

copy. Afterward I thought little or nothing of it, merely attributing it to a high state of mental excitement.

Last June, nearly two years afterward, at a sitting the medium, after passing into a state of partial trance, said she seemed to be in a large gallery surrounded by pictures and portfolios of drawings. "She felt impelled to come to me," she said, and immediately a very strong mesmeric influence came over me with irresistible power. Her forehead was pressed upon mine with such a force she could not get it away for a few minutes, during which time the subject of the tinted sketch was daguerreotyped upon my mind with remarkable vividness. The two statues appeared beckoning with their hands and pointing away over the sea. The gondola appeared laden with passengers, and sailed away to strains of most bewitching music over the sea, and vanished.

Next a thin white cloud like a gauze veil descended from the upper right-hand corner to the position in the sketch, and assumed the form represented, beckoning and pointing away over the sea. I can never forget the impression that picture made upon me. The light was a clear beautiful sunset. The figure was clear and transparent, with the distant clouds and mountains being distinctly visible through the folds of drapery. I should call the picture "THE INVITATION TO THE SPIRIT-LAND."

Do you wonder at my restlessness and anxiety to paint so enchanting a subject presented in so fascinating a manner? The next picture was presented about a week afterward through Mrs. A. in a similar manner, by contact of the forehead with mine. The subject was entirely different in every particular. Not the slightest trace of the first was perceptible in any part. It was a moonlight view of a lake of deep, still water, surrounded by foliage. In the foreground, seated on a throne, was a female figure. Above her head a wreath of roses shed a flood of gold and rose-colored light over the figure, relieving it from the dark background. The head was gracefully turned toward a bird of gorgeous plumage on the right shoulder. In one hand was a white lily, in the other a scepter crowned with three rose-buds. Around the base of the throne was a group of Cupids in a kneeling posture, as if doing homage and offering wreaths of flowers. Particular directions were written for arranging the effect and finishing certain parts, and signed "Raphael." The trance immediately passed off the medium,

and no more demonstrations were to be had that evening. The picture was called, "THE GODDESS OF DIVINE BEAUTY." One thing struck me as singular. The fingers of the medium rested precisely on the organs of the brain required to be excited, while in the ordinary condition she knows nothing of Phrenology, and would be as likely to excite Destructiveness as Ideality. This picture, unlike the first, did not appear a *reality*, but a painting in oil colors, the artist's touches being distinctly visible in every part.

Some remark was made which brought to mind the long-forgotten written impression before alluded to. So I inquired if they had promised me a view of these pictures, about two years before? "Yes, we did." Do you remember of my writing down those impressions? "We do. We impelled you to do so." Why did you not show me the pictures then? "Because you were not prepared to receive them." Here is a truly remarkable coincidence, if it is mesmerism or attributable to any but spiritual causes.

Am I better prepared now? "You are, and we desire you to paint them, and show the world some of the glories of our sphere." This circumstance was never mentioned to any person but my wife, and she laughed at it. The medium was entirely ignorant of me or my existence until a few hours before this communication. The next picture was the medal before alluded to, of which I send a sketch. The upper one is the size and appearance at first. Gradually the arm and sword were raised and pointed to a castle or pile of buildings on a hill. From the doorway a long procession appeared, each person bearing a picture. The motto on the flag above the structure was "*Multum in Parvo*." I was at a loss to know the meaning of all this, but was informed that the figure was my guardian spirit, and I need apprehend no fear from boldly advancing and defending these new views of spiritual existence. I do not yet quite understand the meaning of the whole, but trust it will be revealed in future. This same figure has been presented to my internal once since my return to Concord, and pointing to this sentence written through my own hand: "You are on the right road. *Onward and Upward*, progress." Another picture, presented through Mr. J. T. Patterson, by simply laying the hands on my head, was wholly unlike either of the others. A high ridge of ground which ascended until lost in dark clouds. Below, in the

distance, a field in a very barren, dry, parched condition, something like some of the New Hampshire lands. In the foreground, a part of the rich soil was just plowed up, the plow still standing in the furrow, and near it a most majestic figure with a glory about the head, and a benignant countenance. This was Christ inviting some one to hold the plow.

Presently there appeared a vast host of angels coming down out of the cloud. As they approached, the distant field became more green, the foreground appeared planted with growing corn. As the procession approached nearer, the distant field was an immense mass of waving grass; some men appeared mowing it down. The corn had grown and produced a luxuriant crop. Still Christ invited some one to hold the plow. But, thought I, what is the use of that, there is no one to draw? Presently the whole angelic host had arranged themselves into a long procession reaching far up into the distance, and holding a golden cord attached to the implement as if to draw it. Of course, my query was answered. A remarkably beautiful and artistic effect of light was clearly perceptible. At first, it was the gray, cool, morning twilight. As the picture proceeded, the head of Christ was illuminated by the rosy light of sunrise, which gradually descended until the whole was bathed in the full effulgence of brilliant clear sunshine. The dress of the angels consisted of long robes, white at top, next rose-colored, then violet, ending at the feet in a tint of pure blue. Their wings were gray and white tipped with brilliant green. The significance of the picture I take to be this: Here is the rich soil of the human race, the plow of Divine Truth is entered and ground partly broken; Christ invites us to hold and guide it, while the whole angelic host are ready to assist, and our reward is a bountiful harvest.

Another picture I received through Mrs. A. A range of high mountains, their bases covered with dark, tall pines. Above a gorgeous sun of DIVINE TRUTH, shedding broad beams of light over the whole picture. In the valley below and foreground were a vast multitude hailing with joy and admiration the glorious display. I can not convey any idea of its intense brilliancy, so dazzling I could scarcely look at it. This clearly appeared a *painting* like the goddess.

I am not fully developed enough yet to have much presented without the aid of a full medium, but am promised more clearly as I am developed, even into the spirit-land itself. Only one picture have I

seen by myself, and that is, the "*Old and New Theology.*" In the foreground is an ancient building of the homeliest style, built of regular square stones, quite weatherbeaten, and covered with moss. The doorway is guarded by an old tombstone with the old-fashioned hideous death's-head and cross-bones. Clambering up the rickety steps, through thorns and briars, are a black-robed priest and a few stiff old women. In the distance an immense structure of gorgeous architecture, its high dome surrounded by a halo of light. From out its numerous portals behold a vast host with banners and musical instruments, preceded by a band of children bearing wreaths and festoons of flowers.

In the execution of these pictures the greatest nicety and finished skill is required. I have not had time to paint any of them since I left Boston, as my other duties press me up so close for time; and I can not bear to let any of these subjects go in a superficial manner, preferring to wait until a favorable opportunity should offer itself. It would be necessary to change my residence from this place, as it would be quite impossible to paint successfully surrounded by such a mental atmosphere as prevails here, though I have not been idle, but have stored my mind with much valuable material for future use. Every cloud, hill, tree, bush, running stream, or other natural object, seems to have a charm which I did not see before. An increased store of sketches can testify to that. I readily perceived that higher knowledge than I possessed was necessary to *finish* such works, particularly angelic figures. But where was I to look for such knowledge? that was the question. Shall I study prints or pictures, or what? Here I was puzzled; but a good spirit came to my aid, and said, "You want *nature* for forms of angels." "You must practice for some time on that part, and I will assist you."

It had never occurred to me to look to nature, for such beings are rare there. But here another difficulty was to be overcome. To get any one here in Concord to stand naked and be drawn was almost impossible at such time as I wanted. What was I to do in this case? It occurred to me that troops of boys went every afternoon to bathe in the river. Hither I repaired, sketch-book in hand, and to my unspeakable joy found just what I wanted. From a dozen or twenty, just as nature made them, I could select just such as I pleased, and they readily assumed any position to be drawn in, even thinking it some slight honor to be considered a "model artist."

This practice soon made me more familiar with the human figure, and I could readily design such angels as I wanted with my increased knowledge.

These pictures haunt me more and more every day; I can not drive them off my mind, all I can do. Why, yesterday I forgot my flowers and scroll-work, and, before I was aware of it, had covered a panel with chalk sketches of angelic figures. Nothing I ever experienced gives me such exquisite delight as sketching and painting this class of subjects. I feel a little diffidence about these pictures, lest I should not do them full justice. But here is the case; somebody must paint them, and as I am selected for that purpose, why, I feel it my duty to do the best I can. The spirits say they assisted me on the first picture, and promise me further aid. Thus far their word has been sacredly kept, and I can not doubt them for the future. The only apparent difficulty in the way is, I depend on my labor for the support of my family. That is *certain* in my present position. If I make a change it is for an apparent uncertainty. The spirits promise that shall all be right. How far they know or have any control over pecuniary matters, I do not know. However, I would as soon take their word as that of many men. The time has come, I think, when pictorial illustrations will be demanded for the numerous publications on this subject, and some one of artistic skill, and knowledge of spiritual things will be required to furnish them. I have already some knowledge of drawing on wood for engraving, which might be turned to some account. The inclosed drawing would make an excellent *frontispiece* for your forthcoming book; if it should please you to make use of it for that purpose, you are at full liberty to do so. It would be best engraved on copper or steel, but lithography or *very fine wood-cut* would answer. I should rather it would not be engraved at all, than done coarsely. It is drawn wholly from recollection, that you may see how vivid the impression is on my mind, even after a lapse of eight or nine weeks from the time I received it. The size is right for either a 12mo or 8vo volume. This sketch is not so perfect as I could desire, but I have not time to make another.

In regard to my letter, which you request the liberty to publish, you may feel perfectly free to use, as you see fit, any letters or my name, if it will be the means of assisting mankind in their forward

progress. I shall ever account it a privilege to perform my share in that great work, by any means honorable and effective. The movement, up here out of the way of almost every thing but granite, is making rapid headway. New media are being developed where one would least expect any thing of the kind. Partial and inferior as most of these media are, still they are sufficient to awaken much attention, and of course some opposition. The principal argument is, that it is all the work of the devil, and only a new trap he is setting to catch souls with. Of course such ignorance is not worth a serious answer. For myself I boldly and fearlessly advocate and defend the phenomena whenever they are attacked, and excite everybody to witness the demonstrations whenever an opportunity occurs.

I have just now induced a person, who was a most determined unbeliever, to look into the matter. He has seen enough to puzzle him and stagger his philosophy. I observe that unbelievers usually make the best spiritualists, probably because they have cut loose from old errors, and have minds free and independent enough to look the matter in the face for themselves, and having made up their minds have boldness and intrepidity enough to advance the newly-discovered truth.

Please excuse delay in answering your letter. I was absent when it arrived.

Yours, truly,

J. WOLCOTT.

To J. W. EDMONDS, Esq.