

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Spiritual Phenomena.

**SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.**  
The Extraordinary Experiences of Col. Richard E. Cross, of Montreal, Canada, at the House of Mrs. Compton, in Havana, N. Y., and afterwards in New York City.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

POSTSCRIPT.—It will be interesting and perhaps proper to add to what has already been written the following statements: According to the promise and prediction of the spirit guides of the spirit artist Wella Anderson, the pictures of the Indian, "Big Water," the alleged guide of Col. Cross, and of "Katie Brick," are finished, and are the same in likeness as the first remarkable sketches, but much more elaborate, and executed in the finest detail, so that they could well be called the most finished portraits. It will be remembered that the spirit guides said that the portrait of the Indian would be done in the course of ten days, and that of Katie "would be completed at noon on the 21st day of May next." This was said on the 30th of April. In about ten days from the latter time the Indian's full picture was ready, and on last Friday, the 21st of May, at noon, that of "Katie" was finished by the spirits. On the afternoon of that day I was at the studio of Mr. Anderson to see if the spirits would, or had, fulfilled their promise, and I found it emphatically so, and saw the pictures themselves! That of the Indian is very strong in shades, the face more delicate and refined than of our Indians, and the dress equally so. From a sort of coronet adorned with jewels there springs a single large ostrich feather, of natural size, and I do think that the art execution of this feather is the most remarkable I ever saw. Nature hardly could have done better. This white feather with its delicate shades contrasts well with the dark raven, long flowing hair of the Indian, and is a great adornment to the picture, as it was undoubtedly in natural condition to the Indian in life here. The spirits say that "Big Water" was of the ancient Montezumas, and from his picture we would be induced to think so. But the picture of Katie! A good and beautiful picture was the sketch, but this, in every respect, far surpasses it. It is very elaborate in execution, and in general and particular effect, superior and peculiar. The beautiful, expressive face and the hair of flowing curls are covered with a gossamer lace veil, with diminutive figures all over it, and a border of exquisite thread-lace. It extends almost to the waist, and underneath it you can see all of Katie's face, neck and shoulders, and covered bust, most distinctly. The veil (a very remarkable effect, seldom attained by artists in the normal condition) seems to stand out from the head, face, neck, shoulders and bust, in a sort of curve, and this is accomplished by the most minute and delicate shading. The jewel in the brooch on the neck, which is surrounded by a soft, frilled lace collar, seems to stand out from its frame, so that apparently you could pick it out with your fingers. Between the original sketch and this picture is this difference of importance: There is more of the person in this, reaching below the waist, and the right arm in all its singular curvature and anatomical beauty is shown, holding in the hand a bouquet of flowers, which Katie told the artist, Mr. Anderson, was as near a likeness of the bouquet Col. Cross gave her at Havana as the spirit artists could make it, and which vanished in the presence of the circle. This arm is so exquisite in its delicate shading, that it seems to stand out quite from the body, as do the marble arms of Powers's Greek Slave, looking, however, more like pure white Parian marble than flesh and bones. The sketch did not have this arm, hand and bouquet, but at the time it was done, the spirits said through Mrs. Berry, a medium present, that the finished picture would have them, and sure enough it has got them. This addition to the sketch will be a gladsome surprise to Col. Cross, no doubt. I was curious to know from the spirit guides of Mr. Anderson how long it took them—working time—to execute these portraits. I was answered: "In writing, signed 'Raphael,' that in the case of the Indian there were thirteen sittings of the medium required, each occupying from nine to ten minutes; and in the case of the picture of Katie there were twenty-two sittings in the eleven days following, two a day, of eight minutes each. So that the working time of the Indian picture was, say one hundred and thirty minutes, or two hours and ten minutes; and that of Katie one hundred and seventy-six minutes, or nearly three hours. I would like to know the mortal artist who could execute such pictures in such short time. Mr. Anderson, besides, for a long time past has been an invalid, afflicted with paralysis, and it is a wonder that the spirits can do anything through him at all. It is his purpose about the first of next month to quit active work, and retire into the country for recreation and rustication, and he sincerely trusts that he may be completely restored; for such mediums as he are 'few and far between.'"

A word or two more as to the mediumship of Mrs. Elizabeth J. Compton. Of all mediums who have yet appeared for spiritual manifestations, she is, perhaps, "take her all in all," the most remarkable. Born in a manger, as it were, and not yet out of it, reared in humility and without education—a rough working-woman—the materializations, which occur with her, it seems, are more real, definite, distinct and cognizable and appreciable than those which occur with any other—the "Eddys" not excepted. Through the medium, Mrs. Berry, I have been informed by the spirits, that in the whole world at present there is but one other medium like Mrs. Compton, and she, they say, is now living in the south of our country, and yet undeveloped, but will be one day soon. The point of remarkable difference between Mrs. Compton and all other mediums is in the wonderful feature of DEMATERIALIZATION: the use of the body by the spirits to "sojournally clothe themselves—nay, not only the use of her body,

but all on her body at the time: her clothes and raiment, even to her black alpaca gown: and this demonstrated beyond all peradventure, by the experience of Col. Cross alone, who carries some of the proofs with him in his pocket. The spirits make use of all the chemical elements which the body, flesh and bones of Mrs. Compton can afford, so that nothing is left of her in the cabinet but her spirit quintessential form sitting in the chair. The spirits have told me that they cannot succeed in dematerializing any of the Eddys, and they have tried. If they could, the materializations through them would be much more plain and distinct. They can only use the elements of their bodies partially, and they need help and assistance from the harmonious circles, whereas in the case of Mrs. Compton they take all of her chemical elements, and use them for their purposes, even to what she wears and has about her. What a remarkable, wondrous medium, then, is Mrs. Compton, and how careful Spiritualists should be of her. And let me say here that the spirits say that if they could have Mrs. Compton in better conditions and surroundings than she is—if she had not to work so hard and live so roughly, on such rough food and in such poverty of other nourishment, they could do a great deal better through her than they have done. They seem to want to have her placed beyond want and necessity, so that she could be free and untrammelled, and left to their more complete and perfect uses. And yet Mrs. Compton is permitted to live, persecuted, in that village of Havana—I had almost said "Nazareth"—as she is, and no one yet sufficiently interested in the great facts of Spiritualism to take her from thence and give her new and favorable surroundings. We do not treat any of our mediums rightly, and Mrs. Compton suffers, as do all. Who, with means, will see to this remarkable medium?

Col. Cross told me, in reference to this matter of dematerialization of Mrs. Compton, that while at her house he heard as follows: That at one of her circles several weeks before, a learned, obstinately skeptical professor, of Cornell University, was present, and while the spirit of the Indian, "Seneca," was in materialized form before the circle, this professor laid ruthless hands upon the form. As an immediate consequence the spirit form shrunk all away. But this was not all. The medium in the cabinet was hurt—violently injured—and the members of the circle found her face and her dress about the bosom bespattered with blood; and it was on the face and breast that the unbelieving professor had roughly handled "Seneca." Col. C. obtained from Mrs. Compton a piece of her lace collar stained with the blood on this occasion, and showed it to me. What a heartless piece of conduct that on the part of the professor! To what abuses mediums are subjected! We have more than doubting Thomases among us. I saw the piece of gossamer which the spirit Katie cut from her spirit dress and gave to Col. Cross. It is gossamer, and yet has the appearance of soft wool, or down, of a creamy white cast of color, and evanescent in appearance. It may have been made of the very interior texture, without color, of Mrs. Compton's coarse black alpaca gown; but then there must be very fine elements in coarse materials, and without a doubt there are. I also saw the piece of black alpaca cut out of the dress of Mrs. Compton by the Colonel, and the hole in the middle of it, which the piece of white gossamer from "Katie's" dress fitted exactly. The Colonel, I must add, purchased an entire new dress for the medium, and rewarded her in money also.

We frequently hear it said that scientists should undertake the investigation of these spiritual phenomena, and make known the results to the world. This is said by Spiritualists, as well as those who are not familiar with the spiritual phenomena; but I am not among those who are anxious in that direction. The last person I would call upon to investigate the phenomena of materialization, and more particularly of dematerialization, for my interior satisfaction, would be your present man of science. Pshaw! I could get more wisdom from the mouths of suckling babes in reference to these things than from all your scientists! Next to the religious bigot is the scientist bigot—both bigoted alike. Accustomed to ways that they never can get out of, they follow merely the beaten tracks and ruts of what has already gone before. And besides, what could all the present scientists of the world do with this matter of dematerialization? These facts of materialization and dematerialization are far above the knowledge of earth, and men will have to become spiritual chemists before they can understand these things. The material and spiritual worlds must be in cognizable and really visible, appreciable connection and union, before the science of earth can be so unified; and at present, in reference to these things, I would rather take the word of one experienced and intellectual spirit than all the scientists that ever did, or do now, exist on earth. Indeed, we must be spirits to see and understand the chemical elements and relations which pertain to these phenomena. We must be in a position to see and understand spiritual chemistry—and this we can only see and understand in the spiritual world. Away, then, with the appliance of mere earthly and earthly science to these phenomena! They are in and of the SPIRIT, SPIRITUAL!

New York, May 23d, 1875. A. G. W. C.

### PART III.

THE MEDIUM, MRS. COMPTON, IN NEW YORK CITY.

I find necessity and propriety for an additional chapter. Col. Cross is now in this city again, and he reminds me of one or two particulars not narrated in his letter. One of these is the fact that, when his spirit-brother Edward appeared to him in a colonel's regimental uniform, he asked him if he (Edward) remembered the last words used by him before his death. His brother delayed an answer, and finally said, "Dick, you remember my words as well as I." "I know I do, but I want you to repeat them." "Well," said the spirit, "as I lay dying in your arms on the field of Gettysburg, you asked me if I was afraid to die. And I answered emphatically, 'No, I am not afraid to die,' and expired." The Colonel says this is true—the is the conversation that occurred between them at the death-scene. And what a fraternal test of identity, apart from all other recognition, it was!

The other remarkable incident is, that the spirit-form and figure of A. D. Richardson came from the door of the cabinet at the last night's séance, and walking forward toward Colonel Cross, directed the attention of the Colonel, and pointed to a book which the spirit had under his arm; and then he took the book in his hands, and turned over the leaves of it; apparently it was, of cloth, and gilded binding. After himself and his book being thus recognized, the spirit receded, and returned into the door of the cabinet. Mr. Richardson was a friend of Colonel Cross; they became acquainted and friends with each other during the progress of the war, when Mr. Richardson was the war correspondent of the New York newspapers, in the army

of the Potomac. This interview of friends—spirit and mortal—on this occasion, must have been very surprising, interesting and agreeable to both parties.

On last Sunday evening, by previous invitation, Mrs. Berry, wife and myself, were at a remarkable séance with Mr. Slade, at his residence in this city, No. 18 Twenty-first street, and while there, and talking about the medium, Mrs. Compton, we were surprised to learn that she was in the city of New York, and in the very house in which we then were, under the care of Dr. Gray, who had been treating her for nervous prostration and disease, caused by overtaxation and exertion at her home in Havana. None of us called upon her that night, thinking we might disturb her.

The next morning Colonel Cross arrived in New York, and coming to our residence, accompanied my wife and Mrs. Berry on a visit to Mrs. Compton, and found her in a very weak condition, but convalescent, and learned from her that she had been brought to this city an invalid, by her friend and manager of her séances. Since she has been here she has kept herself very privately, and of course has given no séances. Last Tuesday morning, Mrs. Compton went with us to Mr. Anderson's studio, to see the finished picture of Katie, and more than surprised was she to see upon the large roll of white paper the elaborate and remarkable likeness of her darling spirit, "Katie." Mrs. Compton of course has never seen Katie at her materializing séances, but she has frequently seen her clairvoyantly; and she says the picture executed through Mr. Anderson is in every particular that of "Katie." So also says her friend, who at the repeated materializing séances has become so familiar with the face, form and figure of Katie. The next day, Mrs. Compton, visiting Mr. Anderson at his request, he was influenced by his guides, and in his sanctum in a very short space of time executed a likeness of a little Indian child of apparently about nine years of age, very marked and expressive face, and dark eyes and hair, and dressed in a very ornamented manner, with a coronet on her brow, on each of the points of which was a bright, particular star. Mr. Anderson did not know whose portrait he had pencilled, but so soon as Mrs. Compton saw it she exclaimed: "That is my little STAR-LIGHT—my Indian child-guide, who is always with me! Oh! what a beautiful picture, and a beautiful likeness!" Of course we were all especially pleased with this picture. Mr. Anderson has generously given the portrait to Mrs. Compton, to hang up in her home, and has also, under conditions, promised a picture of "Katie," which Mrs. Compton so much desires for herself and visitors. The picture of Katie, beautifully framed, is now adorning the robing of Mr. Anderson, before the time that Colonel Cross designs to take it away to his home.

At my suggestion Mrs. Compton, in company with her friend, visited the gallery of the spirit artist, Mr. T. R. Evans, and while there, having had a sitting for a photograph of herself, was surprised to see beside her own likeness that of her spirit mother, who has been in spirit-world many years.

Mrs. Compton remained with us at our home for two or three days, and of the life of so remarkable a woman I took occasion to gain many particulars. She was born in Havana, where she now lives, of very humble parentage, and from girlhood she has been compelled to labor hard for her living. She is now forty-five years old. At nine years of age it was, that she remembers her first distinctive manifestation of mediumship, although at that time she did not so recognize it. She says at the house of a certain family she was serving as nurse-girl, and one morning early she was sitting on the stoop of the house, when she distinctly saw a gentleman in a buggy driving a spirited horse in the street, and, stopping immediately before the house, he got out of his buggy, deliberately hitched the horse to the post, and came up the stoop, passed her, and opened the front door and went into the house. She recognized the gentleman as a relative of the family, who, coming from abroad, had been stopping some days with them, and who she thought, until she saw him get out of the buggy, was in his own room in the house. Pretty soon, continued Mrs. Compton, the gentleman came out of the house again, passed again down the stoop, and to the post, and unhitched the horse, took the reins and was getting into his buggy, when on a sudden fright, the cause of which she knew not, the horse reared and pitched, and finally rearing up fearfully, fell back on the buggy and the gentleman, and instantly killed him. Convulsed with fear, the little nurse-girl ran into the house and announced the sad catastrophe. She was thought to be insane, or in a dream, for, said the family, Mr. — is up in his room, not yet out of bed; and they went up and saw for themselves, and sure enough their friend and relative was in his bed, in his own room, all safe and sound. The little nurse-girl, confused and confounded, did not know what to make of this, or of herself, and abashed and ashamed, she turned from the presence of the members of the family. Some hours or so after this she again sought and took her place upon the stoop at the front door, and she was not there long before again the same scene, and nearly just as it happened before, was presented to her astonished material vision: the same gentleman, buggy and horse, coming rapidly along the street, stopping before the house, the gentleman getting out, hitching the horse, and going past her into the house. Again, after a short time, the gentleman came out of the house, unhitched the horse, attempted to get into his buggy, and then she saw, what she did not see before, a little boy in the street throw a burning fire-cracker under the horse's nose, (it seems the day was a national holiday,) which caused the horse, from sudden fright, to rear and plunge, and finally fall back upon the man and kill him. Again she ran into the house, crying out the same story, but more loudly than before, and aroused the family. This time, as they knew their friend was out of the house, and had gone off in his buggy, they rushed out of the front door, and there, too seriously and soberly real, they saw the horse gone, the buggy all in pieces, and their friend and relative lying in the street quite lifeless. What a wonderful experience this of a little girl of nine years of age; and what did the people think of it? Plainly and simply they did not know what to think, or say, or do; but ever afterwards they entertained a superstitious fear of the little girl, and looked upon her as in league with evil ones.

[Concluded in next issue.]

What will people say? This question makes the mind homeless. Do right and fear no one; thou mayst be sure that with all thy consideration for the world thou wilt never satisfy the world. But if thou goest straight forward on thy way, not concerning thyself with the friendly or unfriendly glances of men, then thou hast conquered the world, and it is subject to thee. By heeding the question, "What will people say?" thou becomest subject to the world.—Averbach.

Riches depart, kindred die, man himself dies also; but a good name dies never for him who gained it.

## Original Essay.

MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS LAWS, With some References to "Spiritual Chemistry."

BY PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

The "oration" purporting to be from Prof. Mapes, through Mrs. Tappan, is one of the best specimens of a very remarkable species of literature, which is likely to prove a puzzle for many years to all our scientists and literati.

There is a dim suggestiveness—a richness of promise and hope, a generosity of impulse, a spirit of philosophy, and an ever-renewing but never really fulfilled promise of positive revelation and scientific explanation which please and attract the reader, but never satisfy a scientific mind. A philosopher may find in such utterances food for thought—hints which he may organize into forms of rationality; but the skeptical physical scientist, who desires and tolerates nothing but precise and well-defined knowledge, will turn aside from the whole production as dreamy and incomprehensible babble.

The first question occurring to the mind of a critical reader is whether Mrs. Tappan actually was controlled by the spirit of Prof. Mapes, or was simply in a clairvoyant condition of somnolence, in which her own intuition might reach out into any sphere of thought, and interpret, not only the principles of sciences, but the peculiar modes of thought belonging to any spirit, in or out of the flesh.

A dogmatic criticism could say that these two states were distinct and incompatible—that if, in the exercise of her own faculties, it was a fraud to assume to speak in the name of Prof. Mapes, and if a passive organ for the utterances of Prof. M., she should exhibit that mediumship by thinking and speaking precisely as Prof. Mapes would do, and be condemned as fraudulent or deceptive if she does not. Such dogmatism as this proceeds from very honest and logical thinkers, who have not learned the vast difference between spirit and physical science, and who cannot appreciate the vast possibilities and subtleties of psychic science, in which the vigorous methods and narrow conceptions of common science only lead to confusion and falsehood.

The two conditions of independent intuition and of obsessed mediumship are not so distinct as most readers suppose. They blend by innumerable gradations, and the majority of mediumistic utterances exhibit this blending in a style which leaves the observer often at a loss to know how to regard them. Hence arise innumerable errors. A simple minded, confiding inquirer takes every utterance of a medium—every writing purporting to come from a spirit—as unquestionably that spirit's utterance, for which it is as responsible as we are for our own writings or speech. A more critical spectator observing this, wonders why Spiritualists should receive as the language of departed literati communications so far below their capacities when living as many of them certainly are, and turns aside from mediumistic literature with a feeling of contempt, which is even a greater delusion than that of the credulous Spiritualist, who has been led on by honest observation until he accepts a great deal without evidence.

Spiritualists are generally convinced by test communications, in which a departed friend gives positive evidence of his identity, and being once satisfied that these friends have communicated, they are apt to ally aside the extreme skeptical vigilance with which they began, and receive long essays or speeches as coming from spirits, which bear intrinsic evidence of their mediumistic origin. They are unwilling to criticize because they think it would be an unjust impeachment of the integrity of the medium. But in reality the medium himself is often as much in the dark as his friends, and unable to decide positively whether that which he has written or spoken originated in his own brain or was originated by spirits and imparted to him.

An honest and intelligent medium will be glad to have his friends aid him in investigating the origin of his impressions, and guarding against two sources of delusion. The automatic action of his own brain and mind may continue long after the spiritual influence has left him, in a style so entirely similar as to make discrimination sometimes difficult or impossible. A habit of thought under spirit influence may become established by long practice, and so confirmed by habit that it arises voluntarily or automatically, and seems to be the very same as when the spirit control was in operation; and the medium, unless very vigilant, does not himself know the difference, for in many cases his own powers are entirely adequate to the intellectual work that was done by the spirit in the first instance.

The spirit influence, when operating, operates in every imaginable degree, from full control to the faintest sympathetic influence. The feebleness of the influence the more the mental peculiarities of the medium appear, and it is not impossible that even Franklin, or other intelligent spirits, may have prompted a communication which is badly spelled or illiterate in style, or that scientists of renown may have been the inspiring spirits in some degree of a medium whose utterances are exceedingly unphilosophical, obscure or erroneous, of which we have many examples. Such mediums are entitled, nevertheless, to all kindly regard and respect. To censure them or speak of them with contempt, would be as irrational as to pronounce microscopes a fraud if we were unable to construct and adjust them for accurate observation. The hasty denunciation of mediums because their outgivings are not satisfactory, is a very serious error in the investigator. Common justice requires that we should extend to the medium our cordial sympathy and respect; and, under the influence of such intercourse, we shall seldom find a medium that is not ready to cooperate candidly in developing the truth. I do not think that many mediums are really dishonest in themselves; but from their very impressibility and their liability to be affected by the influence of frivolous, insincere and overbearing, sometimes even brutal visitors, they may fail to maintain their integrity until they are brought into the society of honorable people.

A medium may have established, beyond all doubt, his power to express the thoughts of our departed friends, and yet he may at the next interview give off an effusion which is evidently the product of his own imagination and prejudices, though purporting to emanate from some spirit. To attribute this to fraud would be gross injustice indeed. It is due to a law which few seem to appreciate—the law of subjectivity and objectivity. In this material world, in which subjective and objective are widely contrasted, we seldom confound them, but in the spirit-world, in all matters of psychic science, we tread upon the border in which subjective and objective blend, and the creations of our own dreamy fancy are often indistinguishable from the visions imparted by spirits—the

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GEO. W. TAYLOR,  
A. E. TILDEN,  
J. W. SEEVER, } Committee.

June 24th, 1875.



Mrs. Gibbs says she didn't make a mistake in her article in the Banner of June 25 in relation to Slade's sittings. It is of no consequence now, one way or the other. The mistake evidently occurred from the fact that the printer left out the date of her letter.











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