

their bodies; and what think you is the proper food for their minds? Every thing which can open the beauties of God's handiwork, which can penetrate the assumed mysteries of his creation, which can typify his works by a resemblance or correspondence, that is, as in painting or sculpture, or any thing which by intuition compares with any of his attributes, as music, melody, or that which opens the internal to a better appreciation of obligation or duty, as the action for others, whether out of the body or in the body, or that which gives us an understanding of God as he is in a whole, as the investigation of the principles on which are based his laws—these are the proper food for mind, and it is eagerly sought for by spirits. We stand on a broad plane overlooking two worlds, with our organization so sublimated that we innately understand the true connection that exists between matter and matter, and spirit and spirit. We live in this world of spirits, but our duties are as much with you, and on your earth, as they are with spirits and spirit-land. I will explain all this by-and-by.

I expected to be done, but I have a word to say. When we visit your earth, we are not ordered to do so by any higher power than that we set up over ourselves. We can not act contrary to law, but this law, though predicated on God's law, is but the emanation from other minds. We choose our rulers, and our organization of government is alike under the direction of ourselves.

Thus we select those who are the most advanced, whose minds have been occupied in studying the necessities of man's (as we call ourselves) nature, and his connection with man. They understanding what is most necessary to promote the happiness and progress of all, are appointed by the expressed consent of a neighborhood to look after the well-being of the members of that neighborhood. But it is no forced administration of law, it is no tyrannical exhibition of authority, it is simply a recognition of the principles of right. This is enough. With the progressive spirits there are no quarrels.

Section Thirteen.

Wednesday, May 4th, 1853.

This evening Governor Tallmadge was in my library, accompanied by a friend, Judge Baker, of Wisconsin. Dr. Dexter came in and was soon influenced to write:

I AM glad to see you to-night, Governor, as I wish to say a word to you on a personal subject; but as well to all as to you, I wish to say, for the time I can spend with you, I cherish the opportunity as one of the green spots even of my spirit-life, and trust not only I, Bacon, may derive good, but to you it may be the open door of truth. BACON.

When you return home, and after a few days shall have elapsed, you will meet with a trial which will disturb you somewhat, and may annoy you for a long time. What the nature of this trouble is I can not say; but this I can say, it is connected with your political life, and is also connected with a matter referring to your action with certain individuals, to which I alluded when the other evening I said, "Beware of false friends." The matter can not, however, permanently disturb you, or in any way injure you; but, as I am informed by one who takes great interest in your affairs, there has been some consultation among certain parties which will disturb your mind rather than affect you any other way. This, however, I only repeat from hearsay, and I do not vouch for the correctness of the statement, only being requested by one who loves you to mention it when you were present.

Your own reason must govern you in believing or disbelieving. You can judge best whether there is any thing

which can affect you and annoy. The way to act will be under all circumstances to act nobly, truly, rightly, and leave the end to God.

To many men the predicting of trouble is a source of great care and anxiety. It seems to unsettle their minds, excites the imagination, and they magnify little troubles that may occur to mountains which they can hardly compass.

I have chosen this opportunity to mention the matter referred to, to the Governor, because, if it did take place, he would view it as a circumstance of life, and would not be vexed with any premature anticipations of evil in the future.

How strange a compound is man! To-day strong in the conviction of what he considers right; to-morrow trembling and fearing in respect to the very principles he has avowed as the guide and motive of his life. It is not strange to us it should be so. Were man influenced by spiritual causes alone, were the avenues to his mind blocked up by no material barriers, there would be a constant succession of impressions emanating from a source which must be infallible, as they would come from those who would have tested the competency of earth-life and spirit-life, and could judge of the power of either to afford the true solution of all the mysteries of his nature.

But then man is not controlled by external impressions, be they what they may; his organization is material, his impressions are also material, and, of course, his conclusions and comparisons, predicated on material evidence, can have no reference to that which neither his mind nor his spirit recognizes as spiritual. Nature is ever varied; but with us her forms, though more elaborate, are yet more diversified than with you. With you every spirit is of the grossest kind (figuratively), and, of course, placed on earth as you are, surrounded by matter in every shape, with your own organization corresponding to the nature of the material of which the earth on which you live is composed,

there must be a succession of impressions, the nature of which simulates the objects by which you are enveloped.

But there is an evidence of the truth of spirit-revelation which I imagine has not yet been noticed, and that is material, as is the nature of man. There is, to him who believes, an entire change in the character of his mind. His spirit, forestalling time, leaps over its boundaries, and catching the shadowy outlines of spiritdom, drinks in the sublimating essence of that view; and the draught, like the fabled nectar of the gods, changes the gross nature of spirit and body, and renders the man susceptible to all those sensations of meekness, of tenderness, of charity and love, which mark him as the man whose heart is indeed vivified and renewed by spiritual intercourse. In the word spirit, in that connection, I do not mean spirit is gross, but the amalgamation is gross

Here Governor Tallmadge remarked that he supposed he had not charity enough. He had charity for those who did not believe, but he had none for such persons as the writer in the *National Intelligencer*, who, without investigation, was willing to revive against those who had investigated, the fires of Smithfield and the hangings and drownings of Salem.

It was written in answer:

No, Governor, not that you have not charity enough, but perhaps that your charity is not properly directed. Let the dog bark, the cat mew, or the ass slavishly toil for mere animal existence, still nature will assert its just claims, whether in man or brute. And to him who, without evidence of either right or wrong, can denounce that as untrue which he has not investigated, you may justly attribute the true prerogatives of his nature. He will bark dog-like to the compulsion of his brute-like organization; and he will toil like the ass, to perpetuate the slavery of opinions to which he is bound by error and prejudice.

It is not worth while to contest the truth of spirit-revelation with those who do not believe. Truth is like the misty vapor encircling the mountain's top. The sun of error, of

superstition, of priestly teachings may, in its full blaze, dissipate the cloud, but its cloudy substance is disseminated through the whole atmosphere, and descends in grateful showers to replenish and fructify the thirsty earth. So with man. Argue with him, and he battles with you. Prove he is wrong, and, Proteus-shaped, he attacks you again with arguments founded on that very error. But let the cloud rest on the mountain, and when disturbed by the sun or the wind, in grateful sprinklings it returns to foster, to cherish, to develop the nature of its own godlike virtues.

The Governor here inquired whether it was to be understood that it was better not at all to notice such assaults as he had alluded to?

And it was answered:

Not notice in anger, or with the appearance of vexation but with the calmness and simplicity of truth. You can not convince by denunciation. There should be a grand dignity in your answers, a moral personification of your communion with spirits, which will exert a more potent influence on the world than all the replies which you can make to attacks on our cause in vexation or a hasty zeal.

Dr. Dexter then asked Lord Bacon if he would not arrest his communication a few moments, while I should read to Judge Barber some of Swedenborg's communications. He answered:

Yes, I am always instructed by any thing from Swedenborg.

I then read for half an hour or so, and when I finished, it was written:

I guess we will all go home, and so good-night.

BACON.

Governor Tallmadge and Judge Barber then left, and the Dr. and I remained in conversation until after midnight. Suddenly the Doctor's hand became affected, and it seemed that they were going to write again.

I remarked, What! do they never sleep?

And it was written:

Sleep? certainly, Judge. How can our bodies support the wear and tear of life without sleep? But the nearer I

approach those I love, the more I identify myself with their present feelings. Thus I feel inclined to-night to be cosy with you two, and to open my heart and tell you of its high and noble aspirations, to tell you with what joy I shall wend my way to those worlds spoken of by Swedenborg, when I shall have accomplished the object for which I now labor.

Oh! could I take you with me, and with the velocity of thought wend our way through space, looking down on worlds moving in their orbits, filled with spirits whose only thought is onward and upward! To point out to your ken the source of those things, the manifestations of which only, you are permitted to behold. Together to learn from the observation of his works, the nature and attributes of the Creator. Together to develop the germs of our own characters, and together to strive onward toward that sphere where the full conception of our yearnings shall be gratified.

When we should have at last arrived at the place of eternal rest, can you conceive the sensation which would pervade our spirits, freed from materiality, when in daily and hourly communion with the millions on millions of souls liberated from every thing which partakes of earth, we enter forever into the real joys of our eternal existence?

No human heart can realize, no human mind grasp the thought which now fills my nature, and lifts my spirit even beyond the barriers of this world.

Oh! 'tis then I feel that there is in all the works and laws of God this one eternal principle of love. For what can exceed the love of that being who has prepared a heaven where mind can grasp the every thought of life and death! Yes, even you, toiling and laboring to obtain that which will satisfy your minds on earth, can you realize what that joy must be when there is no obstacle to the fulfillment of that desire?

But I must close. If I am too prosy, learn that the spirit never tires of striving too, and that though we lay up no treasure of gold, we are more than repaid if our

efforts enable you to treasure up one truth from our teaching, or to cast off one error from our doctrines. Good-night.

BACON.

The Dr. then, in our conversation, alluded to an idea I had uttered, which, he said, had disturbed him with doubts, etc. After we had conversed some time on that subject, it was written:

It would be better that you do not go on, if you have a doubt of our truth. I point to the ever-living God, who is truth. I teach you humility, self-examination, and trust. I talk to you as spirits talk to one another, believing you feel our truthfulness, if you can not see us. Do you believe you have seen your wife? Believe, then, it is she who put the thoughts into my mind uttered to you, and that she it is who has read your heart better than you know it yourself. Doubt if you will, but believe you must. Learn, you are not perfect, but that your failings and faults will be just as freely told you as your capacity to aid our cause.

BACON.

Section Fourteen.

Thursday, May 5th, 1853.

The circle met at Dr. Dexter's, present also Governor Tallmadge. Before any thing was written, I suggested whether it would not be better, the first thing after every teaching, to propound the questions springing from that teaching, as thus the subject would be kept compact in these papers.

After a while, the Doctor's hand was moved, and he wrote:

HAVE you ever thought, my friends, of the remark of our Christ, that when two or three were gathered together, his spirit would be among them? When even in the privacy of your domestic relations you are retired within the charmed circle of your homes, then it is that the spirits of your dearest friends departed are with you, enjoying with you all the joy and comfort which the social connection affords. Then it is, that when the heart seems gushing forth with affection that your spirits are so nearly and intimately approached by your friends, and the fullness of your heart is the reflection of their impression.

To-night you are surrounded by many spirits of those who, when on earth, you dearly loved, and who to-night unite with me in the blessing—God cherish and guard you.

SWEEDENBORG.

I shall be glad if your questions are proposed, Judge, and in future the course you have mentioned may be adopted; but you will not expect me to answer in detail all you ask, as that might take up too much time; but I will do the best I can to satisfy you.

I then proposed this question.

You say, "there lies the body, and the spirit is floating over it." In

what does it float? Has it, then, a new body? Does it take that body with it from its old body, or is it a new creation independent of the former body? In the vision which I saw of my brother-in-law's death, did I see accurately the process of dying in this respect?*

*I can render this intelligible only by the following extract from my journal:

November, 24th, 1851.

My wife's brother-in-law, residing in Brooklyn, has been ill for some four or five weeks, and gradually falling away, so that it was evident he could not live long.

On Sunday, the 17th instant, I spent most of the day with him, and in the course of the day he revived enough to converse with me about his approaching departure. I took occasion to explain to him, as I had learned from these communications, what death was, and what the other state of existence was, on which he was entering. He was able to understand me. * * * *

I remained with him the whole of the following Saturday night, and returned to my lodgings early on Sunday morning. I lay down on my sofa in the course of the forenoon, and while there, I received a very vivid impression of the manner and circumstances of his death.

He had breathed his last, and I saw what I supposed was his spirit-body issue from his mortal body in the shape of a cloudy frame, and directly over it, and in the room where it lay, it assumed the human form, but it seemed to have no intelligence. Suddenly it lighted up, was alive and intelligent, and I was impressed that that was caused by the soul's leaving his fleshy body and entering his spiritual body. As soon as that intelligence appeared, he looked around as if somewhat in doubt where he was, but he immediately seemed to recollect that his present condition was not strange to him, and to know from previous instruction that he was in the spirit-world. He then turned his looks to his family and friends who were around his corpse, and bestowed upon them a look of great affection, and was then wafted away on a flood of light far into the distance, until he faded from my view.

While his spiritual body was thus forming, three spirits were in attendance. One, his son, who died twenty-seven years ago, at the age of three years; another, a grandson, who died a few weeks since, at the age of four years; and the third, one of mature age. His son's attention was directed solely to his father, and his grandson's principally to its mother, who was present. He seemed to wish he had some means of making her know that he was present, and that he could throw himself into her arms, so that she could feel it. He seemed to be full of hilarity and joy, and to desire to communicate his happiness to her. The attention of the third person was directed partly to him and partly to the friends around, whom she had loved so well.

When at length they began their upward journey, they all bent upon us looks of great affection and gladness. As they progressed, they were from time to time joined by other bright and happy spirits; and as they faded in the distance, they unitedly gave us a parting look of happiness and affection that has no parallel on earth.

In answer to this he wrote:

Although I may pretend to some power of concentration and memory, yet, Judge, that is a long question, and involves many points, therefore, if you please, one point at a time.

Well, then, I will first ask, Has it a new body?

Yes, most certainly, a body composed of new materials, refined and sublimated, but still entirely material.

Next I ask, Does it take that body with it from its old body?

It does not take the materials from the old body, but it is a new creation, as instant of life as was the corporeal germ when it vitalized the embryo *in utero*.

I remarked that the other part of my question, referring to a vision I had had, was of moment only as illustrating the subject.

It was written:

Of that I can not judge, but the spirit when leaving the body leaves it for another probably ready for it. Even spirits do not see the process. If it has been vouchsafed to you, it has been for some special purpose.

Mr. Warren somewhat criticised the expression, "instant of life."

And it was written:

Instant of life is the proper expression, as I maintain, and means just what I want to express.

I then propounded this question:

You describe what is the fate or course of one whose aspirations are upward. Please describe also the fate or course of an opposite one—one gross, material, and very sinful.

It was written in answer:

Let your minds be entirely directed to the answer of this question.

I am glad you proposed it, for it is a subject which I intended to incorporate in my lectures ere this; but the ideas have been so varied and numerous I could not do it before this moment. I now say, when the good man dies, or rather one who has done all he could to live properly and justly,

he finds a new world opening to his view, and a new race of beings inhabiting it. The very air is redolent of peace and joy, and the whole landscape is filled with every thing so beautiful, that he is impelled to stop at every step and drink up, as it were, the rich draughts of pleasure which are everywhere proffered him. To his mind the opening of one object or view, whether of world or thought, is but the incentive to a greater effort to progress, and thus he is led from one point to another, culling by the wayside, and from hill and dale, from spirits of friends and spirits of strangers, the truths which his soul most desires to know, until he has arrived at the place which the true affinities of his nature assure him is the locality where his probation is to be passed.

But to the spirits who have lived a life of selfishness, disregarding the claims of their race, who have toiled and struggled for no other motive than to accomplish their own ends, at no matter what cost, who have bowed their spirit to the rule of error, and who have delighted to circumvent their fellows, who have, while they professed to serve God, denied him by their acts—they die, and their spirits enter new bodies. Now I beg, in this connection, to say that, there must either in man's residence on earth be the development of his spirit and the corresponding progress, or there must be a retrogression and a consequent depreciation of the true desires of his nature. Thus it is, when the spirit by its acts retrogrades the true type of that condition is most distinctly manifest after death in the acquired tastes of that spirit for the scenes which on earth afforded him pleasure. And it turns from the contemplation of what is around, above, and beyond, to the constant yearning after that which is below, which is gross, which is circumscribed in the limits of your globe. It does not associate with those whose aspirations are for the good. Its affinities lead it toward those whose desires correspond with its own, and it chooses for its companions those whose habitations are near this earth, and whose tastes are of the same character. Its body

is not as specifically light as are those of the progressed spirits, for with us as with you certain localities change the very particles of our organization, and develop characteristics really opposed to the intent of our creation. I cite in corroboration of this statement the tribes of Hottentots, whose organization is so gross that the very formation of certain organs of the body is so changed that they do not resemble that of a human body. By living near the earth, obtaining their sustenance from the bodies near to it (for we can transport ourselves miles without number in a moment of time), they acquire an aspect differing widely from our external appearance. Their bodies are sublimated, it is true, but still, were you able to see them, you would scarcely distinguish the difference between them and men of your own earth. I now speak of spirits whose minds are not really evil, but not progressive.

There is another class to which I will direct your attention, as belonging to that division who are really bad, and who, by a long course of evil life, have denied their obligations to man, to God, and to the laws which he has established. After these spirits have passed into their new bodies, they are so heavy, so much more dense than are the other spirits mentioned, that they can not maintain themselves even near the earth, but sink far below it, and are really of so dark a hue that they are almost black.*

Now the place of their residence is far below that which I ever had a desire to visit, and I can not tell you from actual observation what it is, but it is said to be an extensive plain, with but one single mountain in the center. So attached are the inhabitants to this interminable level that they scarcely attempt for years to ascend this mountain. Now it is almost always night there, or rather a condition midway between night and day, and if they were to ascend this mountain, it is said they would catch a glimpse of the

* This teaching is so closely coincident with some of the manifestations which I have witnessed through other mediums, that I insert one in the Appendix as calculated to elucidate the subject. See Appendix E.