

THE
WESTERN STAR.

A Magazine

DEVOTED TO A RECORD OF THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND
 HISTORY OF THE COMMUNION BETWEEN

SPIRITS AND MORTALS.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH.

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THE WESTERN STAR.

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PROSPECTUS.

THE principal features aimed at in this undertaking are. —

First. To present the matter contained in each number in such form and size that any or all the articles can be preserved and bound in ordinary Library volumes.

Secondly. To establish a record of the deeply momentous events connected with modern Spiritualism, and to gather up and preserve such material as cannot be included in the columns of the weekly journals devoted to Spiritualism.

Thirdly. To open up opportunities for a free and fraternal interchange of facts and opinions with the Spiritualists of foreign countries.

Fourthly. To treat all topics of current interest from a purely Spiritualistic standpoint.

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THE WESTERN STAR.

VOL. I.—SEPTEMBER, 1872.—NO. 3.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH: ITS OPERATORS AND
ADVENTISTS.

BY SIRIUS.

IN the writings, essays, and lectures of modern Spiritualists, much stress has been laid upon the "providential intelligence" by which a telegraphic system of communion has been effected between spirits and mortals in the nineteenth century. A retrospective view of Spiritual footprints in history will tend to prove that the modern movement is an inevitable unfoldment resulting from ages of growth, and that Spiritualism, in its present completeness and universality, is only the blossom of a seedling which all time has been germinating.

To arrive at any just conclusions on this subject, it is necessary to remember that the Spiritualism of all ancient dynasties antecedent to the Christian era has been regarded by the civilization of our own time as sheer imposture, idle fable, or communion with "evil spirits." Those who practiced it have been contemptuously styled "the heathen," and the practices themselves have (with equally opprobrious intention) been stigmatized as "magic." On the other hand, the Spiritualism of the Christian dispensation has been styled by the same authority, "miracle," or a species of supernaturalism

specially permitted by the favor of God, and even participated in for a time by the Almighty himself.

After the seventh century this species of "supernaturalism" either died out of the Christian churches, or, for causes foreign to our present purpose to discuss, passed out of fashion; hence the Spiritualism which (as an inevitable law of nature) still continued to become manifest amongst laymen in all countries and amongst all peoples, became amongst Christians a crime of the deepest dye, and those accused of its gifts were tortured into its renunciation, or summarily put out of existence.

Thus for nearly a thousand years Spiritualism has been legislated out of human belief, and Spiritualists tortured out of life by the supreme ruling power of the earth, Christian civilization.

When this astounding paradox is considered, the persecution which has been leveled against modern Spiritualism is fully accounted for, and thus it is that, when at last the spirit world, with "a high hand and a stretched out arm," manifests itself in overwhelming power, the gaping world, convinced against its will, calls it "something new," whilst those who gladly welcome and reverently receive it are compelled to prove its truth by the logic of history, and the testimony of past ages, rather than by the living facts which are daily enacted around them. And yet, a brief review of the plan by which this movement has been ushered in will show that a grand and intelligent design has been outwrought in the preparatory conditions of many preceding generations.

Take in illustration the following examples:—

In the tenth century the alchemists declared that there was an all-pervasive element, which, in a solid form, would transmute metals, and govern the whole realm of matter. This they called the "philosopher's stone."

In a fluid state, they affirmed that this element would

so affect the vital organism, as to prolong life to an indefinite extent, restore youth and health, and in this condition they entitled it the "elixir vitæ."

Without analyzing the crude theories of these old philosophers, it is enough that we point to the central idea which pervaded their dreams, namely, that they prophetically or intuitively perceived the existence of magnetism, an element that can actually, when understood, effect all that was hoped for from the "philosopher's stone;" also, that they discerned the unquenchable nature of the human soul, and felt that the life forces, when scientifically apprehended, might realize all the marvels attributed to the "elixir vitæ."

In the fourteenth century a sect called the "Rosicrucians" arose, who (in speech carefully veiled, to guard the angel of their dreams from the ribaldry of materialism) proclaimed Spiritual truths, and affirmed the existence of spiritual spheres and inhabitants, with a minuteness and accuracy of detail scarcely inferior to the revealments of the modern spirit circle.

In the sixteenth century, zealous spirits, actuated by the desire to instruct mankind in the realities of their existence, took advantage of some special atmospheric and magnetic conditions to make coincident manifestations of their presence in New England, and in Scotland, Sweden, France, and other European countries. They found organisms and conditions favorable for their purpose, but as they themselves had not a scientific understanding of the means they employed, so they could not communicate a sense of the naturalism of their visitation to the age.

Their approach and manifestation two centuries in advance of its scientific explanation, subjected their unfortunate mediums to the horrors of death and the torture, whilst they themselves were mistaken for "evil spirits, imps, and demons."

It was late in the ^{18th} ~~seventeenth~~ century that Baron Swedenborg illustrated, by his own experiences, man's clairvoyant nature, his close relationship and proximity to the spiritual world, the existence of graduated spheres of supermundane life, and the possibility of a human spirit's traversing the realms of the hereafter ere the phenomenal change called death should liberate his soul into its realities.

All this, and a complete system of theology based upon his spiritual perceptions, Swedenborg gave to the world, proving what vast possibilities remained to be unfolded in the spirit of man, no less than what mighty revolutions the effete opinions of orthodoxy were yet to undergo on the subject of man's spiritual nature and destiny.

In 1745, Benjamin Franklin, by a series of patient experiments, arrived at the conclusion that lightning and the electric fluid which pervaded the universe, were one and the same element.

The researches of this great philosopher, stimulating other *savants* to inquiries in the same direction, resulted in establishing the belief that electricity and magnetism, as kindred elements, or perhaps different conditions of one fluid, constitute the life principle and motor power of all things in creation, animate and inanimate.

It was but a few years after the brilliant discoveries of Dr. Franklin in atmospheric electricity, that Anthony Mesmer, utilizing the vague theories of the mystics who preceded him, affirmed that there was in every human being an element similar to the electricity and magnetism of inanimate nature, which he called "animal magnetism." Applying this great discovery to practical use, he taught the method of transfusing magnetism from one body to another, and thus disclosed the secret of ancient miracle, identified it with modern electro-biology, and revealed the occult forces which exist in the human organ-

ism, constituting in their totality the mystery of the life principle.

The cold, unspiritual utilitarianism of the nineteenth century regards the theories of alchemists and Rosicrucians as idle dreamings and baseless visions.

The glorious possibilities opened up to man by Swedenborg, have been treated as lunacy, or narrowed down by his bigoted followers as a miraculous endowment of the one man, not an example of the attributes of all.

The witchcraft of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been regarded as the mere lunacy of the times.

Franklin's great discovery has been jealously appropriated by material philosophy, and Mesmer's, because it trenched upon the untrodden realms of man's spiritual nature, has been insolently derided, and shamefully neglected by those who could not deny the facts it resulted in.

And yet despite this array of scientific ignorance and learned stupidity, all these revealments have been spiritual footprints, preparing the world for the coronal glory of a science which should unfold the nature of man's soul here, and its destiny hereafter.

That we may the better apprehend this proposition, we will now state the philosophy claimed by spirits for the production of the manifestations, and to some extent proved by the nature and operation of the phenomena.

In the first place, it is often asserted by communicating spirits that Swedenborg, George Burroughs (a minister hanged at Salem for witchcraft), Franklin, Hahnemann, George Fox, Mesmer, and Gall the phrenologist, were spirits personally concerned and deeply interested in promoting the working of the modern Spiritual telegraph.

The spirits of many other distinguished philosophers,

reformers, and great-hearted philanthropists are also mentioned as active agents in the movement, but those above named are affirmed to have been mainly instrumental in experimenting with, and working the telegraph whose significance was established through the "Rochester knockings."

Besides the spirit friends and relatives of the early Rochester circles, Benjamin Franklin's was one of the first names spelled out. From the alphabetical communications of this noble spirit it was learned that the production of the sounds, movements of furniture, and other phases of Spiritual phenomena, were the result of a long-conceived plan on the part of those who perceived by their own experience, on entering the spheres, how lamentably ignorant mankind had been of the real conditions of the after life; how important a true knowledge was, as an impetus to human action, and how miserably theology had misled the blind adherents of priestly authority on the subject of their immortal destiny.

The alchemists communicated to the solemn councils convened on these high and important themes, their experience of the universal fluid magnetism as an agent in the chemistry of nature.

The Rosicrucians pointed to the sublime intercourse they had achieved with the spiritual world by the observance of certain physiological, mental, and atmospheric conditions.

The experiences of Swedenborg were cited by himself to show that, under special conditions, direct and continued intercourse between the two worlds was practicable. The electrical and magnetic experiments of the great Franklin were shown by Mesmer to be applicable to a human, as well as a metallic battery, and testified of by Gall and Spurzheim, as means whereby, when properly understood, character could be modified, or absolutely remodeled.

Hahnemann, reaffirming his doctrine that the spiritual essence of matter when set free is far more potential than the mass, directed the attention of the heavenly councilors to the potentiality of the aura emanating from every human being, and so specially charged with electric force in some individuals as to constitute them fit subjects for forming a battery of power in concert with spiritual forces.

The Mesmerists testified that nearly all human beings were capable of being either subjects or operators to other human beings. Spirits who had been on earth the victims of man's superstition and ignorance in the persecutions for witchcraft, alleged that, when their enfranchised spirits recognized the source of the phenomena for which they had suffered, they found they had been the subjects of spirit magnetizers and psychologists, and hence was evoked in their persons the same manifestations as are now produced in modern mediumship. Millions of spirits newly launched from earth, into the eternal spheres, crowded round the high empyrean councils, and besought aid in warning, instructing, consoling, and guiding those they had left behind in the gross darkness and sectarian misconception in which themselves had lived and died.

Wise and advanced spirits, who had taught erroneous doctrines on earth, pleaded for a nearer communion with its inhabitants, so that they could become the missionaries of a new theology founded upon the actual verities of spiritual existence. At length the philosophers of the spheres resolved themselves into bands of experimental operation.

They planted their batteries of power in various countries of earth, but at first their success was too partial to realize their purposes. Finally they found in America a certain family, every way fitted to become the subjects of their grand experiment.

They were females, hence intuitive, inspirational, and susceptible. Young, consequently highly charged with the vital principle, whose excess was necessary to work the battery. Simple in their habits, consequently untinctured with the obstinate conceits of conventional society.

To assimilate successfully with the magnetism of these subjects so as to form an effective battery, the spirit philosophers sought and found a medium spirit in a soul bound to earth, to fulfill the term of a mission cut off by violent death. The place, the person, and the operating spirit were all in scientific adaptation, and thus was evolved those phenomenal signs, which in the dwelling of the Fox family, at Hydesville, first realized the successful working of the modern Spiritual telegraph.

The spiritual telegraphists knew that powerful exhalations of electro vital magnetism had in past times formed natural and unprepared conditions by which spirits could manifest themselves.

Their object now became to collect, control, and apply these exhalations to prepared conditions, and, if possible, to induce them in individuals where they were not spontaneously given off, so that every human creature could become a medium, and every spirit hold intercourse with the inhabitants of earth.

As yet it is scarcely necessary to say their purposes have only been partially realized.

The strong collective magnetism of immense hosts of spirits, brought to bear upon a generation whose thoughts and magnetisms were reciprocally directed by curiosity and interest to the spirit world, have for a time created a battery out of the very atmosphere, through which thousands have received the afflatus, and the latent forces of medium power within them have been thus developed.

This is the source of all popular irruptions (as they have been called) of Spiritualism at special periods.

Some one or more individuals, charged with an excess of electro vital force, have given off such exhalations as formed a ready and spontaneous battery for attracting spirits desirous of communicating with earth. Manifestations inevitably follow. Curiosity is awakened amongst others. In whatever direction thought is determined, magnetism accompanies it. The popular mind, flowing forth towards the mystic realms of the invisible, creates a vast charge of accompanying magnetism in the atmosphere, which forms, as above stated, a natural battery, through which latent mediumistic forces are developed, and multitudes of spirits can communicate.

To perpetuate this communion *without scientifically arranged conditions*, a perpetuation of popular interest in spiritual subjects, and the direction of human magnetic force towards the spirit world, is demanded; hence, we may perceive why a diminution or lack of interest on the part of any community in spiritual subjects tends to weaken, or wholly to prevent the occurrence of spontaneous phenomena.

In communications recently received from the spirit world, of the most authentic character and origin, it is affirmed that the decrease of mediumistic power, and the general subsidence of the most startling phases of the phenomena into rare and exceptional cases, is attributable to the reaction which has ensued upon the first overwhelming sentiments of wonder elicited by the realization of open spirit communion.

If the great mass of Spiritualists are not absolutely apathetic on the subject of their belief, they are no longer stirred to feverish excitement, or diverted from the materialistic and worldly channels in which human opinions too generally flow.

Hence, whilst we find the more advanced minds of America still interested in promoting the beautiful, rea-

sonable, and well proven philosophy of Spiritualism, the abundance and force of its phenomena have begun to subside, and a revival of its astounding marvels can only be anticipated, either in a revival of the zeal and interest with which its first appearance was greeted, or in the scientific understanding and control of those occult forces within man, which constitute his organism a natural battery, through which communion with the spirit world can be maintained.

It may be asked, Why, if the construction of a Spiritual telegraph, worked by natural appliances, and subject to the control of the operators, was the special aim of the first communicating spirits, should their purposes have failed; and even the most intelligent Spiritualists remain now, as formerly, ignorant of the laws and conditions necessary for the working of the Spiritual telegraph?

We answer: Because too many Spiritualists have idly contented themselves with becoming the mere passive recipients of spiritual influx and communion.

Pleased with the marvels they have witnessed, satisfied with the reasonableness of the philosophy communicated, they have failed to pursue any researches into the means employed, or set themselves steadfastly to discover a clue to the mastery of the science, by which the spiritual telegraphists have conducted their work. In short, man must study the laws, and acquire a knowledge of the science, before he can hope to apply it to practical uses.

The methods in this, as in the acquisition of all other sciences, are patience, persevering endeavor, and faithful application of such opportunities as are vouchsafed, whilst it is yet the favoring hour. In short, we must work whilst it is yet light. "The darkness cometh when no man can work."

MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM ;

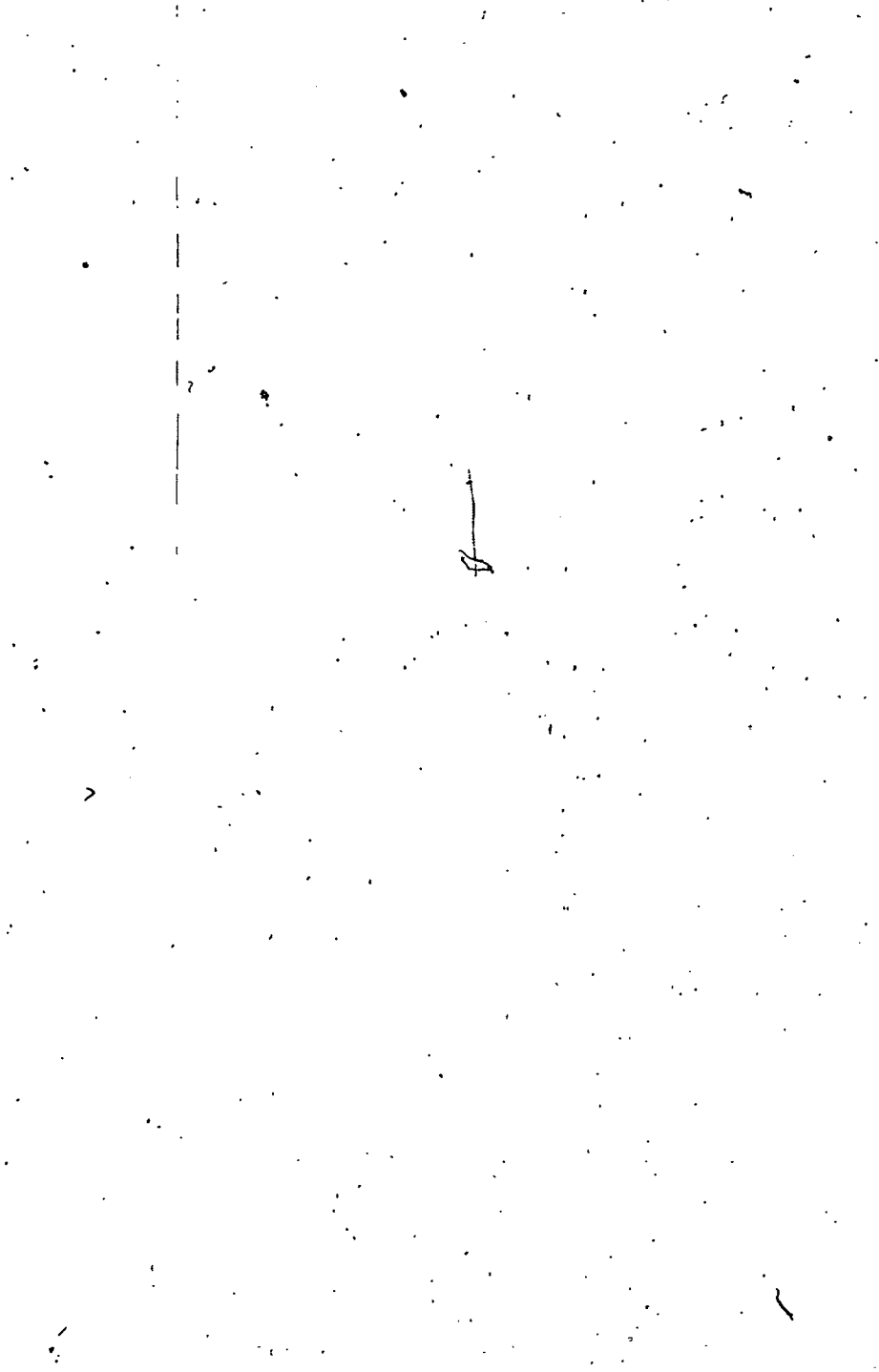
OR,

A HISTORY OF TWENTY YEARS OF OPEN COMMUNION
BETWEEN THE WORLD OF SPIRITS AND MORTALS.

BY

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

VOL. II. — CHAPTER III.



III.

MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM.—SPECIAL PHASES OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.—THE SPIRIT VOICE.

CHAPTER III.

The Talking Spirits of Medina, Williamsport, and Logansport. — Wonderful Narrative of Bill Dole, Mr. Lowe, and the spiritually written Cards.

“To matter or to force
The all is not confined ;
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind ;
One speaks in rock and star,
And one within the brain,
In unison at times,
And then apart again ;
And both in one have brought us hither
That we may know our whence and whither.”

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THERE is a wide difference between those Spiritual manifestations which follow any process of invocation, such as sitting in circles, or alone, mentally soliciting the presence of spirits, and such phenomena as arise spontaneously and unsolicited by mortals, from the action of spirits only. No doubt now exists that in each case the presence of certain individuals is necessary for the production of any phenomena outwrought by spirits upon and through matter.

Even in the exceptional instances of “haunted” places, we have reason to believe that human emanations, by attaching to inanimate substances, such as wood, stone, earth, garments, etc., form the requisite force for the

spirit's operations, and perform the same function as the vital aura which proceeds directly from a living being. But whether the mediumistic force be derived from a human subject, or already exists in a given place, some element of an electro vital or magnetic nature seems to be essential to connect the disembodied spirit with the gross, ponderable nature which constitutes this material world.

In all processes of invocation it must be apparent that the minds which solicit the manifestations must have some effect upon their character; but in wholly spontaneous and unsought-for tokens of spirit presence, the mind, being in abeyance, or perhaps antagonistic, it inevitably follows that the demonstration must be of a more unmixed, and perhaps reliable character, than any procured through invocation.

It is this line of demarcation which divides the narratives of spirit power which we are now about to detail from the great mass of phenomena which constitutes the ordinary experience of the Spiritual circle, rendering them peculiarly significant, and demonstrative of a supermundane origin.

This difference is strikingly marked in reference to the spirit voice, which, although not a very rare phenomenon, has been seldom heard under such circumstances as places its occurrence entirely beyond the reach of suspicion. Sometimes the spirit voice reaches the ear of one alone, and in such a case it is fair to assume that the favored party is gifted with the faculty of "clairaudience," and that the tones are not actually materialized concussions of the air.

Again, as in the case of Mrs. Nelly Butler, recorded in the first chapter of this volume, the voice, though resulting from some disturbance of the earthly atmosphere, does not become audible to every ear alike; consequently the manifestation still assumes a questionable character.

In dark circles, voices speaking through trumpets, or joining in vocal exercises, have frequently been heard; but the arguments that appeal against the reliability of the "dark circle," apply with especial force to the production of voices, unless the intelligence communicated be directly of a test character.

In the following narratives none of these questionable conditions will be found.

The manifestations were all unsought, nay, originated and continued in direct opposition to the wish of the parties concerned. No circles or invocatory practices were resorted to. The production of the voice was never dependent upon darkness, or any other formally observed conditions. It was heard by hundreds of persons, and its utterances were obviously, as will be shown, uninfluenced by the idiosyncrasies of the mediunistic power through which it became manifest.

It is this combination of circumstances which renders the cases we are about to relate equally exceptional and full of interest. We only regret that our space does not allow us to print a number of affidavits furnished to the author by ear witnesses of the facts detailed. Neither can we trespass sufficiently long on the reader's attention as to relate a vast number of incidents connected with the memorable narrative of Bill Dole.

On the last named subject therefore, we must limit our statements to the accounts furnished by Dr. E. W. H. Beck, of Delphi, Indiana, and one or two other witnesses of unquestionable veracity and unimpeachable character.

As there are still resident in Logansport numerous highly respectable individuals who are fully cognizant of the facts, we shall proceed to detail a brief sketch of them, without the least hesitancy on the score of abundant and authentic testimony. We shall first call the readers' attention to the following excerpt, published in the *Sunbeam* of June, 1858.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS.

The following remarkable story appears in the *Medina Tribune*, of which the editor states as follows:—

We will tell the marvelous story precisely as it reached our own ears, without a shade of coloring, and without the least variation from a *verbatim et literatim* repetition. Our informants are several of the most respectable inhabitants of Medina, amongst them a young lady, educated, intelligent, and truthful, who visits in a wealthy and distinguished family who are constantly annoyed with the presence of a badly brought up, uneducated, uncivil "spirit." This spirit began to "cut up," about two years since. First it commenced "rapping" in the bedroom of two young ladies, members of the family. It "rapped" on the walls, on the floor, on the head-board, on the ceiling, above, below, all around, and finally commenced pulking the bedding from the bed. The young ladies, nearly frightened out of their senses, ran down-stairs and reported the terrible phenomenon to their parents. The spirit followed, and the entire household were smitten with terror.

But after they had become satisfied that the noise and other demonstrations proceeded from a "spirit," and when their excitement had partially subsided, they determined to hold a circle by way of ascertaining who their invisible tormentor might be. No sooner did they commence their inquiries, than to their horror they received *vocal responses*.

The spirit informed them in clear and audible, but not very polished English, that his name was "Josh;" that he died about thirty years since in South Carolina; that when on earth he was ignorant, vulgar, and debased, so that when he passed into the spirit world he was confined to the lowest spheres; that he finally wandered off, and had now concluded to become a resident in the family where he made himself "manifest;" that he should remain with them, because he found them congenial, and that he intended to stay with them for years to come; that no power could drive him away; and if he was not used well he would "knock things endwise," and make himself generally disagreeable.

From that time to the present, "Josh" has been a fixture in the family, and laughs, talks, cracks jokes, etc., as if he was still occupying his fleshly tenement.

He is somewhat passionate, and frequently breaks crockery, mars furniture, or inflicts personal injury upon members of the family, when he is offended.

But he is easily coaxed. When company is expected, "Jo-h" is importuned to keep quiet. Upon one occasion the young ladies were expecting company, and were particularly desirous that "Josh" should keep perfectly still during the sojourn of the visitors.

After receiving a thorough outlay of flattery and coaxing, he agreed to keep "mum;" "but," said he, "I shall remain here upon this end of the piano. There is no need of my leaving the room."

The next day he stated that he sat upon the piano during the visit, and to prove what he said, he repeated a portion of the conversation between the young ladies and their "company."

At one time, when the laundress was ironing in the kitchen, "Josh" seized one of the flat-irons and ran up-stairs with it, where he was heard in high glee after the feat was accomplished. The iron was very hot, and by being placed momentarily on several of the stairs, left its imprint wherever it stood. Writing is a favorite amusement with this remarkable "spirit." He writes messages and throws them upon the floor quite frequently. His chirography is awful, and his orthography of the same pattern.

"Josh" is very fond of children, and treats them with becoming consideration.

When the adult members of the family leave the house, the children are entrusted to the special care and guardianship of the said spirit, and he, like a true and worthy ghost, leads them from all harm.

This is only a meagre beginning of the story of "Josh," the spirit. It comes direct from a family of the highest respectability, and is corroborated by the statements of several "neighbors," who have also been favored with frequent conversations from the disembodied individual above described.

The author is in possession of several other reports furnished by different individuals who were moved by curiosity to visit the haunted family at Medina, but as they contain but little variety, and the head of the family at last emphatically declined to furnish any farther information on the subject, the above extract will suffice. About the same time as these marvels were transpiring in Medina, a similar visitation occurred at Williamsport, Penn., and the extraordinary resemblance that appears between the two cases has led to the supposition that they both referred to the same phenomena.

The author's intimacy with the family who were the subjects of the following details, enables her to refute this statement, and to allege that the Williamsport talking spirit was known and listened to by hundreds of curious

visitors, and that the witnesses of this fact are numerous, respectable, and still living. We shall cite the report furnished by the *Penn. Bulletin* of June 16, 1859.

TALKING SPIRITS.

Williamsport has, through all times of excitement on this curious subject, remained quiet and undisturbed. But our city is destined to have its share, even on this subject. We have no wish to draw upon the marvelous, or to romance upon anything which, however strange, requires a more serious investigation than open-mouthed wonder or senseless ridicule. In what we are about to state, we have the best authority for asserting it to be true in every respect.

We suppress names for the present, because the family do not wish to be troubled by being made the centre of curiosity, or to have curious people rushing in at all hours to learn the truth. The facts are briefly these; In the west ward of this city reside a quiet family, exemplary in all respects, the heads of which are, and have been for a long time, members of the Pine Street M. E. Church. A short time ago they were surprised at certain, or, perhaps we should say, very uncertain sounds, as of rapping with the fingers or knuckles, and sometimes a scraping or scratching noise on the floor or wall.

These sounds seemed to follow a young girl, about sixteen years of age, a niece of the gentleman of the house. For a time they paid no attention to them; but they increased in such a manner as to compel attention, and were apparently determined to be heard. What was more strange than aught else about it, was the fact that the spirit — or whatever it is — now *speaks in an audible voice*. At first it called the name of the young girl, and of other persons. The pious head of the family betook himself to prayer, in order to lay the spirit, but it would not down.

On Saturday evening last the pastor was sent for, and he, after convincing himself that there was no fraud on the part of the family, called in another aged and well-known clergyman. They both prayed, and the unseen visitant spoke audibly during the prayers of each. On Sunday morning the girl attended church with the family. There the rapping was heard by several, and the girl's name was called. Fearing to attract attention, she left the church. At a class-meeting, the same day, the same phenomena occurred.

This much and a great deal more had occurred up to Sunday morning last. It seems to follow the girl, yet some demonstrations have occurred when she was out of the house. They have talked and rapped at her, or for her, or with her, while on the board walks in the street, and on

the gate, the door-steps, and other places ; and, as we understand, the talking has continued while the girl was absent from the house.

The members of the family, with whom we conversed, say they are all satisfied that there is no possibility of trick or collusion in the matter on the part of any human being. The two clergymen pronounce the whole thing entirely inexplicable, and we are told that they also are satisfied that no member of the family has any agency in producing the sounds or the talking.

The parties are too respectable to admit of the theory of collusion. Indeed, they are all greatly pained at the occurrences, and would gladly be rid of them. What will come of it, of course we are unable to say.

We await further developments, and will report if anything more definite or wonderful transpires.

In the *West Branch Bulletin* of Williamsport, of February 23, 1859, are the following additional particulars : —

MORE ABOUT THE "TALKING SPIRITS."

We have taken some trouble to ascertain the facts connected with the singular case of noises and strange sounds which we reported last week. It seems that the girl, who appears to be the medium for these manifestations, is not of a robust constitution, but is quite nervous, and has, at times, been extremely ill.

About a year ago she was playing with another girl about her own age, when both fell into a well. The subject of the present excitement was rescued alive ; but the other lost her life. The voice which speaks to the medium makes frequent allusions to this circumstance, generally in a trifling and taunting way. It will say, "How would you like to be down in that well again?" or "How did you like it when you fell into the well?"

After the family had been greatly annoyed and frightened by strange sounds, knocking, thumping, etc., for several days, the girl said : "In the name of God, what do you want?"

To their utter consternation, a voice replied, plainly and distinctly : "You, you, you ! B——, I want you !" and from this time until the whole thing ceased, talking was common.

Not only would it follow the girl, but when she was up-stairs, and the other part of the family down, and in a different part of the house, the voice would speak to them. This seems to preclude the hypothesis of some specialty attaching to this girl. Men of candor and judgment, who were there and heard for themselves, have no idea that there was a possibility of any deception on the part of any of the family. If it is

a spirit, it must be a mischievous one, or be among what Swedenborg calls the "infernals." At one time it said: "I was in heaven once, but I did not like it there. I climbed over the battlements and came down here; I am in hell now, and will have you there. We have to gnash our teeth some, but that don't hurt; anybody can do that."

When a clergyman was spoken of, it expressed great contempt for him, and paid very little respect to him while in the attitude and act of prayer, in which all the family joined, as the voices and talking were irreverently continued.

It said if the clergyman came again it would show him a cloven foot.

We have conversed with a gentleman who sat near the "medium" in church, on Sunday morning week. He says the sounds were as loud as if made with a mallet, and the calling of the medium's name was heard by all in that part of the church. The officiating clergyman also heard the sounds at the same time.

Since that Sunday evening or the Monday morning following, we learn that there have been no manifestations. The girl, from the effects of nervousness, fright, and other exciting causes, is prostrated, and her case is considered very critical.

This is all we have been able to learn of this strange occurrence. If nothing more is heard from it, it will be a "nine days' wonder," save the effect upon the girl, which seems to be too serious to pass away so soon. We are authorized by a member of the family to say that all stories about confessions, discoveries of fraud, etc., are unfounded.

The following narrative is one still better known, and more thoroughly investigated by the author than the preceding cases. It is on the subject of the life, times, and doings of Bill Dole, both as a mortal and a spirit, and we are furnished with numerous affidavits from the parties who have conversed with his invisible ghostship by the hour together. We have visited the scene of the hauntings too, and though the parties in whose house the marvels occurred have moved away, numerous residents of Logansport, still bear their testimony to the facts, which we must briefly sum up as follows:—

It was very soon after the first commencement of the disturbances at Hydesville that a family, German by birth, residing at Logansport, were annoyed by singular and unaccountable noises and erratic movements of their

furniture. A sound too was often heard in their midst like the whining of a small animal, and this would taper off (to use their own expression) into low whisperings. The family were religiously disposed persons, and at no time were favorable to the idea of spirit communion.

Greatly disliking publicity, and repelled from every attempt to communicate with their invisible tormentor, they endured these hauntings for some time without mentioning their occurrence, until, as the newspaper accounts relate, they were startled with distinctly audible vocal sounds.

At first their names only were called, then connected sentences were spoken, and finally an invisible personage established himself in the family, conversing with them as freely as any mortal inmate could do, and though annoying them greatly in respect to his supermundane character and ubiquitous presence, yet manifesting all the attributes, predilections, and characteristics of a regular member of the family. His own account of himself was, that he had been in earth life a tailor by trade, his name William, or as he chose to style himself, "Bill Dole."

Some accounts represent him as having been a man addicted to drink, and dying under the influence of delirium tremens; but the most authentic history of his exit from the mortal sphere, represents it as occurring through an act of suicide by drowning.

He affirmed that he had dwelt some time in the spirit world, but found his position there very far from satisfactory; in fact, so contrary to his inclinations, that he had resolved not to stay there, and finding from some power in and about that family that he was unable to define, that he could make himself at home amongst them, he had resolved to take up his residence there; and "there he meant to stay," and *did stay*, for a period extending over upwards of two years.

Bill Dole's adventures in his self-elected home would occupy volumes, but we have already devoted so much space to the preceding narratives of home scenes in which spiritual actors played their Puck-like parts, that we may not dwell on details which present a very great similarity of character, save to notice that the invisible performer was, as in each of the preceding instances, a person of entirely different habits and temper from his earthly associates. Bill Dole retained in his singular spiritual speech the expressions of a very profane and ill-educated man.

He interlarded his conversation with rude oaths and profane remarks, besides manifesting extreme self-will, and when thwarted, propensities to violence, and even mischief. He would knock, pound, stamp his feet, run about the house with a great clatter, and "knock things around generally." He manifested a great contempt for orthodox religion, and on one occasion, when a venerable clergyman, who frequently conversed and remonstrated with the spirit, offered up a fervent prayer in his behalf, Bill Dole called out, in hearing of the minister and all assembled, "Well, I don't feel a d——d bit better for that."

On two or three occasions he accompanied the family to church, where his remarks were clearly heard by the whole congregation, who affirm that he pronounced the sermon preached at him, "all d——d stuff."

On other occasions he was heard to vociferate "Amen!" and "Good for you, old fellow!" (meaning the clergyman) with great unction.

Generally, however, during religious service, at church or "to hum," as he called the house he favored with his presence, he contented himself with making tremendous poundings, always giving two knocks for "Amen," or else calling out the Christian names of the lady or her niece, who were supposed to be the mediums.

At times the cloth and every article necessary for a meal was laid suddenly, whilst the family were absent from the dining-room for the space of a minute or two. Bill would sometimes carry heavy loads about for them, and when in a good humor, perform many little kindly offices. He was especially fond of the children; would guard and watch over them with wonderful power, and obvious affection; indeed, their mother complained that Bill spoiled them, as he would get for them whatever they asked of him.

On one occasion, when the mother was preparing their lunch to take to school, Bill, in his usual authoritative way, desired that they should have some jam spread over their bread.

This they had asked him to procure for them, but the mother refused, alleging it was not good for them. Bill swore they should have it, and during the recess in school time kept his word, by dropping down a pot of jam before them.

On several occasions when a young girl to whom Bill seemed especially to attach himself was indisposed, he would demand, with no gentle oaths, that she should not be sent out in the rain, or made to exercise herself in household work. On one occasion, when her throat was tied up with a severe cold, Bill lifted her into the house from the garden, carried out a basket, and gathered all the fruit and vegetables he could lay hands on; then bringing it swiftly into the house, he set it on the hearth, lifted up the cover of a large saucepan, and tumbled the things he had gathered indiscriminately into the boiling water. At times he would attend when visitors were present, horrify them by moving things around without any visible agency, and scare them almost into fits by taking part in their conversation, and reminding them that he was the Bill Dole they had formerly known when he lived among

them. On one occasion a lady, making a visit to the distressed family, incautiously expressed her disgust that a wretch of the well-known bad character of Bill Dole should, as report alleged, come back to make spiritual manifestations.

She openly expressed her disbelief of the popular rumors, alleging that it must be some trick of the neighbors, which would ultimately be discovered. Whilst speaking, the family became extremely uneasy, judging from the kicks and poundings on a bureau in the apartment that the subject of the visitor's unfavorable criticisms was himself listening to them. Nor were they mistaken. In a few minutes the voice of the spirit was heard in clear and distinct tones, saluting the visitor as "my dear," and asking affectionately after her little boy Arthur, "whom you know, my precious one," the mischievous imp added, "I am the real father of, though you do try to hide it by abusing me."

The tricks, gambols, and sometimes the terrible mischief enacted by this monstrous persecutor were beyond all description weird and powerful.

By night and day his pranks were continued, and though he always yielded to the remonstrances of kindness or gentle entreaty, opposition and abuse only seemed to convert him into a being little short of a fiend. The little ones of the family dearly loved Bill Dole, and some witnesses of the scene informed the writer they had seen the children visibly carried, lifted, danced, and jumped about by their invisible attendant.

Mrs. L——, or "mother," as Bill called his hostess, had a log-house at some distance from her home, which was occupied by a tenant from whom it was impossible to obtain the rent. Bill, who became familiar with all the family affairs, and volunteered his advice on all occasions, offered to clear them out, if "the mother" would take

him along to pay them a visit. This being agreed to, the landlady called on her tenants, together with her invisible ally.

The house had two doors at opposite sides of the building, which consisted only of one room. On these doors Bill kept up alternate successions of raps or poundings, which had no sooner summoned the inmates to one door, than the blows were exchanged for the other; and in this way he kept up a distracting noise all night, varying the performance by projecting missiles down the chimney, and dislodging portions of the roof.

The harassed inmates, at last comprehending that the "ghost of Bill Dole" had made a dead set against them, consented to vacate the premises, much to the delight of the injured owner, who desired, next to the payment of her rent, that the obnoxious inmates would quit.

Bill Dole spent his time in this way, performing services for the family, and especially for the children, with all the rough fidelity of a household demon.

It seemed that the attachment he conceived for his entertainers might have become mutual, and actually reconciled them to the strange and mysterious guest who had forced himself upon them, but the weird reputation which "Bill Dole's ghost" brought on the household, the influx of marvel seekers that intruded on their privacy, and the scandal and reproach that the circumstances entailed upon them, at last so wearied the family that they positively refused to communicate for or with the spirit any longer.

They broke up, and changed their household and all their plans of life, until they finally succeeded in driving their unwelcome visitor from them.

The voice ceased, and even the loud knockings and erratic movements of furniture were discontinued. Bill Dole was driven away, and his weird voice and mystic

presence at last passed from human observance, but not from memory. There are still hundreds of persons in Logansport who remember to have heard him converse, and can contribute items of hearsay evidence to this brief notice, which would, if published, swell the narrative to the full extent of the volume.

We have only to add, that all which our space has permitted us to publish can be vouched for on the most undeniable authority. Beyond this, much more might be given which we cannot as readily prove, but which no doubt would throw light on its extraordinary details. Something of a sequel, however, we will add to the history which may not prove uninteresting.

After conversing with a gentleman from Logansport who was well acquainted with the whole transaction, and had frequently held conversations with "Bill Dole," a spirit purporting to be that individual presented himself one night to the author, and desired to make a communication to her concerning his present situation.

He affirmed that when driven away, as he called it, from his earthly refuge, he wandered around for a long time, in the vain hope of finding another home in the same sphere. Not succeeding, he fell into a state of bitter anguish of mind, during which he received consolation and assistance from kind and wise spirits, who counseled him to lift his thoughts above the earth, and strive to elevate his aspirations to the better land, to which, as a spirit, he now belonged. At first the task seemed hopeless, as his groveling tendencies and earth-bound nature rendered aspiration almost impossible. He loathed the sphere to which, as a profane and undeveloped spirit, he had formerly gravitated, and yet, though longing for a higher condition, he found it almost impossible to earn admission to those brighter realms.

At length, and by the divine aid of blest ministers

from the land of light, he attained once more to a happy and peaceful home, and one moreover where he was a welcome guest, and assimilated with the spiritual existence of which he was a part.

In short, he had passed on to a higher life, and when idly solicited by some who had witnessed his marvelous performances to repeat them for their amusement, he gently but kindly replied, that though his life was now devoted to the task of pleasing and obliging others, yet he had lost the physical aura which had once bound him to earth, and enabled him in its gross atmosphere to perform the material feats which had distinguished him as an earth-bound spirit. "Bill Dole," such as he was, exists no more. The sunlit butterfly has arisen from the chrysalitic shell of the earthly worm, and he now "sings with the angels," instead of astounding the marvel seekers of earth with the dread sound of his ghostly merriment and terrible spirit voice.

The credibility of this part of the narrative depends on the fact that the author's description of the spirit's appearance, tallied exactly with the facts, and that some tokens of identity were given by her to a party who had been personally acquainted with him, which rendered it more than probable that the above statements were made by the progressed spirit of the terrible "Bill Dole."

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF MR. JOHN LOWE OF MASSILLON, OHIO.

CARDS WRITTEN UPON BY THE HANDS OF SPIRITS.

In the author's possession are some twenty or thirty small cards, ranging from two to three inches square, and oblong square. Some are plain white, others pink, blue, and green enameled; the white cards are written upon with a pencil or black ink, the colored ones chiefly in silver or gold letters. The writing consists of brief sen-

tences containing words of encouragement, counsel, Scriptural phrases, prophecy, and rebuke. Occasionally there are short communications addressed by name to different members of a circle, of a personal and private nature, *apropos* to the time.

The chirography of these cards is extremely fine, and executed apparently by the same hand. They all purport to come direct from spirits, and were dropped under the most convincing conditions, in the presence of numerous witnesses, sometimes, though rarely, in the dark, but still oftener in the broad day or lamp light. It appears that these manifestations originated with a circle of sincere and earnest believers in Spiritualism, who were in the habit of holding private séances amongst themselves at Canton, Ohio. Of the members of this circle, the principal mediums were Mr. George Baugh an excellent physical medium now residing in Wilmington, Delaware. Mr. John Lowe, an Englishman, a good writing test medium, and Mr. Peter Jones. There were from twelve to twenty members of the original circle, and the whole party consisted of honest, respectable tradesmen and mechanics, persons who had nothing to gain by their reputation as Spiritualists, but very much to lose, in point of custom and credit, with their neighbors.

After two or three years' session in Canton, some of the members removed to Massillon, Ohio, where the circle was reorganized, and the manifestations continued with increasing success for a considerable time longer.

The records of these circles were occasionally published in the local papers, and contain accounts of truly astonishing phenomena, both in the direction of physical force, and intelligence.

Mr. Lowe and his associates are well known and highly esteemed by all who know them.

They frankly admitted skeptical inquirers to their sit-

tings, and the author has received the testimony of over twenty of the most prominent citizens of Massillon to the perfect good faith, sincerity and respectability of all the parties concerned.

One or two of these witnesses attribute the manifestations to "evil spirits," although they acknowledge that some of the fruit was good, and all "generally harmless." Others say the whole thing was fanaticism and delusion, though they exculpate the members of the circle from the charge of being the deluders, and believe them to be strictly honest. Who the real executants were, these sage witnesses cannot say, although they are quite sure they cannot be spirits, for the very obvious reason "that they don't believe in spirits;" further deponent saith not.

In respect to the manifestations, we find that besides the usual phenomena accompanying physical force mediumship, the circle were continually in the habit of receiving cards written as above described, and dropped down on their table whilst in session, or hidden away in the most singular and uncomatible places, where different members of the circle were desired to look for them.

Sometimes cards and direct spirit writings would be dropped down in the stores or houses of the sitters.

A manifestation of this kind is described by Mr. Henry Schneider, of Massillon, one of the circle, who, though a firm believer in the agency of spirits, strangely enough deemed that they were all evil in character, and took a variety of means to prop up his Satanic theory. Mr. Schneider writes to the author that being one day in the store of Mr. Lowe (who is a tailor), he and another friend turned the conversation upon his favorite theory of "evil spirits," when, his companions being each quietly engaged in their several avocations, and all in the full light under his own immediate observation, he saw a small card

within a few inches of the solid ceiling, from whence it fluttered down through the air, falling on the floor at Mr. Schneider's feet.

On one side of the card was written, "Be ye faithful, and ere long your cause shall triumph. Ye shall find wealth in the earth, and wonderful revelations shall be made known unto you." YOUR "GOOD SPIRIT."

On the other side of the card were mystical characters, claimed by the spirits to be the spherical signs, or language.

On another occasion a card was dropped down before Mr. Lowe, on which was inscribed, "Spirits are with you; let them communicate."

This remark was appropriate to the special occasion, but Mr. Lowe himself had some unpleasant doubts respecting the identity of the communicating power.

He however placed the card, after a thorough examination by himself and all present, in his waistcoat pocket. On arriving at his home and taking out the card for the purpose of showing it to others, he found on the reverse side, written in the same spiritual chirography as the rest of the cards, "Lowe's spirit."

This writing greatly perplexed him. He knew it had come whilst he carried it home, for it had been carefully examined by every one present at the circle before he placed it in his pocket; again, he questioned whether these words might not signify that his own double or living spirit was indicated by the words "Lowe's spirit."

On a subsequent occasion he was informed that his father's spirit was the executant, and the words were meant as a rebuke to himself for questioning the good intent and individuality of those who made these manifestations.

As a specimen of the poetry received through these direct writings, we quote the following stanzas, which purported to be written, as well as dictated, by the spirit of the English poet, Cowper.

TRUTH.

Truth is like a flowing river,
Flowing on and flowing ever ;
Ever spreading, ever rising,
With its waves the heart baptizing :
Ever soothing, ever healing,
Banishing each troubled feeling ;
Entering in the willing soul,
Making the broken-hearted whole.

Stay not thou the flowing tide,
Turn not thou its waves aside ;
Let it ever freely enter
To thy bosom's inmost centre.
Let it warm the heart of ice,
Purifying guilt and vice,
Till the soul, redeemed from sin,
To Gbd and heaven shall enter in.

The chirography of this fragment is bolder and wholly different from the cards, although it is remarkably clear and elegant.

It was "fluttered down" from the ceiling in the light, and in full view of the whole circle. We shall conclude by a quotation from the *Sunbeam* of 1861, in which the editor gives a slight account of the Canton circle and its doings, compiled by a gentleman whose prominent position as a well-known editor, and strict truthfulness of character, places his statement beyond question.

STARTLING MANIFESTATIONS.

A friend has sent us a copy of the *Ohio Repository*, of April 10th, containing an article of nearly three columns, detailing the particulars of recent spirit communications, given through a circle in Canton, where the *Repository* is published. The account is drawn up by the editor, who is an old citizen, and has for forty-six years conducted the paper in that place.

Our limited space forbids making but brief extracts from the candidly written statement.

The initials of all the parties of the circle are given, and their sincerity and intelligence vouched for by the writer, in the following terms:—

"We have long known that our town contained a large number of downright, manly, and sincere Spiritualists, who for years have been pursuing their investigations quietly, and treasuring what knowledge they could obtain, pursuing their respective avocations in their own way, allowing the utmost freedom of opinion, consistent with good morals, and in every respect entitled to confidence.

"We have frequently conversed with them on the subject of the Spiritual manifestations, that have from time to time been had during their sittings, and have always admired the truthfulness of their statements, and the sincerity with which they were made.

"We make these remarks to satisfy the reader that if he thinks they are either knaves or fools, he is simply mistaken, and that the absurdity of the mistake will be mortifying to him should he ever make the acquaintance of either of the persons to whom reference is made."

Communications were frequently given by writing on cards. We copy the description of one of the first messages:—

"On producing a light, a card about three inches in length, one and one half inches in width, one side of a light pink color and enameled, and the other side white, was found on the table. On the enameled side was written in pencil, in skillful and delicate chirography: "The hands of spirits are now lifting the veil fold by fold. Be not afraid."

On one occasion the circle, or some members of it, were sent to a public hall, with instructions where to find the key, which no one present, it is affirmed, knew anything about at this time. The following is the message written on a card like the one described above:—

"On the southwest window of Madison Hall, there is a message,—depart ye hence and receive it. Take no light but the light of your faith. The key you will find hanging on a nail to the right, first door entrance, about four feet from the floor."

Two persons went to the place as directed without a light, and failing to find the key, the arm of one of the parties was moved without his will, and his hand placed upon it. We quote a portion of the message there found:—

"A PROPHECY.—Some of you are to be to this earth as Elisha and Elijah were in golden days that long since have flown. Return to-morrow eve, at the same hour, half past eight."

March 6th.—The circle met at half past eight o'clock; a card was dropped on the table inscribed in very bad chirography. At "half past eight" Dr. M—, Mr. C—, and Mr. L—, went to Madison Hall. Mr. L— unlocked the door at the foot of the stairs leading directly to the hall, and the three ascended the stairs to the door opening into the

hall, when it swung open untouched; the three were close together, and all saw a light in the south end of the room, at a platform there erected, and called the speaker's stand; at seeing which Mr. L— gave an exclamation of surprise, and immediately there arose at the desk on the speaker's stand, a figure which, after the manner of Leigh Hunt, we shall call "a presence," in white drapery, of full size and features, plainly seen by all. It was surrounded by a halo of soft, mellow light, which was so brilliant that Mr. L— assures us he could have seen a half-dime on the floor.

At this juncture Mr. C— became alarmed, and sought safety in flight; Mr. L— was about to follow, when Dr. M— took him by the collar, and told him "he must see it through." During all this time "the presence" stood side facing the visitors, with its right arm extended the right hand clasping a roll, similar to a sheet of paper, rolled to an inch or two inches in size.

Immediately to the right of "the presence," and toward the southeast corner of the room, rose a second volume of light, accompanied with a slight hissing sound. As the sound increased, the latter light faded away. Then came a rumbling noise like the heavy rolling of far-off thunder. On hearing that, Mr. L— broke for the door, the doctor following, and both making the best of the time.

At the foot of the stairs, on the sidewalk, stood Mr. C—, and the three went to Mr. B—'s, and resumed the sitting. In a short time came another card of the same kind of paper, inscribed, "O, ye of little faith! how it saddens our hearts that ye should flee at the critical moment when important revelations were about to be made." The circle was then informed that further developments would be made at some future day.

Much else is detailed of a very interesting character, but we can make room for only the following messages, the first being given February 24th.

"Be of good cheer, for brighter days are about to dawn, and a new light shall envelop the world. Prepare for the coming glory by purifying your lives and conquering your evil passions. Let pure water be your only beverage. Let your raiment be plain and comfortable, without regard to fashion. Truth is light, and truth shall triumph.

[Signed]

"MARY."

We copy from another card, received by a circle at Mr. B—'s on the 26th of February:—

"Be ye faithful, and proclaim to the world the things ye have seen and heard, for in the fullness of time men will believe."

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The parties to whom these messages were delivered, still doubting the propriety of publishing them, met again on Thursday night the 28th, at Mr. L——'s, and again they were ordered "to publish to the world the things which they had seen and heard," as appears from the following message, which we copy from the original, precisely as it was received, and which was handed to us by Mr. L——.

"O, ye faithless ones, how long must we hear with your unbelief? Have we not manifested ourselves unto you? And have not some of you witnessed things which but few mortals are permitted to behold? And yet ye turned and fled at the moment when great revelations were about to be made. Have we not commanded you to publish these things to the world, and ye have not done it?

"Have we not commanded other things which ye have not done?

"If ye cannot keep these light commandments, how can we trust greater ones to your keeping? Obey our directions at once, or we must seek another and more faithful circle through which to make our revelations to the world. [Signed] YOUR GUARDIAN SPIRITS."

Direct writing from spirits is by no means a rare phenomenon, but the spirit cards presented to Mr. Lowe and his associates were continued for such a length of time (a space of several years) and occurred, without the least shadow of suspicion attaching to the parties concerned, in the presence of so many respectable witnesses, that it renders the whole transaction one of peculiar and noteworthy interest.

The original circle is now broken up, and its members scattered far and wide over the country, but from many of them the author has received the assurance that the good counsel, directing wisdom, comfort, and consolation, conveyed in those precious scraps of writing, formed a gift beyond all price to those who were favored with them. Also, that during the continuance of these inestimable messages, the recipients were "all better and purer men;" the time employed in this communion, "the best spent of their lives," and the result, an enduring testimony in each one's heart that mankind has "entertained angels unawares."

How far the influence of Spiritualism has affected the tone of our popular literature, the introduction of Spiritualistic ideas into almost every publication of the age will prove. An illustration of this fact appears in the following exquisite gem, which we reprint from the columns of the *Portland Daily Press*, as much in admiration of its poetic beauty, as for the sake of the Spiritualistic views of death, which it so tenderly delineates. We have ventured to add to the untitled lines a designation. -- EDITOR WESTERN STAR.

ETERNAL LIFE IN MORTAL DEATH.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him, "come away;
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace.

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands, —
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantare,

Eternal Life in Mortal Death.

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, and beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key,
And turned it. Alone again, — he and she.

He and she; yet she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her by the name she loved erewhile.

He and she: still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast without breath!
Is there no voice? no language of death?"

Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul, distinct, intense?

See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

Was the miracle greater to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

And was it the innermost heart of the bliss,
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

O, perfect dead ! O, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear !

I listen, as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell !

There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet !

I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips, to keep it unsaid.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise ;

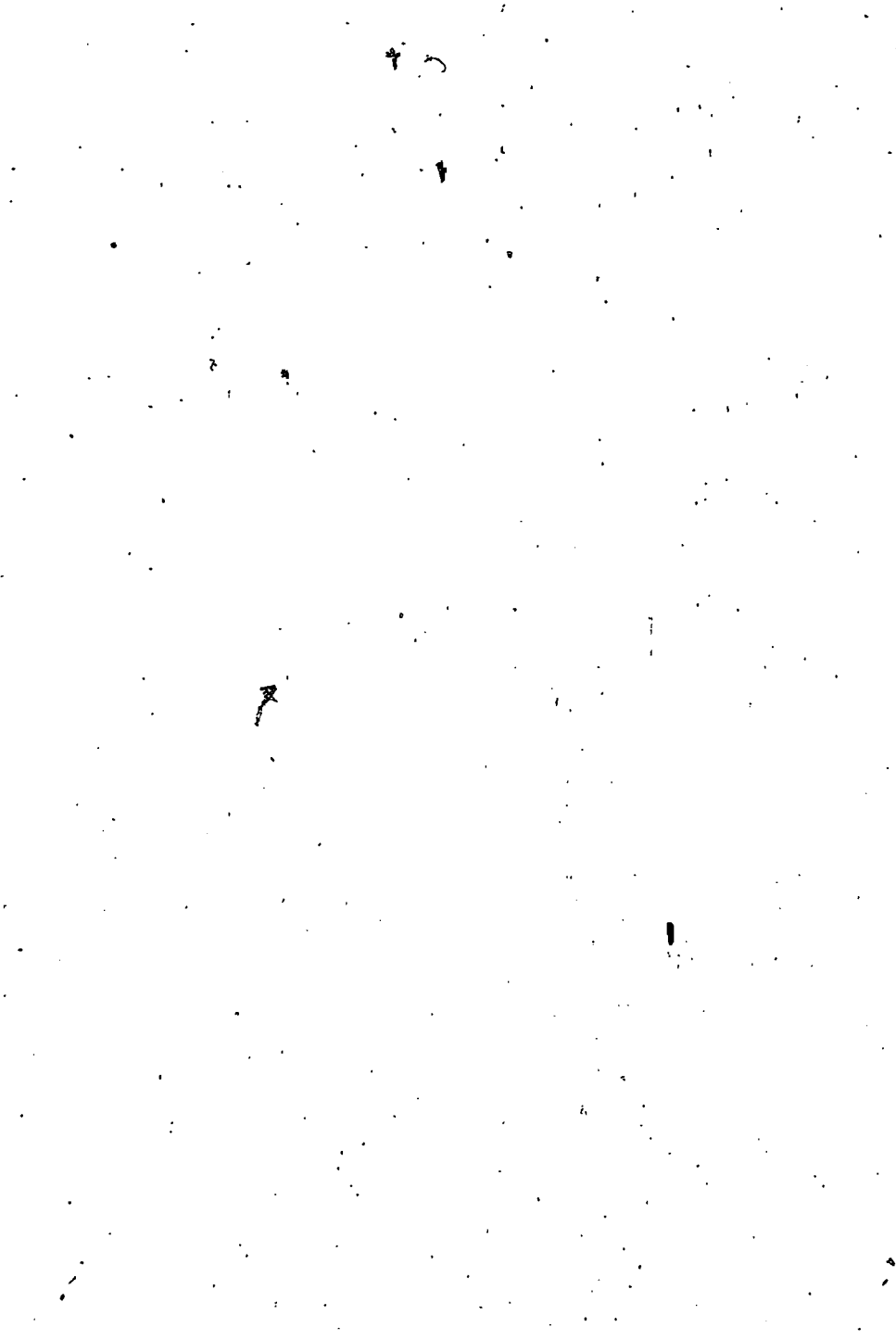
The very strangest and suddenest thing,
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world ! O, most kind dead !
Though he told me, who will believe, it was said ?

Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way :

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;

And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know, that though dead, I have never died."



6

“GHOST LAND;” OR, RESEARCHES INTO THE MYSTERIES OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE.

BY AUSTRIA.

NO. III.

CONSTANCE.

In the college buildings occupied by the professors and employees attached to the University of which I was a student, resided our mathematical teacher, whom I shall designate Professor Müller. This gentleman held a distinguished place in the ranks of science, and was also one of the secret society associated with myself and Professor Marx. He was a sullen, cold, ungenial man, and though esteemed for his scientific attainments, and regarded by our society as a powerful mesmeric operator, he was generally disliked, and was particularly repulsive to the “sensitives” whom he occasionally magnetized. Professor Marx had always carefully isolated me from every magnetic influence but his own, and though I was consequently never required to submit to the control of Herr Müller, his very presence was so antipathetic to me, that it was remarked my highest conditions of lucidity could never be evolved when he was by. He did not often attend the séances, however, in which I was engaged, although he belonged to our group, as well as others to which I was not admitted. Professor Müller's chief interest in my eyes was his relationship to a charming young lady, some years older than myself, but one for whom I cherished a sentiment which I can now only liken to the adoration of a humble votary for his saint;

and truly Constance Müller was worthy to be enshrined in any heart as its presiding angel.

She was beautiful, fair, and fragile-looking as a water-lily; gentle, timid, and shrinking as a fawn; and though residing with her stern, unloving uncle in the college buildings, and fulfilling for him the duties of a house-keeper, few of the other residents ever saw her except in transitory, passing glances, and none of the members of the University, save one, enjoyed the privilege of any direct personal intercourse with her. That solitary and highly-favored individual was myself.

I had made the acquaintance of the lovely lady on several occasions, when I had been sent from my friend, Herr Marx, on messages to her uncle, and deeming, I presume, that my boyish years would shield our intercourse from all possibility of scandal or remark, the lonely fairy had deigned to bestow on me some slight attention, which finally ripened into a friendship equally sincere and delightful.

Constance Müller was an orphan, poor, and dependent on her only relative, Herr Müller. Young as I was, I could perceive the injustice, no less than the impropriety, of a young lady so delicately nurtured and possessed of fine sensitive instincts, being brought into such a scene, and subjected to such a life as she led in the University. She made no complaint, however, simply informing me that by the death of her father, a poor teacher of languages, she had become solely dependent upon her uncle, and though she hoped eventually to induce him to aid her in establishing herself as a teacher of music, she was too thankful for his temporary protection, to urge her choice of another life upon him, until she found him willing to promote her wishes. As for me, I listened to her remarks on this head with strange misgivings. My own secret convictions were, that the stern student of the oc-

cult had brought this beautiful young creature to the college with ulterior motives, in which his devotion to magical studies formed the leading idea. I may as well record here, as at any other point of my narrative, that although I was deeply interested, nay, actually infatuated with the pursuits in which my clairvoyant susceptibilities had inducted me, I was never from their very first commencement satisfied that they were legitimate, or healthful to the minds that were engaged in them. I felt the most implicit faith in the integrity and wisdom of Professor Marx, as well as entire confidence in his affection for and paternal care of me, — but here my confidence in any of my associates ended.

Somehow they all seemed to me to be men without souls. They were desperate, determined seekers into realms of being with which earth had no sympathy, and which in consequence abstracted them from all human feelings or human emotions.

Not one of them, that I can remember, ever manifested any genial qualities, or seemed to delight in social exercises. They were profound, philosophic, isolated men, pursuing from mere necessity, or as a cloak to the stupendous secrets of their existence, some scientific occupation, yet in their innermost natures lost to earth and its sweet humanities; living amongst men, but partaking neither of their vices nor their virtues.

In their companionship I felt abandoned of my kind. Bound, chained, like a Prometheus, to the realms of the mysterious existences whom these men had subdued to their service, — I often fancied myself a doomed soul, shut out forever from the tender and trustful associations of mortality, and swallowed up in an ocean of awe and mysticism, from which there was none to save, none to help me.

If the knowledge I had purchased was indeed a reality,

there were times when I deemed it was neither good nor lawful for man to possess it. I often envied the peaceful unconsciousness of the outer world, and would gladly have gone back to the simple faith of my childhood, and then have closed my eyes in eternal sleep, sooner than awoken to the terrible unrest which had possessed me since I had crossed the safe boundaries of the visible, and entered upon the illimitable wastes of the invisible.

And now, methought, Constance, — the fair, gentle, and loving-hearted orphan, Constance, — who so yearned for affection, that she was content in her isolation to cling even to a poor lad like me, she was to become their victim; be inducted into the cold, unearthly realms of half formed spiritual existences; lose all her precious womanly attributes, and with fixed, wild glances piercing the invisible, stare away from the faces of her fellow mortals to the grotesque lineaments of goblins, the vapory forms of sylphs, and the horrible rudiments of imperfect being, that fill the realms of space, mercifully hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals. Constance, I knew, longed for this knowledge, and whether prompted by the suggestions of her remorseless relative, or fired with the sphere of influence which he projected from his resolved mind, I could not tell; certain it was that she had obtained some clue to the pursuits in which I was engaged, and was perpetually plying me with questions and attempts to elicit information concerning them.

To this, though I felt as if I was betraying the interests of my beloved master, I invariably returned answers clothed in discouraging words and hints of warning. All would not avail. On a certain evening when I was myself off duty, but when a special meeting to which I did not belong was held by the Brothers, I saw Professor Müller cross the college grounds, supporting on his arm the closely veiled and ethereal form of Constance. I saw

them enter a coach which was waiting for them at the gate, and running hastily in their track, I heard the Professor direct the driver to set them down in that remote quarter of the town where the meetings of the Brotherhood were held. "Gone to the sacrifice!" I mentally exclaimed: "Constance, thou art doomed; sold to a world of demons here and hereafter, — if indeed there is a hereafter." Two evenings after this, as I was taking my solitary walk in the college grounds, a quick step pursued me; a hand was laid lightly on my shoulder, and looking up, I beheld Constance Müller, a transfigured being. Her eyes gleamed with a strange, unearthly light; her head seemed to be thrown upwards as if spurning the earth and seeking kindred with the stars; her cheek burned with a deep hectic flush, and a singular air of triumph sat on her beautiful lips as she thus accosted me. "Thou false page, how long wouldst thou have kept the mistress, to whom thou hast sworn fealty, imprisoned in the darkness of earthly captivity, when realms of light and glory and wonder were waiting for her to enter in and possess?"

"O Constance! where have you been?"

"Where I shall some day meet you, my young Paladin; in the land of Light, for an entrance to which my soul has yearned ever since I could look up from the chill world of materialism, and feel that it must be vitalized and fired by a world of spiritualism. Yes, Louis, I know now the secrets of your nightly wanderings, — and I too can traverse space. I too can commune with the soul of things, and in enfranchised liberty, the inner self of Constance can roam the spheres of infinity, and pierce the secrets of eternity."

"Alas!" I murmured, and then unable to explain even to myself the unspeakable grief that filled my heart, I hung my head, and walked on silently by the side of the poor enthusiast.

For several weeks Constance Müller lived in the ecstasy of a pioneer who has discovered a new world, and deems himself its sovereign. I never could convey to her, in language, my own deep sense of man's inaptitude to commune with worlds of being at once foreign and repulsive to his mortality; but she saw, and in her wonderfully sympathetic nature appreciated the emotions I could not shape into words. In the glory of triumphant power over and through the invisible, however, the neophyte could not share the thoughts which some years of experience had forced upon me as convictions; but ah me! why should I have wished to hasten the *éclaircissement*? It came soon enough, or rather, too soon, too soon! I was never present at the séances in which Constance took part, nor were any of the other "lucid subjects" known to me, hence I never knew what transpired. The Brothers had many phases of spiritual communion among them, and though, thanks to the indulgent care of my teacher, I learned more than any of the other "sensitives" were permitted to know during their terms of initiation, I was aware that there were vast theatres of transcendental knowledge to be traversed, into which few, if any, mortals had been as yet fully inducted.

To every séance a formula was attached in the shape of oaths of secrecy, so tremendous, that those who were sincere in their belief were never known to break them. That any part of the services that were conducted in these meetings should be subsequently revealed to the world, is the best proof that the neophytes have ceased to be sincere or to regard their vows of silence as binding. At the time of which I write, I was deeply in earnest, and regarded the knowledge I had acquired as the most sacred that could be communicated; hence I never questioned Constance concerning her experiences, although I too well divined their nature.

As months glided on, I found most certainly that the spirit of this poor victim had been trained to become a "flying soul," and was, at most of the séances she attended, liberated for some purposes which I could only guess at.

Whatever these were, they soon began to affect her health and spirits. She pined away like a flower deprived of light and air. Frailer and more ethereal grew that slight, sylph-like form; more wan and hollow, waxed the once tinted cheek and lips day by day.

Her large, blue eyes became sunken and hollow, and her curling locks of pale gold seemed like a coronet of sunbeams, already entwined to circle the brow of an eternal sleeper. At every séance she attended, her spirit, attenuating like a thread of long drawn light, invariably floated away as its first and most powerful attraction to whatever place I happened to be in: sometimes poring over my books in my quiet little chamber; sometimes dreamily watching the ripples of the dancing fountain which played in the college square; not unfrequently wandering in the arcades of the thick woods that skirted the town; and at times stretched on the grass watching, but never entering into, the merry sports of the youths of my own age, with whom, as companions, I had lost all sympathy. At home or abroad, alone or in the midst of a crowd, wherever I chanced to be, when the enfranchised soul of the beautiful Constance broke its prison bonds and went free, save for the magnetic spell of her operators, it invariably sought me out, and like a wreath of pale sunlit mist, floated some two feet above the ground in bodily form and presentment before me. Accustomed to the phenomenon of the "double goer," this phantom neither surprised nor disturbed me. My spiritual experiences enabled me to perceive that during the few moments that the spirit of the "sensitive" was passing into the

magnetic sleep, and before her magnetizers had yet full control of her, the instinctive attractions of her nature drew her to the boy whom she had already discovered to be her worshipper, the only being, perhaps, to whom she was drawn by the ties of affection, with which her loving nature was replete. All this I knew, and should have rejoiced in, had not the phantom of the victim presented unmistakable tokens of being a sacrifice, and that an unpitied one, to the dark Magians with whom she was so fatally associated.

In the vision of the "flying soul" of Constance, there was no speculation in the fixidity of the lustrous eyes; the form reposed as if on air, and the long, sunny curls would almost sweep the ground at my feet; but the look of hopeless sorrow and blank despair, which had grown to be a permanent expression on her waking features, was even more piteously depicted on the magnetic shade. She did not see me, touch, or know me, but the bruised spirit fled unconsciously to the shelter of the only presence that would, if it could, have saved her, and then passed away, to do the bidding of the remorseless men that had possessed themselves, as I then thought, of her helpless soul.

One evening, when we had been strolling out together, and had sat on a lone hill-side, watching the sinking sun setting in gorgeous, many colored glory over the outstretched gardens, meadows, and plains beneath, Constance broke a long silence by exclaiming in low, yet passionate tones, "Louis, you think the men who have entrapped us, both body and soul, in their foul, magical meshes, are good and pure, even if they are cold and ungenial in their devotion to their awful studies. Louis, you are mistaken; I bear witness to you as the last, and perhaps the only act, by which I may ever more serve you on earth, that some of them are impious, inhuman, and, O Heaven, how monstrously impure."

"Constance, you amaze me!"

"Do not interrupt me, Louis. I am injured, destroyed, past all reparation. *You* may be snatched from the vortex which pollutes the body and blasts the soul; but for me, O! would the end were come!"

The indescribable tone of anguish in which this lament was uttered, pierced me to the quick.

I threw myself at the feet of the beautiful lady, protesting I would die to save her. For her sake, to do her good, or even to pleasure her, I would crush the whole nest of magicians, as I would so many wasps. I would kill them, denounce them to the authorities; anything, everything, she bid me do; all I asked was to be permitted to save her.

To this wild rhapsody the low tones of the gentle Constance only responded in stifled whispers, entreating me to be still, calm, patient, and to be assured that neither I, nor any other living creature, could be of the slightest assistance to her. "I have seen the end," she added, when she had succeeded in calming me, "and I know that, impatient as I am for its coming, it will not be long delayed. I shall enter into the realms of light and glory, for these dreadful men have only abused my helpless spirit so long as it is imprisoned in my weak body, and its connecting forces; they have not touched its integrity, nor can they maintain their hold upon it one instant after it has severed the chain which binds the immortal to the mortal. When that is broken, I shall be free and happy."

"Constance!" I cried, "is it then given you to know what new form you will inhabit? Surely one so good and true and beautiful can become nothing less than a radiant, planetary spirit!"

"I shall be the same Constance I ever was," she replied, solemnly. "I am an immortal spirit now, although bound.

in material chains within this frail body, and in magnetic chains still more terrible, to the power of yon base, bad men."

"Constance, you dream. Death is the end of individuality. Your spirit may be, must be, taken up by the bright realms of starry being, but never as the Constance you now are."

"Forever and forever, Louis, I shall be ever the same! I have seen worlds of being those Magians cannot ascend to. Worlds of bright resurrected human souls upon whom death has had no power save to dissolve the earthly chains that held them in tenements of clay. I have seen the soul world; I have seen that it is imperishable.

"Louis, there are in these grasses beneath our feet spiritual essences that never die. In my moments of happiest lucidity, that is" — and here a strong shudder shook her frame — "when I could escape from my tormentors and the world of demons amongst whom they delight to roam, then, Louis, my soul winged through space and pierced into a brighter interior than they have ever realized, aye, even into the real soul of the universe, not the mere magnetic envelope which binds spirit and body together. Louis, in the first or inner recesses of nature is the realm of force — comprising light, heat, magnetism, life, nerve, aura, essence, and all the imponderables that make up motion, for motion is force, composed of many subdivisible parts. Here inhere those worlds of half formed embryotic existences with which our tormentors hold intercourse. They are the spiritual parts of matter, and supply to matter the qualities of force; but they are all embryotic, all transitory, and only partially intelligent existences. Nothing which is imperfect is permanent, hence these imperfect elementary spirits have no real or permanent existence; they are fragments of be-

ing; organs, but not organisms; and, until they are combined into the organism of manhood, they can outwork no real individuality; hence they perish, — die, that we may gather up their progressed atoms, and incarnate their separate organs as the complete organism of man."

"And man himself, Constance?"

"Man as a perfected organism *cannot* die, Louis. The mould in which he is formed must perish, in order that the soul may go free. The envelope, or magnetic body that binds body and soul together, is formed of force and elementary spirit; hence this stays for a time with the soul after death, and enables it to return to, or linger around the earth for providential purposes until it has become purified from sin; but even this at length drops off, and then the soul lives as pure spirit, in spirit realms, gloriously bright, radiantly happy, strong, powerful, eternal, infinite. That is heaven; that it is to dwell with God; such souls are his angels."

"Constance you speak with assurance. How know you this — not from the Brotherhood?"

"The Brotherhood, Louis! Why, they are but groping through the thick darkness of the material world, and just penetrating the realms of force.

"I tell you those realms are only peopled with shadows, ghosts, phantoms.

"The hand is not the body; the eye is not the head; neither are the thin, vapory essences that constitute the separate organs of which the world of force is composed, the soul. Mark me, Louis. Priests dream of the existence of soul worlds; the Brotherhood, of the beings in the world of force. The priests call the elementary spirits of the mid-region mere creations of human fancy and superstition. The Brothers charge the same hallucination upon the priests. Both are partly right and partly wrong, for the actual experiences of the soul will prove

that beings exist of both natures, and that both realms are verities; only the elementary spirits in the realms of force are like the earth, perishable and transitory, and the perfected spirits in the realm of soul are immortal, and never die. Louis, I have seen and conversed with both, and I know I do not dream. Here, miserable that I am, I am bound to earth; my soul is imprisoned by the chains of force; I am compelled to minister to the insatiate curiosity of the spirits who cannot ascend beyond those mid-regions, and O! the horror of that bondage would have bereft my soul of reason, had it not been redeemed by foregleams of the more holy and exalted destiny reserved for the soul in the blest sphere of immortality. Dear boy, ask me no more, press me no farther. My little brother! dearly, fondly loved by Constance, when I am an enfranchised spirit, I will come to thee, and prove my words by the very presence of an arisen, immortal soul. Remember!"

During the month succeeding this memorable conversation, I only encountered the "flying soul" of the dying Constance once.

I understood that this recession of her spirit was from no decrease of the experiments, whatever they might be, that she suffered, nor yet from any cessation of her attraction to myself, but the bonds of earth were loosening; the vital forces waning, and I knew that the pale phantom was losing the earthly essence necessary to become visible even in the atmosphere of invisible forces. My beautiful saint would soon be taken from me. My earthly idol would be shattered, and O, were it possible to believe her words, and think that she could still live in a brighter and better state of being, I might have been comforted, but driven from this anchor of hope by the emphatic teachings of the Brotherhood and their spirits, I beheld my earth angel melting away into blank annih-

lation, with an anguish that admitted of no alleviation, a pain at my heart almost insupportable.

One night, after I had been absent with Professor Marx a month at Geneva, I was about to retire to rest, and proceeded to draw the curtain which shaded my window, when something seemed to arise outside the casement, which intercepted the light of the moon. The house in which I dwelt was on the borders of the beautiful lake, and too high above it to allow of any stray passenger climbing up to my casement. There was no boat on the waters, no foothold between them and the terrace which was far below my window. I had been gazing out for some time on the placid lake illumined by the broad path of light, shed over it by the full moon, and I knew that no living creature was near or could gain access to my apartment; and yet there, standing on air against the casement, and intercepting the rays that streamed on either side of her on the mosaic floor of my chamber, stood the gracious and radiant form of Constance Müller. In the flash of one second of time I knew it was not her *atmospheric spirit* that stood there.

Radiant, shining, and glorious she now appeared, her sweet eyes looking full of penetrating intelligence into mine, her sweet smile directed towards me, and a motion of her hand like the action of a salute, indicating that the apparition saw and recognized me, and was all beaming with interest and intelligence. By a process which was not ordinary motion, the lovely phantom seemed to glide through the window and appear suddenly within a few feet of the couch, to which, on her first appearance, I had staggered back. Slightly bending forward, as if to arrest my attention, though without the least movement of the lips, her voice reached my ear, saying, "I am free, happy, and immortal." Swiftly as she had appeared, the apparition vanished, and in its place I

beheld the visionary semblance of the old-fashioned room in the college building occupied by Constance Müller. On a couch which I well knew, lay the form of the once beautiful tenant, pale, ghastly, dead! The form was partly covered over with a sheet, but where the white dressing-robe she wore was open at the throat, I observed clearly and distinctly two black, livid spots, like the marks of a thumb and finger.

The face was distorted, the eyes staring, and I saw she had been murdered.

Ghastly as was the scene I looked upon, a preternatural power of observation seemed to possess me, impelling me to look around the apartment, which I perceived was stripped of many things I had been accustomed to see there. The harpsichord was gone, and so was the desk and books at which I had so frequently seen her seated. Looking with the piercing eye of the spirit behind as well as upon the couch where the body lay, I saw the black ribbon and gold locket which Constance had always worn round her neck, lying on the ground as if it had been dropped there.

If there was any meaning in this vision, it would appear that this object was the point aimed at, for I had no sooner beheld it and the exact position in which it lay, than the whole phantasmagoria passed away, and once more the shining image of a living and celestially beautiful Constance stood before me.

Again the air seemed to syllable forth the words, "I am free, happy, and immortal," and "I have kept my promise," when again, but this time far more gradually, the angelic vision melted out, leaving the pattern of the mosaic on the floor, gilded only by the bright moonbeam, and the diamond panes of the casement, shadowed only by the white jasmine that was trained over the house.

Moonlight reigned supreme; the shadow was gone, but

ah me! it had been the shadow of an eternity of sunbeams. Never did I realize such a profound gloom, such an insufferably thick atmosphere, such "darkness made visible," as the absence of this radiant creature left behind. Whilst she stayed, it seemed as if sorrow, evil, or suffering had never had an existence: Life and being throughout was a mighty ecstasy, and now, she had taken all the joy and sunlight out of the world, and that — forever!

The recital of the previous night's vision, every item of which I faithfully related to Professor Marx the next morning, found in him a grave, attentive, but still unmoved listener.

He did not seem to doubt but that Constance Müller was dead. He made no remarks upon the appearances which, I passionately declared, inferred that she had suffered death by violence. To all this he simply said, "We shall see;" but when I strove to convince him that the apparition of a soul after death, and that with all the signs of life and tokens of intelligence, must prove a continued existence, he seemed roused to his usual tone of dogmatic assertion. He repeated what he had often insisted upon before; namely, that the life emanations called "soul" did often subsist for a short period after death, and appear as an organic form, but he still maintained that was no proof of immortality, since such essences soon disintegrated, and became as scattered and inorganic as the body they had once inhabited.

When I urged the words I had heard from the beautiful phantom, he insisted they were the reflexions of my own thoughts, associated with the appearance of one who believed in idle superstitions; and to my plea that the dress of pure, glistening white in which the figure was arrayed could be no reflex of my mind, whilst the buoyant happiness that sparkled on her angelic face was as far removed as light from darkness, to the sad, faded original,

he replied that as the essence was pure and unalloyed by the earthy, so when I beheld the essence actually disengaged from the earthy, I should see it clothed in an image of its own beauty, light, and purity. I was silenced, but not convinced. Two days later, Professor Marx stood with me knocking at Herr Müller's chamber door. The Professor himself opened it, and anticipated all we might have to say by informing us, gravely, that he had been unfortunate enough to lose his niece "by a sudden attack of putrid fever," which had compelled her speedy interment, the ceremony of which he had been just attending.

"I knew that Fraulein Müller was no more," replied my teacher, in a voice which, despite his philosophy, was something moved and broken, "and I called thus early, not to condole with you, for I know your resolved stoicism, but to ask if you were willing to let my dear young friend here make purchase of your niece's harpsichord. You know the young people were much attached to each other, and Louis is anxious to possess this souvenir of his beloved friend." I could not speak; a choking sensation was in my throat, and I was astonished at the cold invention by which Herr Marx was trying the truth of my clairvoyance, — but I listened breathlessly for the reply.

"I had her harpsichord, desk, books, and other matters which might have been rendered unsalable by the contagion of the fever, removed," replied Herr Müller, with a slight shade of confusion in his manner.

"I did not want a crowd of persons hovering around the sufferer in her dying moments, hence I had the apartment cleared in an early stage of her disease."

"Is there nothing my young friend could procure from that much venerated spot?" persisted my crafty ally.

"I do not well know," replied the other, completely thrown off his guard, "but if you desire it, you can step in and inspect the apartment."

Following the two strangely matched associates into the desolate shrine from which the saint had been removed, I gazed around only to see a perfect fac-simile of the scene I had beheld in vision. It was evident the quick, furtive glances of Professor Marx were directed towards the same end as my own. Suddenly he stopped before a dark picture hanging on the wall, and standing in a line between me and Herr Müller, directed his attention to something which he pretended to call remarkable in the painting, thus giving me the opportunity to cross the room, hastily, draw out a couch in the corner, and gather up, from behind it, a black ribbon and gold locket, which had lain there apparently unnoticed till then. Professor Marx never lost sight of me for an instant, and no sooner saw me secrete my treasure in my bosom, than he said abruptly, "Come, Louis, I don't like the atmosphere of the place. Herr Müller is right: the contagion of death lingers around, — there is nothing left here now, that you can desire to have; let us go."

As we returned to our lodgings, the Professor silenced my deep and angry murmurs against the man we had just left, by a variety of sophistries with which he was always familiar; one of these was the total indifference with which all the Brotherhood regarded the lives of those who were not of their order. It mattered little, he said, how poor Constance's thread of being was finally cut short, since it was evidently too attenuated to spin out to any much greater length than it had already attained, and finally, if I would persist, he said, in indulging in unrestrained and pernicious bursts of passion, I should mar the necessary passivity and equilibrium so essential to pure clairvoyance, and he should lose the best "lucid" in the world.

Before we parted for the night, the Professor asked me if I had ever seen or heard of Zwingler, the Bohemian.

"Who is he?" I asked, indifferently.

"You have never seen or heard of Zwingler? Then," he rejoined, "you have something to learn; another lesson to take; one I think that will help to dissipate your faith in the myth of immortality, and throw some light on the question of *apparitions*.

"Come with me to-morrow, Louis, to Sophien Stradt. There I will introduce you to Zwingler, and, in his person, to one of the phenomenal wonders of the age; and, Louis," he added, after a moment's pause, as we shook hands at parting, "carry that ribbon and locket somewhere about you — poor Constance's jewel, I mean; we may find a singular use for it. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

AMONGST THE SPIRITS; OR, SKETCHES OF SPIRITUAL
MEN; WOMEN, SPIRITS, AND THINGS.

PART II.

BY ASMODEUS.

THOSE were glorious old days, when spirits really did come, startling us out of our dreams of materiality, wakening us up into a realization that we had some souls besides those we kept in our side pockets; making ecstasies of some of us, fools of other some, and a very happy, jolly, care-for-nothing sort of community of all who gathered together in the name of "the dear spirits." That the said "dear spirits," or something very inspiring or very supermundane, was in the midst of us at such gatherings, even the "rolling ages" included in a score of years' lapse of time, since I first thought out this proposition, cannot affect my belief in; but that it was always the very "high spirits" who tipped out Yankee Doodle at Aunt White's invocations of Saint Paul and Elijah the prophet, I had then, and still have, my very serious doubts about. It was some time in the year 1850, that I left the "home of the mighty dead" at Whitesville, to visit New York, where I promised myself I should enjoy rare opportunities of pursuing my explorations "amongst the spirits." Having some business to transact at Hartford, Conn., I got into the cars on leaving that city, intending to pursue a straight course to the modern Gotham; but fate, or as some of my enthusiastic brethren of the faith would allege, "my guardian spirits," willed matters otherwise. I had no sooner taken my seat, than I was

accosted² by Mr. S——, a friend, who like myself had been one of the earliest investigators into Spiritualism, through the Rochester knockings. As we had not met for upwards of a twelvemonth, we had many experiences to exchange on the subject which had interested us both so greatly. I related the doings of the Clark and White circles, but my friend threw my narrative into mere vapory shadow, by pouring out to me a detail of the marvels that were even then transpiring in the case of Dr. Eliakin Phelps, D. D., a Congregationalist minister of high standing and respectability, in whose residence, as my friend informed me, "the spirits were playing high jinks with a vengeance." Mr. S—— had undertaken to go in quest of A. J. Davis, the celebrated clairvoyant, by whose instrumentality it was hoped that the spirits at Dr. Phelps' might either be exorcised and depart in peace, or be induced to conduct themselves like well-behaved ghosts, as they, at that time, most assuredly were not.

Mr. S—— had expected to find the great Poughkeepsie magician at Hartford; but, failing in this, and disliking to return baffled to the scene of the weird hauntings, he had the hardihood to propose that I should personate, for the nonce, the mighty seer, and thus have the privilege of seeing what I should see, and what I was assured no other individual had ever seen or might behold again, since the days when Moses and the Egyptians kept the land supplied with frogs and lice to order, for the honor and glory of their several gods.

Such was my reverence for the character and fame of the "Poughkeepsie seer," that the mere suggestion of my becoming party to so daring a fraud as the assumption of his awful personality, threw me into a perfect bath of cold perspiration. I felt the top of my head to see if it was on or off, and involuntarily put my newspaper under my feet, to see if I could not read better with my toe-

ends, than my eyes. As the idea of what I had been asked to do gained upon me, my spectacles seemed to magnify objects twelve hundred degrees stronger than Lord Rosse's telescope. Presently, I began to fancy how the people in the cars all around me would look, provided I could see their interiors as Mr. Davis was reported to have the faculty of doing; and whether I was psychologized into clairvoyance by the mention of his name, or only drew a fancy sketch of my surroundings, I cannot say; but certain it is, my fellow creatures seemed to sink several degrees lower in the scale of my esteem, as I attempted to portray what they really might be, rather than what they seemed.

At length, in order to dissipate the sphere of illusion into which I seemed to be passing, I proposed to my friend that he should offer Dr. Phelps the benefit of my experiences, and introduce me to the scene of the marvels, as one who had been "amongst the spirits" himself, and knew something of what those ominous words meant. My proposal being accepted, I accompanied Mr. S.— to a handsome country residence, in the village of Stratford, at which we arrived about four o'clock, one fine summer's day, in the year 1850. The Doctor had been to a neighboring town, it seems, to purchase stair-carpeting, or some material destined for that purpose. He had just returned, and his buggy was standing at the entrance to the house, as we approached it. We were about to knock on the open door, when I observed a tall lady standing at the side of the steps, with an umbrella held over her head. I was just going to take off my hat respectfully to this stately looking dame, when to my amazement, I perceived it was a statue, or more correctly speaking, *an image*, constructed in part out of the cloth purchased for the stairs, the carriage mat, and a horse blanket; yet notwithstanding the rude and unmalleable nature of the ma-

terials used, they were arranged with such incredible skill, that the figure presented, at the first glance, the appearance of a fine, fashionably-dressed lady.

Before I could recover from the astonishment produced on me by this apparition, the Doctor's wife and daughter, coming out of the house, were attracted to the same object, and after examining it, and perceiving of what it was composed, they called in extreme trepidation to the Doctor to come and see what "fresh capers those dreadful spirits had been cutting up." As for me, what my feelings, as a mere novice in such matters, might be, I leave the reader to decide. I learned that Dr. Phelps had only returned a minute or two before, and with his own hands had deposited the cloth, folded up neatly, and tied in a tight roll, on the ground, where now it was found woven in the space of a few minutes into the figure we beheld. The ladies of the family, whose part it subsequently became to disentangle the cloths from their singular arrangement, declared that it cost them nearly an hour to do so, and that, had they spent four times that period in the construction of a figure out of such materials, they could not even then have performed their task with the same amount of skill and artistic craft.

I must confess I should have been desperately frightened, and far from disposed to remain in a house tenanted by such a remarkable set of individuals, as these invisible image-makers, had I not been reassured by the coolness which the poor ladies of the family seemed to have attained to, under the discipline they were undergoing, no less than by the candor, kindness, and hospitality of the venerable Dr. Phelps himself, who, notwithstanding that the peace of his household and his domestic privacy was destroyed, by the irruption of curious visitors, treated all comers most courteously, and extended to every earnest and respectable inquirer, the

most frank and unreserved opportunities for observation and investigation.

. Now as the descriptions which have been published of the manifestations at Stratford are numerous, and far too authoritatively testified of, to gain any additional weight from the recitals of such an erratic waif as myself, it is enough to say that in a three days' sojourn at Dr. Phelps' mansion, in the broad daylight, and in the presence of numerous highly honored witnesses, I have seen every conceivable article that was movable, from an umbrella-stand to the watch in Dr. Phelps' pocket, move about without any *human contact*, and in such methods as rendered it wholly impossible that the motions could have been effected by any human being. I have seen a whole row of hats, left by the visitors in the hall, walking themselves swiftly up-stairs, landing themselves at the top of an upper floor, where not a mortal was present; and after we had followed and discovered them, I have seen one rise and launch itself at my head (aye, and I have felt it, too, a stove-pipe of the very hardest quality), another pitch itself through an open window, and two more describe a half circle, and subsequently, as it appeared, hang themselves upon the pegs of a closet already locked, and requiring the production of a key from some distant place, before they could be discovered. To the numerous published accounts of these marvels, but especially to the venerable Prof. Hare's succinct narrative of them, as rendered in his fine work, "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated," I refer the curious inquirer, who desires to learn more of the Stratford manifestations. I deem it but justice, however, to Dr. Phelps to quote his own words, when replying to some of those objectors, who, knowing actually nothing of the facts from personal observation, presumed to insinuate that no one ever saw the objects in motion, that were said to have been removed by spirits, etc., etc. Dr. Phelps, in writing to a local paper, remarks:—

"I have seen things in motion more than a thousand times, and, in most cases, when no visible power existed by which the motion could have been produced. I can produce scores of persons, whose character for intelligence, piety, and competence to judge in this matter, no one who knows them will question, who will make solemn oath that they have witnessed the same things. As to the reality of the facts, they can be proved by testimony a hundred-fold greater than is ordinarily required in our courts of justice, in cases of life and death."

In the natural modesty of my character, I have assumed that no testimony of mine could add weight to the vast array of evidence which the best and most reliable persons of the community have rendered concerning the spiritual origin of the manifestations at Stratford; but as the equally modest editors of *THE WESTERN STAR* expect that their lucubrations and those of their correspondents will go down to posterity, when far more pretentious works will be forgotten, I desire here to give, for the benefit of that posterity which the *STARS* claim to have an especial mission to illuminate, the contents of a letter which dropped down from the ceiling in the room, and at the time when I was myself present, and when I could stake my salvation (if any one were rash enough to call it in question) that no human being could have been instrumental in projecting it, and that without any disturbance of the lath and plaster, through the ceiling.

This letter was signed by the name of an Orthodox clergyman of the city of Philadelphia, and though by the desire of Dr. Phelps the real signature is suppressed, it was evidently known to the bold writer who so unscrupulously counterfeited it. Another curious feature of the writing is, that all the persons mentioned therein were dead, and had long since passed into the spirit world.

"DEAR BROTHER, — The millenium, truly is coming; the day of the Lord is at hand. We are adding countless numbers to the altar of the Lord. Brother A — became inspired last Sunday, to such a degree that his soul took its flight to the regions above, and has not yet returned.

The Catholic churches, St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, were burned down; St. Peter's, also — I believe that is a Catholic church. Brother Mahn was preaching from the text, 'Resist the devil,' etc., when he was suddenly overturned by an invisible power, which frightened him so that his hair turned white in five minutes.

"Brother Barnes, to render his church more attractive, is going to have opera singing and dancing, every Sunday p. m. Mrs. Alexander Tower, old Mr. Tiers, Brother Fairchild, and Mrs. Somerville, are going to dance. I think they will find it a very lucrative employment.

"Jane and Martha still progress in Hebrew.

"Your affectionate brother,

"M. R."

I must confess that, whereas I had entered Dr. Phelps' house much struck with the phenomena I had witnessed before, but far from satisfied that it should be attributed to the spirits of those who had passed away, I left it with every shade of doubt removed; in fact I became, in the abundance of that wonderful witness, a full and perfected graduate in the high school of Spiritualistic lore, and henceforth resolved to devote, if need be, life, fortune, name and fame, to the service of the "spirits."

It so happened that I was suddenly recalled by pressing business to Ohio, nor could I pursue my explorations until the year 1854, when I determined to take advantage of my proximity to the village of Dover, Athens County, to pay a visit to the far famed spirit house of Jonathan Koons. Having invited a Methodist minister and a Hard-shell Baptist preacher to accompany me, and both having rather savagely declined, I set out alone, on what my Orthodox friends confidently assured me was the shortest road to perdition, but which the guide-books informed me would lead to Jonathan Koons' residence. This individual, so celebrated in all Spiritualistic records, together with his famous spirit house in the wild woods, with all its weird, strange, desolate surroundings, has been too often and graphically delineated by better scribes than myself, to justify me in putting in an appearance in the

form of a historian on so well worn a subject. Suffice it to say I got there without any marvelous or noteworthy interruptions, and having arrived at the scene of action, I secured a seat in a room calculated to accommodate more than ten people, whilst I had the misfortune of making the twenty-third. I suffered something from the heat, something from a very close atmosphere, made up of packed human bodies, stale emanations of former séances, and Heaven alone knows how many spirits; but a considerable army of them, if we may judge from the assertion of a deep-mouthed, rory-tory invisible, who in answer to my timid query of, "Pray, Mr. King, how many spirits may there happen to be present?" roared out through the trumpet, placed somewhere and moved around everywhere, "Five hundred in my hand, stranger, and about treble that number about and around your head."

I certainly started a little at this annunciation, but concluding spirits could fold up in a pretty small compass, I thought it didn't much matter. Well, I must here bear my testimony to the fact that, as far as Jonathan Koons and his family, visible and invisible, were concerned, every item of the performance was entirely satisfactory, and conclusively demonstrative of the presence of something, and a great many bodies more than our mortal surroundings could account for. The good old farmer entertained all the strangers he could, "day in and day out," "eating and sleeping them," as he himself informed me, as far as the capacity of his homestead would allow, and sitting, night after night, himself and all his family, for the accommodation of the public, and the presence of the angels, without ever accepting of one cent of recompense. Great and glorious souled Jonathan Koons!

How gratefully mankind appreciated thy noble efforts to point it on the road to heaven, let thy barns burnt,

thy house sacked, thy children mobbed, and thyself left poor in name, body, and estate, bear witness! I heard the thunder of the spirits charging the table, the awful bang on the bass drum slung over our heads, and which nearly startled twenty of us out of our boots, and the other three into fits. I heard the spirits talk, or, more properly speaking, roar through the trumpet a communication to the assembled company, informing them that the name of Zachariah Muggins, which one of us had given, was false, and that the real party was called by just such an appellation as my godfathers and godmothers would, if they had been present; have recognized at once; however, I said nothing, and probably none of the company but myself would have been any the wiser, if a monstrous great hand, luminous enough to have lit up half a dozen policemen's dark lanterns, had not come travelling up to my face, and administered a fillip on the nose which resounded through the apartment like a slight earthquake, accompanied by the remark, "Thou art the man." Of course I acknowledged the compliment by a graceful acceptance of the fact, and all present passed over the slight my assumed character had put upon them, in their satisfaction at receiving "such a very good test."

I soon found Koons' spirits were neither humbugs themselves nor patrons of humbug in others. They played, sung, stamped, drummed, talked, shouted, prayed, and displayed their hands, luminous, dense, vapory, and substantial, and all in such a fashion as to leave no shadow of doubt but that spirits were the authors of the whole performance, and that no mortal present was, or could be, in any way instrumental in one single act that transpired. I was more than satisfied, and went to my couch in the loft, consisting of a hay "shake down," which I shared with another of the party, whom the spirits had correctly named, with my head spinning, and my mind distracted

with the problem as to whether "John King," the ruling spirit, was not the party who had helped Noah build the ark, or at least the drummer who had summoned the animals, to the roll of his awful instrument, to come out of the rain and get saved. He had informed us through the trumpet that he was advanced in life, having been intimate with Noah; in fact that venerable personage was but a youngster when he was the leader of hosts in heaven. Some rash querist asked him if he was acquainted with Adam and Eve, and ventured to suggest that he might have been on speaking terms with the serpent; whilst still another asked, with a quake in his voice, if he knew anything about that war in heaven that Milton had described, and whether he, being as he claimed more than ten thousand years old, had not taken a hand in the fight along with the rebel angels. Before "the most ancient angel" could reply, another voice croaked out of the darkness, "I'll bet he's Lucifer himself; come, old fellow, own up! are you not the devil in *propria persona*?"

I must confess I was exceedingly gratified to hear the stern and well merited rebuke that the thundering voice of "John King" poured out through the trumpet, reminding the listeners that "there was a place and time for all things," and though for his part he didn't believe a word about the six days of creation, and thought the earth would have been a tough job to get through in six million years, yet he didn't choose to allow aught that the heart had held sacred to be treated with irreverence, and therefore he distinctly declined to enter upon any discussions that would bring sacred names or ideas into contempt or ridicule.

Being disposed to applaud this sentiment I ventured to answer; "Well said, old angel!" when I was instantly slapped on the mouth by a hand of tremendous size, and desired to "Quit that, Mr. Zachariah Muggins!"

On the question of the devil, the loquacious angel was exceedingly curt. He remarked that as most people called everything that was too wise, too good, or too powerful for them, "the devil," he was perfectly willing to be so named, only he thought the world would soon find out that if Spiritualism was the work of the devil, that ancient gentleman had got converted, and was now doing the work of "the other party." All these, and many other sayings, too many and good to remember, went spinning through my brain, as I turned and twisted on my straw, and would doubtless have had their legitimate effect in favorably impressing me with their highly suggestive teachings, had not my room, or rather my loft mate, and straw fellow, insisted upon breaking in upon my cogitations, by informing me that he was the "son of man," — a mortal commissioned from on high to be the medium of again restoring to earth the kingdom of Christ, planting the heavenly millennium, the corner-stone of which was to be laid in his private potato patch, and that he was even then "on a mission," sent out by "the Comforter" to find twelve disciples, upon the discovery of whom he was to emerge from the obscurity of his earthly surroundings, namely, a tailor's shop-board in an Ohio village, drop his mortal cognomen of simple "Jones," and blaze forth upon the astonished legions of suffering, waiting humanity in his proper character as "the son of man."

As my Ohio garment-repairing friend seemed disposed to fix upon me for a Matthew or a Peter, in lieu of a more comatible disciple, I began to find our loft too hot to hold me, and muttering something about "a mission" I had, which called upon me to get up and take the air just at that particular hour of midnight, I managed to escape into the stable below, congratulating myself that I had got free without being made a disciple. And here let me

state at once, for the benefit of those readers who happen to have met with other "sons of men" in their travels, that mine was neither a common nor a generally known one. I am quite aware that a great many such distinguished personages have appeared from time to time in different places during the progress of the Spiritual movement, but though nearly all that I have ever met, or heard of, insisted that they were the only genuine successors of the illustrious personage whose name and style they adopted, there will be found special tokens of identity in each one's case that would enable a careful compiler of modern biblical records to enumerate and distinguish them. One fact alone I have noticed as common to most of the "Messianic" personages who have arisen during the new dispensation; that is, that they generally commence practice by discovering that their wives are not their affinities, and that some younger and fairer member of the female persuasion is. From this point, by an easy stage of progress, they grow into advocates or disciples of a new social order (?); pronounce marriage a bore, restraint to the sovereignty of the human will un-Christlike, living as you please, with whom you please, and as long or as short as you please, the true Godlike method, and Spiritualism the heaven-born dispensation that was to establish this glorious system of universal do-as-you-please life.

Our readers, or some, at least, of them, have no doubt, like myself, heard this highly spiritualizing and elevating doctrine attributed to the authorship of the "good spirits," the "high spirits," above all, the very spirits, that, as mortals, would have most strenuously protested against such doctrines; but when they remember that Spiritualism has become even a more convenient cloak than charity for covering up the sins which humanity, without such authority, would be ashamed to acknowledge, our wonder ceases at the perpetual association of Spiritualism with all the popular vices and follies of the day.

One thing, however, is very certain in this connection. Most of those inspired from "on high," with the performance of "great missions" on earth, and especially self-elected Christs and founders of new orders, so generally commence business by seeking fresh "affinities," that I never encounter a new "son of man," without looking round to discover the new Mary Magdalene who is sure to be in his wake; nor do I ever hear of the great reformer commissioned by "very high spirits" to establish a new order of things upon earth, who does not immediately commence by raving against the iniquity of legal restraints in the marriage relation, and the divine institution of "free love," and unbridled license. But then, remember that this is the wisdom of the spheres, and the teaching of "very high spirits!" Do we marvel that a decent, law-abiding community is now and then apt to exclaim, "Ware wolf!" when they see these spiritually inspired reformers hovering about their young daughters and pretty wives? Do we wonder that Spiritualists who fail to recognize that Spiritualism and Animalism are synonymous terms, are apt now and then to cry "Poor spirits! What mighty loads they have to carry, when humanity can find no better use to put the souls of its ancestors to, than to make them responsible for all the vice, folly, and licentiousness it wants an excuse to indulge in."

For my part, I am at a loss to determine whether the people on the other side of the river laugh at our folly and presumption in their spiritual sleeves, or whether they may not be "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," until the fitting time comes to administer to us the sure, though silent, lash of retribution; but one thing I am quite certain of: if the angels of the new dispensation are as pure and clear-sighted as they were in Shakespeare's time, they too "must weep" to behold "the fan-

tastic tricks before high heaven," which men choose to play, and then shoulder off on "the spirits." Leaving for the present, however, the philosophers and their philosophies, the Messiahs and their missions, to find a recorder in some more exalted evangelist than myself, I proceed to renew my researches "amongst the spirits" in the great American "Gotham," New York, a city, by the way, which I perceive a "reverend" writer of our day has irreverently styled "Gomorrah" instead of "Gotham." Doubtless the worthy divine made a slip of the pen in bestowing such an appellation on New York,—the city of splendid churches and popular preachers; the city where tall steeples point the way to heaven at every street corner; the city where the fair sex spend millions of dollars every year, in preparing their sweet persons to go to church; the city where the Magdalene flourishes in the highest society, and even poor murderers find a sanctuary and are saved! For my part I can find, after a long residence in, and close observation of New York city, no point of resemblance between it and the destroyed cities of the plain, except an occasional warning of the angel, addressed to all who particularly value their lives or properties, to "arise and flee while it is yet time." *Verbum Sap.*

(To be continued.)

THE GARLAND.

SUMMARY OF A MONTH'S COMMUNION BETWEEN THE WORLD OF SPIRITS AND MORTALS.

Time, the Builder, erroneously called the Destroyer, has been silently but surely gathering in many a stone, fairly cut and hewn, for the erection of the great spiritual temple of the future, since last we communed with our readers. How many and how fair are these contributions towards the mighty Church that shall be, we may far better understand when the totality of their use is disclosed in the ultimate, than as we contemplate them now, in their unitary isolation; yet it is pleasant to number up and catalogue the workmen that so faithfully ministered their service in each succeeding day, and we only lament that a record adequate to preserve the memory of every good work and every faithful worker, could not be stereotyped for all time, that posterity might know who were their benefactors, and how faithfully they had wrought.

The brave old *Banner of Light* contributes four great white stones for the service of the temple, inscribed July, 1872, and scatters tidings from north, south, east and west, to the effect that new Spiritual associations are forming, fresh efforts are being made to instruct the rising generation in our faith, lecturers and mediums have been, now as ever, sowing the good seed broadcast over the land; and the wonderful, the strong, the wise, and the most ingenious of all workmen, the people from the spirit country, have been running their telegraphic lines, and spreading their messages of love and wisdom, through all the veins and arteries of the great New World.

In the far West, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* deals its iconoclastic blows of proof and fact to all comers, with showers of testimony so irresistible, that it would be difficult to read through the July numbers of this excellent journal, without coming to the conclusion that its editors and contributors should either be put in strait jackets, as the most dangerous of lunatics, in penitentiaries as the most reckless of liars, or in shrines of public honor and esteem, as evangels of the most glorious and wonderful tidings that mankind has ever listened to:

The *American Spiritualist*, true to its name of promise, breaks all the cramping fetters of hard times and hot days in New York, the hot-bed of the East, to supply its subscribers with their share of spiritual refreshment, and contributes many a column of good words to the sphere of Spiritual activity:

Since last we wrote of the signs of the times amongst American Spiritualists, good Isaac Post of Rochester, N. Y., has gone to enter upon the well-earned inheritance of a long and noble life, and a career of singular influence upon the progress of the Spiritual movement. In the dark days of the Hydesville disturbances, and during the dangerous hours when the fate of the poor Fox family, and perhaps of the whole Spiritual cause, lay trembling on a mere thread; when popular opinion was ready to sever that thread, and precipitate the mediums and their Spiritual claims into destruction and ruin, Isaac Post firmly and generously stood in the gap, and with a gallantry and far more real courage than is displayed by many a hectoring professor of arms, he, the peaceful Quaker, lent his respectable name, honest fame, and even his unshrinking presence, to defend the "Fox girls" from the savage violence of a howling mob, and affirm and re-affirm a sacred truth in defiance of all the ignorance and

prejudice which, at the time of the first manifestations, made such an avowal tantamount to a Catholic bull of excommunication, and social ostracism.

For his amiable and esteemed companion, the beloved sharer alike in his opinions and noble line of conduct, there are no words of consolation that her tenderest friends (and their name is legion) could offer her, equal to the ejaculation, — Thank God she is a Spiritualist! The funeral services were conducted by C. P. M. Mills, of Syracuse, and the eloquent and highly inspired trance medium, Mrs. Libbie Lowe Watson, of Titusville, at the close of whose words of angelic import and beauty, every eye present dropped its tribute of sympathy.

Following closely on the track of the death angel, enters upon the scene the spirit of conjugal love, lighting his torch of divine glory to illuminate the shining present, but veiling his mystic face from the eager inquirers into the secrets of the solemn future: lighting that torch, however, for one of the best of public servants, and one of the purest and truest of private angels in the house. Who can question that the veiled face only conceals a future as bright as the present? That it may prove so, must be the prayer of all who know that the marriage torch was lighted in honor of Thos. Gales Foster, one of the most eloquent speakers, and most faithful and self-sacrificing of mediums that the Spiritual cause can boast of, and that his chosen partner was Miss Carrie A. Grimes, so long and favorably known as a contributor to the Spiritual papers, and so dearly loved and esteemed by her large circle of friends in Philadelphia.

If an union of so much worth, real merit, and true affection be not crowned with "the peace which passeth understanding" then may all truly say on earth, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Amongst the praiseworthy efforts recently made to promote the welfare of humanity through the influences of Spiritual science, we must record the opening of a "Psychopathic retreat" by Dr. Edward Mead. The talent of the excellent gentleman at the head of this institution, his admirable qualifications for the office he has assumed, the beauty of the *locale* at Winchester, Mass., and the excellence of the internal order and arrangements which we are informed prevail throughout the establishment, form a concatenation of favoring circumstances which should commend Dr. Mead's undertaking to the cordial support of all classes, but especially of the Spiritualists.

None, so well as themselves, are aware how many unhappy sufferers are incarcerated in lunatic asylums, who are in reality obsessed by undeveloped spirits.

Such cases are too frequently goaded into lunacy by the treatment received in the ordinary asylum, whereas under the psychologic method of cure, they might readily be restored to equilibrium of mind and health. It is to treat the afflicted upon purely psychopathic principles that Dr. Mead is devoting his time, talent, and means, and it will be an enduring reproach to the Spiritualists of his generation, if his valuable and much needed efforts be permitted to sink, for want of adequate support and practical assistance.

It cannot fail to be a subject of congratulation to the admirers of William and Elizabeth Denton, — that is to say, to the whole thinking and reading portion of the community, — that the talented lady through whom "The Soul of Things," the most wonderful volume of the age, was chiefly given, has not ceased to battle for the truth even in her sweet country retirement. The gist of the case which has called forth Mrs. Denton's able champion-

ship is this. Her opinions, and those of her great-souled and inspired husband, on the question of Biblical authority, infallibility, etc., etc., have been assailed by the Rev. F. N. Peloubet, through the columns of the *Natick Bulletin*; but just as the reverend gentleman was arriving at that very narrow corner, where most reverends in a discussion with Mr. and Mrs. Denton would be sure to get squeezed, the editor finds himself unable to give Mrs. Denton the opportunity of putting the cap-stone over the head of her helpless antagonist, for "want of space" in his paper.

Mrs. Denton, of course, has made up for the editorial deficiency by availing herself of the space afforded by a four-page pamphlet, in which the Reverend's arguments go through the three degrees of comparison, until the little, less, least, of the sense or reason in them disappears *in toto*, beneath the lady's scathing and unanswerable logic.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati seems to have received an immense impetus through the visit of Mrs. Hollis, the celebrated physical and test medium of Louisville. We are in possession of several articles which have appeared in the local papers, describing with candor and fairness the astonishing character of Mrs. Hollis's mediumship, and frankly declaring that it admits of no explanation from a simply mundane point of view. We may be privileged to devote more space to a future description of this lady's good service as a medium between the two worlds; for the present we can do no more than give place to the following conclusive excerpt from the *Banner of Light*, of July 20th.

The correspondent alluded to writes accounts of Mrs. Hollis's séances to the *Cincinnati Commercial* under the *nom de plume* of "Nep."

Mrs. Hollis, wife of Capt. E. J. Hollis of Louisville, Ky., says the correspondent, visited his residence several weeks ago, and séances of a remarkable character took place, the manifestations at which he described in a series of letters to the *Commercial*. He invited a large number of people to view them, among his visitors being representatives from the most refined circles in the social life of Cincinnati, and several holding official positions of emolument and trust. The most remarkable manifestations occurring during her first visit were three in number, namely: slate-writing in the light, *a la* Dr. Slade, of which the narrator says, "Hundreds of communications have been written in my presence, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Italian, French, Welsh and English," thus destroying the "coincident" theory; the showing of spirit hands — from three to five materialized hands being seen at one time, in a room sufficiently light to read in; and the hearing of audible spirit voices. In proof of this latter phase the writer avers that his mother spoke to him in a strongly defined voice: —

"If that voice had simply pronounced my name, I should have fixed it as my mother's. It is only four years since I heard it from her mortal lips, and I could not have forgotten it. . . . Mimicry sounds contemptible to the hearing of the soul. I *know* it was the voice of my mother, by the exercise of the same faculties with which you recognize the voice of one you love."

Again it is said: —

"The table upon which the music-box was placed stood about ten feet from the cabinet door. After winding it up, I was turning to resume my seat in the circle, in doing which I faced the aperture in the cabinet, when, to my utter surprise, I beheld my mother's face at the opening. 'Why, mother,' I exclaimed, 'is it possible?' She smiled, spoke my name, and retired. The materialization continued for the space of ten or fifteen seconds. All in the room saw the dear face, the Quaker cap, and heard the name pronounced. I was within two feet of the aperture, and others not ten feet off.

"Not doubting her identity, still I said, 'Mother, dear, can you materialize your left hand, and show it at the aperture?' In less than a minute the left hand was presented for my inspection. I was close to it. There was a peculiar mark on the left hand of my mother. The forefinger was permanently closed by contraction of the tendon, from a burn received in childhood. The hand presented had the same peculiarity."

The faces of the medium's guardian, "Jimmy Nolan," and those purporting to be Ney and Josephine, together with several unrecognised spirits, were shown — *a la* Moravia — at the cabinet aperture.

In dark séances, held by direction, Mrs. Hollis was frequently carried over the heads of the party present; and on one occasion, being provided

with a pencil, traced the course of her aerial journey along the ceiling — the walls having previously been examined, and no pencil-marks found thereon — the lead being worn down, and the hand of the medium covered with lime-dust by the operation.

This continued exhibition of spirit faces and forms, at a time, too, when the public is becoming completely surfeited with egotistical details of "my experiences at Moravia," is particularly satisfactory, and will strengthen, if need were, the reports of similar phenomena through the mediumship of Mrs. Andrews, Dr. Slade, and Harry Bastian.

The excessive warmth of the season has doubtless served to thin off our reports from the lecture field of late, few of the speakers, save the indefatigable J. M. Peebles, Emma Britten, E. V. Wilson, and a few other veterans of the cause, having the power or courage to brave the present tropical conditions of the rostrum. It should be a subject of congratulation to the laborers in the Spiritual vineyard to welcome to the ranks of first-class speakers, Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher, of Westford, Mass., who although very young, and as yet but little known outside the immediate vicinity of his own pleasant home, is evidently destined to make a high and distinguished mark as an advocate of Spiritualistic truths. To an excellent education, attractive appearance, and refined manner, this young gentleman unites one of the rarest gifts of trance mediumship. Already he has won the meed of favor from many of the critical audiences of Massachusetts, and if we mistake not, his endowments, natural and acquired are destined to advance him to the highest rounds of the ladder of Spiritual good and use.

We are not informed of the publication of any remarkable literary novelties, since weaving our last garland of passing events, but the interest in the works of sterling

value, that have recently been issued, seems to be steadily increasing.

"The Mental Cure," "Vital Magnetic Cure," and "Nature's Laws in Human Life," a splendid trio, recently written by the Rev. W. F. Evans, and published by Wm White & Co., are daily attracting the attention and admiration of the best thinkers of the day. Emma Hardinge Britten's exhaustive "History of Modern American Spiritualism" has reached its tenth edition, and several foreign publishers are, as the author informs us, in treaty for its translation and publication in different countries of Europe. Robert Dale Owen's "Debatable Land," at once the most brilliant, logical, and unanswerable work that the literature of Spiritualism can boast of, has become the subject of any number of scientific essays *pro* and *con*, from the literati of England. Amongst other distinguished reviewers of this splendid production, is a long and able analysis from the pen of Prof. Alfred Wallace, of England, a gentleman whose position as a leader in science, none can venture to dispute. We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Owen, for a copy of Prof. Wallace's admirable review, the closing paragraphs of which are as follows:—

We have devoted so much space to a sketch of Mr. Owen's book, because, in the first place, it merits notice as a literary work of a high class; and in the second, it brings prominently before us what is either the most gigantic and mysterious of delusions, or the most important of truths. In either case it deserves a full and fair discussion. Neither is such a subject out of place in a scientific journal, for, in whatever light we view it, it is really a scientific question. If a fallacy or a delusion, it is of so wide-spread a nature, and influences such numbers of well-educated and even scientific men, that we have a right to demand of science a full and satisfactory exposure of it. If a truth, then it is certainly, as Mr. Owen maintains, a science of itself; a new science, and one of the most overwhelming importance in its bearings upon philosophy, history, and religion. It is now becoming almost a common thing to acknowledge that there is a certain amount of truth in the facts; with a proviso,

always, of the writer's repudiation of the Spiritual theory. For my own part, the only thing that makes the facts credible on evidence is the Spiritual theory. Mr. A——, or Prof. B——, or Dr. C——, may state that *they know* certain of the facts are true, but that all these facts can be explained without calling in the aid of spirits. Perhaps they can. But why should I, or any other reader, accept A, B, or C's facts, and reject Mr. Owen's, when the former are not one whit more intrinsically probable, or supported by one iota better testimony than the latter? I cannot believe in Cretaceous fossils as realities, and reject Silurian as freaks of Nature; neither can I accept the facts B may have witnessed, and reject those of the rest of the alphabet. Yet if all the main classes of facts are admitted, the Spiritual theory appears as clearly a deduction from them as the theory of extinct animals follows from the facts presented by their fossil remains.

Giles Stebbins' "Bible of the Ages," also, is doing a noble work, and rousing up the devotees of antiquity into a more respectful appreciation of the value and inspiration of the nineteenth century.

On contemplating the mountainous pile of records gathered up before us for selection, and noting how very little it has diminished since we have begun to cull blossoms for our Spiritual garland, we feel far less discouragement for the progress of the cause, than for our pitifully limited opportunities of representing it. "Nothing is lost in nature" is still our motto and reconciler, and if only one per cent. of all the glad tidings the spirits have brought, can be recorded here, we know that the other ninety and nine parts will be found in the treasure houses of imperishable type "over there!"

OSIRIS.

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