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ELEVEN DAYS

AT

MORAVIA.

BY

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Author of "Mediums and Mediumship," "Blasphemy," etc.

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ON the 26th of December, 1871, I took an evening train on the New York Central Railroad, at Albany, for Syracuse. Next morning at six took the cars on the same road some twenty-six miles, to the depot at Auburn; thence by omnibus one-half mile, to the depot of the Southern Central Railroad; thence some seventeen miles to Moravia, where carriages were in waiting to take passengers to the far-famed "spirit-house" of Morris Keeler, three-quarters of a mile, for fifty cents each—the whole cost of railroad fare from Boston, omnibus and hack hire included, being less than eleven dollars.

Moravia is a pretty, cosy looking village of some twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the southwesterly declivity and base of a range of hills running along the easterly side of the rich alluvial Owasco valley, which is several miles long and half a mile or more wide. Fortunately, I found a lodging-room vacant at Mr. Keeler's, there being less of a rush of visitors than usual, owing probably to the domestic festivities of the season. As a general rule, more or less new comers are necessitated to lodge at the village. Though not on the summit, Mr. Keeler's house stands high on the hill. It is nearly new, of two stories, and larger and more commodious and tastily finished than most farmhouses. On

its western side or end is a slight projection or alcove, forming in part the base of a tower or cupola of moderate height, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. An apartment of convenient dimensions in the second story, situated beneath this tower, is set apart exclusively for the "spirit-room." Like the rest of the house, this room is neatly finished and very prettily papered, with the exception I shall presently mention. Its furniture, all included, consists of an air-tight stove, a sofa, a kerosene lamp and candlestick, a small paper screen, a piano and some dozen chairs—a large part of which are broken, rickety or disfigured, in consequence of an ill-bred habit to which some spirits in the form are addicted of tipping back, greatly to the injury of both chairs and carpets. The alcove, on which the cupola partly rests, is partitioned off with rough boards, rudely and scantily papered, thus making a cabinet some ten feet by four or five in size—an aperture about twelve by thirteen inches being made in the centre of the partition, some four feet above the floor. A piece of black broadcloth some fourteen inches square, fastened at the top only, on the inside of this aperture, excludes or admits the light, the spirits in attendance raising or dropping it themselves to suit their purposes. Four windows in the alcove within the cabinet are tightly boarded up, and rudely pasted over with old newspapers. A movable door, without hinges or latches, some seven feet high by two and a half wide, which, with the aid of list and buttons, it is rather difficult to adjust so as to exclude the light entirely from the interior of the cabinet, completes the meagre arrangement of a tiny room, in which more denizens of the angel-

spheres have probably shown themselves to material eyes, within the last few years, than have ever made themselves visible in all the splendid cathedrals and costly churches of Christendom. The whole movable furniture or articles of any kind within the cabinet, consists of one common wooden chair and one battered tin trumpet. Except when séances are being actually conducted, the cabinet stands open at all times for inspection.

The medium, Mrs. Mary Andrews, by the aid of whose occult powers the spirits are enabled to make themselves visible to material eyes, is a rather stout, well-formed married woman, of medium height, apparently from twenty-five to thirty years of age. She is the mother of three nice little girls, the eldest of whom has been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Keeler. Her husband owns a small house, where they reside, about half a mile away. Mrs. Andrews is comely in face and person, and bright-looking; and if Nature meant to affix the stamp of dishonesty or trickery to her features, it made a most transparent mistake. She is very amiable and conversable with those who approach her with respect and kindness, but cannot give any explanation of the why and wherefore of the wonderful phenomena that occur in her presence. Her antecedents are rather remarkable, and I regret that I neglected to obtain a full knowledge of the incidents that attended her early youth and mediumistic development. I understood in brief, however, that her parents are Irish, and that she went in early girlhood to live with an American family not far from Moravia, to whom she became much attached, but was removed by her Catholic parents by direction of

their priest, who suspected that her religious faith might be shaken by living in contact with her Protestant friends. Mary, however, was not satisfied with the new arrangement, and suspecting that her parents meditated consigning her to a conventional prison, she absconded from home, and was seen some days after, bare-footed and half naked, wandering on the shores of the adjacent lake. She finally found employment in a family in Moravia, from whence she went to live as a domestic with Mrs. Keeler, under whose motherly care Mary's extraordinary medium powers were gradually developed.

Mrs. Keeler (as well as her husband) was born and bred in Connecticut, and is one of those modest, unassuming, pale-faced American women, who move about their houses with noiseless and apparently feeble step, and yet manage to accomplish more work, in the same time, than half a dozen of ordinary "*help*" could be hired to do. She always rises before day, and together with Hannah, her cook, (a remarkably handsome and efficient specimen of the Celtic race,) does the whole indoor work of the establishment, although there are generally some dozen or more lodgers in the house to be provided for, besides her own family. I marvelled how our hostess was enabled to accomplish so much, until I accidentally learned that her *spirit-mother* uniformly assists in performing the mundane duties of her daughter, without charge for wages or expense of board.

Mr. Morris Keeler, our *host*, is a candid, hearty, honest, outspoken specimen of the Yankee farmer of the old "Putnam" stamp, who has (with help of his wife) earned his well-drained and well-cultivated *broad acres*, and something considerable

besides, by honest thrift and hard work. He is a pretty tall, large, rough-looking man, who always hangs up his coat when he enters the house, and sits in his shirt-sleeves, though the thermometer may be at zero. Though troubled with asthma, he is pretty fat and jolly, too, and fond of giving and taking a good-natured joke. He accommodates boarders in plain but substantial farmer's style, at one dollar per day, evidently more to please them and the spirits than from any pecuniary motives. [I understand that he did so *without charge*, until his hospitality was too much taxed for his means.] At first my impressions were not *strikingly* in Mr. Keeler's favor, but he wonderfully improved upon acquaintance. I soon discovered that whatever might have been his weaknesses or peccadilloes in by-gone days, his intimate relation and intercourse with the spirit-world (or something else) had wonderfully softened and developed his better and higher nature. The heart of the old man seems as big as an elephant's, and filled with love and kindness for all mankind, including even his ignorant and bigoted neighbors, some of whom, I learned, have threatened him with private injury, because of his spiritual proclivities. There is, too, a peculiar softness and tenderness of expression in his eye, rendered more striking by the roughness of its facial setting. When I regarded these fine traits, and listened to the noble though uncouth utterances that often fell unconsciously from his lips, and heard him speak of *calling* instead of *driving* his cows to and from pasture, I began to love the uncultured, unlearned man, and ceased to marvel why the angels from heaven had passed by the monarch on his throne, the priest at his altar, and

the parson in his pulpit, to come and dwell with plain and rough, but true and spiritual-minded farmer Keeler, in the house that stands on the *magnetic* hill, overlooking the lovely valley and fair village of Moravia. There is something undefinable in the atmosphere of the place. Everybody under the roof seems cheerful, happy and contented. I think there may have been some sixty arrivals whilst I remained, and each and all, with scarce an exception, seemed to feel at home the moment they entered the door. Nor did I witness more than one unpleasant circumstance whilst under the roof, (and that was satisfactorily explained away.) During the eleven days I stayed, I never left the house but once, further than the adjoining yard, and then only for an hour or two. *Terribly* contrary to my disposition and usual wont, I always got up in the morning, in a cold room in January, by candle-light, and lived on the plainest food; and yet can truly say that I never experienced a moment's *ennui* or depression of spirit at Moravia.

With the exception of an occasional private circle, Mary (as Mrs. Andrews is commonly called) generally holds a *séance* every forenoon and afternoon, including Sundays, at fifty cents for each person. If only four or less sit in private, her charge is two dollars for the whole. The *séance* begins with what is called a dark circle, the visitors, to the number of eight or ten, ranging themselves in a semi-circle some eight or ten feet from the cabinet (which is not used then) on the outside of the partition, of which, directly under the aperture, Mary sits facing the circle. Sometimes the number of visitors requires the making of two circles, one within the other. The

ELEVEN DAYS AT MORAVIA. I

chairs should be arranged in exact order, the feet of all the sitters kept flat on the floor, and the knees as nearly in a semi-circular line as practicable. The hands are then joined, and the light (a very primitive tallow candle) is extinguished. Harmony in the circle is indispensable to secure good manifestations, and this is greatly promoted by singing, in which it is better that all or a large portion of the circle should join. It seems to matter but little what the words are, provided they will admit, like "Old John Brown's Body," of being pronounced with a vim. This is probably because they receive closer attention from the members of the circle, and in that way promote harmony by concentrating the thoughts of all present at one point. Old-fashioned *witches* (probably without knowing why) used to produce a like effect by causing their votaries to look steadily at grounds of tea in a cup. It may be, too, that there is some element that goes forth from the organs of the singers, that is utilized by the spirits and made to contribute to the production of occult voices. In these dark circles the phenomena that occur are quite varied. The floor sometimes assumes a tremulous motion, or the partition of the cabinet is shaken, sometimes violently. Questions are answered by spirit-lights—three appearing as an affirmative—keys of the piano are occasionally struck—water is sprinkled in the faces of the sitters—cold breezes pass around the circle—stars or lights appear in various parts of the room, and sometimes engage in playful exhibitions, as if mingling in a dance. The flapping of something like the wings of a large bird is heard as if close by, and on two occasions I and some others were sprinkled with something

that felt cold but not moist. Besides these manifestations, spirit voices (sometimes very distinct) generally join in the singing. The hands and persons of sitters are patted by spirit-friends, and generally some of these manifest themselves by speaking audibly or in distinct whispers, sometimes at considerable length. Once while I was present the tin trumpet was thrown out of the aperture in the cabinet on to the floor, picked up and spoken through by a spirit, then dropped on the floor, and again taken up and thrown back into the cabinet. After some thirty or more minutes have expired, a spirit-voice in a cheerful or jocose tone (and generally with a German or Indian accent, though not always) asks that a light may be struck—and the dark séance closes.

Mary now takes her seat in the cabinet opposite the door, which is closed so as to exclude the light. The kerosene lamp is next lighted and set on the piano, turned partly down, the candle extinguished and the lamp so adjusted by an *exceedingly* primitive screen as to reflect directly on the aperture in the cabinet. [If some visitor would present Mrs. Keeler with a score of wax or spermaceti candles it might be the means of improving the atmosphere of the room.] The members of the circle should sit as before, and again join in singing. Before the faces, arms or hands appear, the curtain is lifted by the spirits, sometimes in part, at other times in whole. At times the tin trumpet is used by them to speak with through the aperture—their faces not always being visible (though sometimes) on such occasions; more generally, however, they speak audibly without the aid of the trumpet, their faces

being visible, and even the motion of the lips plainly discernible. After the light séance has continued some thirty minutes or more, a finger generally announces its close by pointing toward the door from the corner of the aperture; at other times, raps or shaking of the cabinet intimate that the medium should be let out. Perhaps this clumsy description may convey to uninitiated readers some idea of the mode that is pursued in obtaining spirit manifestations at Moravia, and of the phenomena that occur more or less at every séance, so that they can better comprehend what follows, as well as much that has before been published on the subject.

Upon my arrival on the 27th of December at Mr. Keeler's, I found but three or four visitors there, including a Mr. Livingston, who resided not many miles away, and Mrs. Kate Gibbs of Utica, N. Y. both of them highly mediumistic and friends of the family, and familiar with the phenomena that usually occur. At the first séance, held on the afternoon of the 27th inst., the manifestations were weak and unsatisfactory, both in the dark and light circle. At the latter, two male faces appeared at the same time, but were too indistinct to be recognized or described. I was told by those present that for several weeks past the power had been daily decreasing and apparently dying out. Mr. Keeler himself told me that he was not expecting the usual manifestations to continue, as the *spirits* were about making a change. Mary, the medium, seemed also downhearted and discouraged, and I began to fear that the object of my visit to Moravia would prove a failure. Before leaving New York I had two sitting with Mrs. Staadt, 53 East 20th street, at which

my wife and two daughters came among others, and reiterated their intention (as before conveyed through the mediumship of Mrs. Rockwood, 14 East Springfield street, Boston) of showing themselves to me at Moravia. My daughter Anna (who passed away in early womanhood) told me that she meant to hand me a lily (her favorite flower when in earth-life). The communications made through Mrs. Staadt were in writing, which I read and put in my valise, not knowing that I should ever refer to them again; but on learning the state of things at Moravia, I re-read them and was surprised to find how nearly some of the statements they contained tallied with what I found existing there; especially two communications purporting to emanate from the spirit of Theodore Parker, extracts from which I give below, word for word, exactly as written by the hand of Mrs. Staadt, Dec. 14th and 21st, 1871.

"My friend, I promise you, if you will remain to join the circle which will gather, to add another crowning proof to your faith. We know that you have the attracting power, and all we ask is the time. There are so many going there, that, as you are well aware, the place requires some change of magnetism, and the medium some instruction. Men and women who go entirely out of curiosity are very apt to carry with them an adulterated magnetism, which leaves sometimes an odor and a sphere very disagreeable to a more advanced spirit. The wonder is, that it has run so long as it has without an entire break-up. The medium seldom has a person sit down with her who regards her with the slightest degree of humanity. Indeed, they hold her responsible for all disappointments that may arise,

and expect from her the greater manifestation, from the fact of their unbelief. We desire to have you give her some encouragement; and we ask also that you remain as long as possible, making some suggestions, which we will give you, to improve the condition of affairs there. The fact is, the medium is already in a transition state, and the control are undecided whether to remove or increase the manifestations. I want the cabinet simplified and made more convenient; for, as these manifestations increase there, they will spread everywhere, and the result will be, spirits talking face to face with man. I see great advancement and earnest investigation everywhere. One thing is certain: nothing else can make man a law to himself and a light to others, and there is but one thing to look for progress in, namely: individual reform — learning to think and act for one's self. I will not interfere with your family circle, but will show myself, if possible, to you. I await any question you may see fit to ask." [I will here just say that Mr. Keeler assured me before I left Moravia that he would rebuild the cabinet.]

At a second sitting, Dec. 21st, the same spirit said: "I come with you, my friend, to-night, and well pleased to meet you. I come to offer our congratulations, and ask you to go forward in the path of progress, being bold in the truth. The time has arrived when all material things point to a verification of what was told you so long ago. The great struggles for truth are still going on, the conflict still being waged; and heaven and earth are acting in concert to produce to man the proper evidences of life immortal. Your articles have made a better basis for me-

diums, and opened the way for us to do our work better. We ask that you go to Moravia. We promise to meet you there, and will talk face to face with you. Do not allow anything to interfere with you. Go alone, and be prepared to wait a few days, at least. Do not be hastened away, nor let those come in with you who are in any way disagreeable. We shall advise your going in what we call the holiday week, for the reason that most persons will be at home at that time, and there will be less confusion there. In finishing this, we will give you a list of who will meet you there; and we ask that you throw off all external care, and wait patiently until we come. We promise, and will perform. Daniel Webster, Theodore Parker, your mother, wife and two daughters, plain——”

Here the control was suddenly broken by an interruption.

Both before going and whilst at Moravia, I frequently stated that I had seen and heard enough to satisfy me beyond doubt of a future state of existence, and that the object of my visit was not so much to obtain any new light for my own satisfaction as for that of others, believing that if I could see a spirit face so clearly as to be willing to affirm to its identity, it might be the means of causing some others to break away from the trammels of early education and habit, and investigate the subject for themselves. I was therefore careful to say nothing to compromise my object, and further than the bestowal of a few words of encouragement and sympathy upon the medium, I said nothing until several days after my arrival at Moravia in connection with the foregoing spirit communications. On the next day, the

28th, the manifestations were somewhat better, both in the dark and light circles, than they had been, as was said, for some weeks. A daughter of Mr. Livingston—who died in very early infancy—came and delivered quite a lengthy and highly instructive discourse. Several hands and arms were plainly exhibited, both outside and immediately within the cabinet, some of which were acknowledged as my wife's and daughters'. What purported to be my own mother, showed herself so that I could clearly see her plain Quaker bonnet, with cap beneath, but not her face distinctly enough to recognize it. Others present—whose eyesight was stronger than mine—described the features, however, as very much resembling hers. She also spoke for a minute or two very sensibly and characteristically—but not in her natural voice—but like one speaking through a trumpet, which might have been the case, as her face was not visible whilst speaking. Although I felt no doubt of her identity, and so expressed myself, she seemed disappointed that I could not see her more plainly, and made repeated efforts to bring her face further forward into the light. [I regretted that I had not brought an opera-glass with me, which might have assisted my vision.]

On the forenoon of the next day, the 29th, my mother showed herself again in the same bonnet and cap, but I was still unable to distinguish her features so as to recognize them, although I had no doubt, as before, of her identity. Several new comers had joined this morning circle, and among them G. E. Hoyt, of Chicago, who seemed to possess a magnetism wonderfully attractive to spirits. At this séance, several of his deceased relatives and friends showed themselves plainly,

and conversed intelligently with him. I question whether there were any persons present who doubted their individual identity, though it would require a volume to describe the various shades and characters of phenomena that occur at only one of these sittings, so as to make them intelligible to readers who have never witnessed the manifestations. The following account, given me by a highly intelligent gentleman from Watkins, Schuyler Co., N. Y., who was present, will convey probably as good an idea of what generally occurs at one séance as can be given in equal space:

MORAVIA, N. Y., Dec. 30th, 1871.

MR. THOMAS R. HAZARD—*Dear Sir*: I consider it a pleasant duty to give my testimony as to what I saw at Mr. Morris Keeler's, Friday morning, Dec. 29th. The first face shown at the aperture was so indistinct I could not decide what it was, but upon the spirit being requested to make an effort to give us something we could recognize, the face was shown several times, each time a little more distinct than at former efforts, until we were convinced that it was a colored woman's face. The next face was rather indistinct, but I think some one recognized it. The third face was so plain that a gentleman at once, without any hesitation or equivocation, positively asserted it to be his mother, to which the old lady bowed assent, and seemed rejoiced that her son so promptly recognized her. The fourth face was that of my own dear sister Emily, every lineament of which was shown with the utmost and unmistakable distinctness. When young, she fell against the stove and cut quite a gash in her cheek, (and always carried the scar); the scar was now shown as plain as in the earth-life. I asked several questions, and in every instance got perfectly satisfactory and truthful answers, either by the nod of her head, or by the motion of the hands that were shown through the aperture in the partition. In spite of my best efforts to control my emotions, tears of joy and gratitude flowed, as I knew it

was a reality. I felt as though heaven was very near earth. If all could see their friends as distinctly as I saw my sister, there would be no doubt of immortality. The fifth face was very distinct, and I should think thoroughly materialized; it was projected through the aperture far enough so all could see the motions of the lips as he spoke in an audible voice in answer to questions propounded to him by a lady from Utica; there was a mutual recognition between the lady and the spirit. In answer to one question, he said, "Thank God, it will be all right yet." The lady seemed pleased, and in fact quite overcome with joy. Audible voices were frequently heard during the séance. Arms and hands were shown plainly, distinctly too exhibiting arms above the elbow. Four hands were shown at one time. I have given a truthful statement of a portion of the wonders shown to myself and ten others. I presume the others present saw as plainly as I did.

If any portion of the above hastily drawn description is of any use to you, you are welcome to it.

Yours respectfully,

W. I. VESCELIUS, M. D.

At the afternoon séance no faces or hands were exhibited, one of the controlling spirits assigning as a reason that they were endeavoring to arrange to make the faces more distinct, so that those whose eyesight was not strong might see them plainer. This the spirits succeeded in doing, and for the remainder of the time that I attended the circles I could see the features of many of the faces that were exhibited, as clearly as if I had met them on the street at noonday. Still, greatly to my annoyance, my own mother never sufficiently succeeded in materializing her features so as to make them plain and absolutely recognizable to me, although at my request she would move her face from one side of the aperture to the other, and place it in other different points of view. On one occasion I remarked

that although I could not distinctly see her features, I felt entirely sure it was my own mother! To which she rejoined in a distinct whisper, "Yes. Thomas, it is as true as that the sun rises." [I think this manifestation occurred at a private séance on Jan. 4th.] Besides showing her face in the light, my mother came several times in the dark circles and manifested her presence by patting my head or hand with hers, or by speaking sometimes at considerable length in an audible, though not her natural earth-voice. At one time she seemed to stand close by in front of where I was sitting, and with a mother's affectionate partiality said in a distinct whisper, "Thomas, my son, I am with you in all your good works." It would take too much space to describe even a moiety of the manifestations I witnessed at the score and more séances I attended at Moravia; I will therefore just refer to a few of the incidents that occurred, and hasten to conclude with the narrative of some that more particularly related to my own spirit family.

As before remarked, Mr. Hoyt (who was a most earnest and outspoken "Spiritualist," and, I should think, in every sense of the word, "a live man") seemed endued with an organism or magnetism singularly adapted to intercourse with the denizens of the "spirit-world." He passed through New York, on his way to Moravia, where he had sittings with Charles H. Foster and Dr. Slade—before one or the other, or *both* of which mediums, I understood him to say, every individual friend who subsequently appeared at Moravia had announced their intention of so doing, and, among these, *Owassa*, an attendant Indian guide of Dr. Slade's. It seems that Mr.

Hoyt has three wives in the spirit-world, each and all of whom showed themselves to him unmistakably at Moravia. One of these, who had died of consumption, appeared in her night-clothes, holding a handkerchief close to her chin. She anticipated Mr. Hoyt in giving an explanation, by putting it to her mouth, as with a feeble cough she expectorated upon it, and folded it up in her hand precisely as Mr. Hoyt said she had been accustomed to do for some weeks or months before her death. After this, another of Mr. Hoyt's wives, with two of her children, were successively passed by the inside of the aperture in the cabinet, in reclining attitudes, bundled up in what looked like bed-clothes, including, in the instance of one of the children, a red blanket. These manifestations seemed rather mysterious, until Mr. Hoyt stated that his wife and two children died of the small pox, and, to avoid spreading the infection, were wrapped up in their beds, and so buried. Several other of Mr. Hoyt's friends showed themselves distinctly, and conversed with him; and, among these, was the Indian, *Owassa*, who said he came to fulfill his promise made to Mr. Hoyt at the man Slade's. In answer to queries, *Owassa* said he came through the power of a magnetism he brought from Dr. Slade's, and should return to Dr. S. on the strength of what he would obtain from the circle at which he was then present.

One of the most active and efficient controlling spirits of both the dark and light circle at Moravia, is an Indian squaw called *Honto*. She frequently spoke very sensibly, though characteristically, of her Indian origin. On one occasion, while delivering quite a lengthy discourse in

clear and forcible language, she took pride in exhibiting a beautiful scarlet blanket that was richly trimmed and ornamented with beads more brilliant than glass or even diamonds. Parts of the blanket were occasionally pushed some inches outside of the aperture, where they would remain for a minute or more, and then be drawn in (probably to rematerialize), and again put forth. In depth and richness of color I think the scarlet equaled anything I have ever seen, and, with the addition of the dazzling beads, produced a most pleasing and striking effect.

Mrs. Kate Gibbs (before alluded to) has a very intelligent and interesting angel-guide, whose spirit-name is *Rosa*. She has been thoroughly identified as the spirit of a young Indian girl named *Sukey*, who passed from earth-life some years ago in the neighborhood of Utica. It is customary to hold circles on almost every evening in the spirit-room at Moravia, apart from those for the usual manifestations, there generally being more or less mediums from a distance present. On these occasions the bright and ever cheerful little *Rosa* occupied a prominent position. Mr. Keeler seemed mischievously fond of teasing her, and on one occasion twitted her with not having so pretty a blanket as *Honto*! This brought out the childlike earth feelings of *Rosa*, who pettishly replied, "Yes *Honto*—*Honto*; nobody is anything but *Honto*; me got blanket as pretty as *Honto*!"

At a subsequent cabinet séance *Rosa* came and talked for some minutes, mostly with her *medy*, (as she called Mrs. Gibbs) during which time she pushed her red blanket (as *Honto* had done) out of the aperture for us to admire. It was very pretty, but not as deep a scarlet color as

Honto's, nor was it ornamented with beads. In answer to a query trenching on theology, Rosa gave us to understand that all that related to such matters might be summed up in six words, viz: "Goodness is godliness," and "happiness is heaven!"

After the close of the cabinet séance, Rosa was too impatient to wait for the customary evening circle, but entranced Mrs. Gibbs in the common sitting-room, and asked how we liked her blanket. I replied that I thought it very pretty; but Mr. Keeler rather *cruelly* reminded her that it had no beads like Honto's! At this Rosa showed a good deal of feeling, and said she was going to have some beads. When asked how she would string and fix them without anything to do it with; she replied that they did not need needle and thread to make such things where she was.

One of the most striking and vivid faces I saw at the aperture was that of a man who called his name George Butler. Nearly all the faces that are exhibited at Moravia have their eyes protected from the effects of the light, by spectacles. Butler (who, I learned, had manifested several times before) showed himself without them, and his eyes had a peculiar ghastly appearance, like one under the influence of extreme bodily pain or terror. He said that he was murdered by one W—, in drunken brawl that recently occurred in a saloon at Syracuse; that he had no friends present, and well knew that all he said could have no legal effect, but that he was killed by a blow on the temple, inflicted by a billet of wood, and that his murderer would soon confess the crime. The whole scene was very graphic, and indicative that the time might come when the adage that "dead

men tell no tales" may have to be modified to make it conform to the truth, and the saying that "murder will out" will be no longer a myth.

Some of the spirits who spoke had passed from earth under the belief that there was no future state of existence, while others were imbued with the theological idea of a fiery hell. All such gratefully acknowledged their mistake, and joined with others in bearing testimony to the fact, substantially, that no mere form of worship or belief can help to prepare any human being for a happy entrance into the spirit-world; and that the status mortals attain to on passing to the higher life is in conformity with the freedom and expansion of their minds—the good works they have done from unselfish motives, and the degrees of charity, sympathy and love they have manifested and exercised in their intercourse with their fellow-creatures on earth.

A few days before I left, there came to Moravia a trance-medium from Rochester, by the name of Gilbert G. Eaton, one of whose controlling spirits professed to be the notorious Capt. Kidd, who did not seem inclined to say much about his earth career, but admitted that he had, when in earth-life, a hard, determined will. He further stated that he always thought he was condemned to death on insufficient testimony, and that the piracies for which he suffered were committed on Spanish vessels, with the approval or connivance of the British Government, until complications became so serious that it was deemed expedient to sacrifice his life to appease the Spaniards. In reply to a query concerning his entrance into spirit-life, he stated that when he came to consciousness he found himself wander-

ing in a darksome, dreary desert, where no vegetation other than stunted, unsightly shrubs was to be found, and where the spirits he encountered were each and all so repulsive and loathsome to each other, that no two or more ever cared to meet or associate. In this forlorn condition he passed what to him seemed centuries of earth-life, when his spirit became so broken and overpowered with suffering, that in an agony of despair he threw himself upon the ground and cried earnestly on God for deliverance. Then for the first time he saw in the far-off distance a bright spot in the shape of a small anchor, from which trailed within his reach a thread of light. Guided by this he succeeded in reaching the anchor and from that point was enabled to see and communicate with his mother, through whose loving counsel and assistance he was started on the road of progress, and through the strength of the same strong will-power that had, when misdirected, sank him so low in hell, he was enabled—when this was rightly directed—the sooner to reach the place he now occupied in heaven. This was the substance of what Kidd stated, but whether true or false, or whether it may have been some other spirit personating Kidd or not, he certainly did subsequently give us a most graphic relation of the mode pursued by spirits in showing themselves at Moravia. He told us in terse and definite language, remarkably free from the redundancy that frequently characterizes mediumistic communications, that the spirits who show their limbs and faces at the aperture, are actually within the cabinet (though invisible to material eyes) in their own proper persons, and that the limbs and faces that are shown undergo a chemi-

cal process, analogous to that adopted by mortals in coating or galvanizing specimens of wood or other substances and metals, with the wash of another kind of metal. He stated that this material coating for the spirit-form is collected by the spirits and partially prepared during the dark circle, from the *aura* or effete particles that are constantly passing from the human body; the cold breeze that is so often felt by the persons present being a part of this *aura*, and that the consistency or efficiency of the material depends upon the degree of harmony that prevails in the circle.

He further stated that these effete particles cannot be used by the spirit chemists until they are vitalized so as to make them partake of the quality of living flesh; and, to do this, it is necessary to pass them *through*, or bring them in *contact* with, a human organism possessing certain qualities or properties such as appertain to Mrs. Andrews, who always sits opposite the aperture during the process of collecting, preparing and passing the material into the cabinet. Mr. Eaton's controlling spirit also asserted that the manufacturing of this occult material requires that certain elements should be abstracted from every organ of the medium; and that, on some occasions, where the manifestations required high coloring, the spirit artists had drawn as many as four ounces of actual blood from her veins. It was said, further, that, should any material substance — especially, if in a fluid or semi-fluid state — be brought in contact with the spirit-faces or limbs that are exhibited, the coarser particles of such substance will necessarily appear on the person of the medium, the pores of whose skin operate similarly to a fine sieve, or strainer, and, on the

return of the elements that had been subtracted from her system, exclude the coarser particles of the foreign substance. This *coating* of the spirit, Eaton's controlling guardian stated, was of too delicate a quality to resist for any great length of time the chemical effects of light; though the spirits seemed confident that they should soon perfect and improve the processes so as to enable them to walk out of the doors of cabinets, and greet their earth-friends as naturally as when they were clothed with mortal flesh. The theory here put forth, if not substantially true, seems at least plausible, and, to my mind, is greatly strengthened by what follows.

On my return from Moravia I passed through Boston, where I learned from Mr. Luther Colby that at a recent private séance given by Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain at the rooms of Mrs. J. H. Conant, 76 Waltham street, Boston, the following answer was received from a spirit-guide of the medium, to the question, "By what process do the invisibles materialize the hands, faces, and other forms that from time to time are shown at circles held for physical demonstration of spirit power?"

The influence controlling at the time replied "that the refined matter out of which these apparitions were formed—or at least rendered cognizable by mortal senses—was gathered from the individuals composing the circle, each contributing to the supply. The raw material was then collected together in a mass—as the housewife, having kneaded the dough for bread, prepares it to be rolled out into any form desired—and a certain portion (sufficient for the manifestations about to be made) divided from it. This

portion, by the subtle force of spirit chemistry, was deposited in solution in a vapor or atmospheric bath over the heads of the circle, just as the copper is held in solution in the bath of the battery for electrotyping. Immediately the spirit-hand or other object is plunged in the bath, and as is the case with the copper upon the plate in the process above referred to, the earthly matter in solution becomes precipitated upon the surface of the spirit object to be shown, and the form thus coated with said earthly material becomes tangible and visible to physical senses."

Singularly enough, this explanation as given was sustained in part by Mrs. Catharine Morrison, the well-known blind trance and clairvoyant medium of Oswego, who happened to come to Moravia whilst I was there. On two occasions, M^{rs}. M. said to me naively when sitting beside her in two different light séances, "that she saw spirits in the cabinet mixing something that looked like dough," she using the same unique term to express the same idea that Mrs. Chamberlain did!

Besides a wife, I have of my own immediate family in the spirit-world, a daughter named Mary, who died in 1842, aged two and one quarter years—a grown up daughter named Anna, who died young in 1868, and three premature infants who never saw the light of earth-days. I have abundant evidence, however, that these last have progressed toward maturity in a corresponding degree to what they would have done had they been naturally born and continued in earth-life; and though they have not the fullness of development and being they might, through the experiences of a material existence,

have acquired in the rudimental sphere, still they are a happy, joyous little group. These, with millions of the same class, are of those that are known and designated as "angels" by many spirits in the other world, for the reason that they have never been subjected to the trials and temptations incident to mortal existence, and are consequently free from its stains. My daughter Mary seems to have learned a great deal concerning earth-life by communicating with me — the germ necessary to its acquirement having been partially developed while here — but still her spirit seems more closely allied with heaven than earth. In her frequent visits through different media she almost always comes with her hands full of flowers, gathered as she says from her own garden purposely for her father, nor as she affectionately places them in my bosom, or entwines them about my head, can I readily convince her that my earth senses are totally unconscious of the beautiful decoration. I have before stated that at a séance held with Mrs. Staadt in New York a few days before I went to Moravia, my daughter Anna said she would hand me a lily whilst I was there. I also find by reference to a memorandum that my wife assured me whilst at Mrs. Rockwood's in Boston, on the 9th of last November, that she felt confident she and our two daughters Anna and Mary would be able to show themselves to me at Moravia entwined in each other's arms, the last named characteristically wreathed or garlanded with flowers. On inspecting the cabinet at Moravia, I saw at the first glance that the aperture would not admit of such a manifestation as this, but the circumstance did not disconcert me in the least, having learned through

experience that the spirits of mortals are—except in degree—no more infallible or omniscient in one sphere of existence than in another.

The hands and arms that were shown at the aperture, unlike the faces, were always plain and distinct. On an occasion early after my arrival, wherein several hands of different sizes were passed by in the inside of the cabinet, one of them held a flower which I thought I recognized, but to be sure I asked a lady who sat beside me what it was? She promptly replied, "a lily." I then asked if the hand holding it was meant for me? and it was shown again in token of assent. During my stay, this manifestation was repeated several times, and I have no doubt that the hand with the lily in it was, as it purported to be, my daughter Anna's, and one or more of the smaller hands her sister Mary's. My wife also threw her arms full length, with hands clasped, out of the aperture on several occasions, always in a night-dress, which I suppose was meant to represent what she wore in her last sickness. The sleeves were uniformly buttoned close to the hand, and I am sure that the exhibition could not have been more natural—including the folds and drapery of the garment—had she made a like manifestation before her departure from earth-life.

From the first I had been careful, for obvious reasons, not to mention my wife's or daughter's name. At a séance where there was an attempted demonstration at the aperture, so indistinct and feeble that I could neither see nor hear anything that transpired in that direction, I was rather startled upon hearing a lady who had but recently arrived, observe, "She says Fanny Hag-

ard!" On asking the lady to repeat the name, she did the first, and observed that the last sounded something like "Hagard." On another occasion a small star, enveloped in a mist-like halo, passed slowly upward from the bottom of the aperture and disappeared at the top. This was twice repeated, and upon my asking that it might show itself again if it was meant to represent my wife, it did so instantly, and remained stationary for a short time before its final disappearance. This was a beautiful manifestation, of which none present could know the full significance but myself. For the last fifteen years my wife has been accustomed to draw a star through some automatic and writing mediums I sit with to announce her presence. It appears to be the name she is called by in her spirit-home. Often, too, when I sit with trance or clairvoyant mediums, they will say, "Your star is here."

The Sunday before I left Boston, on my way to Moravia, *via*. New York, I attended one of Mrs. Hardy's (now 4 Concord square) large evening circles. I had never sat with her at a private séance and she could have known but little about me, but the little child that controls her called me out of the crowd from quite a distance, to the medium's side, and said, "Your star is here," and that it was so "bright it would shine in sunlight." Though it may not have shone in sunlight at Moravia, it certainly did very plainly in lamplight.

Mrs. Gibbs's Indian guide, the bright, sprightly little *Rosa*, used to keep me well posted up in what was transpiring behind the scenes in the cabinet with regard to my own family and spirit-friends. She described my wife as

always present, but generally standing back, partly because she could not attain the proper conditions to show herself distinctly, and partly to give place to other spirits who were anxious to manifest themselves to their friends—a self-sacrificing feature that was strikingly characteristic of her in earth-life. At one time Rosa said she saw her “doing”—because she could not show herself to me—“what they call weeping” Finally her repeated arduous but unavailing efforts became oppressive to me, and I told my wife repeatedly, sometimes directly, as she attempted to show herself, and at other times through Rosa or the controlling-spirit of some other medium present, that I was fully satisfied of her presence and hoped she would not distress herself further on my account.

Hitherto I had sat altogether at the regular séances, the conditions of which were constantly being changed by the daily introduction of new and not always perfectly harmonious visitors. I had come to the conclusion that my staying longer could be of no avail, and proposed leaving Moravia. Previous to doing so Mr. Hoyt and myself had arranged to hold a private séance on the 4th of January—he intending to leave on the 5th. On the 31 inst. Mrs. Catherine Morrison, the interesting blind medium before mentioned, arrived from Oswego. On the same evening a circle for ordinary manifestations was held in the spirit-room. Mrs. Morrison was beautifully controlled by a little girl, who, at five years of age, perished (as she said) in the fire at Chicago. In answer to queries she told us that she never had any father, but was promised one in the spirit-world; (we learned that her mother had been killed by her father.)

She said her name was Lilly Warner, and she also named the street in which she lived in Chicago, and an apothecary's shop on the corner where she used to look through the window at some objects that interested her childish fancy. [I think Mr. Hoyt, to whom the child seemed strongly attracted, recognized the locality.] On Lilly's intimating that she had learned to sing a little, we begged her to sing for us. She seemed to doubt our sincerity in making the request, and asked us coily whether we really wanted to hear her? Upon our re-assurance she said she never learned but two pieces, and would sing one of them, "Autumn up an apple-tree," which she did in a sweet infantile voice that sensibly moved the feelings of those present, and carried handkerchiefs to some eyes. On being praised for what she had accomplished, Lilly volunteered to sing her other song, "Ma, may I go out to swim?" which she did in the same sweet plaintive strain as the other, though the words and measure were not quite so pretty. After she came out of trance, Mrs. Morrison (who was clairvoyant when in her normal condition) turned to me and described a lady (answering to my wife) who she said was writing something for me against a projection in the wall of the room very near where I sat. On my asking her to tell me what its purport was, Mrs. M. read it off as follows: "Thomas, stay two days longer, and I think I can show myself to you." I asked her to intimate to my wife that I would cheerfully comply with her request, which she did.

On the next day, after the two usual séances were closed, Mr. Keeler, Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Hoyt and myself held our private séance. The light was no sooner extinguished, than we perceived

a marked and favorable change in the manifestations. The little stars that were wont to appear in the preliminary dark circle at most of the séances, were much brighter and more numerous than usual, and played about us with uncommon vivacity. [Mr. Keeler subsequently told me that he had seen such little stars gradually expand and assume the appearance of human faces.] The accompanying spirit voices were also remarkably strong and distinct. We were assured by a guardian spirit of the medium, that if a harmonious company, such as the one then present, could be convened for a few consecutive days, the manifestations would become far more powerful and vivid than any we had witnessed. In the light séances that followed, Mrs. Gibbs received many affectionate words of encouragement and counsel from her spirit guardians. My own mother came, and as usual identified herself to my entire satisfaction, in both the dark and light circles. My wife, also, exhibited her arms, full length, clothed in their usual drapery, but in a more desponding attitude than heretofore, they being bent and thrown upward, with the pale, attenuated hands tightly clasped, as if in earnest supplication or prayer. I thought I discerned the meaning she intended to convey, and what little renewed hopes I had entertained of her being able to show her features to me distinctly, almost entirely faded from my mind. Several delicately formed hands of different sizes, that looked as plain and real as if in earth-life, were passed by the aperture just within the cabinet, one of them holding the customary lily. On this occasion its petals exactly resembled those of the water lily, and were of the

most glistening white. These were for a considerable time turned in a full-blown point of view directly toward us, but with some of the petals so arranged as to hide the axil or seed bud. It looked so real and tangible that it seemed as if I might reach forth my hand and grasp it, and I asked my daughter (whose materialized spirit-form was of course invisible) to throw the lily out of the cabinet, if she could not hand it to me. On this it was passed slowly along, and several efforts evidently made to do as I requested (as those present remarked at the time) but without success.

[A few days after this, whilst sitting with Mrs. Belle Bowditch, 798 Washington street, Boston, who could not have known anything connected with my visit to Moravia, I asked my daughter Anna if she could tell me, through the memory of the medium, what she brought me at Moravia. She promptly replied, "A lily, pa." A day or two after this I propounded the same question at Mrs. Mary Carlisle's, 94 Camden street, Boston, to my daughter, and she replied, "Two lilies, pa." It is highly probable that both answers were correct, as there was certainly a difference in the appearance of the flowers that were exhibited at the aperture in the cabinet.]

With the close of this day the time would expire that was allotted by the friend of Mrs. Morrison for his stay at Moravia. She had attended several sances, but had received but little, if anything, satisfactory, and intimated that she would be pleased if Mr. Hoyt and ourself would permit her to join us in our contemplated private sance. As we were both going away very soon, and wished to give our spirit-friends at

least one favorable opportunity to manifest their presence, we very reluctantly declined acceding to Mrs. Morrison's request. On passing down stairs, I found her in the sitting room, a good deal distressed in consequence of being obliged to leave for home in the morning without having obtained what she desired from her spirit-friends. The amiability with which she bore her disappointment caused me to feel additional interest on her behalf, and I interceded with her to stay another day, promising that Mr. Benjamin Fish (an elderly friendly gentleman from Rochester) and myself would ask her to join us in a private séance we had already arranged for with Mrs. Andrews, to be held on the next day. The friend who accompanied Mrs. M. was largely engaged in business and declined remaining longer, until finally spirit friends interfered and advised them to stay another day.

On the morrow, Friday the fifth inst., the manifestations at the public circles passed off as usual. One of the clairvoyant mediums that had recently arrived, (whose name I do not this moment recall,) told me, while we were sitting in the light circle, that she saw a lady friend of mine in the cabinet, with a girdle made of green leaves about her waist. I asked if she could learn her name, whereupon she looked that way a moment and said she saw the name "*Fanny*" on the girdle. She then said she saw a younger lady there, with a like girdle inscribed with the name of Anna, and that they wished her to convey to me from them the words, "Our love is ever fresh and green for you."

In the afternoon Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Morrison and her friend, Mr. Fish and myself composed

our private circle. The lights that appeared and the spirit-voices were quite equal to what they had previously been, whilst the keys of the piano were more frequently struck than at any time when I had been present. The spirit-wife of Benjamin Fish came and laid her hand on his head and said, "I thank God that I can add to thy happiness." [As far as my own experience enabled me to determine, the spirit-hands at Moravia have none of the cold and velvet-like feeling usual in such phenomena, but were so natural that their touch could not be distinguished from that of the hands of persons in earth-life.]

A deceased wife and brother of the friend of Mrs. Morrison also came and conversed with him. But far the largest portion of the time was occupied by the spirit-friends of Mrs. Morrison, the guardian of Mrs. Andrews announcing that the light circle would be dispensed with for the especial benefit of the blind medium. Quite a number of Mrs. M.'s personal friends and guardians announced their presence and conversed freely with her. It seems that Mrs. Morrison's husband was then constructing for her a cabinet at Oswego, where they have been promised that spirits will take on the form and manifest their presence as they do at Moravia. She received especial instructions in regard to the finishing and furnishing of this cabinet, accompanied with many words of counsel, encouragement and good cheer. This was the last day of the two, on one of which my wife had notified me she hoped to be able to show her face to me. Of course in the absence of the light circle this could not be, but the disappointment was almost gratifying to me in view of the perfect delight that was evinced by the

little blind medium. I remarked to her that she seemed in a very different mood from what she was the previous day? Said she in reply, "I could sit here forever!" Her joyousness remained when, with the good wishes of all, she left the house next morning, her sweet though sightless face beaming with happiness and radiant with spirit-light. I have dwelt longer on these incidents than I might have done were it not that it has been borne on my mind that the full fruition that finally attended upon my stay at Moravia was in some occult way connected with the self-sacrificing kindness and sympathy I had extended to the blind medium of Oswego.

Before the séance just spoken of was held, I had concluded to remain another day, in consequence of disappointment in receiving expected letters, and Mr. Fish and myself arranged with Mrs. Andrews to have one more private séance, after the two public ones were over, on the afternoon of the next day, Saturday the 6th inst., to which we invited Mrs. S. A. Wortman, a highly mediumistic lady, who had, with several friends, recently arrived from Buffalo. Both the morning and afternoon public circles on that day, though unusually large, were quite good. Several faces were shown very distinctly, and other manifestations occurred highly interesting. In the afternoon my wife threw her arms out of the aperture as usual, so far as concerns drapery and general appearance, but with a quick, lively motion that encouraged me to ask if she still meant to make another effort to show her face. In reply an arm was instantly thrown upward some twelve or fifteen inches above the top of the aperture, in the full light, while she rapped animatingly on the

partition with her fingers, as if trying the keys of a piano preparatory to executing some joyous piece of music. I could see the natural and most minute movement, not only of the fingers, but of the knuckles and sinews on the back of the thin, pale hand as plainly as it is possible to discern like movements of the hand of any mortal in earth-life. It was at this séance the unpleasant circumstance occurred I have before alluded to, wherein a stranger present made a rude and wholly uncalled for remark, (which was, however, afterwards satisfactorily explained away,) to which I hastily replied, perhaps too much in the same spirit. All that was said was in whispers, but still it may be seen, by what will follow, that the circumstance did not pass unobserved by the spirits.

For several days the weather had been lowering and unpleasant, but early in the afternoon the clouds began to disappear, and when our private circle was convened, consisting of Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Wortman, Mr. Fish and myself, the atmosphere was bright, clear and electric. Mrs. W. is a very sensitive medium, and we had hardly composed ourselves in our seats (some five or six feet from the aperture) and joined hands, when she remarked how harmonious the atmosphere was, and unlike anything she had experienced in the previous promiscuous circles. With her many other accomplishments, Mrs. W. has a clear, soft, melodious voice; and she and Mrs. Keeler had scarcely begun to sing, (the light being extinguished) before the space in front of us was unusually alive with bright little stars. These would congregate in groups, and then swiftly bound apart in couples, and again approach and retire

in the same order as if performing in a dance; then again commence circling around each other in single pairs, until the whole galaxy would mingle and form one group, and all engage in the angel sport, playfully winding and intertwining rapidly around and between each other in an inextricable, bewildering maze, alike beautiful and indescribable.

On several stanzas of "Home, Sweet Home" being sung with animation, a masculine spirit-voice, exceeding in power and pathos any, either human or spiritual, I had ever before heard, joined in the singing, and continued to the end. Upon the same stanzas being repeated, the spirit vocalist, as if to afford us an opportunity to contrast its power with the voices present—or, perhaps, that it might gather up its own full strength—forebore joining in the concert until the second stanza, when, through all that followed, it poured forth its loud, soul-thrilling strains in a cataract of melody that overpowered and absorbed the human voices present as completely as the hoarse roar of Niagara the gentle murmurs of the little brook that loses itself in the bosom of its mighty waters. This is no fancy or imaginative sketch, as I know all present at the time if appealed to will admit. It seemed as if the spirit vocalist, conscious of his unfaltering powers, was absolutely "glorying in the greatness of his strength;" and I have no question (although I confess to an almost total ignorance of the rules of artistic music) that if Mr. Gilmore could receive his assistance (together with the necessary harmonious conditions) in the mammoth concert that is to be enacted at his contemplated heaven-inspired international or

World's Musical Peace Jubilee—the performance will attract more attention and excite greater interest and admiration in the public mind than all exhibitions of mere human musical talent have ever yet called forth.

After "Home, Sweet Home" had been twice repeated, I asked that "Oft in the still night" (a favorite melody of my wife's when in earth-life) might be sung. Several stanzas were sung by the ladies present, in which a sweet feminine spirit voice joined in concert, though I failed to recognize it as that of my wife.

Among many other exhibitions that occurred after this in the dark circle, several friends of Mrs. Wortman manifested themselves to her. Benjamin Fish's wife came again, patted him on the knee, and said, in a low voice, "God be praised that we can come!" My own daughter Anna announced her presence by placing her hand (as soft and natural as if in earth-life) on mine, and said in a low, but distinct voice, "Forgive those, pa, who hurt your feelings!" As I did not respond immediately, the request was *coaxingly* repeated, "When anything is said that agitates you, pa, think of my lily, and forgive." [I regarded the manifestation of the lily as a remarkably pleasant incident, and had so spoken of it more than once.] I answered that I would do so—which seemed to satisfy her. My spirit daughter seemed near enough for me to have felt her warm breath had she been mortal, and I said, "Kiss me, Anna—if not my lips, my forehead!" Immediately I felt a gentle and distinct pressure on my forehead, but whether made by her fingers or lips I could not determine.

In the light circle that followed, Albert and

Thomas, two sons of Benjamin Fish, showed their faces and talked with their father. They were fully recognized. Albert, in referring to the doubts he had of a future state of existence when in earth-life, said, 'We still live!' One of the sons said to the father, "We are happy that thee has a dear companion to cheer thee in thy old age!" [Mr. Fish had been in the house but a few days, and I doubt whether the medium or any one present, except myself, knew that he had been recently married to a second wife.]

Mr. Fish's deceased wife came and showed herself as she looked in early womanhood. It was asked if she meant to show her features as they appear in spirit-life. To this she nodded assent, and disappeared, but immediately returned, looking as she did when she passed from earth at the age of seventy. [Mrs. D., a lady from Buffalo, told me, subsequently, that a friend once showed herself to her in rapid succession at the aperture of the cabinet in Moravia—as she looked at six different periods of her life, ranging from youth to old age.] Although I was conscious that my wife, aided by her spirit-friends, was exerting herself to the utmost to perfect the necessary conditions to show herself plainly to me, I had but little hope that she would succeed, when suddenly, toward the last of the séance, I saw a face gradually developing or approaching the aperture that I soon unmistakably recognized as hers. She seemed highly gratified at the recognition, and so expressed herself. As is usual with most of the spirits who show themselves, her eyes were protected from the light by spectacles. Mrs. W., who was not fully aware of the circumstances, asked if my wife wore spectacles? I said

no, she did not; upon which the face instantly disappeared, but as quickly returned again without the spectacles, looking as natural as in earth-life. I said, "It is enough; Fanny, I want no more; I am now fully satisfied!" Upon this she thrust her face partly out of the aperture, and said, in a clear, loud whisper, "We have tried hard, Thomas, to make myself plain to you, and I thank God that we have succeeded!" My wife was within six feet of where I sat, and I saw her lips move as distinctly and naturally whilst she was speaking as I ever saw them in earth-life. Overcome with joyful emotion I said, "Kiss me, darling!" whereupon her hand was twice raised to her lips as she threw me two kisses.

A remarkable feature of this last pleasing manifestation was, that, although the hand was thrown toward me in the most natural manner, still I saw no arm. This, to my mind, goes to prove the correctness of the explanation that was given of the phenomena of spirit galvanizing or electrotyping by the controlling guides of both Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Chamberlain, as previously related. Probably the hand *only* was dipped into the prepared material, and became visible; whilst the spirit arm, though possessing all the power necessary to control and direct the hand, not being materialized on its surface, as the hand was, remained invisible. The whole manifestation, as it occurred, was as unexpected as it was full, complete, and entirely satisfactory.

Some eight to ten years ago, my wife told me, through Mrs. George E. Wilcox, (now at 450 High street, Providence, R. I.,) that, if I would go to the spirit photographer in Boston, (Mr. Mumler, whom I had never seen,) she thought she could

present herself plain enough to be photographed. I went, and procured a good likeness of her, but in a night-dress, and looking as she did about the time she passed from earth-life. Subsequently, on my asking her why she came in such a "questionable shape," my wife told me that her spirit-friends could not carry her further back, on the occasion, than to the point where her earth life terminated. This satisfied me; for I already knew that, when spirits first control mediums to personate, they generally bring with them the conditions that attended their latest moments; and as photographing was a new phase of the phenomena, I thought it very probable that similar spirit law might apply in that direction that I already knew prevailed in others.

Besides this, my wife has, on some occasions, shown herself very distinctly to me whilst in sleep, but always in a shadowy form, something analogous to the photograph. Again: For a year or more before my daughter Anna passed away, her mother repeatedly assured both her and myself that she would show herself to her before she passed from earth-life. This occurred, with wonderful distinctness, some few days before Anna died. I was present at the time. My daughter was lying on a lounge, and suffering intensely from spasmodic pain that periodically assailed her. I held one of her hands in mine, and her little brother and one or more of her sisters stood near by. Suddenly her countenance changed. The pain had entirely left her; and, with a radiant face, she looked beyond the side of the sofa, and said, "Why, pa! there is mother!—there is Aunt Gertrude, too!" She described them as standing in a beautiful forest,

amidst flowers and shrubbery that hid their persons below the waist. I put several questions to my wife, which she answered satisfactorily by signs. The vision was perfectly enchanting to my sick daughter, who had no fear of death afterwards, but looked cheerfully forward to it as a welcome messenger to waft her to her spirit-home and friends. But still, this manifestation, like the others mentioned, was *shadowy* ! *

Again: For several years past, my wife has occasionally told me, through several different mediums, that, before I joined her in spirit-life, she would be able not only to show herself, but converse with me as plainly as she ever did whilst in earth-life. It is true, I hoped that in this she would succeed; but when I learned, on coming to Moravia, that a large proportion of the spirit-faces that were exhibited bore the latest impress of mortal life, I could not flatter myself that my own wife would constitute one of the exceptions to the rule, and show herself to me under more favorable circumstances than most others—especially when I reflected that every manifestation she had made, up to almost the last hour of the last day I stayed at Moravia,

* Since this article has appeared in the *Banner of Light*, I have read an obituary notice of my daughter in that paper, wherein the following sentences occur that had escaped from my memory until they were recalled by its perusal. They are, as the reader will see, highly suggestive in connection with the "lily": "Some time before her sickness she saw in a dream a remarkably beautiful lily, unlike any she had ever seen before, which disappeared upon her reaching out her hand to pluck it whilst a grave opened in the ground beneath where it had stood. This same lily, for the first time since, was now again presented to her interior vision, and upon her asking her spirit mother if she was to join her soon, she smiled and bowed her head in token of assent."

was of the same character that pervaded her spirit photograph. If, therefore, she showed herself at all, I was only prepared to see her appear with the suffering, emaciated face that attended her last moments, corresponding with the attenuated arms and pale hands that had so often been thrust out of the cabinet. It may be imagined, then, what my emotions were, just as the last moment of my last séance was about to expire, to see my wife's face suddenly presented before me, as plain and distinct as I ever saw it in our own house—not as it looked in the last weary hours of her life, nor even yet as it was in less mature years, when the color had partially faded from her cheeks, but in the full bloom of health, and all the glorious beauty that so preeminently distinguished her early womanhood.

Then it was, indeed, that I could comprehend the full significance of the tender emotions I had so often witnessed at Moravia, on the meeting of the living with loved friends that were *dead*, but "*alive again*;" and as my heart swelled with inexpressible gratitude toward the great, loving Parent of humanity, my tongue involuntarily exclaimed, "Surely, if there is a heaven on earth, it is here!"

Before this crowning proof, my experiences had banished all doubts from my mind as regards a future state of existence; but now, even belief that had passed into *knowledge* was doubly confirmed: the keystone was placed in the arch, from whence I know it never will or can be wrenched away. I had, at last, obtained all I sought for. I had looked upon the *resurrected* spirit-face of a loved one, the identity of whose features I am not only will-

ing to affirm to, under the pains and penalties of perjury, before any assemblage of mortals or tribunal on earth, but, if need be, swear to it, on peril of my salvation, before the assembled hosts of heaven and the judgment-seat of God

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