

A SKETCH  
OF THE  
**HISTORY**  
OF THE  
**DAVENPORT BOYS,**

THEIR MEDIUMSHIP, JOURNEYINGS, AND THE MANIFESTATIONS AND TESTS GIVEN IN THEIR PRESENCE BY THE SPIRITS.

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A full account of the arrest and trials of L. P. RAND and the Davenport Mediums, at Mexico, and at, Phoenix—their incarceration, and the deliverance of L. P. Rand from the prison by the Angels.

THEIR DECLARATION OF THE FACT, AND AFFIDAVIT TO THE SAME, DULY MADE AND PRESENTED.

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*"And behold the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, arise up quickly. And the chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, gird thyself and bind on thy sandals; and so he did. And he saith unto him, cast thy garment about thee and follow me. And he went out and followed him." Acts, xii.*

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WITH AN APPENDIX.

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BY LUKE P. RAND.

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OSWEGO:  
T. F. OTTAWAY, JOB PRINTER, DAILY PALLADIUM OFFICE,  
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## DEDICATION.

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### TRUTH:

Truth is of God—is immutable, eternal.

“What is can never not have been.”

The fact of my deliverance from the prison by the angels, is, and what man can do or say to the contrary, is powerless as would be his efforts to extinguish the sun. I have endeavored to be strictly accurate and just in my descriptions,—“nothing extenuated or aught set down in malice,” in this little work; more to me, I confess, than *Presidencies*, and which, I doubt not, shall in some form of record, bear my humble name adown the centuries, fresh as shall be the rains, or winds, or morning or evening stars, when the titles of earth-born greatness shall be lost in the “vortex of revolutions!” And with inexpressible gratitude to Almighty God that he has counted us worthy to suffer reproach for the sake of truth, to his angels who have attended and shielded me and my companions in our trials, is this small effort most sincerely consecrated.

L. P. RAND.

“Who maketh his angels spirits.”—HEB. i, 7.

## INTRODUCTION.

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Knowing that this pamphlet will have a wide and rapid circulation, as thousands are anxiously impatient to learn the facts in relation to our deliverance by the angels from the prison, I proceed to make a few brief statements in the outset upon that occurrence. We had been imprisoned for propagating our religion, as the facts and minute descriptions, in the sequel, abundantly show. We gave ourselves up to the assumed legal authorities of the land when we saw that certain religious biggots were determined, if they could, to put down our religion by law, as the spirits directed us to do.

We supposed we should be released by the angels from our confinement, although we had no positive promise that such would be the case. We were instructed to remain patiently at the jail, as there was a great principle to be tested, and results of no common moment to be determined in the event with which we were so intimately connected. About five days previous to the expiration of the term fixed by the law, an angel spoke in our prison and said we should probably be released, and that we must be in readiness. We made all preparation by adjusting our clothes and settling our bills, having our affairs in readiness to leave on any emergency.

As will appear in this work, we had been apprehensive that if we went out from the jail, being released by the angels, the people would not receive our testimony, and so we should be re-imprisoned for the alleged crime of breaking jail. We had importuned the spirits to spare us in this matter, as our deliverance would be only a test of spirit-power. On the last night of our term, when the doors of our prison were thrown open by the angels, I was commanded to go out to return to the jail in the morning. I did so, while the mediums were to be detained. As we anticipated, our testimony was not believed, and the public tone was rife with threats of my re-imprison-

ment. The jailer, as will appear, had assured us that if we went forth from the prison, being unlocked by the spirits, we should be held harmless. The mediums having been re-locked into their room, and not having gone out with me as they thought to do, would be allowed to testify in my favor, to the effect that our door was opened by the angels. Whereas, had we all been permitted to have gone out, we should all alike have been deemed culprits in the street. Some imagining that we had made our escape in one way and come in an other—The jailer thought, as I was not in in the morning when the door was locked, therefore I could not have been in at evening when he locked up. The turn-key, on the contrary, said he believed I was in in the evening when the jailer locked up, but thought we had false keys. So it is plain, unbelief was to obtain in any case, while the mediums with myself could testify before God and man to the truthfulness of the event, and angels bear us witness. Many of our friends turned from us in bitter denunciation; while enemies, in maddened phrenzy, scoffed, and uttered maledictions in envenomed wrath. O, what shall break the spell of a hardened and unbelieving world?—Surely, man in his best estate, is frail and mutable, while God is changeless and eternal! And yet there is faith, and really strong men will stand fast. Mushrooms may be trodden in the mire by menial feet, and slender weeds bend to the breeze, but oaks upon the mountain's brow will stand despite the winds and storms!

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## SECTION I.

### INITIATORY REMARKS.

In presenting to the public, in pamphlet form, some brief statements in relation to the power of the Davenport mediums, it is important that in the outset, the reader should associate in his mind the fact everywhere conceded within the pale of theological faith, that there have been mediums of great diversity of characteristics in all ages of the world. Abraham had the gift of prophecy, and mediumship in almost every form, manifesting itself now in one phase and now in another, adapting itself to the times, and to the exigencies of human experience,—exhibited itself almost constantly in the long line of his numerous posterity.

Nor was mediumship confined to any one nation or people. Hagar, the Egyptian servant in Abraham's family, was eminently mediumistic, so that the angel spoke in her presence,

peremptorily demanding that she go back from the wilderness abode to which she had been driven, to the household of the Patriarch, the father of her child. It is abundantly manifest that there was much mediumistic power, though not, perhaps, often of an elevated character, with the Egyptians, Babylonians, and other nations of the earth; and in some instances allowing the introduction of the most astonishing and momentous truths that ever startled the world; instance the characteristics of Melchisedec, the ancient Gentile Spiritualist, [1] to whom the Patriarch Abraham paid tithes; the prophecy of Balaam, the soothsayer, who spake of Christ [2], the dream or vision of Pharaoh [3], indicating [it required the son of Jacob to interpret it,] the seven years of plenty, and the seven following years of famine, involving 14 years of constant spirit test in all the land; and the image-dream of Nebuchadnezzar, [4], [it required a Hebrew captive to restore and interpret it,] containing the startling portent and particular prediction not only of the evolutions of four mighty monarchies, but also the introduction and setting up of the kingdom of the Messiah, which should indefinitely expand until its power should fill the whole earth.

But circumstances have concurred to render us, as a Christian people, in our theological associations more familiarly acquainted with the history of the mediumistic developments of the Jewish people; so we find the angels talking to Abraham, and Lot, to Isaac and Jacob, to Moses and Aaron, to Manoah and to Gideon, to Elijah, Daniel and Zechariah, [5], to Samuel and the prophets generally, in their time. In the history of this remarkable people, the Jews, we find every variety and phase of mediumship, from that in which the presence and power of spirits were manifested through mere physical demonstrations, to that in which the "*Rapt Isaiah*" held communication with God on high through the inspiring angels of his presence.

When Jacob wrestled with the angel it was very plainly a physical test, and the sinew of the Patriarch's thigh shrunk at the touch of his competitor [6]. The strong man of Gath, when "the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him," and "he rent the lion as he would have rent a kid," [7]; now breaking the new ropes, [8]; and now the green withes with which he was bound, now with bloody hand slaying his thirty and his thousand men; now with single arm bearing away

1.—Heb. 1; 1-4.

2.—Num. 24; 13-25. Josh. 13; 22.

3.—Gen. 18; 2, 22-11,—and Lot, Gen. 19; 42,—to Isaac, Gen. 26; 2,—and Jacob, Gen. 28; 1, 32-24  
—to Moses and Aaron, Ex. 3; 2-5,—to Monah, Judges 13; 2-21,—and Elijah, 1 Kings, 19; 9,—Dan.  
10; 18,—Zech. 1; 1.

4.—Gen. 32; 24-32.

5.—Judges 16; 12.

3.—Gen. 14; 1-8.

4.—Dan. 2; 31-45.

7.—Judges 14; 6.

to the heights the city gates; and now bowing at the pillars of the house [9], to wrench them from their foundations, exhibited his mediumistic powers through physical manifestations. Howbeit, he had other mediumistic powers, which were developed as he arose to be Judge in Israel 20 years.

Elijah, though possessed of transcendent prophetic gifts, and power to heal the sick and raise the dead, was necessitated, at least in one straight to which the unbelief and corruptions of his people had reduced him, to resort to physical demonstrations—the literal sacrifice on his altar being consumed without the application of fire [1 Kings, 8: 38,] by human hands, declaring signally to the world that the Lord is God, and not Baal.

The opening of the waters of the Red Sea, and of Jordan, the slaughtering of mighty armies by the angels, the opening of prison doors, the loosing of chains and fetters, and the shaking of dungeon walls as with an earthquake shock, fall under the name of physical manifestations. The mediums of whom I am to speak in this work, while they have other signal gifts, have thus far in their developement, been distinguished chiefly for their capacity for physical manifestations.

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## SECTION II.

### MEDIUMSHIP OF THE DAVENPORT BOYS—A SKETCH OF THEIR LIVES, AND ORIGIN OF THEIR MEDIUMSHIP.

Doubtless, mediumship in the strictest and truest construction of the matter, as almost every other human characteristic, may be said to be hereditary. The parents of the remarkable mediums of whose powers this chapter is designed briefly to speak, were, on the mothers side, of English extraction, while the father is a regular New Yorker; in both, the moral and intellectual faculties are well developed, and the entire coronal region of the head large. They reside in Buffalo, N. Y., where they have reared their family, sharing the honors and responsibilities of that city. In the early training of their children, composed of two sons and one daughter, [now of 14 years, a medium of signal powers.] of course it was unknown that there were any mediums in the family. At length the young daughter was impressed to say, that if they, meaning the family and some few friends, would sit, they would receive manifestations from the spirits. The test was made and the prediction

9.—Judges 16; 30.

of the child was verified, and the house from that time has been the scene of spirit manifestations of the most demonstrative and unmistakable character, even up to the present time. The mediumship of these children seemed to develop itself at once, or rather it was discovered at once that it existed. No long process of training seemed necessary; the conditions being favorable, the spirits could act in their presence at once.—The boys were borne about the house by the spirits, and lifted up against the plastering of the room over head, as among the commonest early physical manifestations in this family.

Since those early manifestations other modes have been introduced by the spirits, such as the playing on musical instruments, the exhibition of spirit-hands, their touch and handling of persons and things, writing with spirit-hands, loud and long continued talking by the spirits, and all in keeping with a clear, determinate zeal and purpose on the part of the spirits, to establish the fact of spirit manifestations.

The boys are small in stature, being rather below the medium size. Whether the great and constant drafts from their vital force made by the spirits in giving manifestations has produced this result is unknown, and yet this is the general supposition. Probably such is the case in degree as a general rule, and persons may in this, as in other excesses, exercise their powers to an injurious extent. The boys are usually healthy, having an exuberant flow of humor and vivacity, both from habit and constitution, much inclined to conviviality and social amusements. Their ages now are 18 and 19. Their sister having much the same phase of mediumship at present with her brothers, is a hale and vigorous youth, in whose presence spirits readily manifest their powers—speaking audibly—and bearing musical instruments about the room and over the heads of the audience, playing in unison with her tune and time, while she sits firmly pinioned to her seat. To make this class of demonstrations absolutely certain, the boys and their sister have been accustomed to allow themselves to be tied firmly to their seats when manifestations on musical instruments and a great variety of other manifestations have been given. Excessive tying was not contemplated by the spirits, but since the mediums have submitted to this order, strong men have often tied ropes on them for the space of one-half to a whole hour before the manifestations have been given, and these complicated knots have always and invariably been untied at the close by the spirits with incredible rapidity when the test was required. This order of manifestation and tests has been witnessed by so many committees and circles, that the phenomena thus evinced are established as a verity, and the genuineness of the me-

diumship of the boys put beyond all question in so far as human testimony can go. In another chapter will be found a statement of the various modes in which these manifestations have from time to time been tested.

### SECTION III.

#### THE JOURNEYINGS OF THE DAVENPORT MEDIUMS.

The travels of these mediums have occupied a space of country from Ohio to Maine. They have visited many of the principle towns and cities within this range; their reputation as remarkable mediums, has gone before them to the masses, and their mediumistic powers have been tested by hundreds and thousands of the most liberal, independent and progressive minds of the age.

It would seem that one absolute, tangible, physical, demonstration, such as is often given through those mediums, well avouched for by those competent to judge and testify to the facts, might suffice to satisfy the world that spirits can and do manifest themselves to human beings here on earth. But people are exceedingly critical and skeptical in entertaining any proof of the great fact of their immortality. The age of miracles has passed it is said, and "Since the fathers fell asleep all all things continue as they were from the beginning."

Committees, both large and small, of unquestionable capacity to judge, have from time to time, witnessed the phenomena occurring in the presence of these mediums, written the facts out in full and definite statements, and given them to the world. But after all they are so astounding and so far removed from any thing with which the world has been acquainted, that any second handed testimony cannot be received. Honest and truth-loving persons even, think that they must feel and hear and see for themselves in relation to evidence touching points involving such momentous consequences in relation to themselves or others. Others may be deceived. If the subject only involved testimony sufficiently strong to convict a man of murder, the case would be different. But ordinary testimony, such as that to which honest men would be allowed to bear witness, after having ocular and tangible demonstration of the fact, will not be received in relation to the stupendous idea of life and immortality beyond the tomb. Men are so confirmed in a sort of insensible skepticism on this point that it seems they would hardly "believe though one arose from the dead." We have in fact, often witnessed the verification of



this statement. Persons not only find themselves incapable of receiving the testimony of others on these thrilling and most vital points, but unable also, to rely on the evidences of their own senses, when in the most positive form these facts are thus commended to their understanding; and yet, many believe when they witness the demonstrations. So these mediums have been induced, as they have been solicited, to visit new places and new classes of enquirers in performing the duties of their peculiar and important mission among men.

Persecution and opposition have followed every where in their train, as inseparable from the nature of the work in which they are engaged. The scripture speaks of those who *could not* believe—plainly from the fact, that their position and traditional views, and all the conventionalities in which they were bound, precluded the possibility of the introduction of new and more exalted truths. And still others, less trammelled, will listen, will believe, as a portion ever have, and believing will rejoice.

## DECLARATION AND AFFIDAVIT.

### PRISON OPENED BY THE ANGELS.

Be it known to all people, that in the seventh month A. D. 1859, we, the undersigned, were imprisoned, in the common jail, in the City of Oswego, N. Y., on account of propagating our religious principles, and that after twenty-nine days of our confinement, at evening, when we were all in our prison-room together, as we had just been locked in by the jailer, we having truly answered to his call, a voice spoke and said "*Rand, you are to go out of this place this night. Put on your coat and hat,—be ready.*" Immediately the door was thrown open, and the voice again spake and said, "*Now walk quickly out and on to the attic window yonder, and let thyself down by a rope, and flee from this place. We will take care of the Boys.—There are many angels present, though but one speaks.*" The angelic command was strictly obeyed.

That this, and all this, did absolutely occur, in our presence, we do most solemnly and positively affirm before God and angels and men.

Subscribed and sworn before me, this first day of August, 1859. [Signed]

JAMES BARNES, Justice of the Peace.

IRA ERASTUS DAVENPORT,  
LUKE P. RAND,

Subscribed and sworn before me by William Davenport, this 5th day of August, 1859.

WILLIAM DAVENPORT.

U. B. BENT, Justice of the Peace.

## SECTION IV.

## MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS CONDITIONS.

Having already shown that mediumship develops itself in a great variety of shades, and that different persons, in all ages, have been constituted with this diversity of mediumistic peculiarities, I design, in this article, to speak briefly of some of the personal characteristics essential to physical mediumship, and of the conditions also under which physical manifestations, in so far as is yet known, can best be given. It is to be conceded in the outset, that the same general susceptibility to spiritual influence is essential in this as in any other phase of mediumship, as by a common law.

Medium [or its plural, Media or Mediums] is "the means or instrument by which any thing is accomplished, conveyed, or carried on;" as "Intelligence is communicated through the medium of the press;"—Webster. And we may add, as the *Telegraph* is the medium by which messages are transmitted. Every thing in creation, from the ant, or minutest infusoria, up to man; or from the smallest leaf or flower, to worlds that roll in space, is mediumistic, in its kind, to the life-force and wisdom of the Infinite Spirit, God! In fact, the universe itself, shining in its brightness, is but the vast Medallion, by which God reveals the perfections of his otherwise invisible being, attributes and glory! But there are certain adaptations, in the nature and fitness of things, which we may not forego. Rocks and trees do not reason, oxen cannot be made eminent metaphysicians; but these have their forces and their instincts suited to their conditions, while man, possessing the higher qualities of intelligence, can calculate and philosophize. We also find in man a great diversity of gifts;—a Combe or Bacon can reason and nicely discriminate; a Colburn or Newton can calculate numerically and mathematically—Milton and Homer roll their numbers as vast rivers; while a Raphael and Guido, with their transcendent powers may paint the glorious beauties of a day! and studying the works of a Michael Angelo, bear the palm of the world. Thus men are differently organized and constituted, some being capacitated for one thing and some for another; and mediumship for spiritual developments, in all its phases, like every other faculty in man, is a peculiarity of constitution, and, like all our other common faculties, may be developed, cultivated and improved. Health, and natural vigor, are essential to the highest attainments and fullest measure of human mediumship, in any and all the exercises of its various functions. No man can reasonably expect to know what are his real endowments and capabilities, while his

body is defiled and loaded with the impurities consequent on corrupt animal indulgence, inappropriateness of food, rum, tobacco, or other perverting causes.

Nor is the physical man alone to be cared for, but all our bitter and vicious passions are to be quelled, and that purity of heart and life sought which shall promote and sustain the health and life of the soul and spirit of man!

The conditions of mediumship for physical manifestations, in addition to this general hereditary or constitutional characteristic, are then a healthy, vigorous body, a well developed brain, a serene calm mind, and a general susceptibility of composure and personal passivity. The medium then occupies much the same general position with respect to manifestations by the operating spirits, with the Galvanic Battery in its connection with the Telegraphic apparatus, in the transmission of messages, by human operators. The two things are both instruments merely,—take away the battery in either case and you get no messages. Electricity is an agent plainly for transmission in both cases; but all the electricity in the world could never send forth an intelligent communication without the exercise of an intelligent mind to originate or direct it.

Spirits always have spiritual bodies, so refined as to be intangible to our physical senses, and so pure and clear as not to reflect the light to our physical vision, and consequently no more than the clearest glass or transparency visible to our physical or natural sense. Angels can and do, however, by the power of will, so clothe themselves, their spiritual bodies, with matter, through the emanations of the mediums and forces which they derive from them, as to be able to render themselves both tangible and visible to our natural senses. In this, a temporary and abnormal condition, they touch us, shake our hand, and handle us or material objects, chairs, tables, musical instruments, or other things, in our presence. They also speak as with physical organs, long, loud and familiarly, with or without a trumpet; and often have they done this in the light as in the dark; although the light produces an effect upon the elements of the atmosphere unfavorable to their giving manifestations forcibly in this tangible material manner.

The rays of light striking through and pervading the atmosphere produce action and constant evolutions in its elements unfavorable to the spirit's clothing his spiritual body with matter drawn from the atmosphere, and tending to dissipate that matter, thus organized. And it is only by strong will-force, which few possess, that this temporary material condition of the angel, can be sustained at all. This is done with greater facility when the proportions of magnetism and electricity are

favorably balanced, and when the electrical current is strong. Hence the angels who exercised their power in the ancient centuries, in this manner, usually sought the *heights* as the place, and the night as the time to make their stupendous manifestations. See bible record and also following explanations in this book. And as the will-force of every mind in the circle or company, where manifestations are to be given, has its effect upon the viewless elements of the atmosphere, and also upon every other mind, it is important that perfect harmony be preserved in the audience.

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### THE TONE OF OUR TIME.

Old men shall indeed dream dreams, full of meaning and significancy, dreams of the life and the beauty of immortality beyond the wrinkled forms of their present being, while young men shall see visions of truth. Upon his servants shall he pour out his spirit in those days, and thy maidens shall prophesy.—Who that has witnessed the marvels in our day—that has listened to the inspirational strains of eloquence and truth which have flowed from his servants, and that have been breathed from the lips of his maidens in our time—has not felt that those days have indeed come? These be the days spoken of by the prophets—they have come to us in their brightness, and there are brighter and more glorious and inaffable days of glory and brightness yet to come! The masses are yet to feel the power of these inspirational forces—a morbid and corrupt priesthood shall pass away with the rubbish of the past—men and women and dear children shall be inspired—the manacles of outward forms and creeds shall be taken away—man shall be free—free as the winds of heaven—free to think, to speak, to act. Knowledge shall spread far and wide among the nations—all thy people shall be taught of God—“there shall be no need that one should say unto his neighbor, know ye the Lord, for all shall know him from the least unto the greatest.” How sublimely glorious is the thought that he who orders the sunlight and the rains, of whose arterial life-force we are, shall also send forth the impartial, and boundless, and awakening energy of his spirit to quicken us into his divine life. That the dews and rains and breathings of his grace may distill, and fall, and breathe upon us, that we may also breathe and live, and be refreshed and grow. So shall we be our own teachers, through the unfoldings of our own spirits, be ‘kings and priests unto God,’ and reign with him.

## THE DAVENPORT BOYS VISIT MAINE.

These youths had travelled extensively, with their father and others, before they came to Maine, in the fall and winter of 1857. Their reputation as powerful physical mediums, had gone before them. Of course not all the masses which witnessed the strange and astonishing phenomena of their public and private circles, believed the manifestations were given by angels. This was not to be expected. Still these mediums have arrested attention and produced an upheave of inquiry wherever they have held their circles. They came to Bangor, Me. We heard of the marvellous works said to be done in their presence; but as we had often witnessed physical manifestations, we did not feel disposed to give much further attention to that phase of the spiritual movement.

I had attended the circles in Bangor, of Mr. Willis, when he visited that city—saw him twice suspended from the floor without contact, in the light, in the presence of some thirty-five other witnesses—was one of five men, with all our weight upon the piano, a large and heavy instrument, when it tilted majestically, keeping time with the tune, as Mr. Willis a light and frail man, played in the light, having no contact with the instrument, save as his fingers touched its keys. But the boys came into our vicinity, and we were invited to attend their circles, and became deeply interested in the manifestations. The circles at which we made our first acquaintance with the mediums and the spirits which gave manifestations in their presence, were held in Orono, [our residence,] Old Town and Bradley. I mention these places because the Davenport Mediums spent nearly one year at this locality, making it their home for the time—holding many circles, both in public and private during their stay here, in the midst of a large circle of their friends, who had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the boys and the manifestations given through them. We also made the acquaintance of the spirits; they seemed like familiar friends—they talked much with us and to us—they came to our homes, and talked familiarly with us and our children, often shaking us by the hand, often passing their hands upon our brows and upon our persons, handling and freely playing upon musical instruments, five and more, even, at the same instant of time, and giving the most unmistakable and absolutely positive demonstration of their presence and power in a great variety of other ways and modes of communication.

Among other things, we often had an exhibition of spirit hands; in the light and also received communications written by spirit-hands in total darkness. Communications of great ex

cellence in sentiment, and elegance and beauty of style—the ruled lines of our marked, and invariably identified paper traced with the utmost accuracy in the dark; and the composition both in artistic taste and accuracy of style and punctuation, as well as in originality and grandeur of idea, entirely beyond the capacity of the boys or any other person under any kindred circumstances whatever. These communications, thus received, were fraught with suggestions of irresistible significance and power in relation to momentous considerations, touching the elevation, purity and improvement of our race.

From this central and temporary home, these mediums visited various towns and cities in our State, provoking inquiry, sowing the seeds of truth, and establishing the fact of spirit manifestations in a portion, at least, of the best minds in all communities which they visited.

In the spring of 1859, having accompanied the boys in sundry of their visits to various places in our own State, I set out with them as they left for their native home, thinking I would go as far as Boston and perhaps New York. Howbeit, I accompanied them home to their father's house in Buffalo, N.Y., supposing that my mission with them would then have been accomplished. However, as the boys had an engagement again to visit Oswego, it being partly on my return, I concluded to go with them to that city again also where we spent several weeks. From this point, by special importunity on the part of our friends we journeyed still eastward to Mexico, some fifteen miles east of Oswego.

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## OUR PROSECUTION AND ARREST IN MEXICO.

Arriving at Mexico on Saturday, having given out our notice that a public circle would be holden on the following Monday evening, in Mexico village, we accepted an invitation to go out about two miles and spend the Sabbath at the house of Dr. — Lester. We all attended the religious meeting near by, in the forenoon, and in the afternoon I fulfilled my engagement to lecture at the house of our friend, on the subject of ancient and modern spiritualism. It was proposed, also, that we have a circle for spirit manifestations that evening. But finding the gathering too large to be accommodated at the private house of Dr. L., it was suggested that we repair to the school-house, some forty rods distant. The question was raised on our part, as to the necessity of obtaining formal permission to occupy said house, and we were informed that the building was

used by common consent for all gatherings of the citizens; that formalities were unusual and unnecessary, as no one would object. We went to the school-house, finding it open, not locked, the door ajar, and made preparations for our evening circle. At evening we assembled with Dr. L., a prominent member in the district, his family, and many other members of the district, as well as some of our special friends from the village and elsewhere, and were nearly ready to commence our exercises, when the trustee of the district came in, accompanied by some half a dozen others—himself, evidently, much enraged, and said with a tone which bespoke great and sudden authority: "I did not expect to find this house filled in this way to-night." But it is plain he did expect to find the audience there. Our friend Dr. L. who had invited us to his house, and who had assured us that no one would object to our occupancy of the school-house, endeavored to quiet the said trustee, saying his inviting the strangers there was only a liberty in common practice in the district, and he hoped he would allow himself to be a little more pacific. But the said trustee proceeded to say—"Ladies and gentlemen, if you do not leave this house I will prosecute you all to-morrow." [He did not prosecute all—why not?]

Perceiving that the trustee M. D. Erskine, a man of the Methodist persuasion, was evidently mad because the Spiritualists were to have a meeting in the school-house, I took occasion to state that I thought the man discovered a bad spirit, that the manner in which he had greeted his neighbors and the strangers they had invited to meet with them, was exceeding contemptible; that the man made a very awkward display of his brief authority; that, in all our journeyings, we had rarely, if ever, met with anything so pitiable; that in fact, the characteristics he manifested better belonged to the thirteenth century; but as I was not there to enter into any quarrel with the said school-district, I would take my seat and quietly wait until they had adjusted the matter among themselves; adding that it was of very little consequence to us whether a circle was held there at all; that we could return to Dr. Lester's house and hold the circle, or, if the district gave their full consent, and the audience would become perfectly harmonious and orderly, I would proceed as we contemplated. Feeling evidently a strong desire to witness manifestations through the remarkable mediums who were there, and who would not probably be there again, a friend of Mr. Erskine took him to the door, and evidently expostulated with him in regard to his rash procedure. When they returned the trustee informed us that we might proceed. Let me understand you, said I, what is your remark? "You may proceed,—I will oppose

you no more." Will you lend me your lantern, for I would like to have it very light when that portion of the manifestations is given which occurs in the light? My friend, for he seemed to have become friendly, did so, and agreed to extinguish his light when I returned it. I requested him to take a seat with the audience. He complied with all this with apparent cheerfulness, and even further participated in the exercises of the evening, by examining the tying of the mediums, and expressing his satisfaction.

The company was very quiet and harmonious, and I never knew the manifestations, at a public circle more beautifully perfect and absolutely demonstrative. A perfect cluster of spirit-hands was repeatedly exhibited in the clear bright light—long continued and most harmonious music, upon five different instruments, was played, at the same time, with great force by the spirits, when the mediums were firmly tied; together with the other exercises usual to such circles—tying and untying of the mediums by the spirits, &c. A most excellent impression to the effect that beings from the spirit-world had absolutely demonstrated their presence and intelligence with us that evening prevailed in the audience.

I exchanged civilities with my apparently new made friend, at the close of the interview, asking if our things might remain until morning, and upon giving his consent, he asked at what time I would take them away—I replied about eight, or before the time for the commencement of the school. I took my leave, supposing all was amicably arranged and adjusted. I returned to the village of Mexico that evening with my friends, leaving the Boys to bring our things along the next day. Morning came, and the Boys went for their things, but the house was locked up, an embargo on everything, and all arrangements duly made for robbing us of a few musical instruments and sundry other trifling matters, of no sort of value to any but ourselves, as they were evidently to be detained.—However the little boys about the school-house opened the doors some how, in the course of the forenoon, as it appears, and the Davenport mediums took our property along to the village of Mexico, as was their purpose. An attempt which had been made to hold our property by law, was ultimately abandoned.

Being all at Mexico village through the remaining part of the day, we made all necessary preparation for our public circle that evening. This was really the object of our going to Mexico. The hour arrived, and we had placed certain friends at the door, to wait upon the company as they approached, and to receive the fee of admission. The mediums and myself



had entered the Hall and were waiting the arrival of our audience and the time to commence the exercises of the evening, when an officer came in and arrested us for going into said school-house on the previous evening, and treading down the grass as we approached the building. Of course our circle is broken up, as was the design—we must tell our door-keepers to inform our friends who have come in from the surrounding country that there was not to be a circle; but we were arrested on three several warrants, and to be tried for going into that old school-house the previous evening, by invitation of a respectable portion of the District, and for treading down the grass in the path to a building situated on a common where school children daily played, and where the common herds daily grazed! A building located in close proximity to the public road, and a beaten, wide, bare earth-path, leading from the highway a few yards to the threshold of the said school-house door. And this serious charge was set forth as an essential feature in the “head and front of our offending.”

We were necessitated to employ a lawyer, and “*join issue.*” What had we done? what was the entire charge, that our property should have been detained, and the business of our meeting broken up on the succeeding evening? What wrong had we done? Who had we damaged? What injury had we committed against any person or persons, of any kind,—what was the entire whole of our offending in any way—even our enemies themselves being judges? Why, this,—we had occupied an old dilapidated school-house, by invitation of a portion of the district, and by consent of the trustee, who with his associates participated with us in the entertainment; and we had also trodden down the grass in approaching this house from the common road in a naked path, a distance of some eleven yards! This was all we were charged with doing and all the court attempted to assume we had done. And yet, this was what led to the empanneling of two august juries of seven men each, one trial by a justice, and a law suit of three days serious continuance on the whole! We were not tried for our religion, O no! Every man had a right to worship as he pleased.—Nor was there any prejudice against us or suspicions as if we had come there to “turn the world upside down!” O no, nothing of this kind surely! But what was all this parade for?—Something had happened—what was our offence? Too plainly, we [three unoffending strangers] had occupied that old apology for a school-house by the utmost consent of the district, the trustee himself consenting, and had trodden down the grass in a path of a few steps leading to it—no fence, no enclosure of any kind intervening!

And now the issue is joined—it is late in the evening of that memorable day—the judgment hall, to which we were led, was crowded with a mass of human flesh, all eager to see the wonderful boys who had produced this sudden upheave in community, and witness our trial. Ah! they have got them now—they are arrested, and we shall see what comes of their Spiritualism. These men have been detected in crime! they have committed an egregious offence against society! This is a rare chance—they have occupied that school-house by the consent of the district indeed; and trodden down that grass where common herds feed, and children daily play. Surely that pious Methodist church-member, that faithful trustee of the school-district, was put to no common strait in making out his charge. [Did the young Justice assist him in summing up these heavy charges?] Doubtless he could see our foot-prints in the grass in that beaten pathway to that school house! O, I do love to see a man truly religious! A man with "*Hobiness unto the Lord*" written upon his brow, and justice deep inscribed upon his breast; a smile of meek benignantness upon his cheek, and a heart full of love to his neighbor, moving him to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him; for then he will look closely after the intrusive footsteps of the stranger who occupies a school-house by permission, and treads down the grass where common herds feed and nimble feet of joyous children sport! Surely, the sympathizing tears of such a disciple of virtue and compassion should be bottled up and chrysalized, and kept as sacred mementoes, preserved from the dark corrodings of common humanity, until angels from realms of love, may look upon them with bashful wonder as the amazing trophies of christian triumph! And there was one other circumstance connected with that evening's occurrence which I noticed as a matter of peculiar interest and satisfaction. When ostlers, and wags, and men of every type, were crowding into that room, to see us judged for treading down the grass and the entire astounding outrage we had committed, there was one among the rest, a *christian minister*, who, unlike Peter of old, followed close up in the footsteps of his master, the rabble. He was among the bravest of the brave, to see us tried for entering the school house, and treading down the grass!

True, we had walked those streets in open day, and had testified that angels had spoken unto us, and witnesses there had heard them speak, and had testified that they had heard them speak; but no minister had come to hear, or ask whether it was really so. Indeed we saw no signs of any minister, and but for treading down the grass we should not have known that

any such person was there—should probably not have been permitted to look upon the meek and humble follower of Him who plucked ears of corn in the fields of Palestine—rode into the city—wept over Jerusalem, and prayed for his murderers, “Father forgive them for they know not what they do.” No, we should not have seen this holy man of God, doubtless, had not the late tumult of that evening’s excitement roused him from the sanctuary of his studies and prayerful meditations, and called him out to see us tried for our enormous crime!

The wolves might come and go; this was no affair of his, until he heard that two boys and another stranger, to whom, it had been reported, angels had spoken, had been arrested and were to be tried for entering a school-house by invitation, and treading down the grass in the common path which led to it. Surely, this holy man would not meet one of those awful creatures in broad day, but it is night, and they are arrested now—they are fast in the clutches of the law, and I can go out safely now, and say, if nothing more. “What are laws for but to be obeyed!

But this was a rare opportunity—it might be the event of a life, and never to occur again. The mediums had sinned, they had trodden down that grass; and there must be some charge preferred against them or else they could not be consistently tried. So charges were preferred in old times against old slaves past labor, when their masters wished to kill them off. There must be some pretext for a trial. So, also, the Saviour had healed on the Sabbath day. This furnished a rare opportunity for an accusation against him. He had taught doctrines too, not in keeping with established opinions—doctrines subversive of the errors, corruptions and institutions of his time—doctrines in diametrical opposition to the law of Moses; he had healed the sick, raised the dead and preached the gospel to the poor. He had introduced an entirely new system of Spiritual Philosophy and adjudication, and forever abrogated the Mosaic code. He was an innovator. He had consummate skill in deceiving the people; or else wrought his miracles by Beelzebub, the prince of devils. All the world would go after him if he was thus let alone. He could not be confronted in argument—he must be put down by *law*. This was all the way he could be put down. There must be an accusation urged against him. He had eaten with unwashed hands—he had eaten with publicans and sinners—he had called God his father, and all men his brethren—his doctrines were abhorrent, startling, awful, shocking!—he was not fit to live; Away with him! Reckon him with sinners; put him between thieves; make him infamous any way; crucify him, crucify him! We have a law—it is to be obeyed; spit upon him—smite him with the palms

of your hands—crown him with thorns and with ignominy—nail him to the cross; Or if he be the Christ, let him now come down from the cross, and save himself, and we will believe on him; he saved others, himself he cannot save.

Paul, and Peter, and Silas, too, his apostles, were they not pestilent fellows—movers of sedition everywhere? Did they not produce an upheave wherever they went? Did not the mad, bigoted, religious world, beat, persecute and imprison them?—Did not these apostles, these disciples of light and truth, tread down the grass and trespass upon houses and temples 'hat grave and serious charges were preferred against them? But, were not angels with them to aid them in their momentous and God-given mission?

But one word more in reference to our clerical friend in Mexico. Was it not interesting to see him coming out all at once so bravely from the dormitory of his sneaking seclusion, and, at evening, toad-like, as in the picture of Milton's devil, following up in the footsteps of this legal rabble, with its burlesque posse comitatus, and stoutly parading himself there in the suffocating stench of that crowded room, to witness the operations of our trial for treading down the grass! In the language of that oft repeated poem:

“ But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief,  
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.”

Would he dare to let his followers, his dupes, go out and learn what really are the inspirational forces of our times—to hear a lecture for once upon the awakening subject of the Spiritual Philosophy; or witness the irresistible demonstrations of spirit-power given through the mediumship of the Davenport Boys? Not he, plainly. He would follow up, by night, in the trail of our persecutors. Only think of a christian minister stalking himself with that bustling throng of men and boys at that ludicrous persecuting tirade; and while from one side of his visage, lowered upon us the lip of scorn and the tooth of venom, the other was wound into the twist of the most graceful vassalage, and the fawning debasing smile of complacency towards the rabble. Profound and sacred inquiry—  
“ Watchman, what of the night? watchman, what of the night?”

Our trial is adjourned until the next morning. And what marvel impresses the breathless village when the Davenport Boys, who had had their liberty during the remaining part of the night, go up to the judgment-hall of their own accord, at the appointed time! What a thrilling sensation pervades the staring groups when they see that they have not run away! As if we could have had the least suspicion of being even nominally fined by a court of any shade of justice, for doing that in which it did not even occur to us that we were wronging anybody or anything in any way; and when, in fact, we had wronged no one. But now the battle is joined again:—Mr. Downing for the prosecution, and Mr. Johnson [an unwelcome competitor in this case at least] for the defence. Rand is to be tried first; with all due form and circumstance a jury is empaneled; all the preliminary shuffle and sparring, skinning of lawyers, necessary to the case thus far, comes off. Subpoenaed witnesses are called upon the stand, and kissing the Bible, are duly sworn. They all testify in effect that Rand, on being forbidden with the audience, by the trustee, to occupy the school house, said he would not persist in its occupancy, would not have the circle there, but would go back to Dr. Lester's, unless the full consent of the District was granted, and unless the audience become perfectly harmonious and orderly: that this order did prevail: that the trustee himself did consent to this order most fully, and participated in the exercises of the evening. Nothing more, and nothing different from this in any form whatever, was proved or claimed during the day, save that the counsel for the prosecution labored very hard to make witnesses swear to things which they persisted in saying they neither heard nor saw. Very little was said about the treading down of the grass. It was most truly remarkable that that portion of our offending which in the outset, was really the most serious feature in the outrage we had committed, should so cool down into the veriest unmentionable and unessential trifle, in the space of a part of one short night!

It is exceedingly regretted that we have not the pleas entire of both of the legal gentlemen on the case. Counsel for the prosecution seemed restive and petulant from the beginning. One would have thought his sleep the previous night had been disturbed. He did not appear satisfied with his side of the case in hand. It wouldn't do to talk much about the grass, as this feature in the affair was already getting *unpopular*. And then the fact that the Trustee was unwise enough to come in and give his full and unqualified consent to our occupying the house made his side of the case look very naked indeed. In the name of justice what wrong had we done? We did indeed

go into the school-house by the invitation of a respectable portion of the District, and occupied it by the consent of all.—What ground had any just man, not to say humane or christian man, to complain? Not one man in 80,000, probably, of any type of life, out of Mexico, would say there was any cause of fine or imprisonment whatever.

#### SPIRITUALISM TRIED AND CONDEMNED.

After the testimony on both sides, in relation to the offence with which we had been charged, had been given, the learned counsel proceeded to argue the case. Mr. Johnson, of course, had not a great task before him to show that from any and every point of view, nothing more than nominal damages could be asked in any decision whatever. And this, after referring to the most unwarrantable and bitter spirit of persecution in which we had been pursued, he did show with much clearness and ability. Mr. Downing, on the other hand, paid but very little attention to the merits of the case in any way. The mere entering of a school-house, by invitation of the citizens, and without the formal consent of the trustee, was evidently a trifling offence to arrest men upon, in his mind, as it was plainly in the minds of all others. But it was our awful spiritualism that augmented the violation in his view. Still, as we have said, we were not to be tried for our religion, surely no unkindness would be shown us on that ground, and we had been orderly and civil it was allowed. A man could worship a snake or a toad if he pleased. No man in this country has a right to meddle with another's mode of worship. We were to receive no injustice because we did not *hold with all others* in regard to religious opinions. Howbeit, we were not worshipping stocks and stones, or reptiles, or human creeds, but the Infinite Spirit of the universe, "of whom and through whom and to whom are all things." We did, indeed, recognize and advocate the doctrine of life and immortality for all; and spirits from the angel-world demonstrated in our presence, their existence, intelligence and power.

But spiritualism was evidently a very abhorrent thing in the minds, both of Mr. Downing and Mr. Erskine. The learned counsel for the prosecution evidently believed in existence beyond this present life, but the idea of any one who had passed from earth life away, ever manifesting himself to those he had left behind, was to him absolutely terrible! We became almost concerned for the lawyer at one time, when, forgetting that he was confessedly, only arguing a case of alleged trespass, he rose to the very summits of the most lofty gaudiloquence, and in absolutely frightful gesticulations, appealing to the already feverish prejudices of the jury, in substance enquired, if they

thought it was likely that those good people who had lived on earth, and had gone away to heaven, would ever come back again to *this world*! He himself, evidently "reckoned not." The whole affair was a most brilliant illustration of the attempt of Balak to induce Balaam to curse Israel; only with this difference in the occurrence in question there being no spirituality in the case, but money only, this Balak succeeded.

And then the tumbling together of epithets, and the vituperation in which he hurled his anathemas, as from a rotating battery, upon our defenceless heads for our religion, was in the highest degree diverting. "Stragglers," "*Vagabond*," were among the choicest selections in his vocabulary. "And this man Rand, he says he hails from Maine, and his family is in Massachusetts; but what do we know of him?" Towards the close of this tremendous foreboding, the learned counsel for the prosecution took exception and offence at our mustache, when he became excited even to perfect phrenzy. This seemed "the most unkindest cut of all." But fortunately for us, it was at this point that his eloquence arose to its highest and most explosive strain,

"as far along from peak to peak

The rattling crags among, leaps the live thunder,—"

and then, suddenly, dirge like, subsided, and our mustache was spared! Mr. J. Downing resuming his seat, a "perfect volcano burnt out," giving no signs of further eruptions in a long time.

And sober men said, what has all this possibly to do with the simple subject of alleged trespass? The jury retired—mostly religious men. These desired to have us fined heavily; but there were two world's people [thanks for world's people,] on the jury, and they said they would sit there till "doomsday" before they would consent to fining a man for such an alleged offence; and so the jury did not agree. Thus ended the first day.

#### THE TRIAL OF THE SECOND DAY.

The hour arrives. Again the boys return of their own accord at the appointed time. Why did they not abscond when they could, was the general marvel. Another jury is empaneled, or rather packed, and the boast made, that a jury had been obtained that day which would agree—they were of the right kind—no world's people among them. This turned out to be even so—they were all one way—all church members, or of that stripe. One very pious church-member, I was assured, went in for putting Rand's fine at \$100, others thought it should be less. On the whole they agreed upon putting the fine for

Rand's part \$25, and costs. Of course the same thing had to be gone through with on the second trial—occupying the whole day. The same “ground and lofty tumbling” by Mr. Downing, the same gyrations in justice chicanery; and the whole resulted in an execution of \$30 against Rand; and the officer took him in charge and said he must go to Pulaski jail unless the amount was duly and truly paid. After being tagged around the streets awhile by this faithful functionary, I succeeded in accomplishing the postponement of the hour of starting for the prison until 6 P.M., the following day. Meanwhile the trial of the boys came off, resulting in a fine of 6½ cents each and costs. We paid out nearly \$70, being damaged more than \$100, and Rand's case was appealed to a higher court, and thus the matter now stands of our arrest in Mexico for entering a school house by invitation of the citizens, occupying it by consent of the trustee, and treading down the grass in a beaten path of a few steps which led to it.

#### RETURN TO OSWEGO.

From Mexico we returned to the city of Oswego, and thinking I would not be driven away by religious malice, I remained with the mediums for some days in that city, giving circles, until we concluded to go again Eastward to Phoenix, a village some 20 miles distant, where we had an engagement. While at Phoenix, at our own private hired hall, with a private party, we were again arrested under pretence that we had violated their village ordinance which provides that persons shall obtain license for the exhibition of shows, circuses, menageries, &c., &c. We had nothing of the kind to exhibit, and never thought of a license, the mediums having never had any thing of the kind in all their travels. But it was when we were thus convened in our own hired, private room, that an officer with some thirty men, burst open our door and arrested us. Emboldened by the mad efforts of their coadjutors in Mexico, they with far weaker pretences of any wrong on our part, after committing the outrage upon the private and unoffending party to which I have referred, and breaking up the interview [which was the real design,] for the evening, these legal bigots and persecutors, with fiendish exultation, conducted us away to the hall or room where we were to be again tried. As we had been so effectually robbed in Mexico, and could get no justice at the hands of those who were swayed wholly by religious animosity and prejudice, we concluded to defend ourselves in the trial by simply asserting the facts in the case, and allow the law [since we could not resist its process,] as construed by our pursuers, to have its course.



As had been predetermined by our adversaries, we were again fined. They would have us pay \$13,39, for holding a private spiritual circle, the object of which was to propagate our religious principles and opinions. As we had been directed both in this place and at Mexico, by the spirits, not to pay money for our religious liberty, but to test the principle at once, by giving ourselves up to imprisonment if the authorities demanded it, we resolved on allowing them to take their own course after clearly stating our business, and all the facts in the case. Accordingly, after an operation which was called, in legal parlance, "joining issue," this singular and disgraceful meeting was adjourned from the then late hour in the night to the next morning.

#### ADJOURNMENT AT PHOENIX.

The hour having arrived, the court proceeded with the trial. There were a plenty of legal gentlemen present who seemed quite anxious to have a part in the matter; and I will own, that at this little brightening up of business with them, they seemed to take hold with most greedy desperation!

Lawyer Weeden, so very jealous at first of legal vantage-ground, after presenting his fearful array of law-books, seemed to soften down into a fixed quietude, and if he continues to follow his highest intuitions, it is quite likely he will yet be found exercising his good natural sense, in defending the doctrine he once thought to put down by deductions from Blackstone.

Judge McCoon also graced the court with his presence, and did "from a judge turn pleader." I confess, my feelings were relieved when I found a *Judge* was to be interested in our case, even though he was to plead against us; for really, what little observation I ever made at courts, had impressed me with feelings of sincere respect towards the occupants of the serious, dignified and responsible station filled by the judges of our courts. But imagine the reverse of our feelings, kind reader, when this embodiment of magistracy arose, to find him at once descending from the noble manliness of a just consideration of the facts in the case, to insinuations founded in the narrowest religious prejudices, to the foulest insults and personal abuses. Witnessing his own personal assumptions at first, one would have thought some hierarchal mantle had fallen upon a walking encyclopædia! But what was our surprise and amazement to find that the tremendous force of this hierophant of the 19th century, was to be vented in a terror of hydrophobic dread of the spiritual philosophy! How strangely the imagination may be perverted! Surely, the pure waters of those living streams of truth would not have hurt him. But he proceeded in the accumulating fury of his castigations—now lashing us to the na-

ked nerves for alleged sins we never thought of, and now pouring down his burning eloquence upon spiritualism, until it was left but one smouldering holocaust before him.

But after all, the judge did not have a good case for his order of gifts, as will be seen by our notes taken at the time. It was not suited to his propensities; so his remarks were disultory and broken. However he said some smart things in his way, "said and straight unsaid," and withal discovered, that he was a most zealous hater of spiritualism, and not much of a spiritualist himself. He would "be among the first to hoot us beyond the bounds of the Corporation." So strong is the power of habit; and what pity that all should not manifest a like propensity to pursue that for which they are by nature best capacitated.

At first the Judge proceeded to speak of us as poor deluded creatures, much to be pitied of course. But all at once the aspect changed before his mind, and we were deceivers—deceiving our friends. This affected him severely. There were some very worthy people in the place whom we had deceived. He did not wish to make disturbance in the neighborhood, but when the subject of prosecuting us came up, he said "go in." He worked for pay he would acknowledge it, but still he was true—he did hate spiritualism.

Quoting further from my notes taken at the time—"He did hate some spiritualists—he was sorry that we had referred to the Bible to establish our doctrines—he did not believe we believed it—the boys ought to go home and take the hoe—we chose darkness rather than light because our deeds were evil—I am excited I acknowledge it—it should be put down—I have taken hold of this matter to get pay, I will acknowledge it." It is very plain how the Judge felt in this matter, and while his egotism and cupidity were so very prominent, it did not appear he had touched the case at all. Was it not for him to show that the religious exercises and expositions of our private spiritual circles were a matter for which the Village authorities of Phoenix could require us to procure license? What had all his slanderous denunciations and outrage against spiritualism to do with the matter—together with his unprovoked personal abuse? Why talk about one thing and mean another? Why not say, we don't like spiritualists, and we do not like spiritualism, and we are determined to put them and their religion down by law? Why talk about the village ordinance, or menageries and shows, when the whole drift of the speech of McCoon, in so far as it had any point at all; as in fact the whole drift of the court, was against religious freedom, against spiritualism?

We had stated to the Court what had been the order of our spiritual circles. That the mediums were quiet and submitted themselves to the most perfect passivity possible. That what was done in their presence was performed by other intelligences than themselves. That the mediums never made any movement—never performed any act when the manifestations were given in their presence, and of course nothing to the contrary could have been proved; and indeed, no statement from any witness of anything to the contrary was attempted. There was not, there could not have been any evidence of jugglery. All the proof in the case was against it. Committees chosen at the time from among the audience, were requested to tie the mediums with strong ropes, and they had exerted themselves to the utmost to make it certain that the boys did not move at all, and that they could not, therefore, perform acts of jugglery.—Instead of there being any evidence at all of jugglery, all these facts were presented to show there was no jugglery—that there could have been none. My lectures at the circles were given in explanation of the conditions under which physical manifestations by the spirits could best be given. Brief lectures upon the properties of light, and its effects upon the atmosphere—the proper balance of electricity and magnetism, and the importance of harmony in the company which participate in the manifestations.

I also showed to the court that it was my practice, in connection with manifestations by the spirits, to cite the scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament as a precedent; and that kindred manifestations had occurred through a series of successive centuries, as the bible record would abundantly show. That angels were messengers—that “God maketh his angels spirits.” I cited the fact that an angel spoke to Hagar—angels spoke to Abraham, to Lot, to Jacob, Moses, Manoa, Gideon, Samuel, and the prophets generally in their time; and that, as recorded in the New Testament, angels spoke to the shepherds at the birth of Jesus; to the wise men who offered their gifts, and from time to time unto Christ and his apostles. That Moses and Elias appeared unto Christ and other witnesses, and talked with him in relation to the death he should accomplish at Jerusalem; and that the angels were accustomed to speak to the Christians, at later dates, as recorded in the acts of the apostles. That this order was no new thing in the world—that God’s laws were unchangeable and eternally the same.

I showed the court also that I had been accustomed in my lectures to show and maintain from the scriptures, that nearly all those marvelous works, supposed to have been done by the angels, when it was necessary for them to make conditions in

which they could come in contact with physical objects, and by that contact produce physical effects, were performed in the night or in the absence of light. Instance, Abraham's great test occurred in a horror of great darkness. The visit of the angels to Lot was at night. Jacob wrestled with the angel by night. The passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites occurred in the night. The tremendous manifestations given to Moses on the mount, when the trumpet sounded long and exceedingly loud, occurred in "blackness and darkness." The slaughtering of Senacherib's army, 185,000 in one night—the destruction of the Midianites, 120,000, in the night, brought to pass through the interposition of angels. The putting to flight of Benhadad's army by the angels at the siege of Samaria, in the night. That these and other instances, too numerous to mention, are represented in the Old Testament record as having occurred in the night, or in darkness. In the New Testament, the salutation to the shepherds, the stilling of the tempest, walking on the water, the transfiguration, were occurrences of the night. It was at night when Christ, after his resurrection, appeared in tangible form, the first and second time, unto the Eleven, at the upper room where they were convened from fear of the Jews. It was night when the stone was rolled away by the angels from the door of the sepulchre. The apostles, as let out of the prison, [Acts 5,] when the doors were locked up again by the angels, were thus delivered in the night. The deliverance of Peter was in the night, when the angel came into his prison and smote him upon the side, saying: Rise up Peter, bind on thy sundals and cast thy garment about thee and follow me. Paul and Silas were delivered from their prison at night.

These facts from the Bible, in addition to the philosophical explanations which I had endeavored to give, I had been accustomed to present as affording evidence that angels could manifest their presence and power in physical demonstrations, with greater facility in the absence of light. Angels manifest their presence to mortal man by physical signs through the agency of the electrical current pervading all things. This exceedingly subtle fluid was stronger in the night and upon the heights—the obstacles occasioned by the light upon the atmosphere, always producing action in its elements, could be measurably overcome—had been overcome in past time, and were, in a degree, with us now overcome. Angels often manifested their presence to us now, by physical touch, with much force in the light. These obstacles were to be more fully overcome, while the common law would ever remain. The race was to

become more spiritual, and hence more susceptible to manifestations from the angel world.

I endeavored to show and did maintain before the court that the presentation of this and many other general facts, together with the manifestations by the spirits, had been our business, in our spiritual circles, and yet I failed to induce the decision that such exercises should be allowed without license for jugglery. I spoke of the obvious fact that we never thought of license—that in our teachings we had confessedly been orderly, quiet, inoffending and retired; and that even if we had transcended the regulations, in any degree, of their village ordinance—which I by no means conceded—we had done it unconsciously and innocently, and were entitled to their clemency. Justice Barnes, before whom the action was brought, did, before the adjournment of the court, state in open court, with much apparent candor, that he would head a paper to be signed by the other members of the Board, requesting that our fine be remitted—though this was the last we heard of any such petition or request. The truly kind word of this modern Pilate did not in this case prevail.

#### WE LEAVE PHOENIX FOR THE OSWEGO JAIL.

Having now resolved with my companions that we would not further pay money, though it were the merest paltry farthing for our religious liberty, we submitted ourselves to the officer who took us to the common jail in the city of Oswego, N. Y. On the day of our arrival there, a friend called to see us, and invited the jailer to witness a test of spirit-power. The jailer having expressed his willingness to do so, he adjusted iron handcuffs to the boys' wrists and made them fast to the iron bars in the door of the cell. A trumpet, furnished for the occasion was then placed back into the cell beyond the possible reach of the mediums,—their hands being fastened in an elevated position, by the handcuffs, to the iron bars of the cell-door—the boys standing in the cell. The cell was then made dark by a cloth being put up at the bars of the door. Then the trumpet was taken from the back part of the cell where it had just been placed, and brought to the bars of the door and beaten upon them, and a voice spoke through the trumpet familiarly, holding an intelligent conversation with us who stood without the door of the cell, in relation to the circumstances under which we had come to the jail—stating to R. Briggs, who was present, that he would not have the friends outside get excited as if we were to be let out of the jail immediately—that there was a purpose to be executed in relation to our coming to the prison, and that we were to remain there.

We asked the jailer what he thought of the test—O, he said, “It was a matter for *scientific investigation*.” A very scientific investigation indeed, thought I, would it be, which should show that the power which brought the trumpet along to the bars of the cell-door, and thus spoke through it, was any other than an intelligent being. The thing was perfect—the jailer did not question it at all. He knew the phenomenon was a verity, and thought it a subject for scientific investigation. So if that same veritable power which brought the trumpet from the back part of the cell and talked through it, should also slide the bolt of a lock and let us out of the jail, would it not be a subject for scientific investigation? And would it not also be a very commendable and worthy subject of scientific investigation?

At evening, the mediums and myself had another interview with the spirit in charge, on the subject of our imprisonment, when we received substantially the same instruction. Time passed on—days and weeks—we often had communication with the spirits on the subject of our confinement and other matters; we held several circles when our friends came to see us—the spirits usually talking familiarly with the company, and manifesting themselves in a variety of other ways.

Time sped—we had much company—many friends brought us presents in fruits and other nice articles of food. Here we would be glad to mention the names of a long list of friends who repeatedly visited us, and made us glad with their sympathy and their repeated presents; and we should mention their names if they were not so numerous. Here we received the repeated visits of Miss Emma Hardinge and her noble-minded mother—we shall not soon forget those interviews, and their soothing and sustaining words of faith and sympathy, and assurance of victory; or the interesting fact that even the spirits themselves seemed elated in their effort at delicacy and refinement in giving their manifestations in the presence of the gifted “Emma.” We well remember also the kindly visit of Miss A. W. Sprague, who is also another star in the galaxy of our spiritual heavens. They would have spoken to us and to the other prisoners, but our way was hedged around, as Spiritualists are not yet the dominant party. But O, they will have their time, and “that right early,” when Spiritualism, not as a party but as a sun, shall deluge the world with a day of glory!

We celebrated the glorious 4th in jail also. Why not? For we trust the “*young giant*” will yet protect us, and that we shall have our right of religious freedom, despite of all village ordinances, whether in Phoenix, Maine or Texas, when it shall

be understood that ordinances in word and construction wherever adopted in our land, *must* be in keeping with that ordinance of wider circumference, which says every man shall worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Yes, we gave our toasts, and made speeches, having a goodly company which spent the day with us, and participated in the hearty patriotism of the occasion. Nor were we wholly indifferent to what was going on outside. We too enjoyed the light of the sun—inhaled the common air—felt the breezes—heard the booming of cannon—saw the waving “stripes and stars” in the harbor and upon the heights—saw the masses in their various movements—witnessed the ascension of the Balloon, and saw it for the full hour, as it passed off to the South and East, lessening in our view to a small yellow point, and disappearing in the distant heavens. We were in full view also of the fire-works, at evening, which sent up their lurid streams from both sides of the beautiful river, bursting and parting in wild explosions, spreading their brilliant and momentary magnificence upon the sky, and then slowly descending again in drops of light, and sparkling showers of green and gold.

Perhaps it may as well be stated here that when we first arrived at the jail we were put into a room with cells. Our sleep, in those cells, was attended with circumstances which were calculated to move honest and unoffending men, at least, to the most decided questionings and remonstrances. These difficulties, however, were very soon overcome in a brilliant achievement of mind over animal matter, by suspending our couch to the ceiling by means of long and strong ropes. Of this we felt an honest pride, as the occurrence so essentially tended to the happiness of our repose.

On our right yawned the gloomy cell in which Sullivan, the murderer, was chained during the nine months previous to his execution upon the gallows, which stood near and above us, in an opposite direction. Our food furnished in the jail was any thing but inviting—too plainly, it needed no sort of praise, save, there was plenty of it. Still the many gifts, and kind visitations of friends which we almost constantly enjoyed, concurred to make even prison-life quite tolerable; and more especially as after about one week of our time had elapsed we were taken from our cell room to the debtor's room, which was entirely removed from the stench and all the dreary associations of our former abode.

Before entirely taking our leave, however, of that room of cells, so utterly unsuitable as a place of confinement for men who confessedly had committed no outrage against any person

or persons, but who, at most that even enemies attempted to allege, had only held a private spiritual circle in their own hired room, we would speak of one transaction which occurred in that place of filth and other annoyances. As we have said, we received much company. This was not only our friends, but many came also whom we had never seen before, to look upon the remarkable mediums. Among others came the City Recorder, who was the only person of all the various persons and parties that visited us, who gave us an unkind word. He was a man whom we had never seen before. After taking a survey of our position, in a tone of unbounded importance, he asked the bystanders if these were the men who were brought in from Phoenix, and upon being informed that they were, he again arose into his pale envenomed dignity, and said—"Let them obey the laws of the land where they go then." I arose from the rude seat which I was occupying, with a book in my hand, and asked if he intended that language for us, and upon being informed that it was even so, I replied that "a gentleman might be supposed to visit prisoners without jeering or insulting them, and that he would be very likely to do so."—That gentleman passed very rapidly out of our room, and I most fully concurred in the opinion of the jailer, who stood near, and with great evident prudence, said he thought the remarks of the Recorder quite unnecessary.

When the thing had passed, I really felt a degree of inward rebuke, that I had allowed myself to be at all moved by an ebullition from the embodiment of such consummate impudence. Even if we had been guilty men—if we had been imprisoned for even alleged crime—for a transaction in which we could have thought of wrong, the remark would have been invidious and mean; but when we see a city Judge fall at once from the glory of expansive and high-browed magistracy to the obtuseness of such narrow bigotry, and so turn aside from every principle of true dignity and common manliness, and reckless of all justice, descend even below the tone of the thoughtless multitude, to wreak the vengeance of his religious hate upon the heads of his supposed helpless and defenceless victims, we are introduced to depths of human debasement utterly beneath contempt.

Surely he was "a pharisee of the pharisees," a parasite, the veriest pimp of sycophantic orthodoxy. We would not speak in any severity of Mr. Harmon, but remind him that there are certain great principles in the universe of God, which are important, and that there is an attribute which is

" Mightiest in the mightiest, and becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown !"



Any one might, indeed, respect and magnify his office, but

“What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards

Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards!”

Surely there are responsibilities noble and ennobling, within the gift of a free and intelligent people which they entrust to their magistrate, and how must the emotions of philanthropy and justice well up in his charitable and capacious soul, mantling even his manly countenance with smiles and honest blushes, as he reflects upon the nobleness of his salutation to the prisoners at the jail! O, why could not those pigmy apostles of love and compassion whose benevolence has moved them to visit culprits in prison, and felons in dungeons, and whose lives and labors have softened, moved and lifted the world, have been city Recorders?

Suppose he could have visited Wm. Penn, in England, thrust into prison there for preaching principles which could and did tame the savage of the American wilds, he would doubtless have said—“Let him obey the laws of the land where he goes then.” When John Wesley was carried through the streets of England, as from time to time he was, by the infuriated mob, for preaching Methodism, if the city Recorder could have been there would he not have said “Let him obey the laws of the land where he goes then”? And what would he have said of Roger Williams, or Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers, or of the Quakers—would he not have joined the “sedate churchmen and clergy” in banishing them from the Colony of Plymouth, or hanging them if they returned?

But having been taken to the clean and pleasant room of of which we have spoken, and given assurance that we should not leave the jail until our time was out, [meaning unless released by the spirits] the jailer gave us certain liberties about the premises, which rendered the place, as an abode of confinement, quite comfortable. About 5 or 7 days previous to the expiration of our term, an angel told us in our prison that we should probably be released by the angels, and to adjust all our affairs at the jail so as to be ready to go out at any time. We did so, and then remained in entire suspense as to the time when we might be set free, save that we had reason to suppose it would be very near the close of the term fixed by the law. The intimation thus given was not to be announced, save to one or two men at most,—we were to be quiet and wait in readiness for the emergency. Intimations were given, however, by the boys, to some of their choice friends, that we should probably be set free by the angels, and questionings had arisen with us whether we should not be charged, by the unbelieving authorities, with breaking jail, and so be imprisoned again for

such an alleged crime; for we had had so much law from our opposers, and no justice, we could not calculate what might come next. We talked with some of our friends about such a result; they thought it would be unwise to leave the jail. We talked with the spirits about it, from whom it was intimated that if we were unlocked we should probably be directed to go out of the jail.

Our time now had nearly expired—some two days remaining—when the jailer asked me privately why the spirits did not let us out; stating that from what he had witnessed he believed the spirits could. I then acknowledged to him that we expected to be let out, but had fears that we should be arrested again in case of going away, on charge of breaking jail, as people could not believe. The jailer said there was no danger of such a result, and that he would guarantee that we should not be harmed if we went away. I told him I would like then to have him make all sure and lock the door himself—there being only two more nights to stay. On that night, the jailer removed the lock commonly on our door and put another in its place said to be more complicated. The spirit, in charge, spake to us that night as usual, and chided us that we should violate the directions so expressly given. He said we had talked so much he did not know as the ruling spirit would let us out at all. This we looked upon as chastisement, and as a lesson to us, and we felt it; and still we expected to be let out, and resolved on stricter faithfulness in time to come. I told the jailer the next morning what had been said, and that we were sorry such mention of the subject had been made, and that I was sorry I had, on my part, even conceded the matter to him; and that, as a sort of redeemer for my talk, he would perhaps be willing to let all things be about as they would have been if I had made no such concession. He said he would take away the lock he had last put on and substitute another secure lock. He chose not to leave the lock on the door commonly on it, as many would come to look, if we were released, and might think he had not done his duty. He would put on another secure lock. To this I heartily assented. I did myself desire the door should be faithfully and securely locked, and requested the jailer to do it himself in person that there might be absolute proof in relation to our release. What I said to the jailer on this matter was strictly confidential, growing out of his acknowledgment that from what he had witnessed, he believed the spirits could release us. Nor had I one thought of anything wrong or false about it. I most fully believed the spirits could unlock any lock in the jail at once, and stated so to the jailer:—this he acknowledged. Night came—

we were all in our room together:—this was to be our last night in the prison, and we were to be delivered by the angels that night if at all. I had given myself to prayer almost incessantly and unreservedly during that afternoon. Feeling the responsibility of the hour, I had, towards evening, taken those boys by their hands, who had been my companions so long, and led them away to an apartment alone, and endeavored to make an impression upon their minds for good, which I hoped would be so impressed as to go with them through life. I considered their youth and my experience in years, and proposed certain resolutions for our mutual adoption, founded in virtue and rectitude, in purity of heart and life, which I trusted might be long and faithfully recollected. Those resolutions were adopted, and I believe they will not soon be forgotten. We disjoined our hands at the close of that interview, and returned to our room and made our usual preparation for talking with the angels. I trusted we should be delivered.

Just after we were seated in our room, the jailer came to the door to lock us in as usual, and asked if we were all there.—We answered promptly to his call that we were. He put on a new lock which we had never seen. Immediately, sooner than we expected, a voice spake in the room and said that I was to go out that night. I was told to put on my coat and hat, and be ready. It was oppressively warm in our small room with the window and door both closed, and I asked if I could be allowed to sit with my coat off, as I did not expect we should be released for more than an hour; but the answer was, “put on thy coat and hat,—be ready.” I did so, not even then supposing we should be released until the jailer and his family had retired, and all might be still without. But I was disappointed. Immediately, not probably twenty minutes from the time we were locked up, the door was thrown open and the voice again spake and said: “Now go quickly.—Take with you the rope, [for a rope had been in our room which had been used for another purpose, in our former room, as we have previously said,] go to yonder garret window, and let thyself down, and flee from this place. We will take care of the boys. There are many angels present, though but one speaks.” I hastily passed on and strictly obeyed the angel. The boys came out with me into the Hall, took up the lock which lay upon the floor, and for the first time examined it,—spoke of its being warm. The angel told them, as they subsequently informed me, to go into the room again, and the door was closed and locked again by the angel, and they were to remain there for the night.

When I went I expected the mediums would immediately

follow me. It by no means occurred to me that the door was again to be locked. I was told by the angel even to leave the rope at the window. I expected that when I had successfully made my escape from the building the boys would be directed to follow me. I did not comprehend at the time that the angels intended to detain the boys for the night. I loitered by the way supposing it likely my companions might overtake me ; and when I arrived at the house of a friend who kindly arose to receive and shelter me, I joyfully announced that I expected the boys along in a few moments. I sat down and hastily wrote that night to my wife and children in Massachusetts, as that letter will now show, announcing to them that our prison door had been thrown open, that I had thus made my escape, and that I expected the boys would soon arrive.

It matters not to me what force these statements may have in the minds of others—I make them because they are true.—before God and man I make them, and shall make them while I exist ; and thanks be to God on high, I am not alone in this testimony ; angels who do his bidding will ever attest its truthfulness.

In the morning I went out and showed myself openly and confidently in the city. It never occurred to me that the door was re-locked. I marvelled, indeed, that the mediums did not come, for I knew they were determined to go out if they could, after the jailer had given assurance that we should not be harmed if we did go away when unlocked by the spirits. I supposed they might have been seen by the jailer, possibly, and that seeing them he might have felt it his duty to retain them, for we intended to go out unbeheld. When we were unlocked from our room and thus let out into the hall, there were no more locks against us. We could all have gone down the two flights of stairs and thus out into the street ; but must then pass in full view of the jailer and his household. I obeyed the order of the angel, and went out as I have said, through the upper portion of the jail which presented no obstacles at all. I could have gone without the rope, but as it lay at my hand it was a matter of some convenience.

It may be asked, why the boys were again locked up ? Plainly to detain them ; for they would have gone out if they had not been locked in ; as indeed they expected to do when they returned to the room. It may be asked why the boys were not sent out with me ? probably because of the storm that was likely, in that case, to gather over and upon their heads. Persons were not to believe them—there are those who cannot believe—who cannot entertain facts from human testimony. It is with them as when in a strange locality, the sun rises in the

wrong place. It is not right to them. They *cannot* make it seem right.

So with regard to our manifestations, and so with regard to the great test at the jail. We did not, from our experience in these matters, we could not expect the masses generally, in the outset, to entertain the fact. As saith the Scriptures—"They could not believe," and not believing they would denounce us as imposters.

The same test of spirit power would be given in one's going out as if all had gone. And it was not probably in the forecast of either men or angels to perceive that any one would doubt our being in the room when we so faithfully answered to the call of the jailer. The jailer inferred that because I was out in the morning, therefore I could not have been in when he locked up. But his inference was false and unfounded—*I was in the room when he locked up*. If his inference had not prevailed in a measure, as it has, some other inference would have been drawn. The Turnkey, to day, if he has not changed his mind, thinks I was in the room, and that we got out by false keys. I never imagined it would be said I was not in the room, for I supposed the jailer heard my voice at the time, and *knew* I was there. Certainly it was his duty to have known I was there. I requested him to be sure and lock us in himself.—What is imagined or inferred is one thing, and what is absolutely proved by unimpeached and unimpeachable witnesses, and demonstrated by absolute fact, is another. The latter, unfortunately for the opposer, is exactly our case.

I was directed by the angel to return to the jail in the morning. This I did in the midst of the most terrific thunder. [It was that morning on which a young lady in the vicinity was killed by lightning.] Rarely, if ever had I heard such peals, or witnessed such lurid streams as seemed almost constantly shot from the moving pageant above to the earth below. And it almost seemed, too, that the accumulating storm around me on earth, corresponded to the gathering and rising storm in the heavens. Indeed I hold the occurrence now, in my view, as a most striking coincidence.

But ere this storm had passed from our view, I returned to the jailer, lest it might appear to the authorities that I intended to leave the city without doing so. I found the jailer walking the piazza, in perfect wrath! Said he, "I thought a good deal of you, and now you have deceived me." No, I have not deceived you, and you will yet know that I am all you took me to be, was my reply. "What is the trouble?—You was not in that room when I locked the door." I replied by saying, [and I was glad, and am now glad, his family generally and the turn-

key were standing near to hear,] may that God whose thunder peals in the heavens, loose his lightnings upon me, that I may be stricken upon this floor dead; and may I never again behold the faces of my children, if I was not in that room with the boys when you called unto us and when you locked the door. The jailer's confidence in his inference seemed somewhat weakened at the time, and yet he has felt called upon, it seems, to give a statement to the public of what he *believed to be true*.—That statement, not strictly correct, and wholly destitute of force or proof in every particular, as bearing against the fact in question, is concluded by himself as follows:—"I am well aware that Mr. Rand will assert the opposite, and call God and the angels to witness the truth of his assertions, backed also by the assertions of the Davenport boys. As I have no feeling to gratify, but a strong desire that truth may prevail, I have made a plain statement of what I believe to be true, and let the community judge between them and me."

In that long letter the jailer proceeds to state how I might have got out if I had intended to be an imposter. Another man might proceed to point out several other ways in which he imagines I might have made my escape; but what force can there be in any such imaginings against the absolute facts in the case?

The jailer seems to recollect that I fixed the *night* on which we were to be let out. Not so. I knew it not. There were but two nights remaining. There appears a slight inconsistency, also, in his proceeding to state absolutely how Mr. Rand got out of jail, and then mildly saying it was only what he believed to be the case. With all due regards to J. W. Perkins, the jailer, as "an honorable man," we think him at fault to state that as an absolute fact which he concedes to be a matter of conjecture with himself. Was it not an effort, whether intended or not, to make out a case? It was the jailer's remark, that from what he had *witnessed*, he believed the spirits *could* unlock the door, that induced me to concede to him that I expected it would be done; and I desired also to know what he thought would be the result if we went away from the jail, being unlocked by the spirits. What was said I deemed said in friendly, mutual confidence; nor, I repeat, had I a thought even of any thing false in that confidence. I had no reason at all to suppose it would make any difference with regard to our release to exchange locks. And when the jailer said he would put on another secure lock for the last night, and not the one commonly on that door, *I did not object to it*—I was willing it should be so—I said *I was satisfied with that*. I know this has nothing at all to do with the great substantial fact of our release

from the prison, but I make these statements because they are true. The jailer says, "I have no feeling to gratify, but a strong desire that truth may prevail." This surely is very commendable. The jailer also said to me, that from what he had witnessed he believed the spirits could release us. Why should he not believe so, after the test of spirit power he had had. He fastened the boys himself with irons which he adjusted with his own hands. He *knew* they could not move. His testimony, under the circumstances, would have condemned to death any man in Oswego. He passed into the cell himself, and knew the trumpet was placed entirely beyond the reach of the boys. He returned and we all took our position outside of the cell, save the boys whose hands were fastened in an elevated position to the bars of the door. Nothing could have been any surer—nothing could have been more absolute. The trumpet was brought to us and beaten upon the bars of the door, and a voice spoke with determination and decided intelligence through it, giving instructions in relation to the occurrence of our coming to the jail. To parry its force somewhat when asked what he thought of the test, the jailer said, "It is a matter for scientific investigation." But that power was there—it is acknowledged even by the jailer to have been there; and might not this power, however explained, unlock our door?—Ay, *and it did!*—and that power was nothing else than the strong spirit-hand of Henry Morgan, who rules the band of mighty spirits who give manifestations through the Davenport mediums.

How many scores and hundreds have been permitted to feel the kindly and intelligent clasp of that hand and other spirit hands in the room or presence of the Davenport mediums. I have often felt, not only the clasp but the grasp of that hand, as it has come in contact with my material form or taken hold of my physical hand with a firm grasp, handling me as if I were a child, holding the grasp long until the indentations of the pressure were clearly seen by the audience when my hand was released from the spirit-hand, in full view, in the clear bright light.

Often within three seconds from the time we have seen the mediums pinioned to their seats beyond the possibility of release by themselves, has that hand at a distance from the mediums beyond their possible reach, clasped my own with a firm grasp and thus been thrust forth into the full gaze of the audience. And many scores of others besides myself have felt the same grasp, and had the same experience. And a great variety of physical manifestations have been given in the most positive forms conceivable, before competent witnesses. It

might be supposed that the announcement of these facts, from men of undoubted veracity and intelligence, would convince the world; but the facts are so astonishing, and the subject of life and immortality to which they tend, so momentous, that all persons cannot readily entertain them. Upon this matter, we often find persons who are not only incapable of receiving the testimony of others but unable also, as we have said, to rely upon the evidence of their own senses.

#### SPECIAL TESTS.

I will mention here only one or two tests out of hundreds which have been given. In the town of Milford, Me., at a spiritual circle of 25 persons, a nice secretary was unlocked at first, by the spirits, with the key, and numerous articles were taken from the depository and distributed among the audience. The proprietor remarked that he did not care to have his valuable articles thus removed, and that he would lock up the secretary and see if they would then be taken. He did so in our presence, and by agreement of the company the key was placed in the hand of a gentleman in the room for its safe keeping. The circle again became quiet, every one firmly joining hands, and the light having been extinguished, we instantly heard the bolt of the lock slide and the contents of the secretary were immediately again distributed among our company in perfect stillness. A large spy-glass was drawn out to its utmost extent and brought far across the room over the heads of several persons, and placed partly upon my hand and partly upon the hand of a gentleman from Bangor, who sat next to me. Numerous other articles were also distributed with utmost care, in various parts of the room where no person could possibly have walked without detection, even if any had been loose, or disposed to have done so. The gentleman aforesaid holding the key in his hand all the while. This company was a selection of intelligent and candid persons assembled there for the express purpose of testing these manifestations. We knew, as we now know that secretary was unlocked by other power and intelligence than our own.

We made a statement of the tests which we witnessed there in a series of five successive circles, subscribed our names to it, and published that statement to the world; but how many could believe our mere human testimony? And if spirits can unlock an intricate and secure lock in one place without a key, why not in another? If at a private room, when intelligent witnesses have taken every precaution to have the test perfect, why not at a jail? And if persons cannot believe in one case, can they in another?

At a large and stormy audience in the City of Oswego, a



committee selected from that audience, tied and worked upon those Davenport boys more than one hour—putting on all the rope we then had, about 90 feet, [though we have often carried 150 feet,] and 27 feet of strong cord furnished by the audience. To this we submitted to satisfy the audience; and then the younger boy's knots were firmly wound and secured by new and strong copper wire—bent and twisted on with forceps; this we also allowed for the test, and then the doors of the box in which the boys were placed, were sealed with wax and private seals, and every avenue by which any one could approach the box guarded by sentinels. Then were the lights extinguished, and the older boy was untied in 11 minutes, every knot.—He was taken out and held by the committee, and the younger boy examined by the committee—knots and wire all secure.—The box was again closed, and the younger medium thus left alone there, was released from his ropes wire and knots—every knot untied, in 8 minutes. Many acknowledged the force of this test of spirit power, and yet some doubted.

We mention one other test in this connection. At a private circle of about 40 persons in the City of Oswego, the Davenport boys, with Wm. M. Fay, also a powerful physical medium, who took a seat with them, were all fastened at the extremes of a very large and long table, with strong fine cotton thread, wound closely around their wrists and tied in many knots—each wrist of each boy being wound many times and closely tied in many knots each time, and then the threads on either side of each hand carried out a few inches—tied in a knot at the end and tacked down to the table by a common tack, and and that knot and tack sealed with wax. This was faithfully done by a committee. All had an opportunity to look upon the knots and seals, and all knew it was utterly impossible for either boy to move his hand without breaking the threads.—The instruments were then laid in the middle of the table, far beyond the possible reach of the boys. The audience were then all tied together by ropes and cords, so that no one could move without the knowledge of others, and then on extinguishing the light, those instruments were taken up and borne about the room and over our heads, and thrummed and played by some intelligent hands other than our own. This was certain, as instantly on lighting the gas we found the mediums in every instance, firmly tied and immoveably secure.

This test, it was acknowledged, did something for spiritualism in the city of Oswego. And these are among the many which at sundry times and in almost every variety of form have been given through these remarkable boys during the mediumistic period of their experience.

We have now presented, substantially the facts in the case, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions as to the reasonableness and practicability of the subject from this view of the matter.

#### WITNESSES IN THE CASE.

Having presented this subject then statistically, and minutely delineated facts in detail, as they occurred, we have further to submit that we are witness in the case. We were no parties to the transaction, any more than was Peter in his deliverance from the prison, centuries gone past. We were all quietly seated when our prison door was thrown open. We did not move or rise until the evening light from the hall into which our door opened, gleamed in upon us, as that door was thrown open.— We then arose as we have said, and walked into that hall. There were no more locks against us. We could go out then in several ways. The boys were not to go out, as was afterwards explained. I could have gone down the two flights of stairs and passed in full view of the jailer and his family; but this from the first I did not intend to do. I intended when released to pass unbeheld and make my escape. I did so. I could have gone in several ways, but the one I was directed to take was perfectly feasible and less liable to exposure. I had no idea of subjecting the jailer to the trouble of taking me back to the room from which I had just been delivered, and from which, in fact we had all been delivered, although the boys were afterwards detained as witnesses whose testimony could not be resisted, to the effect that our prison door was unlocked by the angels. The jailer had indeed assured us that if unlocked by the spirits we should not be harmed if we went out. But how were we to make it appear? How could we have proved that we were unlocked by the angels if we had all gone forth from the jail, and hence held by unbelievers as culprits? As we have seen, unbelief was to prevail. Suppose the door had been left open: in that case we should have been charged with having false keys, as in fact we were by the turnkey, and whose conjecture on the matter was by far more plausible than that of the jailer.

Persons complain that I might have gone in some more respectable way than to have escaped at the window by means of a rope. Indeed, but I went as directed, and found it a very convenient and safe way; and if St. Paul was not ashamed to be let down in a basket, by very much the same instrumentality, and so make his escape from his persecutors, why should I be ashamed that my escape was ordered in very much the same way? Furthermore the angel told me distinctly to let the rope

hang ; and I say let it hang—I am not ashamed of it—I glory in it—I would by no means have it otherwise—let it hang as a prominent feature in the record of this transaction, while centuries roll ! It is not in the power of man to remove that feature. It will hang, I doubt not, as a prominent fact in the record of this testimony, while shall be remembered the vision at Bethel, the altar of Elijah or the deliverance of Peter by the angel.

But I am to say in this place, that we were simply witnesses of a transaction, the like of which has occurred in the experience of man only rarely among the centuries. And we are capable of telling the truth—we do tell the truth, and man is yet to believe it ; for truth is irresistible as the power of God. Truth is of God.

We come upon the stand then as witnesses. Before we depose, however, as responsible men, responsible on earth and responsible also in that world to which we tend, let it be recollected that the very occurrence—the transaction speaks for itself, in the nature of the case. I was out of that jail in the morning, while it was the duty of the jailer to have *known* that I was in there the night before. I *charged* him to *know* it. I never dreamed but that he *did* know it, and the lameness of the matter is altogether on his part that he did not know it. Why should I be held responsible for his delinquency ? I am not—I will not be thus responsible. I charged him after the matter was broached between us, to *know* that I was safely locked in, that there might not be any uncertainty about the matter ; and the want of faithfulness, though I have no doubt he intended to act justly and kindly, was wholly on his part, and not on my part, and not on the part of the angels. Nor on the other hand does he know I was not in ; he has not the slightest reason to suppose I was not in. All the facts and circumstances in the case go to show that I was in. Whether others can perceive the fact or not, it would have been madness to have attempted the thing he imagines, even if I had been base enough to have done it. But what could I promise myself in such an event ? Let any reasonable man propose to himself the question. In all seriousness, what could I or any one of common understanding, expect to gain thus to *tempt God* under such responsible circumstances ? Knowing as I do, if we can know anything, there is immortality before us all ; what could I expect but disgrace and wretchedness on earth, and condemnation and perpetual infamy in the angel world, as inevitably consequent on the commission of a deed so fearfully blasphemous and Heaven-daring ? It is unreasonable to suppose any one would do so. It was unreasonable in the extreme for

the jailer to form any such conclusion in reference to the case in question, or for any one else to entertain any such conclusion. My antecedents would warrant no such conclusion, but quite the contrary. And the same may be said of the boys with me, both as it respects their responsibility and reputation. I call upon the wide world to bring *one circumstance* or one particle of *proof* by which can be shown in *any degree* the contrary.

Furthermore, of unimpeached and unimpeachable veracity, possessing capacity to bear testimony sufficiently strong to convict any man in the land of murder, were we privy to it; yes, possessing even this power, and no one will deny we *do* possess it, we come forward and make our solemn affidavit to the fact that we were all in that room when the jailer locked up, and that our prison door was opened by the angels. Not *one* witness alone was there, or *two* only, but *three* were there to testify; and we have as good a right to testify as Abraham or Lot, Jacob or Gideon, Manoah, Samuel, Elijah. Daniel or Zachariah; for they with others whose testimony is received by millions, were alone when the angel is represented to have spoken to them. How do we know that the angel spoke to Hagar but from her word alone? How do we know that the angel called out to Abraham when he was about to offer up his child, but by his sole word for it? How do we know that the angel wrestled with Jacob, but by his own testimony solely? How do we know that the angel appeared to Gideon, and "sat under an oak," and told him that he must go and order the battle against the Midianites, but by his solitary word for it? [1.] How do we know this man had a remarkable proof of spirit-power by the *test* of the "fleece of wool." [2.] save by his own testimony alone? How do we know that Manoah talked with the angel familiarly, [3.] but by his own word? How do we know that Samson slew the lion, when "the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him," [4.] save by his own word? How know we that Elijah [5.] was fed by ravens, or that when "he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold then an angel touched him and said, arise and eat," [6.] and how do we know that he did eat of the cake baked on the coals there, as prepared by the angel, save by his own word?

People believe the scripture accounts generally because they are so old, and not because they are so much better authenticated than events which transpire now before our eyes. But we claim that we have the same right to speak as Noah, Lot or

1. Judges, vi, 11. 2. Judges, vi, 37. 3. Judges, xiii, 13. 4. Judges, xiv, 6.  
5. Kings, xvi, 6. 6. Kings, xix, 5.

Daniel, or Elijah, Joseph Paul or Peter ; and that truth on our tongues and from our lips, is as much truth as from theirs, and we accordingly, in the name of the God of truth, make our declaration, and testify to the world what we do know, regardless of the belief or unbelief of man. What others may do or say, or how they may feel, is naught to us ; to our own Master we stand or fall. It is ours to testify and leave the event with God.

We have now given our testimony and are ready for any cross-examination that ever shall arise. Think not that we ask sympathy—think not that we ask clemency or indulgence at the hands of any one, or any persons, now that all persons do not believe at once. When was it ever so at the introduction of any great truth ? Look to the catalogue of discoveries—look back to him of Nazareth, who taught in the streets of Jerusalem, and “spake as never man spake,” and what was the result ?—Could he make the world believe ? Did they understand his heavenly doctrine—did they receive his truth ? No, far otherwise. They persecuted and derided him. They condemned and crucified him. Read the brief history of the Acts of his Apostles, and note the commotion, the turmoil and uproar that attended them every where they went. Behold the mighty Paul as he stood before kings and governors, fought with beasts at Ephesus, or withstood the encounter of the Athenian philosophers ; surely he might well say, at the close of his warfare, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.” From the days of the rabble at the door of Lot unto the present time, the gross animal man has resisted and opposed the truth ; and never with greater violence and fiercer persecution than when his corrupt, darkened and undeveloped soul has been perverted by loud and lifeless professions of religion, and bound in the blinding bondage of human creeds.

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REPLY TO THE OSWEGO TIMES AND SUNDRY OF ITS LIBELOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

Having passed hastily and briefly through with the general statements of the body of this work, we proceed to the consideration of various newspaper articles and slanderous statements which have been made against us and the work in which we have been engaged.

There are some men and things too mean and low to merit even a passing notice. Of this class we have ever held the *Oswego Commercial Times*, and the swaggering gloat that

conducts the editorial columns of that libelous sheet, which has been made the vehicle of continuous and palpable falsehood in relation to us, from the time we first entered Oswego up to that editorial tissue of lies which headed the letter of J. W. Perkins, the jailer. And we notice that, at all now, only that the Jailer has chosen it, though known to be infamously rabid against us, as the favorite medium of his long communication. Undoubtedly his epistle would be safe committed to such hands.

Besides the numerous false and scurrilous statements in relation to our circles in Oswego, before we had even returned from Mexico, it was reported in the *Times* that our manifestations in Prattham [Mexico,] were a failure, and that we were thrown out of doors and our boxes after us. Entirely false—lies No. one, two, three; statements which that editor knew, if he knew anything about it, to be absolute falsehoods when he made them. Then even in that last emptying of the very dregs of his venom, with which he headed Mr. Perkin's letter, he proceeds to say, we asked permission to occupy the school-house in Prattham, and were refused, and that afterwards we broke in. False in every particular—lies No. four, five, six. Did that letter need this support?

Would the reader like to know something of the spirit in which that editor writes: [see answers at corresponding figures below.] "Finale of the Davenport Boys in this city. [1] Their appearance in this city will be remembered in connection with the excitement which they created. [2] By their jugglery they deceived those whom they called friends, [3] and who, indeed, were friends, calling God to witness that their spiritual manifestations were sincere, [4] when after a week or two they went to Mexico to practice deception in that vicinity. [5] At Prattham they asked permission to perform in a school-house on Sunday evening, and were refused; whereupon they broke in [6] and were afterwards arrested, convicted and fined. On getting out of this scrape they went to Phoenix where they again got into more and deeper trouble. [7] They were snapped up by the citizens and sent here, and during their confinement in the jail, received the sympathies of many friends, but when their jail-life had well nigh passed, again attempted to practice further and greater imposition on the public, [8] and now as they justly deserve, they are denounced and abandoned by all their former friends. [9] We give the statement of Mr. Perkins, as exposing [10] their nefarious designs, and ask the public to deal with these imposters according to their hypocrisy."—*Oswego Times*, July 18th, 1859.

[1. Not so ; we are holding our circles in this city to-day, and have been holding them both day and evening for weeks since our deliverance from the prison.] [2. This is true, we always produce excitement and inquiry.] [3. False. The manifestations were *proved genuine* by the most positive experiments human ingenuity could devise.] [4. True—we could say with St. Paul, in similar appeals, “God is my witness.”] [5. False. We never practiced any deception, nor can any such thing be proved in any degree.] [6. False. We did not ask permission, were not refused, did not break in, but went in by invitation.] [7. Not so. The former damaged us over \$100, and caused us much detention and personal abuse. The latter *claimed* of us only \$13,39, for holding a private spiritual circle.] [8. False. We practiced no imposition—the alleged occurrence was a verity—the angel did open our prison door—three unimpeachable witnesses make affidavit to this declaration, more than were present at the great test of either Abraham, Jacob or Peter. Moreover, the event, in our experience, stands substantiated by the undeniable and acknowledged actual transaction, without one particle of proof to the contrary.] [9. Not so—far otherwise. We have many tried and genuine friends who have not forsaken us in the darkest hour, and whose sympathy and support we most thankfully appreciate. But suppose we were entirely abandoned, truth would be the same. Good men have been abandoned before us.] [10. Mr. Perkins has not one solitary word of proof to give ; he acknowledges his opinion in relation to our release is wholly conjecture, and the fact and statement which we present and maintain, prove his conjecture utterly unfounded.]

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For as much as this paper, the *Times*, has continued from first to last, to vent its antagonism upon us in unceasing falsehood, and as other papers abroad, not knowing the character of this sheet or its disposition towards us at any rate, might suppose there was some shadow of reliance to be placed upon its sayings, we further quote from that paper for July 18th. “A parting word.—The *Palladium* of this morning publishes an article from “Spiritualist,” which is a frank and honest confession. From the first we insisted that the Davenport boys were imposing upon the public, and for which opinion, often expressed, we were in several instances censured. In Buffalo they have long been considered imposters, and jail-life was not new to them. They came here without reputation ; but few persons knew their antecedents, and they being in possession of con-

summate skill, have blinded the eyes of those whom they have deceived. At Mead's hall, Rand called God and the angels to witness the sincerity of their [his and the boys] hearts. He would sooner give up his life than his spiritual belief, and stated before God and angels, that what the boys were able to do, was only through the aid of spirits. There was no deception, and he would to God that he could convince the audience of the fact. After all this, how many times were the boys 'put to their wits ends' to free themselves from the embarrassment caused by too close inspection of their secret movements? When the boys were closely pursued, the *spirits* invariably rebelled. Finally, when RAND escaped from jail, he intended it as his crowning feat. It was so, though different from his expectations; for in the opinion of his former friends he crowned his head with infamy. He *did* sacrifice the principles of Spiritualism to his own individual cupidity. Mr. Perkin's statement was clear and convincing, and we are glad that by it many have been undeceived. We have waged no war against Spiritualism, nor shall we, though we are determined unbelievers; but what we have said of the Davenport boys, right and justice demands. We looked upon them as imposters, and time has proved our opinion correct. They have exposed themselves, let them suffer the consequences. Wherever they go we wish them no ill luck, and far be it from us to wish them the least prosperity while following the business in which they have been engaged."

This article commends itself to the good sense of the readers as also fraught in falsehood and perversion. First it reports "Spiritualists" as making "a frank and honest confession" that there is no reality in spiritual manifestations. Could not the editor of the *Times*, for once in his life, write two lines on the subject of spiritualism without lying? The plain truth in the matter is, no such confession was made. A man sometimes thinks every thing wrong around him, when the whole trouble is with himself; the editor can now somehow see that "Spiritualist" has made this confession—that the boys have been "put to their wits ends" when closely pursued, and that the spirits have rebelled; but can he tell when this happened? No, he cannot cite an instance—he sees it all through his own false glasses as he sees this confession of "Spiritualist;" he has a wilfully false vision; it is an optical disease. No wonder this man could not believe I told the truth at Mead's Hall.

But perhaps we ought to let "Spiritualist" speak for himself on this point. Addressing the editor of the *Times* he says, "I am not aware of having made any confession as indicated by the *Times* of Friday evening last in reference to the reality



of spiritual manifestations ; nor have I intended to do so, either for myself or in behalf of Spiritualists." Take another falsehood—"In Buffalo they [the Davenport boys,] have long been considered imposters." Does the editor really think any body will believe such a statement? Probably not one to twenty thousand spiritualists in Buffalo have a doubt on this matter or question in the least possible degree, that spirits do manifest themselves through the Davenport boys, even though they were raised up in that city. And the editor of the *Times* further adds in relation to the boys, "and jail life is not new to them." Really this mighty man for the truth means to make out his case. He has become so accustomed to lying he can say one thing as well as another ; and so then, he would inform his readers that the Davenport boys have been to jail all along at different times, through life. Surely such bad boys could not be expected to tell the truth. And then these boys "came here without reputation, but few persons knew their antecedents." Very unfortunate for these boys, that hardly any body in the world knew them ; and that they have no reputation! Will not the editor who has shown us so much attention, attempt to bring one charge of evil against the boys? Did he ever hear of any thing of the kind which had any semblance of proof? No, never. A man so unscrupulously false croak about "reputation!" But suppose the boys were not known to the public, as they are ; is it a crime to be unknown? Can he not take some higher ground? Surely he would not work so hard for nothing. What is his object? Is he afraid he will not be believed? He has told the public what happened at Prattsburgh—does he suppose he can harden that lie, flapping on his tongue black as soot, into a truth, by saying the boys have been to jail—that "jail life was not new to them." O shame! where, where is thy blush?

The boys never saw the inside of a jail until they were carried there from Phoenix, nor is it at all likely the editor ever heard of such a thing ; it would not be necessary ; he himself is evidently an extensive manufacturer in this line. A man of his practice should be an adept, and still one might suppose he would weary of his onerous labors. Omnivorous of all materials, one swoop of his kaleidoscopic brain throws any colorings he may choose! And this is the profound master of chronicles who speaks of being censured for *his* "opinion!" This guardian of the public morals—this champion of truth—this author of the polite editorial which adorned Mr. Perkin's letter, this saintly braggadocio, is of the *opinion* that spirit manifestations are not given through the Davenport boys, and that we were not released from the prison by the angels! Is he the first man of his type who could not believe the truth? Is it any

marvel he cannot believe? What man so base, so perverted in spirit, corrupt in soul, black at heart, and so prone to falsehood, ever did believe any thing sacred and divine? Is there an instance on record? We doubt much if it can be found. He thinks Mr. Perkin's letter was "very clear and convincing." Most wonderfully clear, when he himself concedes what every body knows, that his inferences in the matter were the merest conjecture, the jailer not having the first item to present in proof that I was not released by the angels.

This man of the *Times*, making lies his refuge, and hiding himself under falsehood, and pursuing us ever with a fiendishness which "a devil might envy," now assuming that the manifestations through the boys have no force, and now that they are "in possession of consummate skill;" this oracular high priest of satan, who speaks of what he calls RAND's "crowning feat," and says "he *did* sacrifice the principles of spiritualism to his own individual cupidity," has proved himself *false* as lies can make him, a viper within the precincts of humanity, and crowned his own head with infamy.

Take one more falsehood, which seems to be the *grand finale* of the editor of the *Times*, a paper which, touching this matter, has already become a stale nuisance in community. When he found we had not gone out of the place, as he had falsely intimated, but were giving circles in this city, he once more opens his snaky, toothless mouth, and says:

"Some persons representing themselves to be the 'Davenport Boys,' are giving 'manifestations' in Bangor, Me., and pretend to have been recently released from the Oswego, N. Y. jail by aid of the spirits. A citizen of this city has received a letter from a relative in Bangor, asking for information. We understand that the Davenport boys who were in jail, are still in this vicinity. Our authority is reliable, so the people of Bangor are being imposed upon."

Is not this again a most wonderfully plausible correspondence, since there is scarcely a man, or boy, or child in Bangor who does not know the Davenport boys as they do the members of their own families. But this was the last bark that human dog could raise, and we leave him to howl to the dreary winds that shall sweep over the desolations in which his skepticism and infamous falsehoods must involve his destiny. "He has exposed *himself*, let *him* suffer the consequences. Wherever *he* goes we wish *him* no ill luck, and far be it from us to wish *him* the least prosperity while following the business in which *he* has been engaged."

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### "SPIRITUALIST."

This has become a very *ominous* word with us—it may mean something, and it often means nothing. The articles in the *Palladium* over this signature, were very frail affairs. The writer says, "Mr. Perkins has made what I believe to be a true statement of the manner in which L. P. Rand made his escape from the city jail." Poor weak creature this "Spiritualist," he needs to be hatched over again, indeed if he is not now upon the inside of the "brittle bondage." What fact had Mr. Perkins to state? Not one. And this man in ambush felt it his "duty, in behalf of spiritualists, to inform the public how far Mr. Rand and the Davenport boys were endorsed by them." Miserable palaver; they had no power to endorse us—we did not need any endorsing—do not now need or ask it; we have never asked it. The manifestations, as given by the spirits

through the boys, endorse themselves, or they had been crushed long ago for all spiritualists have done or could have done for them.

This sage writer speaks of demonstrations "precluding altogether and in toto, not only the idea but the possibility of deception, collusion or humbug." Indeed, how positively reliable! And in his second article he also speaks of the *impregnable* fortress. This is very positive and certain again surely. But does not this wise man, (J. R. Pierce, I am told,) know that there is not in it all a tithe of the absolute *force* of demonstration which is given in the physical manifestations through the Davenport mediums?—No, not a tithe in it all; and if "Spiritualist does not know this, then he has yet much to learn.

Why is Europe sending across the Atlantic to-day for mediums of this class? Those men of science know they must have something of this *positive* nature to arrest and convince the mind of the skeptical masses. Take away all your chances of thought-reading, (a well known fact, and hence a liability to deception, and other possibilities of error and uncertainty,) and what is there of absolute force in all those phenomena to which he alludes to be compared with the manifestations of an angel in bodily shape, who eats and drinks in your presence, as at the visit to Abraham, Lot and others; who talks to you with audible voice, touches you and handles you freely, and tells you of the home where beings, viewless to mortal eyes, dwell with departed friends and dear ones in blessedness and peace?

Furthermore, when will a spirit message be given through *any* medium which affirms any thing else than that I was delivered from the prison by the angels? Such a message has not been heard, and probably will, never be received. On the contrary, all the messages given on this point confirm the fact of my release. And numerous testimonies of spirits given under unquestionable circumstances of verity, have confirmed the fact of my deliverance. What then comes of all this twaddle about endorsing the Davenport boys, or Rand's cupidity? 'Twas all a lame shrinking from responsibility—a shameful, short-sighted, perfidious weakness—a pitiable denial of fact—a cowardly dereliction.

If Rand was not released by the angels from the prison, we have no spiritualism—'tis all false, we are all deceived, and there is nothing reliable in the whole matter; for as we have said, the spirits all, through whatever mediums, so far as they say any thing about it, uniformly and positively confirm this fact.

As to the very gracious saying, that "much credit is due Mr. Perkins, for the *gentlemanly* manner in which he has stated facts," it is simply ridiculous; he had not one fact to state. Perhaps this was as important to the case, however, as "Spiritualist's" sage remarks about the origin of the boys. Does he know any thing about the ancestry of the Davenport boys? if so he knows it truly respectable. Perhaps if he should look into this matter he would be so led back among the illustrious dead, as to receive to his own mind important accessions to the strength of his already impregnable spiritual fortress.

I do not know this author: I speak of him only as he appears in his articles, but if he withholds his own name for any thing in the line of his ancestors, we would recommend the counsel of Pope:

"Go, and pretend your family is young,

Nor own your fathers have been fools so long."

But we have further to say in relation to this sickly talk about *origin*, which most plainly had nothing to do with the question; that sensible

people have come to care but little whether the *father* was a president or a tallow chandler, if so be that the *son* can bottle up the lightning. and as for this "Spiritualist," who, reckless of fact and justice run without being called to defend spiritualism, whoever will take the trouble to drive him from his ambush, will find him an animal, we venture the assertion, with about the same amount of spiritual developement of a learned bear; and it will require more than one or two raps at his impregnable fortress to make him what he assumes to be. We speak plainly on this matter from principle, and of this man, whom we know only from what he has done; we judge him by his *works*. The truth is, he spoke without a cause, unfeelingly, recklessly and unrighteously against us, and against the truth, and blasphemously against a matter he knew not; and like Uzzah of old, he falls by his presumptuous intermeddling. Men are responsible in God's world, and when they approach His mighty mechanism they must be careful how they touch the springs; they may get hurt.

See this matter perfectly illustrated in principle, in the Scripture. 2d Samuel, vi: 6-23. Please read and compare as below. The act of intermeddling was offensive to God. Uzzah fell for his error; v. 6, 7. David was displeased at the hreach, and so will spiritualists be: v. 8. And David was afraid of the Lord and of the ark, and would not remove it into the city; So spiritualists would be ashamed and horrified to have this modern ark, this mighty instrumentality for demonstrating the truth of spirit-manifestations carried into the sanctuary of their congregations: v. 9, 10. The ark was carried to the house of Obedom; it will always find protection. It continued there three months; and the Lord blessed Obedom and his household: v. 11. And so has the Lord blessed the man and his household, who has sheltered the ark of his angel messengers in this city, with blessings such as few since the days of Abraham have known. And it was told David that the Lord had blessed the house of Obedom because of the ark, so he went and brought it up into the city of David with gladness: v. 12. The testimony of this modern ark of the covenant in the fullness of its absolute demonstration, will, in spirit, be carried to the very sanctuary of spiritual congregations with gladness, however despised now, and however scoffers may meck. Yea, David danced before the Lord with all his might, and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting and with the sound of the trumpet: v. 14, 15. So shall spiritualists yet, all shout with triumph in the spirit of this truth.

Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through the window and saw David leaping and dancing before the Lord, and she despised him in her heart: v. 16. So there are many daughters of Saul who to-day despise those who rejoice in the acknowledgment of the truth in its simplicity and power. And they brought the ark of the Lord and set it in its place in the midst of the tabernacle, and offered offerings, and David blessed the name of the Lord of hosts: v. 17, 18. So shall this testimony from the living lips of angels, have its place in the midst of the tabernacle where spiritualists shall worship, and God shall be devoutly acknowledged for all his gifts. And bread was dealt among the people, even among the whole multitude, as well to the women as men, and so they departed every one to his house: v. 19. Aye, and spiritualists shall be fed with the bread of heaven.

Michal, the daughter of Saul, thought David had done very foolishly in all this, and that it would not look well in the eyes of the hand-maids of his servants. He would appear, she thought, as one of the vain fellows: v. 20. There are many also in our day who are much more troubled about

appearances than they are about the truth in its practical simplicity and power. As a correspondence see Isa. 3 : 9-26 ; Isa. 4th chap.—“And David said unto Michal, it was before the Lord which chose me before thy father, to appoint me ruler over the people, therefore will I play before the Lord. And I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in mine own sight ; and of the maid-servants which thou hast spoken of, of them shall I be had in honor.”

David knew that simple means, those which had been despised by the many and the great, had resulted in mighty achievements ; he would adopt them even though it were to make himself base in the eyes of the world for the time, knowing that victory and triumphant applause would crown the result ; while barrenness and disgrace must attend the time serving practices of those who were the victims of arrogance and pride.

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### MR. POOL'S LETTER.

Mr. John L. Pool, writing in compliance with Mr. Partridge's request, at first proceeds to speak of the suggestion which had been made, that I might not have been in the room when the jailer locked up ; all of which was utterly destitute of force or evidence, while I had absolute proof that I was in said room at the time. He also makes a polite effort, by way of doing himself the pleasure to compliment the jailer as an honorable man, and seems to assume that if this was so then my testimony and that of the boys was false. This was an error. What is the testimony of true men more than others against a matter, when they have not the first word to say. The jailer's imaginings are conceded to be utter conjecture.

Mr. Pool descends quite below his usual self, when, without the least possible cause in fact, he caters to the prejudices of his surroundings, and indulges in the *thrust* that “there was a nigger in the fence.” He does concede, however that there were some who *even went so far as to say* they believed “Rand and the boys told the truth !”

This happened to be true ; and there were vastly more too, it seems, of this belief than he expected at the time ; and the number is daily increasing in ratio altogether unexpected by my opposers. A garden of flowers and fruits is indeed beautiful, but is the man who goes into the forest and lays the axe at the root of the trees, and fells them, and walks with bloody feet in rough places, among stubs and brush, to prepare the way—is such an one to be derided ? It may be a treat to Mr. Pool, as indeed it is to myself, to sit in the presence of a medium and talk with some dear departed one, or listen to an inspirational discourse from some gifted “Emma.” but how many thousands there are among the masses who look upon the one as thought-reading and collusion, and the other as the brilliant production of a talented woman. How many excellent mediums there are who would never have believed their impressional forces were from the angels but for physical manifestations ?

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### BEWARE OF MEN.

At the time of our release and the consequent excitement, many friends forsook us and many stood by us ; but what were my feelings of pity and contempt, when surrounded by the clamorous throng which pressed around

and upon me on every side, like hissing serpents, with their malicious threats and multiplied abuses, to find one who had feigned to be my friend, and a friend to truth, among the foremost to outrage and insult me? I would indeed spare him, for humanity's sake I would spare the name of Andrew M. Richards (as I have done aforetime,) did not truth and justice require a statement of the facts. Who, more than this man, could have sealed his infamy in connection with spiritualism, when he put himself at the head of that enraged rabble, and taking advantage of the wild phrenzy of their excited prejudices, heaped his maledictions upon me with the rage of a maniac, shaking his clenched fists in my face, with mad-dened epithets upon his burning lips—when I had truly asserted the manner of my release, he said “ You scoundrel, don't you make that assertion again.” I looked the infuriated man in the eye, as I could well look upon any others, with all the consciousness of truth in my heart, saying, “ I shall always make that assertion, for it is true; and why should you thus persist in your unmeasured denunciations, when the boys, whom you commend and profess to believe, absolutely and to every extent confirm what you deny?”

The truth is, this man took this occasion to wreak his vengeance for a former private and utterly groundless pique against me, and by this advantage excited the rage of the mob more than could have been done by any fifty of my acknowledged foes. But, piteous man! Who that has endured your insufferable egotism, and heard your constant utterances in relation to those whom you have perpetually essayed to stigmatize by ascribing unto them a disposition to ride into popularity on the reputation of a medium, has not sufficiently seen the shadowed workings of your own assumptions and disordered ambition? Or who, I ask, that has witnessed the unreasonableness of your pugnacity at home, and your most singular and shamefully unjust contentiousness there, when one of the most faithful of her sex was the victim of your strange idiosyncrasy, can marvel that in a similar and causeless phrenzy you would make a kindred assault upon a friend abroad. Surely, a man of your antecedents, so far as any gleams of humanity remain, should endeavor to control the ravings of a habitually depraved and madly perverted understanding, since the advantages of faithful self-examination would so essentially contribute to the comeliness of your deportment, and the quietude and peace of your best friends. In short a man who knows he is a confirmed monomaniac, should hold his tongue upon those points in relation to which he knows he can speak only in madness.

I say this not to enlighten his friends, this is unnecessary; but to undeceive those who know not his private character, and to defeat his unrestrained and malicious influence against the truth, in that circle of community where his name was ever heard; and as an admonition, also, to those few others \* \* \* who stretched up their perfidious heads and tried in utter fiendishness, to imitate so unfortunate and pitiable an example. When the Dragon and the Beast from the bottomless pit were moving in their ponderous proportions around me, and I stood alone—yet not alone in the fierceness of the conflict, where was your fidelity or your strength, that you became the abettors of their fury? Most studiously have I tried to mitigate this statement, but duty requires that I should make an example of such persistent hypocrisy and perfidy.

## APPENDIX.

Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer of Montpelier, Vt., is sometimes influenced to write poetry and prose purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked if Robert Burns, (the lady's favorite poet,) had ever communicated to her. Mrs. Hyzer replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped he would sometime make known his presence and answer a question she had in her mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently, Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by spirit-influence to pen the following, which, on being shown to the lady, was found to be an appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind:

Tell her that, when I pass'd from earth,  
My angel-lassie, crown'd wi' flowers,  
Met me wi' glowing, love-lit torch,  
And led me to the nuptial bowers;  
That all we'd dreamed o' wedded bliss  
An' mair was meted to us there;  
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss,  
Than on the flowery banks o' Ayr,  
Where love's celestial shadows play'd,  
And rose-buds burst, and seraphs sang,  
And myrtle twin'd, our couch to shade,  
I clasp'd the love I'd mourn'd see lang.  
And while by angel-harps were play'd

The bonnie "bridal serenade,"  
Though na gown'd priest the kirk-rite said,  
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed.

There's no destroying death-frost here,  
To nip the hope-buds ere they bloom:  
The "bridal tour" is through the spheres,  
Eternity the "honey-moon."

And now, my lady, if ye'd bear,  
These words unto the anxious dame,  
I think I can ye see reward,  
Ye'll no be sorry that I came.

I here present a letter forwarded without my solicitation for publication in the *PALLADIUM*, which was refused insertion in that paper, and which I publish in this work without the formal consent or knowledge of its author:

"MILFORD, July 26, 1859.

"To the Editor of the Oswego Palladium.—Dear Sir:

"Hearing by various reports that the Davenport Boys, with their manager, Mr. Rand, have been imprisoned in your city, and knowing such reports to be true, I take this opportunity to say a few words, or make a few statements in relation to their mediumship, which my own experience with them, will warrant me in doing. I was one of a party who met at the house of Mr. E. in Milford, Me., something more than a year and a half ago, for a series of evenings, to investigate the laws which govern such manifestations as are made through them, whether they be of spiritual origin or human. The proceedings of those meetings were, in part, published in one of the Bangor papers, signed by fifteen or sixteen of the individuals who were present at these sittings.

What I wish to consider at this time is this: Are these boys deceivers or are they not? I claim to have some knowledge of their mode of operations, having had them in my own family time after time, and for days together; having had their box taken down and put up in my presence, at my own home, where it has stood several days, open for inspection. Their trunks and articles of clothing also for my inspection, and I declare there was nothing of false appearance among them all. No slides or shutters, or tools of any kind, but had a proper and specific use in giving the demonstrations; and were or might be plainly visible to all beholders.

That these boys have been called jugglers by many, I freely admit, but where is the person who will unscrupulously affirm he has detected them practicing jugglery, and can furnish proof outside of his own assertion that such is the case? I doubt if there is a man living, who will or can, truthfully, make such assertion, and establish it outside of his own prejudices and antipa-

thies. Now, who shall judge them? The world with its bigotries, its false theologies, its lying institutions, its corrupt morals and its conservatism? Shall they who have rarely, if at all, seen them, or shall the few who have taken them to their homes, who have braved the gossip of the tantalizing masses, and seen them at their own firesides, around their own family boards; heard their speech and laughter, little fearing, little caring, what Mrs. Grundy or Mr. Polite may think of them; who have strictly watched their movements and language, and become satisfied that they speak truthfully and act truthfully, however the Blys may foam to the contrary.

Here, then, as one who has a right to speak of things she knows, will I make my solemn declaration. On or near the first of January, 1858, I was called to attend a circle of these boys held in Bradley, Me. A company, composed of both ladies and gentlemen, were present, the ladies taking the front seats, leaving the gentlemen in the rear. The hour for the exercises to commence arrived, we all joined hands and awaited further instructions. The manager, Mr. Woodard, then travelling with the boys, invited us to sing, we did so. The next request was that a committee be chosen to tie the boys. This done, lights were extinguished, and sounds upon the instruments in the box where the boys were seated and tied, were soon heard. Tunes were played, through which could be distinguished five different kinds of instruments—a Guitar, Tambourine, Drum, Violin and Bell. The bell was repeatedly rung out side of the box, and touched some of the party on the shoulders or heads, then dropped outside of the box. A hand was two or three times visibly protruded through an aperture in the upper part of the box, while the boys were heard speaking upon their seats, and whose voices were also heard at intervals, during all the manifestations. The sounds inside of the box continued to the last moment before examination was made by the committee of the condition of the boys. Their report was, "all the ropes as we left it, every knot the same as far as we can see." I will not say here how the boys were tied at this time, only that they were, evidently made securely fast, it taking the committee some ten or fifteen minutes at the least, to tie them, and working expeditiously at that. But I will not linger over this first evening's entertainment with the boys. I will only say further, they were liberated by an agency, foreign to any the company might exert, while enclosed and bolted in the box. The company having all joined hands, it would be impossible for any one to approach and enter the box, without having it known to others seated next him.

The next evening I attended another circle in Milford, where in after time I attended many,—a town a few miles above Bradley on the Penobscot river; and there I was invited by the presiding spirit, or what so purported to be, to sit with the boys in the box. I accepted this invitation only wishing to be ensured of gentle usage while in the box. I was fastened to the seat between the boys by a rope passing round my wrists, tying them together, and through an aperture in the seat, that I might not be at liberty to assist the spirits in their magnificent scheme oflegerdemain. I saw the boys when I took my seat by them. I know they were fastened as securely as ropes and the strength of man could fasten them; as only lions need be fastened, for man to feel secure in their terrible presence. Darkness, and as quick as that word can be spoken came a hand, large, strong, upon my head. Skeptics and thou unbelieving Spiritualist in this phase of demonstration, where did that hand come from? It certainly was a larger hand than either of the boys hands; and it came upon my head quicker than any of you would believe Ira or William could get their hands at liberty however agile or elastic you may suppose them to be. There was no one from the audience could approach me in that moment of time, for all had taken their respective seats and joined hands, (as was the custom, to make the battery of their magnetic influences stronger, and to prevent any one from going to the box without another's knowledge,) previous to the extinguishment of the lights. I was in that cage alone, to all human sight, with the boys. This one single instance of spiritual phenomena calls for explanation. Where are the Doctors, the Professors of Divinity or science, whose learning is sufficient to solve this one problem? Who can tell me, whose but a spirit-hand was then on my head? Will you tell me, great and wise ones, that I was dreaming, hallucinated, deceived? Nay, I was not dreaming, nor did I imagine this to be so, as the sequel will prove.

The next demonstration given me at this time was the moving of a heavy brass bell about my neck and face. A ponderous blow being dealt the box by it, the next instant, quicker than thought, being drawn as gently as a leaf moved by the breeze of summer, across my face. This was several times repeated. A guitar was placed in my lap, then withdrawn, then gently pushed back. A drum and other things were piled upon me, and again the hand moved over my head, rested a moment on the back of my neck, when I distinctly felt the form of a wrist. It then returned to my head, caused some disarrangement of my toilette, of which, at the time, I did not know the precise nature until a moment or two after the lights were produced, I found in company with all present, (for all rushed to the box to see the wonders done) that my comb, which is a heavy shell one, which fastened my hair on the back of my head, had been removed from its place, and gracefully placed in Ira's, (the older medium,) front hair, whose shortness rendered it necessary that some twisting and pulling even of the hair must be done in order to secure it there, and which had caused frequent and loud exclamations from him while this was being done. After a strict examination of our respective conditions by the committee, who said "nothing about the ropes was changed, no slight difference in any knots about the boys," the company all retired to their seats and again we were in darkness. I had a similar experience during this last interview with the spirits, which lasted but a few minutes, when we were told that I might leave the box.

My comb being put back into my own hair, and instruments thrummed, and various sounds produced upon the box around us. But with what philosophy shall we meet such things as these?—It will not satisfy the mind to merely cry, "delusion," "humbug," "chicanery," the whole matter is too open, too plain for deception. No juggler but has his implements to work with; his apparatus, his accomplices and the like. When I first heard of spirit rappings through the Misses Fox, I supposed there might be deception practiced, and that nearly all of it was a trick to startle the world and be the means of money making. But from the first, I was disposed to look into the matter, and ever have done so, when time and opportunity have favored. I have looked at the scriptures, and in that ancient record find sufficient, if true, to establish the fact that spirits or angels were the chosen instrumentalities of God, through whom He is ever working for man. That they were employed by Him thousands of years, according to those records, to make manifest to



the inhabitants of earth, His power and presence, and in unfolding the great laws of the Universe which govern alike mind and matter. Those great principles which the world has ever been so unwilling to accept. Ages ago Moses stood on Sinai, and heard an angel talk, received from him lessons, which have come down the intervening lapse of time to us, as demonstrations of God's power. To-day, Moses no longer echoes the voice of spirits to us, as a man, but others, like Moses, are telling us what the angels say. Shall we believe one and repudiate the testimony of the other, when that other too, is one we know and have trusted with the affairs of our State and Council? Shall we hear Moses and the prophets, and refuse to listen to the voice of Deity as it comes to us in these last days, borne on angels' lips to our own hearthstones.

These thrilling events of our time are calling unto us, from out the depths of God's great heart, telling us to explore the fields laid before us, search out the hidden treasures from beneath the mounds which ignorance and superstition have piled over them, hiding them measurably from the gaze of men.

If you think the above worthy a place in your paper, you will confer a great favor upon one who is anxious the truth should be known, whether it killeth or maketh an enemy. If you do not incline to publish this, will you please to return it to me, to Milford, Mass. I am the wife of L. P. Rand, and may wish to write further on these matters, if you will allow me some space in your paper.

Yours for the truth,

C. H. RAND.

Within the last few weeks a new order of manifestations has been introduced; spirits have spoken with audible voices in the light without a trumpet, as we have rode or walked by the way; and exhibited hands, placing them upon our persons and handling us freely. Spirits have also eaten food in our presence, cake, fish, boiled corn, pine-apple and other fruits. We have usually placed the food upon the table, darkened the room, provided against any deception, then taking our seats around the table, near it or at a distance from it, as the case might be, when the spirits have freely eaten, and talked to us the while. Six or eight ears of corn have often been eaten in this way, at one time, and in some instances much more, together with fruits and other food. Of this we have had proof, as the spirit has often brought the corn to us and requested us to partake with them.

On one occasion a party of gentlemen came to witness this, and brought thread to tie the mediums. They were first secured firmly by ropes, then the thread was added; after which the boys' mouths were muzzled. Bandages were also put upon the mouths of all persons in the room.—The Pine-apple was then sliced and placed upon a stool entirely removed from the mediums, when it was eaten by unseen visitors who were heard in their merry repast, and the rinds of the apple found dropped at their pleasure at the close. There are a plenty of witnesses to those facts whose names can be given to those who may apply to Rufus Briggs of this city. We have many statements to make in relation to this and other new features of physical manifestations, when we shall have more space. For the satisfaction of any who may wish for evidence on this matter, we give the names of a portion of the persons present when the mediums were tied with ropes and further secured with thread and muzzled, and yet food was eaten in their presence,

PHILANDER RATHBUN.

JOHN KNAPP.

SAMUEL REYNOLDS.

DAVID FAIRCHILD.

RUFUS BRIGGS.

Persons resident in this city, who came casually in, and when the spirits consented to give them a test, these men themselves procured their fruit and their thread. The fruit was placed entirely away from the mediums upon a stool.

The ordinary manifestations of "table-tipping" &c., are so common in the presence of these powerful physical mediums, we do not mention them. Take one instance: at tea, to-night, after we were seated around the ta-

ble, in the clear daylight—the table well loaded with dishes and food, tea all poured, was raised some 8 or 10 inches without contact of visible hands, when it gently oscillated and came down without harming any thing.

As to the angels eating with us, it has become an every day occurrence. It is the same thing in kind with the angels eating with Abraham and Lot, and it was in the same manner doubtless that the Saviour partook of the fish and the honey-comb with his disciples.

An Indian spirit has often brought from the table to me an ear of corn, inviting me to eat of the same with him, which I have often done. He has taken my hand, placed my fingers between his teeth, and given me sensible evidence of their reality. He has placed my hand upon his head, so that I could feel its form and his long straight hair most sensibly. And others have had this same experience; and the world will yet know that these are facts. But more on this matter in my next work.

I have many pages of explanatory matter which I thought to get into this pamphlet, perhaps more acceptable to the reader than much I have written, but can not; I felt that I must make my defence before I left the city.

## CONCLUSION.

In concluding this work, I have to say, that I left my home in Orono, Me., some six months since, expecting to have returned in May last; but circumstances have ordered otherwise. I have labored now nearly two years with the spirits, with the design of establishing important facts in relation to the improvement and destiny of man.

This work has been written under circumstances of great inconvenience, not only because of sickness and feebleness occasioned by the discomfitures of a prison, but also for want of proper references and quiet in the execution of such a task. I have left general interests and even my family without suitable attention, for the purpose of discharging my proper duty, anxiously expecting, day after day, to return to my home. I am now as appears about to do myself that pleasure.

I have suffered more reproach and abuse for the last twenty-two months than in all my previous life. Before leaving my native State, when holding a spiritual circle in the town of Orono, with the boys, I was assailed by a mob and twice felled to the floor by heavy blows, by ruffians whom I had never seen before, and to whom I gave not the least provocation. Bloody and bruised I gave the rioters over to the Government, by which they were acquitted in the midst of a volley of insults which were then heaped upon me. But those offenders, a part of whom only were then arrested, are yet at my mercy. We had been assailed and molested repeatedly before coming to this State, and this pamphlet gives an account of only a part of our abuses here.

The papers generally, though there are, honorable exceptions, have pursued us with a tone of falsehood suited to the taste of the parties, to which they are slaves. This has been quite general from the spittle-licking editor of the *Bangor Jeffersonian*, who published an absolute and evidently intentional falsehood about us before we left Maine, up to the *Times* of this city, of which we have spoken.

The *Banner of Light*, a professed spiritual paper, has been silent in reference to the whole matter of our imprisonment, save one brief allusion, which was in spirit very much as the *Boston Journal*, or any other antagonistic paper would have expressed it. The same silence was also preserved by that paper in relation to our success in Boston as we came to this State. We sent an article for publication, also, to that paper, explanatory of important conditions in relation to spirit manifestations, which, with characteristic cowardice, was also refused. The other spiritual papers have done us justice, especially the *Telegraph*, which is not afraid to speak.

## DAVENPORT'S ROOM.

It having been alleged by many visitors at that Spirit Room, that spirits utter language there, with their own voices, or with their own powers otherwise applied, independently of human physical organs, we determined to ascertain the truth or untruth of the allegation, for ourselves, that we might speak *knowingly* on the subject. For that purpose, we went there, on Tuesday last, at 10 o'clock, A. M. We took with us no one but the elder of the two sons of Mr. Davenport.

The room has been so remodelled that there is now but one entrance. We entered; examined every inch of the room; even overturning every thing that could conceal the smallest child. We then shut the door, locked it, and pocketed the key. The room was then made dark, by closing the window shutters; and we took seats at a small table, on which lay a trumpet, a hand bell, and some other things. The medium then asked us to take his hands in ours, so that we might be certain that he did nothing himself which we might hear or feel. This we did; and in a minute thereafter, we heard the trumpet move off of the table. It lay on the right hand of us—the medium being on the left, so that he could not have reached it if he had been provided with a third hand. We then was saluted with a gentle tap on our arm, another on our leg, and others on various parts of our person, with the trumpet. A large, warm hand was laid on one of ours, and various other things were done, such as shaking the table by which we were sitting; rocking the large table, which was a short distance from us, and thumping on it, producing concussions as loud as could be made with a hand hammer.

After these performances, what appeared to be a human voice spoke through the trumpet, apparently at about five or six feet distance from the table, saluting us with, *Hel-lo!* I asked: Is that you, JONNY? He answered: yes, it is nobody else—or something to that import. He then spoke a few words more, we have forgotten precisely what; but they were as distinctly articulated as if they had been spoken by any person in the flesh. At this time a company arrived at the door, unknown to us, but known to the spirit; for he called for the door to be opened; and our *seance* was ended.

Some will ask: Was not this ventriloquism? We answer emphatically, *no*: for the breathing of the medium, who was sitting as close to us as our chairs could stand together, was distinctly audible; and, besides, if he had such ventriloquial powers, he could turn them to much better account, as regards both pecuniary interest and fame, than to prostitute them to such unprofitable deception.

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THE OSWEGO TIMES AGAIN.—As our work is being printed, that paper announces its progress and says: “The *Times*, no doubt, will be the main object to which will be aimed” Mr. Rand’s charges. Well he might think so—he knows he deserves them. He is uneasy about his lies—he must know and feel we should aggregate and present his fearful sum of palpable falsehoods. He cannot deny them—he knows he is powerless as a toothless viper—that nobody can believe *him*; and so he turns to hang upon the jailer, and stoutly avers, in effect, that *he*, though he has not one fact to state, will be believed if he should live to be as old as Methuselah! Wasn’t it strange? A person came from the *Times* office and carried off a portion of a proof-sheet without leave. Why wasn’t it bro’t back? There should be honor among thieves. Surely, the *Times* is at its “wits ends.” But his notice was a good advertisement for our book, and we shall take pleasure in sending him a copy.

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I have now filled my prescribed limits, and completed the pamphlet which contains my defence. I esteem it a privilege to make our acknowledgements to the numerous friends who have proffered us their kind sympathy and support through all our conflict.

Dear! have we learned to “beware of men,” and to “salute no man by the way.” I would, indeed, gladly speak to the artless, joyous child, or even to a respectable dog I might pass; but to venture so much as a *nod* to one among the prejudiced, religious masses, would be to incur an expression of contempt beneath the humanity of a savage.

But, nevertheless, we know that thus far on our way we have wrought successfully for the truth, that we have been the instruments of establishing facts of incalculable importance to the well being of man, which can never be resisted.

The crisis, the darkest hour in our stormy voyage, I believe is past, and a calmer scene lies before us. I am at this hour as one swimming to the shore from the tempest-driven but subsiding surges, the dashing of whose spray is yet at the breakers before me, and I am to pass them; but I shall reach the firm land of God's strong earth, and there shake the clinging viper from my hand and feel no harm. I shall have been quite effectually divested of all save life and the principles which I hold dear, and which I hope to carry with me alike in storm or calm.

I shall now issue my book, "if the Lord will," and wherein I have scourged the hypocrite, struggled against spiritual wickedness in high places, defended myself against a time-serving and iniquitous persecution, rebuked the false hearted magistrate, or addressed words of pungency and truth to the functionaries of petty courts, who, catering to religious animosity, have abused their office and fined and imprisoned those who have done no wrong—for this, doubtless, I am to be held before the public as a vilifier and a scourge; nay, it will doubtless be pompously asserted by those who have slandered, robbed and smitten us without a cause, that I have even reviled God's high-priest; all this I expect, but thank God, I am armed against it all with the strong defenses of his truth.

I know society is moulded upon a certain plane of feeling and opinion, and it does not like to be disturbed. But the innovation must be made. The time has come—many thousands feel that their craft is in danger; and it is even so; we may not marvel at the out-cry. The axe is laid at the root of the trees. The doctrine of the Spiritual philosophy aims at the very foundations of the forms and ceremonies of the religiously corrupt institutions of our time, and they must be swept before the baptismal power of all-prevailing truth.

I send you my book, asking you to consider it written under circumstances of great inconvenience, and directed against the wicked abuses of those who have lashed us to the naked nerves for alleged offenses which were no offences. We have wronged no man. We have promulgated and asserted the truth.

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*Erratum* :—Page 48, 3d line from bottom, for *Times* read *Palladium*.