

The value of this discovery, in the treatment of female diseases alone, cannot be computed, by millions even; for just as it would be impossible to weigh out or measure the full amount of pain and agony endured in a single year by the women of this country, even so it would be impossible to estimate the amount of good possible to be accomplished by its means. All other attempts — for they are and were attempts *only* — that have hitherto been made to cure nervous diseases, especially those of women, have been either the hap-hazard essayals of ignorance, the results of errant quackery and empiricism, or the lamentable experiments of physicians who went on the theory that one class of agents alone would cure them, and what might be given to a man would also do for a woman; when, in fact, the chemical difference between the two sexes ought to have taught them a far different doctrine. Give a good chemist a bloody handkerchief taken from a cut hand, and he will tell you whether it is that of a man or woman; hence the idea of treating both sexes alike for disease is absurd; but not quite so illogical as the attempts daily made to relieve women of their own peculiar ailments by flooding the stomach with all sorts of so-called "medical" agents, but which are mainly ineffective, if not poisonous. Most medicines merely excite the stomach to renewed activity in the effort to dislodge and get rid of what is poured into it. They act upon the mucous membrane and excite the glands to increased action, and the engendered slime invests or dissolves the drugs, and they are carried from the body; but in

nearly all cases leave that body in a far worse condition than ever Thus by mal-treatment five sixths of all the women of our country are invalids in reality, and, were it not for the wonderful endurance of American women, over all others, by reason of their larger and finer brain, and nervous systems, a very large percentage of them would die before they do.

PART II. C.

"I CANNOT remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day; nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky!"

Not every one who proclaims himself your friend will stand by you when friendship is most needed.

Listen well to all advice, — and follow your own!

It is bad policy to give your last coat away; and worse to believe what all men *say* they mean.

It is poor wisdom to sell your friend for present gain.

Husbands were not made to be destroyed for a wife or mother-in-law's whims; nor were wives made to be neglected for a wanton's smiles. An ounce of love is worth a ton of passion; and it won't do to always speak your mind or give your suspicions to the winds. Stop and think! Consider, soul, consider! A husband is worth more than a key or a portrait! Don't you think so?

All modern theories of diseases are wrong; they are not in the blood, but are the results of wrong, excessive, scant, or morbid magnetism; hence are to be thoroughly cured *only* by natural means, either directly, by the touch, or by magnetic medical agents, of which there are but few in existence, and none equal to those manufactured by Nature herself.

Never yet was an injury so deep that time could not assuage it; nor an angry man that did not injure himself more than he did the object of his wrath; nor an enemy so bitter but that Right and Justice in his heart did not eloquently appeal for his opponent; nor was there ever a trouble but that, somehow, a woman was at

the bottom of it; nor a joy that she did not create; nor a hatred equal to hers; nor a friendship half so true as woman's. She is a creature very weak, yet capable of twisting the strongest man that ever lived around her little finger; little, but great, and who can reduce the sternest man's resolutions into nothing.

I have never known a family difficulty that did not originate in passional satiety, or disturbance of the magnetic equilibrium between couples, and consequently none that were incurable. Man is a whimsical creature, — a curious mixture of good and evil; woman a bundle of strange contradictions. · Both are God's master-work; and if each stopped to think a little before a given action, there would be less domestic trouble in the world.

I know that men and women fail and die through feebleness of WILL; that LOVE lieth at the foundation; that SILENCE is strength; and that GOODNESS alone is power; hence that though all the world array itself against a man, yet, if he be right, God and himself are a majority; and, lastly, I know that a great deal of life's miseries spring from unrequited love, — the unappeased longing and yearning for the great human right, — that is, the right to be loved for ourselves alone, not merely for the accidents that environ us. But the world grows wiser day by day, and every bad man who dies makes way for a better one, born within his passing hour. Light in streaming floods is pouring in upon the globe, and there is more goodness and less of evil this morning than there was last night; hence, although our lots may be hard, there is a better time near at hand. Kingcraft, priestcraft, and political jugglery have been measured for their shrouds. Repression is giving way; monarchs are retiring from business, — for even the king of hell has lately failed. Democracy is lifting up its mighty arms, and everywhere the people are struggling to be free. The victory is now almost within its grasp, and will be wholly so at the termination of the tremendous war now close upon us, — a religious one in part, but whose mission it is to clear the mental atmosphere of the whole earth. In that glad new day coming, woman as wife and mother will be better understood, and the love-nature of humankind have more attention paid to it, and in joy, not anguish, will woman bear children to God, and the great man-wanting world. Divorces in the future will be less frequent than in the past, for fewer marital mistakes will be made, and, let it be known, on that one point hinges the future of the race.

To day all of us have troops of acquaintances, but how few stormy-weather friends, even in our own households! We are seen of mankind every hour in the year, but only God can know us; for mental "science" is but little else than the crudest speculation yet, nor have I much hope that it ever will be until after the end of the war, holy war, — for it will be for man as against money, souls against dollars, free thought as against religio-political mummery, — now at hand. *Then* large minds will begin their great work of extirpating numerous cancers and blotches from the body politic, among which will be the scrofula of class religion, the syphilis actual and mental, marasmus of bodies, souls, and morals, besides a host of other offensive things that human childhood has suffered to be fastened upon it. We are at present a world of liars in a world of lies, when we can be true and have truth for the asking. However, it is fixed that we will *not* ask until forced to, and we won't be forced to until well frightened. Well, a great fright is in store for us. At this present moment the earth is rapidly changing its inclination, and these disturbances are altering the location of the internal fires of the earth, hence a decade or two of earthquakes, tempests, and cyclones is before us, accompanied by mental epidemics of the strangest and most violent character. The greatest disturbances will be in the two temperate and both frozen zones. We will bid adieu to Niagara forever, as a physical marvel, and to false religion and sham democracy as a mental one; for just as the globe itself is moved and changed, so will man be upon its surface, and above all *woman*.

The government under which we live is about undergoing a radical change, — a brief but decisive season of centralization, ultimating in a modified republicanism. The Indian mercifully disappears forever from our shores. The negro-question is to be settled summarily by the people's will, and that settlement will be not on the basis of miscegenation, for that race and the white can never mingle or fuse, seeing that the latter has some thousands of years the start, and will forever keep it, and its own dignity; but the nation will give the negro a vast territory freely; and, while protecting him, will insist that he must win his place by his deeds among the peoples of this world. Radical false philanthropy and the hatred of caste will alike stand still, while

reason and progress settle the question on entirely new grounds. The races can never live side by side on equal terms, because mind rules the world, and ever will intensify its rule, and the white race has most of the mind. As for the unfortunate mixed race, their lot is cast for extinction, like the Indians; and the conglomerate man, Celt, Teuton, Saxon, Iberean, on this continent, within one hundred years from this day, will dictate laws to the habitable globe, and, dictating, be obeyed; for by its own enormous war power it will put an end to war, — then ho, for ploughshares and reaping hooks the whole wide world over!

One of the most astonishing spiritual storms the world ever saw will begin before the year 1875 shall have borne its part in the drama of ages, — a literal and unprecedented outpouring of the Spirit (world), upon the lands and peoples. Revivals of truth, not error, will occur all over the world, especially in the Southern States among the blacks, who will, with almost a frenzied zeal, march off to their Zion in the south-west, — the new territory ceded to them for an abiding-place by the American people, as the Almoner of Eternal Justice. If I am in the body on that day, I will be their Peter the Hermit, and cast my lot with theirs, — for the new empire and the new civilization yet to come out of that poor yet rich and mighty people is destined to be as great in peace and spiritual goodness, as their masters have been in intellect and war. In that new Zion, Science will erect her halls and Art shall build her schools; and in them African genius, untaunted for the cuticular hue, God's doings, not theirs, shall pursue the triumphs of investigation. Ay! and by its warmth and fervor open new doors to the mysterious realms above and around us, that the colder white can never penetrate; and thus the black shall add his quota to the common stock of human knowledge, and the word Justice will have a meaning in the world. But ere that day dawns there comes a baptism of fire and blood upon the heads of all civilized peoples, — the battle of Armageddon, — and woe to him who shall refuse to go up to the new Ramoth Gilead to do manful battle for the Lord, by which I mean the rights of man against repression, whatever be its other names. LET US HAVE PEACE!

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