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MEDIUMS

AND



MEDIUMSHIP.

BY
Rev.
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Author of "Blasphemy," "Eleven Days at Moravia," etc.

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**SECOND THOUSAND.**  
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MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

“Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.”

The above “thus saith the *Lord*” is said to have been spoken from the mouth of *Moses* of the “*Pentateuch*.”

The following, of like import, is from the “Northwestern Department, W. F. Jamieson, editor,” of the paper published by *Moses* of the “Crucible”:

“**MEDIUMS VS. IMPOSTORS.**—One of the best physical mediums in the United States told me he knew that a certain dark circle medium (so called) was an impostor, for he saw him clairvoyantly perform the tricks which he palmed off on the public as spiritual. I asked him why he did not advertise him as a humbug, inasmuch as every impostor cast suspicion on true mediums. I trust the self-styled ‘defenders of mediums’ will make a note of his answer. He said: ‘Should I do so, the Spiritualists would denounce me and charge me with trying to build myself up by pulling another medium down.’”

He was correct about the result, for it has been verified in dozens of cases. In order to escape the storm of misrepresentation which some of us have encountered, he bowed his head in silence while fraud was perpetrated in his very presence.”

And this, in like vein, is from the pen of the editor of the *Golden Age*, in reply to an invitation from John Gage to attend the late Convention of Spiritualists at Vineland:

"MY FRIEND—I thank you for asking me to attend your convention. Many labors keep me at my office-desk. The phenomena of Spiritualism have interested me greatly. But I have had bad luck with mediums. Sooner or later, nearly all of them (in sitting with *me*,) have exhibited traces of impostors and cheats. Thus I have known a medium who, after the manifestation of genuine marvels such as would impress and satisfy the most skeptical inquirer, has condescended to the petty trickery of producing raps with his hand, and of moving a table with his foot. There is so much that is genuine, cheering and magnificent in the better and higher phenomena of Spiritualism, that my blood grows hot with indignation at the insincerity of mediums who will use the most sacred of facts as the warp and woof of the meanest of deceptions. You ask me to send a sentiment. I would like to send it in the form of a scourge to drive out the profaners of the temple. I hope you will pass a resolution whipping the rogues who steal the livery of Spiritualism to serve their devilish selves therewith. But as much as I love truth, by so much do I hate fraud. My experience with Spiritualism teaches me that, as it is ordinarily seen in the performances of mediums, it is about one-half truth and the other half humbug. I am yours frankly,

THEODORE TILTON."

And this *ditto* upon witches comprises the comments of the editor of the "Present Age" on his of the "Golden Age" letter:

"We like these plain, honest words, and we think there are few indeed, after such an experience, would form a more favorable opinion of the genuineness of manifestations than is here expressed by Mr. Tilton. His experience has been like thousands of others, but we are glad to record the fact, in his own words, that he has not, like many investigators, upon the first discovery of fraud, pronounced all mediumship a humbug. Notwithstanding his discouraging experience, he believes, if we do not misapprehend him, that one-half of the intelligence coming through sincere

mediums, is, as it purports to be, from the spirit-world. No one conversant with the writings of Mr. Tilton, for the last year at least, can doubt his position with reference to this great spiritual movement, and will rejoice to hear him, after careful investigation, proclaim to the world, through the columns of the 'Golden Age,' that SPIRITUALISM IS GENUINE, CHEERING, AND MAGNIFICENT IN ITS BETTER AND HIGHER PHENOMENA."

At the risk of being classed as one of the "self-styled," I should like to make a few remarks in connection with the above extracts, even should they trespass on some that have before appeared in the "Banner of Light."

Some men err through design, some through ignorance or want of discretion, some through lack of thought or experience, and some through the possession of too much of the fancied "*knowledge that puffeth up*." I suppose that the dogma of "Moses of the Pentateuch" was inspired by design, and from a determination on his part that no *witch* or *wizard* or *prophet* (for they are all the same) should be permitted to encroach upon his assumed prerogative of divination. This has been the ecclesiastical idea that has always been enforced by the Orthodox priests, so far as they had or now have the power to persecute the mediumistic successors of the prophets of old, although they cannot at present put them to death, as they did Joan of Arc and thousands of others, a few scores of years ago. The *will*, however, doubtless remains the same; and should the present clerical conspirators succeed in establishing their proposed theocracy in the United States, it is not only *possible* but *probable* that the attempt will be again made to enforce the law of Moses against "spirit mediums," as in the days of "*Salem witchcraft*."

These conspirators err not so much from ignorance or want of experience as through design (coupled, perhaps, with a great lack of discretion); and it would be a mere waste of words to seek to restrain them by arguments or appeals addressed to their reason or consciences. Such as they have ever depended for support upon the power that wields the sword, and can only be kept down when it is held in opposing hands between them and their coveted victims. So with men of *science* (falsely so called). These are most always too full of themselves and their fancied superiority and knowledge to learn anything outside of their own *schools*. As a class, they are *spitefully* opposed to all spirit phenomena, and would doubtless, should the priests succeed in establishing their Mosaic theocracy, willingly stand by and consent to the imprisonment or death at their hands of every medium in the land, as Saul of Tarsus did to that of Stephen, but a short time before the "knowledge that puffeth up" was so effectually knocked out of him by a spirit manifestation too unmistakable to be resisted, through which he was made *physically blind*, that he might be enabled *spiritually* to *see*—a fact that some of our learned *savans* would "do well to make a note of." These belong to the orders of *scribes* and *Pharisees*, that Jesus of Nazareth never sought, either by word or *spirit manifestation*, to convince, well knowing that any attempt to reform or enlighten them would be but waste of time, and like "casting pearls before swine," that would be sure to "trample them under their feet," and probably "turn and rend" the giver.

But, much as our *mediums* may have to apprehend from the rancor of their theological and over-

learned enemies, they have, in my judgment, quite as much to fear from the *indiscretion* and *ignorance*, or lack of *thought* and *experience* of their friends, such as, I apprehend, is indicated in some of the quotations I have prefixed to these remarks.

Probably I may say with truth that there are but few who have had longer or more varied experiences in relation to the phenomena that occur through "spirit mediums"—however little my ability may be to appreciate them—than myself; having been favored, for the last fifteen years and more, not only with leisure, opportunity and pecuniary means sufficient to enable me to prosecute my investigations, but also an earnest inclination toward the subject, and a desire to arrive at the truth in all that relates to spirit mediumship and the "spirit-world" alike, whether of good or evil import.

For several years after I commenced my inquiries I was constantly experiencing what he of the "Golden Age" might call "bad luck with mediums," and thought, like him, that about one-half of the manifestations I witnessed might be clear "*humbug*" and (*unlike him*) that a good part of the remainder were closely allied to it. I persevered, however, under great discouragement, until (as I suppose) I began to learn something more of the delicate laws and conditions that govern in the intercourse between the two worlds than lie on the surface, and at last was forced to acknowledge—through evidence furnished by hundreds of most unmistakable experiences—that a *very* great majority of instances of failure or supposed deception that I had hitherto charged upon the poor instruments, was, in fact, justly chargeable to my-

self and to my ignorance of the inspirational laws and nice conditions it is absolutely necessary to observe and obey in our intercourse with the denizens of the "spirit-world." I found at last that the exquisite harmony that should exist in all spirit circles in order to insure truthful communications, may be likened to a deep well, wherein truth lies at the bottom in the likeness of a nicely engraved medal of gold. So long as we look upon it reflected through the clear still water, it appears to the eye in all its perfection of shape, color and inscription; but drop the minutest pebble into the well, and thus disturb or agitate the *medium* through which we behold it, ever so little, and instead of the fully-developed and clearly-discerned coin, we see a fantastic exhibition of *something*, it is true, but a *something* that we can liken to nothing beside in heaven above or in earth beneath, and which, if not previously notified of the fact, we could take our oath, no more resembled a beautiful embossed medal than Hamlet's cloud resembled a *weasel*, a *camel*, a *whale*, all at the same moment! And yet the real coin—that emblem of truth—remains precisely the same with all its beautiful, distinct embossment and superscription. Nor does the *apparent* "humbug" belong to the shimmering water alone, but more to the hand that, through ignorance, inadvertence or design, dropped the pebble, and thus disturbed the equanimity or harmony of the *medium* through which it is reflected to the eye, just as a rude or even trifling shock given to that most sensitive of all existences—the mind of a spirit medium—may, quick as a flash of lightning, change the whole character of a communication from the other world, and convert what was but a moment before a truthful

vision of indescribable beauty, into a fantastic mockery or an apparent "humbug" or "cheat." Or that it may again be likened to the action of the mind in sleep; during which, when all the organs are in harmony and the body is in a state of perfect repose, a dream of surpassing beauty may present itself to the interior sight, which, had it been previously obscured or distorted by the presence of a piece of indigestible cheese in the stomach (of the sleeping medium,) or a glass of bad whiskey, might have been changed into a fantastic *Merry Andrew show* or a "goblin damned." Or as Sydney Smith so much better (though unwittingly) both illustrates and expresses it:

"A person may, in some cases, sleep so soundly that the firing of a pistol close to his ear will not rouse him. At other times, the slightest sensation of light or noise will awaken him. A sort of intermediate state between these two is that where the sensation comes to the mind in so imperfect a state that it produces some effect upon the currents of conception without correcting them. If there is a window left open, and the cold air blows in, the sufferer may think himself on the top of Mount Caucasus, buried in the snow; or the growling and noise of cats may transport him in imagination to the opera!"

Similar psychological phenomena to these, most investigators may have witnessed, in divers instances, in the presence of "spirit" or clairvoyant mediums, under the multiplied and varied phases of their wonderful gifts, especially if we substitute *spiritual* for *material* causes of disturbance. So remarkably sensitive was a medium with whom I used to sit a good deal, that, on an occasion when he was conversing with me in his normal condition, with his back to a window, by which a good many persons were passing,

I could not but notice the changes of countenance that were rapidly succeeding each other as one after another passed by, and that, too, when in a position he could not see them. As one person went by, a placid smile might rest on his features, which would quickly vanish as another approached, to give place, may be, to a savage scowl, or spasmodic shudder, or sinister cast of features; whilst, the next moment, his whole countenance might be lit up with an angelic expression resembling the ideal of what artists endeavor to affix to their pictures of *saviours* and *saints*. Of all this, the medium seemed to be perfectly unconscious until I queried with him about the cause, when he said that these changes of countenance denoted the peculiar spirit-sphere which the different individuals who passed by the window dwelt in or belonged to, and that the mere external appearance any person might put on or exhibit before the world counted nothing when the spirit's test became tried upon him, for then the real character would be infallibly penetrated and exposed, in spite of all attempts to disguise it. He further stated that, when his attention was directed that way, he could sense or feel the peculiar spirit influence that accompanied each individual that came into or near his presence, as plainly as he could feel any material thing with his hand. So sensitive was this medium to mesmeric or magnetic influence, that, with one pass of my hands, I could put him into a profound sleep, and that, too, without touching his person. As I passed my hands downward before his face, he would bow his head and become instantly unconscious; or, whilst sitting several yards from me, I could cause him to dodge by striking my finger in a direction

toward him, the same as if I had struck him a blow with a stick—which he said would not be more real than was that he felt from my distant finger.

To obtain reliable spirit communications, it is absolutely essential that the mind of the medium should not only be kept undisturbed by any outside influence, but remain entirely negative. All that is positive should approach it from the spirit condition of life; and, so long as it is preserved in this quiescent state, all other conditions being right, truth may reflect itself through the mind of the medium as clearly as does the coin through the placid water of the well. But whilst in this negative state, the mind of the medium is more sensitive to the presence of any disturbing influence than even the water in the well—with this difference: that, while it requires a *material* substance to agitate the one, it takes a *spiritual* or mental substance to disturb the other. A circle of kindly-disposed persons convened at a seance may engage in merriment uproarious enough to jar even the surface of the water in the well; yet, so long as perfect concord prevails, the good-humored hilarity, by promoting harmony of spirit, may rather assist than hinder the even flow of spirit communication; but let a bitter-spirited bigot enter the circle, and indulge in spiteful or even suspicious feelings, his thought (disguise it externally as he may) will embody itself in a spirit element adapted to itself, and penetrate the sensitive mind of the helpless negative medium with a chilling blast as fatally disturbing or distorting to his or her mediumship as that instanced by Sydney Smith, or as the descent of a rock would be to that of the water in the well. I have, myself, wit-

nessed scores, if not hundreds, of instances of this kind. In the early stages of my sittings with the medium I have just alluded to, I used to occasionally take others with me, sometimes to gratify them, and at other times from motives of curiosity. On one occasion, I took a clerical friend, who (except that he was rather narrow and bigoted in his religious belief) was undoubtedly a good man. The séance was very unsatisfactory, there being little, if any, spirit power exhibited. After my friend had left, the medium was entranced; and, feeling somewhat vexed, I querulously asked how it was that I could pick up almost any *Tom, Dick or Harry* from the street, and bring him into the presence of the medium, and obtain satisfactory spirit utterances, whilst, in such an instance as the one I have named, the spirits seemed all to become dumb. I trust that some of the "self-styled" *accusers* of mediums (in Moses' North-western Department) will "make a note" of the answer I received from the spirit-guide of this medium, for therein may perhaps be found a key to unlock the mystery that attaches to some of the unlucky failures that occur. "How," said he, "would you feel in the presence of a rattlesnake that was all the time spitting poison at you?" The fact is, that, however desirous a spirit may be to communicate, the presence of such a person throws a pernicious atmosphere around a medium's mind that unfits it to reflect truthful spirit impressions; unless, perhaps, it so happen that such person has strong psychological powers, in which case, as it is a law in spirit-life as well as in earth-life that "like begets like," the medium's mind may become so impregnated with that which is reflected from the malign influences

of a spiteful or suspicious person present, as to utter or act out a counterpart of the very thought that is uppermost and most positive in the visitor's mind. I have been assured by a friend of mine (not a medium), whose word I am sure no man who knows him would doubt, that he was once impelled, while sitting at a table, in a dark circle, to kick with his foot against the leg of a man present, in spite of his strenuous effort to resist the strange power that controlled it. This was probably caused by a strong psychological influence that was present, either in the person of one or more in the circle, or from a mischievous spirit out of the flesh, that, in accordance with the aphorism I have quoted, was attracted to it. Whether the person that was thus *fraudulehtly* kicked "bowed his head in silence," or whether he ever "advertised the medium (that was present) as a humbug," I have never learned.

Those who have witnessed the astonishing control that an expert psychologist (such, for instance, as Professor Cadwell) obtains over his subjects simply through the exercise of his will, may readily conceive what *havoc* the presence of a person possessing but a moderate share of his power may thus make with the phenomena that occur with spirit media, without even himself being aware of the serious disturbance his own will may unconsciously create. As we cannot expect to "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles," so no doubt our spirit-friends, in making selections of mediums, are governed in a degree by their natural abilities and proclivities. If Daniel Webster speaks as tersely and powerfully as he did when he stood in the United States Senate Chamber, he must communicate his ideas to a medium of equal pow-

erful brain structure as he possessed, to have them "syllabled" with equal force and effect, and perhaps the audience who is listening *should* be as capable of appreciating the full force of the words as were his fellow senators to give the medium even *then* full inspiration. As it is, spirits cannot get control of many such brain structures as Webster possessed, and therefore have to impress their ideas on inferior organisms, that are often only able to give them forth indistinctly embodied amidst a mass of their own redundant verbiage and mawkish platitudes. In the good time coming, when "Spiritualism" becomes more popular, this defect may be in a degree remedied, unless, as has frequently hitherto been the case, these more talented mediums turn traitors to the higher intelligences, and become of the order of "rogues (denounced by him of the Golden Age,) who steal the livery of Spiritualism to serve their devilish selves therewith," not only in the pulpit, but on the rostrums or wherever else such *daws and pop-injays can strut and show themselves* decked in their stolen mediumistic plumes. So, too, with mediums for physical manifestations; it may be that such organizations as are best adapted to execute tricks of jugglery when in the normal state, possess qualities or proclivities that render them better adapted instruments in the hands of spirits of a certain class, to perform similar feats when in an abnormal state.

The more I have investigated the phenomena of "modern Spiritualism," and the wonderful, complex character of spirit mediumship, the more clearly I have been enabled to comprehend how exactly its phenomena as well as character correspond with those which occurred through the min-

istrations of Jesus of Nazareth and his mediumistic disciples. With a little modification or explanation of the terms used in the New Testament, the parallel seems complete. Addressing his discourse to the chief priests of that day, Jesus said to them, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." Now what did Jesus mean by "the kingdom of God"? Certainly not a place, but a *condition*, a gospel or a dispensation of some kind—such, in fact, as he first brought to light and preached in Judea; which gospel the *publicans* (receivers of the public revenue) and harlots were more ready to accept than were the priests of that day, just as they are the gospel of modern Spiritualism now. What chance, let me ask, would spirit mediums have to announce the "glad tidings" that Jesus did, and do his works, in any synod of ministers or priests that could be convened out of all there are in New York? Not a thousandth part, I take it upon myself to say, (even if allowed to speak in their presence at all,) that they would have in Tammany Hall, though surrounded by every harlot and publican in the city, Tweed, Connolly, Hall, and all their thievish clan included. How characteristic, too, of the learned and ruling orders in Church and State as they were in that day and as they are in our day! "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." How exactly does this attitude of the scribes and Pharisees toward the gospel of Jesus tally with the relation the same classes of society hold toward the gospel of Spiritualism in our day! The parallel is too self-evident to need illustra-

tion. Where is there a church, a university of learning, a legislature, or a convocation of learned or scientific men, in all our land, that would not "shut up" the mouth of any inspired preacher of the gospel of modern Spiritualism, should it be opened in their presence? or the conductor of either the secular or religious press that will permit its beautiful truths to be alluded to in his columns unaccompanied with a sneer? How exactly, too, do the leading texts and traits of the gospel preached by Jesus and his disciples accord with those of "modern Spiritualism"! "He," says Jesus, "that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." And what are these works? "And," again says Jesus, "these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues," and "they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Now, who are those that speak with "new tongues" in our day? Hundreds of inspired spirit mediums do so, but not one church minister or priest, so far as I have heard! Who "lay hands on the sick, and they recover"? But few ministers and priests, but thousands of healing mediums, through the whole length and breadth of the land! And what did the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees say of these works of Jesus and his disciples in their day? Why, precisely what the same orders of men say of the spiritual mediums who do like things in our day. In the one case, they are "filled with new wine" (or drunk); and in the other, they cure through the "power of the devil." And how were the disciples of Jesus ordained to preach the gospel? Why, not until they received the Holy Spirit

from "on high," as spirit mediums and ministers do, in our day, and as priests and ministers of the churches *do not*, and ridicule Spiritualists for *pretending* to.

Who is there that, having attended developing circles, has not seen a well developed medium (a spiritual bishop) lay hands on the heads of younger disciples in the faith, or make magnetic passes over them, and thereupon "a power descend from on high," through the vessel fitted for the purpose, and the newly ordained ministers begin, unconsciously to themselves, to speak the *words that in that same hour* are given them to speak, sometimes in their native, and at other times in strange tongues? But who has ever known these Christian tests of Jesus' discipleship to visibly follow the mocking ceremonies of the sepulchral-voiced bishop of the churches as he lays his hands on the head of his newly-ordained minister, and pronounces the lifeless words, ("having the form of Godliness without the power;") "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." I have myself seen Dr. Newton so filled with this "power from on high," by virtue of which he ministers and heals, that, after getting through a successful day's work of healing, by "laying on of hands," there was so great a surplusage of the magnetic virtue still left in his system, that, upon his resting on one knee, so that I could raise my hand several feet above his head, I felt a current ascending as perceptibly as if it had been blown from a small bellows. On another occasion, when I went to hear the late Achsa Sprague speak whilst entranced, a clairvoyant medium who was present told me (and I believe she spoke the truth) that she could see that the medium, while speaking, was protected from outside influences,

and inspired by a vast number of glorious angels or spirits, all clothed in resplendent robes of white, who were arranged in a spiral column, commencing around her head and ascending high above, and that she distinctly saw the inspiration emanate from these angels and descend, through the centre of the column, in sun-like rays, on the head of the prophetess or medium. I know that such things as these excite nothing but the sentiment of ridicule in the minds of the "*scribes and Pharisees*" of our day, but I take comfort from the fact that their fathers, those "serpents and vipers," felt the same contempt for the divinely inspired gospel of Jesus in their day.

I might draw from the New Testament matter to extend these similitudes between modern Spiritualism and the gospel preached by the great medium, Jesus of Nazareth, to an almost unlimited extent, but forbear for the present, and go back a little upon my subject, to the point where I was saying that the presence of some persons seems to throw a pernicious atmosphere around the mind of a medium that totally unfits it to reflect truthful spirit-impressions. There were times when Jesus (no doubt from somewhat similar causes) could perform no miracles (as manifestations of spirit-power were called in his day), and it is a suggestive fact that in some of his most remarkable exhibitions of spirit-power, such as the transfiguration and the reviving of the (apparently) dead, he seems, while excluding most others, to have provided, on several occasions, that his three most mediumistic and impressible disciples should be with him. I remember hearing, some years ago, of a clergyman in Philadelphia going to a spirit-circle and defying (accompanying his bravado with

a whack of his cane on the table at which the medium was sitting) "all the spirits in hell" to manifest themselves in his presence. And well he might, for it is doubtful, to my mind, whether there is any resurrected spirit, either in heaven or hell, that could, even if astraddle of Balaam's tough-hided, whack-abiding, mediumistic ass, manage to breathe, for a moment only, the poisonous atmosphere that must necessarily emanate from the venomous spirit of such a pharisaical specimen (I will not say of humanity, but) of the persecuting priest, as was represented in that man.

So, too, with the séance that was some years ago inaugurated at Cambridge, and conducted under the auspices of Harvard's learned faculty. Had there been fifty of the best spirit mediums present, the mere circumstance of the distinguished *iceberg* Professor refusing to be seated in the circle, and in the meantime pompously tramping to and fro, and declaring, in contemptuous tone, that he could not condescend to take part in the investigation of so foolish a subject as "modern Spiritualism," was of itself sufficient to render all that transpired nearly abortive, or an apparent "humbug." The casting of a hogshead of ink and another of night soil into the well at the same time could not more fatally unfit the water to reflect to its surface the true image of the medal that lay in its bosom, than would the spiritual stench and darkness that must unavoidably have emanated from the malignant sphere of the arrogant, self-conceited professor, falling on the sensitive nerves of the mediums present, have unfitted them for truthful intercourse with the spirit-world.

That there are such elements as *spiritual fragrance* and *spiritual stench*, as well as *spiritual*

light and *spiritual darkness*, most good mediums are not only aware of, but have suffered at times in consequence of the presence of the last-named effluvia, as it is highly probable those mediums did who were with the professors of Harvard. It was no proof of its absence because none of the learned faculty "*nosed*" it. A colony of pole-cats may not be aware of the peculiar odor that emanates from one or more of their own number, but it does not require an over-sensitive medium of a more refined species to detect the unsavory smell even at a considerable distance, just as the highly sensitive "*spirit mediums*," who were present with the professors of Harvard, may have had their olfactory nerves greatly offended by the stench that exuded from the *spiritual* secreting organs of their learned brother, without either he or they perceiving its presence at all. Besides, *spiritual* things can only be *spiritually* discerned, which is a profound truth but few of our learned *savans* seem yet to comprehend, nor is it probable they ever will, until they discard their pride of intellect and learning, and become willing to seek after truth in the spirit of little children; in which humble state Jesus Christ said we only can "enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," and which Lord Bacon said is alike applicable and necessary in the successful search after *all* truth.

I have not unfrequently known *spirit mediums* made quite sick through the presence of this *spiritual* stench, without any other persons present being incommoded by it. Some years ago I used to sit pretty often in a circle with a highly sensitive medium at a house that was occasionally visited by a good man after the pharisaical order, who nevertheless used to bring with him such an un-

pleasant spiritual aroma that all manifestations ceased the moment he approached, even though unperceived by the medium or any one else present. I remember, on one occasion (when, as I suppose, the *wind* might be favorable or the spiritual elements were in a corresponding condition), we were sitting at a table and receiving communications in remarkably easy flow, when, without any apparent warning, the hand of the medium flew upward with a sudden jerk, and our spirit friends vanished. Whilst *wondering* for a cause we heard a distant gate open, and then the outside door of the house, and lastly, the one that led to where we were sitting, to give entrance to the person in question. The street was unpaved, and it was utterly impossible, from our location, that either the medium or any others present could have seen or heard him approach, and yet, had a *Chinese stink-pot* suddenly exploded on the table before us, we could not have made half so quick an exit as our spirit friends accomplished under a like pressure thrown upon their spiritual senses by the effluvia that accompanied him.

As there are exceptions to all general rules in mundane affairs, so there appear to be in spiritual; and I know of many instances wherein persons-of certain peculiarities of organization find it difficult to obtain the necessary conditions for spirit communion, whilst they are not at all personally offensive to disembodied spirits. And so, too, although it is not usual for any but spiritual mediums to be sensible of the presence of spirit odors, there are instances wherein the rule is departed from. I have it on the authority of both a lady (who is not a Spiritualist) and her husband, of high social position and refined culture, whose

word no one would doubt, that, at a séance held in their own parlor, with no other than themselves and the medium present, wherein the spirit of a celebrated lawyer and that of a defunct millionaire were engaged in high altercation, through the medium, relative to the willing of some property, which had been contested by a client of the lawyer, the smell of brimstone became exceedingly offensive, not only to the medium but to themselves. This would seem to imply that the peculiar odor that is said in "*Holy Writ*" to so strikingly prevail in the place where *lawyers, scribes* and *rich men* "most do congregate" in the other world, is not altogether mythical.

I will say, however, in passing, that I have it on the same authority, that the rich man in question was finally *delivered out* of "hell," after a deal of conflict and suffering, through the mellowing influence of a "little child" who chanced, on occasion of one of these spirit circles, to be present, and before whose innocent prattle and winning ways the obdurate heart of *grandpa* was broken and melted into tears of tenderness and contrition, that proved far more efficacious in redeeming his soul from its low condition than all the masses and prayers of all the priests and ministers on earth could probably have done. What became of the poor lawyer, I have not yet learned.

I once attended a small séance where there chanced to be two mediums present, one of whom, though several times invited, declined sitting in the circle, alleging that he could not, with safety, imbibe the magnetism of most other mediums. By over-persuasion he was, however, finally induced to draw up to the table, but had scarcely placed his hand upon it when he raised his eyes

upward, and his ordinarily coarse features lit up with an angelic expression, surpassing in glorious sublimity and beauty anything, I am sure, Raphael or other mortal artist could copy. As we all gazed upon the scene, with feelings of mingled awe, admiration and wonder, the beatified countenance of the medium became suddenly convulsed, whilst he violently tore open the collar and bosom of his shirt with both hands. As the symptoms of choking increased, we became frantically alarmed; and after opening a window to give more air without effect, we took the apparently dying man in our arms, and carried him out of the room into a large hall, where his guardian spirits succeeded in casting out the dark spirits that had gotten possession. When fully restored to his right mind, the medium told us that he had only been in a semi-abnormal condition, and was conscious of all that had transpired, and that he had been seized by the throat by several of a crew of pirates who were hanged, many years since, on Gravelly Point, in Newport, R. I., with the intention of killing him. He further stated that opening the window was one of the worst things that could have been done; as, otherwise, these unrepentant spirits would soon have been obliged to depart, through the noisomeness of the intolerable spirit stench that was engendered and intensified by their malignant attempt to take his life. Whilst I would not vouch for the correctness of the medium's explanation of the details of the phenomena, what then occurred affords, nevertheless, a lively example, if not to prove the existence of spiritual stench, at least to show that "Satan" has the power, under certain conditions, to assume the appearance of an "angel of light."

I have, however, since surmised that the seraphic expression impressed on the medium's features immediately preceding his obsession, was not the work of *evil spirits*, but, in fact, the result of the earnest prayer of his guardian angels, who were in vain seeking to propitiate sufficient aid from the higher powers to protect their medium, in the dark hour of his temptation, against the entrance of the malignant spirits who had taken advantage of the occult (and unknown to us) disturbance of "conditions" to invade and subject to violence the mediumistic "kingdom of heaven."

The longer I live, the more clearly I see that the maxim of Jesus, namely: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein," affords the only safe rule by which investigators of the phenomena that occur through spirit mediums can arrive at satisfactory results. Next to pharisaical spiritual pride, the pride of intellect, and that which too often attaches to superficial or mere mechanical learning, offer the most impenetrable barriers to the acquisition of spiritual knowledge, especially if they be coupled with contemptuous feelings toward mediums, and, above all, with spiteful suspicions of their honesty. In the early stages of my investigations, I confess I was much addicted to suspicions of this kind, and, so long as I indulged in them, I obtained but little satisfaction. My constant desire was to obtain *tests*, which I *somehow* fancied I had a right to demand, like the Pharisees of old, rather than thankfully receive, in the spirit of the little child, as a free gift. Whilst in this state of mind, I seldom received much that was satisfactory. Finally, through what I learned from multitudes of mediumistic ex-

periences, and the forbearance and kindly reproofs and teachings of my spirit friends that I was so despitely entreating, (though perhaps unconsciously,) I was gradually led to adopt a course more in harmony with that laid down by the great teacher of spiritual truth, Jesus of Nazareth, and to superadd to this a line of conduct in my investigations, something like what may be gathered from the Calvinistic maxim, "That, in order to be saved, we must first become willing to be damned." Or, in other words, when applied to Spiritualism, In order to get the truth, an investigator must first become willing to be cheated. Under this change of procedure, I was soon made to understand how infinitely the "wisdom of babes" exceeds that of the *wise*, conceited man in what relates to the acquisition of truth. No longer asking for tests, but willing to receive, in the spirit of the little child, whatever might come, unmistakable tests were now showered upon me by the score, and almost always at seasons when I least expected them; for then (the water in the well was least disturbed) the negative conditions of the medium's mind were least psychologized or influenced by the positive *thoughts* or demands reflected from my own. Willing to be *cheated* for the *truth's* sake, I soon learned that a vast proportion of the tricks and frauds that I had hitherto charged upon the poor sensitive mediums had either been reflected from the mundane sphere, or attracted from the spiritual by the elements that existed in my own or other minds in the circle. No longer making pharisaical demands, the very gates of Paradise seemed opened, and gems of spiritual truth, surpassing in beauty and loveliness all that my soul had ever dreamed of before, were superabundantly reflected

to my material vision from the mediumistic minds, now no longer disturbed by the impatience, doubt, distrust or lack of sympathy that had formerly found place in my own.

There are but few, probably (I again say), who have a proper conception of the extreme sensitiveness of a medium's mind, and how easy it is to be psychologized by mundane influences when it is in a condition sufficiently negative to admit of spirit control. When in that state a medium's mind may be likened to a double-faced looking-glass—the one side reflecting from the spiritual to the mundane, and the other from the mundane to the spiritual sphere; the same psychological laws prevailing in both alike. Thus a circle may be convened sufficiently passive and harmonious to admit of the reflected presence of an angel of light; but should a positive mind, such as some I have instanced, enter the circle and cast its malign influence on that of the medium's, the reflection from the mundane may as quick as thought (for thought is embodied spirit) become commingled with that from the spiritual, and if sufficiently powerful, transform the angel of light into a demon of darkness corresponding in sphere with the human being from whom the psychological influence emanated. Hundreds of times (especially in my early experiences) have I thus seen the "kingdom of heaven suffer violence" and even "taken by force" by "violent" spirits, sometimes contending on the spiritual, and at other times on the mundane side of human existence, or from both.

Some ten or twelve years ago, I was member of a small circle that held séances with a powerful automatic medium, then in the process of devel-

oping for the healing of disease. Owing to our almost total ignorance of the laws that govern in spiritual intercourse, circumstances often occurred that broke the harmony of our circle to a degree sufficient to allow the approach of malign influences from the spiritual side of our "looking-glass," and it sometimes happened that a highly developed spirit friend might be using the right hand of the medium to write, when another of less development would take advantage of the ill condition of things, and either grasp another pencil with the left hand of the medium and attempt to write, or in absence of that, strive to wrest the pencil from his right hand. I have witnessed many a violent struggle for mastery of this kind, which almost always ended in victory on the side of the assailant, for the reason, as I suppose, that the enemy seldom ventured upon storming the citadel until he perceived that a breach had been made for his entrance by a traitor (or evil condition) within its walls.

Sometimes these "dark spirits" would commence at the very opening of the séance to communicate under the assumed names of our spirit guardians and friends, and cunningly carry on the conversation for some time before we discovered the "cheat." To guard us against this, our spirit friends hit upon the plan of announcing their presence, each by a particular sign. This protected us in a measure for a time, but our enemies soon learned to counterfeit the signs, (with the exception of an Indian friend's *monogram* of a man, paddle and canoe, drawn as quick as a flash of light, which was never successfully imitated,) and thus continue to annoy us. Finally our spirit friends told us that they would communicate as

long as they could hold control, but when they were forced to yield to the superior power of the darker spirits, we had better break up the circle, as they could do no more for us under existing conditions. This advice we conformed to, for a time, but after a little while grew so restive under the constraint, that at my suggestion we resolved to resort to the New Testament plan of exorcising our unmasked spiritual visitors—and the next time we were assailed by them, I straightened up in my chair in true clerical style, and bid them all “in the name of God depart,” and depart surely enough they did, greatly to our satisfaction and my own individual *elation*, as it proved so clearly the truth of “Holy Writ.” When our unwelcome visitors went, however, they took with them from our medium the elements necessary for spirit communication, so that on that and some subsequent occasions we had to give up our *sittings*.

On the next occurrence of similar annoyance, I ventured to try the strength of exorcism in a modified form, and ordered the “foul fiends” to leave “in the name of Jesus of Nazareth,” which they did as quick as thought. I was now in glory; not only had I power to expel devils through the name of God, but of Jesus. The Bible is certainly true in these respects, thought I, and if so, why not in others? Still I kept ruminating on the subject until the next occasion of like annoyance, when, straightening myself up as before, and throwing a double portion of sepulchral tone and clerical unction into my voice and manner, I ordered every fiend of them to “depart in the name of the devil,” and depart they did full as promptly as before. I was now satisfied of that which I had before began to suspect—that it was not the particular

name used that drove away the "evil spirits," but the degree of our own will-power that was embodied (as it were) in *the name* that produced the effects. Even this pleasing thought, however, was soon dissipated, for our enemies rallied and concentrated their forces in the spirit body of a very vicious and positive man when on earth (known to some of the circle), who took possession of the medium and defiantly boasted that we should not cast him out, neither in the "name of God, Jesus, or the devil," nor could any of us or all combined throw sufficient will-force into the medium's mind to dislodge him.

And now for a new phase of the "devil" theory which these experiences prepared us to receive. Our spirit friends had always told us that those spirits we had been taught to regard as "fiends or devils," are simply spirits less developed than some others, but still destined, in the Heavenly Father's good time, to enter into rest and joy, and that their return to earth in the way they did, was in accordance with the laws of spirit being and unfoldment, and instead of chiding and driving them away, we should always treat them kindly, as by so doing we would greatly assist them to develop out of their dark state, and, at the same time, benefit ourselves. This was too transcendental a doctrine for even nominal Orthodox Christians, (as some of us were at that time,) to readily receive; but at length, other means having failed, we determined to try the experiment, and, at the next greeting of our *unfriends*, we all assumed a grave look, and answered their customary taunting expletives in as kindly a tone as we could command. At this the medium paused, and, holding the pencil quietly in his hand, inclined his

head on one side, as if attentively listening to some distant, doubtful sound. The spirit in control, however, in thus reading our minds, seemed to detect the exact nature of the experiment we were trying, and soon commenced railing very much in the same strain, though not so decidedly rancorous as before. We persevered, however, in our course through several sittings, until we arrived at a state of mind consonant to the external manner we had assumed, and not only spoke kindly to the poor undeveloped spirits, but from the bottom of our hearts *felt so*. This won for us the victory, and from that time we were not only relieved from such annoyances, but it became a most pleasing duty (to some of us at least) to commune with the poor dark "spirits in prison," and by our counsel and sympathy help them to progress out of their low and unhappy state.

The change was marvelous indeed. Ranting, profane "spirits of the damned," that but a short time before came to annoy and abuse us, when they looked into our hearts and minds, and saw them truly full of sympathy and kindly feeling, and that we were sincerely desirous to assist them—forgot all their former animosity, and became as gentle and tractable as little children in their intercourse with us, and literally "they which (once) came to scoff, (now) remained to pray." From that day I have never experienced trouble through any mediums from "dark spirits," but, on the contrary, always encourage their coming, believing that I may in this way be made an instrument to do good and help to elevate them on their plane of being, just as I must ever be dependent on those in advance of myself to assist me to rise on mine. Many are the tokens of gratitude that have been

borne me from the other world for the sympathy and words of encouragement I have thus extended to poor despairing souls, and among the most grateful of these has been the railing and vindictive spirit that we had not will-power enough to subdue or expel from the medium.

From such and other experiences, I learned that many souls, when launched into the spirit condition, find themselves, through the false conceptions of the future state they have imbibed in earth-life, very much like a ship at sea that has lost its reckoning; nor can they find any way to advance until they return again to the earth-sphere, and through some mediumistic source acquire light and strength to begin anew their voyage of progression in spirit-life. Nor is there probably a soul, either on earth or in the spirit-world, so utterly depraved as not to be amenable to the laws of kindness and love, such as Jesus taught and practiced, if these can be extended in such a way as to leave no doubt on the intended recipient's mind of their genuineness. Whilst in the mortal form, the kindest and most unselfish proffers of good may be spurned by depraved spirits, for the reason that they cannot feel sure of the sincerity of the giver. But when passed to spirit-life, no such mistakes can occur: for, to the vision of the denizens of that world of causes, the thoughts of the soul, whether in earth or spirit-life, are transparent. For this reason, probably, we seldom, if ever, find an unclothed soul that will not respond to the proffers of love and sympathy, if made in sincerity of heart.

I know that there are apparent exceptions to the rule, and perhaps (as is claimed) some real ones, though I doubt it; although I have heard of several instances similar to the following: Mr. B. (whom

I know to be a reliable man) called, some years ago, on a good medium he had been accustomed to sit with, in hopes that he might be put in communication with some departed relatives. An Indian spirit, however, was the first to come, and, in answer to his query, gave the name of "*Tecumseh*." Feeling disappointed and provoked, Mr. B. ejaculated, "*Tecumseh may go to hell!*" The spirit left at once, but no further communication was received. Some time after, Mr. B. called on the same medium again; but all he could get, after the medium was entranced, was "*Go to hell!*" After this, he went to several other trance mediums, some of whom were entire strangers, and none of whom knew anything about the occurrence; but he was always ambushed by the Indian, and could get nothing from any of them but simply the words, "*Go to hell!*" Mr. B. finally got discouraged, and had stopped visiting mediums altogether, when we chanced to meet; and, on his telling me of his "*bad luck with mediums*," I advised him to call on the *same* medium before whom he had first spoken so rudely, and apologize to the Indian chief he had offended, and intercede with him for forgiveness. After a while he did so; and when, at his request, *Tecumseh* presented himself, Mr. B. apologized for his rudeness, and told the Indian that he had spoken the words thoughtlessly and without premeditated malice, and hoped he would forgive him. This, *Tecumseh* refused, however, to do, unless Mr. B. would do penance by divesting himself of every garment except his shirt, and then crawl *one* mile on his hands and knees in the snow (with which the ground was then covered). Rather than submit to such severe terms, Mr. B. concluded to let things remain as they were, and

so they have been since. Now, we all know that the North American Indian is alike remarkably strong in his friendship and his enmity, and that his faculty of *perception* is keener than that of the white man. This quality enables the Indian to read character, both in spirit and earth-life, with remarkable facility; and I think it probable that the haughty Indian chief comprehended that Mr. B.'s *regrets* were not altogether sincere, and, on that account, the proffered apology was not acceptable. Still, I have but little doubt, had he performed the penance faithfully, the Indian would not only have forgiven him, but proved a fast and highly useful friend to him thereafter in the spirit-world; for none are more efficient alike for good or evil than the red men, nor do I remember scarce ever to have known a *good* medium that had not at least one Indian spirit guide.

That spirit manifestations (especially physical) are greatly influenced by the state or quality of the atmosphere, there can be no doubt.* I know of excellent mediums in whose presence no phenomena occur when the weather indicates rain; and yet, when it was bright and clear, I have known, through some of these, the most powerful manifestations to occur that I ever witnessed. On one occasion, just after the clearing up of a snow-storm, when the sun was shining bright, and the air seemed full of electric elements, I knew an Indian spirit to sliver, (at my request,) by repeated electric shocks, some twenty or more small portions off a glass tumbler, and scatter them about the floor and beneath the table that

* It is a beneficent provision of Providence that (so far as my knowledge and experience extend) the exercise of healing powers is not affected by the weather.

we were using for a spirit-battery; and this, too, when the rays of the sun were beaming upon and beneath the table, notwithstanding, as all experienced investigators well know, the presence of light is often as great an hindrance to the obtaining of physical phenomena as that of bigotry and spiritual pride is to the obtaining of the higher spiritual truths through mediums. Why this is so has never, to my knowledge, been clearly demonstrated otherwise than by the existence of the simple fact, any more than it has been shown why it is that fire burns more freely at night than in sunlight, or why a telegraphic despatch will pass most readily beneath the Atlantic when the heavens above are shrouded in darkness, or *why and how* it passes *at all*!

It would seem that, in the production of certain kinds of phenomena, the presence of light has a corresponding effect to that of the *will*, and darkness to that of its absence—the one being positive and the other negative. Thus, at a spirit séance, in the absence of any exertion of mundane will-power, the medium's mind may be taken full possession of by the "powers of the air," and communicate freely of things belonging not to earth; but let a powerful *will*-force be thrown upon the instrument's mind, from one or more of the circle, and the character of the manifestations may instantly change, or cease altogether, just as they do upon the introduction of light at a dark circle. I have heard Charles H. Read (one of the best of mediums for physical manifestations) say that when a light had been sprung upon him unawares, (as had been sometimes the case when conducting his "dark circles,") if the guitar or other instruments be soaring around the ceiling of the room at

the time, they will instantly fall, but be deflected in their descent, sometimes in the direction of his own person, and at other times toward the light, according, probably, as the degree of magnetic attraction that proceeds from the light compares with that which emanates from the medium.

As before intimated, I have seen sensitive mediums made quite sick through an abrupt exertion of a malign will-power from some one or more in the circle, very much as I once saw Read affected by the abrupt introduction of light, at one of his circles held in Washington street, Boston, some years ago, at which he was, as usual, securely tied by a committee chosen by the audience (one of whom, at least, was evidently an expert in tying knots) and fastened securely to his chair. The manifestations were after the common order, and went on harmoniously until an Indian war-song and dance were inaugurated. The exhibition was very exciting, and both the song and dance became so uproarious and violent that, although we were in a three-story back room, I was apprehensive that not only the temporary platform might give way, but that the attention of the police might be attracted to the spot, by the noise. Near by me sat Miss F., an excellent clairvoyant medium, who was earnestly describing to some of her friends the scene that was being enacted on the platform. She stated that two powerful Indians stood by Read, and that it was he who performed the wonderful dance, in comparison with the lowest fling of which (judging from Miss F.'s description) the highest "cantrap caper" cut up by Nan, in Tam O'Shanter's famous witch-dance, must have been of low degree. Thus one of the "best dark-circle mediums in the United States" was not only

proved to be an "impostor," but taken in the very "act" of his trickery, and it would have done the heart of Moses' "self-styled" Northwestern Department accuser of mediums good, had he been present and witnessed how fearlessly one of our best "clairvoyant mediums" was "advertising" her brother medium as a "humbug," regardless of the "storm of misrepresentation" that she would certainly have to encounter from Spiritualists for thus "trying to build herself up by pulling another medium down."

I was particularly struck with Miss F.'s remarks in regard to the ropes with which Read had been so securely tied. These, she said, were still on his person, but entirely loose, and flew about in the air with the most luxuriant freedom in harmony with the movements of the medium's limbs. From all that was occurring before us it was *too evident* that "Read" was an "impostor," for Miss F. saw him "clairvoyantly perform the tricks which he palmed off on the public as spiritual." He was most decidedly one of "the rogues" that the gentleman of the "Golden Age" that is to come, and he of the "Age" that is present, together with him of the Mosaic Age that is past, would have "whipped" for "stealing the livery of Spiritualism to serve his devilish self therewith."

But now, let all such "self-styled *accusers* of mediums" as these, mark the sequel, and observe how easy it is for those who suffer "their zeal to outrun their knowledge" to be mistaken, and how true it is that as spiritual things can *only* be discerned by the spiritual eye, and material things only by the material eye, so the spiritual eye can (under ordinary circumstances) alone discern spir-

Itual things, as the material eye can alone discern material things. It seems that a self-lighting burner had been adjusted near the platform, at which an experienced man from the gas works was stationed with the gas cock in his hand, ready at a moment's notice to turn on the light. This man was within hearing distance of Miss F., and must have heard her remarks, but instead of "bowing his head in silence while fraud was perpetrated in his very presence," as the timid *protégé* of Moses' "Northwestern Department" did on a like occasion, he gave the cock a sudden turn, and in an instant all was light, and of course the medium was "*exposed!*"—sitting fast bound in his chair, with every knot as perfect as when first tied, but in a dying condition from the effect of the tremendous shock his nervous system underwent by the sudden return of the unusual volume of elements that had been abstracted from his physical body to furnish material clothing for his own *double* or some other spiritual creation that was performing the exhausting war song and dance on the platform; nor is it probable that Miss F. ever saw the *material* body of *Read* during the whole time she *clairvoyantly* saw him, after the fashion of Moses' Northwestern Department's medium, "clairvoyantly perform the tricks which he palmed off" on the poor "*humbugged*" public present as real genuine spiritual manifestations. Suffice it to say that the suffering medium was released from his bonds as soon as practicable, but not until after three or four minutes had expired, during which the committee of three, with a volunteer hand to help, had exerted themselves to the utmost to undo the complicated knots with which he was bound; after which, by the application of

restoratives, Read was gradually revived and restored to his "right mind" and condition.

No one thing is probably more remarkable than another, only as it is less common, and on this account the electric transfer of color that takes place in the presence of some mediums, is perhaps one of the most curious manifestations of spirit power that occurs.

I was once present at a cabinet séance of the Eddy mediums, when, as usual, a committee was appointed to conduct the proceedings, and see that there was no trickery or "humbug" practiced by the two brothers and sister mediums. There was a skeptical doctor put on the committee, who, I understood, had figured rather prominently before, and was chosen expressly on that account. The manifestations progressed as usual, until a gigantic arm and hand, apparently twice the size of that of the lady-medium, projected from the hole in the cabinet; whereupon, the doctor (who had come prepared) let fly from a syringe a charge of writing-ink upon the outstretched arm. He then proceeded directly to the cabinet and unbound the girl-medium, and, before she was apparently aware of his object, grasped his victim by the arm, and, dragging her forward on the platform, triumphantly exhibited the traces of her "imposture and cheat" in unmistakable marks or stains of ink on the wrist. I never shall forget the scene that then transpired. There stood the medium, seemingly in blank amaze, not only convicted of fraud, but caught in the very "act"; and there stood the burly doctor, elate with victory, inasmuch as he had now proved, as he fancied, his former accusations against the mediums true. But soon the scene shifted. Casting her eye on her

"accuser," the lady seemed suddenly to realize and accept the situation; and, seizing her "exposer" by the nape of the neck, she sent him whirling around the platform as easily as Hercules (with whose spirit she was perhaps obsessed) could have hurled his club. Nor could the hapless doctor in any way escape; for no sooner would he show the least inclination to move, be it ever so stealthily, than the "humbug" of a medium would dart tiger-like at him, and again send him flying around the stage. I am sure, if the "three gentlemen" of the "three ages" had been there, they could not have helped enjoying the discomfiture of their brother *squirt-gun* "accuser," in spite of their abhorrence of "impostors and humbug mediums." Although the doctor was twice the weight of the medium, I could compare her handling him to nothing more like than I have seen a cat exercise toward a mouse, with this difference: that, whereas the cat keeps its temper when playing with the poor mouse, the medium seemed all the while in a frantic rage; and the wonder to me then was, (though not now that I have learned more of spirit-power,) how the spirits who controlled her could so exactly gauge their oft-repeated *whirlings* of the terror-stricken biped without throwing him off the platform, the extreme edge of which he so often approached. At last, however, the poor doctor's beseeching looks seemed to prevail, and he was permitted to sneak quietly away, nor have I seen or heard of him since; but I will venture to say that he always, after that trouncing, entertained a wholesome abhorrence of squirt-guns and Eddy mediums.

Although I could not understand how Miss Eddy's arm became so elongated and enlarged as

it showed itself through the aperture in the cabinet, still, under such positive proof of trickery, I thought, at the time, that a fraud had without doubt been practiced by the medium on the public.

Some time after this, I attended a seance at which a boy of eleven years of age was present (called the Allen boy medium). The peculiarity of his mediumship was, that the physical phenomena that generally occur in dark circles took place in his presence in broad daylight, it being only required that his hands and arms should be secluded from the light. I took my place in a chair, with the boy sitting on a lower seat on my left, having previously taken off my coat, which was thrown over the hands and arms of the medium as he clasped my left arm with his hands, and kept up a constant manipulation with both, to assure me beyond question that they were never removed. There were several persons present, before whom divers phases of the dark circle phenomena transpired. Among other things that occurred, a long, large arm and hand were projected over my shoulder on the right, far beyond the point the boy could have reached had he stood on a line with it, instead of sitting, as he did, some feet below. This feat being accomplished in broad daylight, and in the presence of several other witnesses, all of whom acknowledged its genuineness, seemed to place its truthfulness beyond question. Like most over-critical investigators, however, I was soon tempted to doubt the evidence of my own senses, and, in this instance, from the following circumstance. A skeptical investigator of the phenomena, after the order of the "squirt-gun" doctor I have just taken leave of, took the precaution, before sitting down with the medium,

to blacken the hair on the back part of his own head with some liquid, knowing beforehand that the pulling of hair in that direction was one of the common feats performed by the "Allen boy medium." The phenomena occurred as usual; but no sooner did the "*exposer*" of mediums feel his hair twitched from behind, than he threw off the coat that covered the boy's hands, and showed to all the company present that the fingers of his right hand were stained with blacking—an undoubted proof that it was no other than they that performed the "twitching" feat. Of course, the medium, being taken in the commission of the very "act," was completely "exposed" as a "humbug and cheat," and had to retire (for a time, at least) from the field. As in the case of the Eddy medium, although I could not, for my life, conceive of any way by which the boy's tiny arm could be converted into the giant limb that I and others so distinctly saw projecting far beyond where he could reach, (to say nothing of the fact of my feeling both his hands on my arm at the same moment,) still, the evidence seemed so strong against him, that I was forced to admit to my own consciousness that, either through some psychological influence or optical delusion, or both, I had been mistaken, and that the whole thing was a "humbug." Luckily, however, there were more experienced parties than myself who began to think, in connection with blacking of the hands and arms of mediums, that all the phases of spirit phenomena had not yet been fully ascertained, and, after a good deal of reflection and consultation, resolved upon instituting some experiments under such strict test conditions that they could not fail of eliminating the truth in respect to such

occurrences in mediumship as I have narrated in connection with the Eddys and Allen boy.

In accordance with this plan, Mr. Luther Colby and other gentlemen associated with him in the publication and conducting the "Banner of Light," invited a number of highly intelligent ladies and gentlemen of their acquaintance, on whose fidelity they could implicitly rely, to form a circle at the Banner rooms, at which Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain had consented to officiate (without, however, being made aware of the object) as the medium for physical manifestations. When the committee met they were placed, as usual, on two sides and one end of a long table, with their hands all joined together, so that no break in the circle could occur, without at least two persons being cognizant of it. Mrs. Chamberlain was seated in a chair at the other end of the table, with her dress tacked to the floor, whilst both the hands of each of the persons sitting next to her (Mr. Colby being one and an equally reliable person the other) were formed after the usual manner in a pack, with one of the hands of each of the persons who sat next them between. Before taking his seat in the circle, Mr. Colby stepped out of the room and brought in a pair of drum-sticks, the handles of which he had (unknown to the medium and most or all of the others present) previously blackened with printer's ink; and also several other instruments of music, bells, &c., which he had also *striped* and *dotted* at appropriate places (severally) with red, blue and green ink. These were laid in a place beyond the possible reach of the medium, and Mr. C., having taken his place, the light was turned off. As is usual on such occasions, both Mrs. Chamberlain's hands were constantly engaged in manipu-

lating with gentle touches the pack of hands on either side of her, in order (as the theory is) to draw magnetic power from the whole circle (linked together as before described). The company being of "one accord" and harmonious, the manifestations were good, accompanied with the usual beating of the big drum and the performance in the air (as they sailed overhead around the room) of the bells and lesser instruments of music. When the séance closed, a committee of ladies was appointed to examine the medium and learn whether any marks (other than those already perceived) were made by the coloring matter on her person. They reported that, besides the stains of printer's ink on her hands visible to all—as were also sundry marks on the neck—other *spots* and *lines* of red, blue and green (corresponding to those on the instruments) were found on different parts of her person.

Shortly after this, at a circle held by some of the parties who were present on the occasion described above, they were cautioned by one of the guides of the medium against using—in any future experiments of the kind—any paint or coloring matter having verdigris or other poisonous elements in it, such, for instance, as the green that had been used in the experiment that had just transpired, for the reason that in *creating, materializing, endowing* or *extemporizing*, as it were, the occult hand, body or spiritual form or instrument by which physical manifestations are accomplished, it was necessary that certain elements should be transferred from every organ of the medium, not excepting the lungs, to the occult body, and that in the return of these elements at the closing of the seance, it was a necessity of the law that con-

trolled, that some of the more refined particles of every material thing the spirit limb or body thus created came in contact with, should be carried back with them to the organs of the medium from whence they were extracted. This explanation, if correct, not only accounts for the stains of ink on the hands, neck and body of Mrs. Chamberlain, but also for those on the wrist and fingers of Miss Eddy and the Allen boy medium—they all being equally innocent of fraud or “*humbug*.” Whether the verdigris in the green coloring matter really found its way to the lungs of Mrs. Chamberlain (as was suggested) or not, it is a singular fact that that lady was shortly after attacked with a severe pulmonary complaint that came near carrying her off, but from which she finally recovered.

The “conditions” that it is requisite to obtain and conform to, in the prosecution of spiritual inquiries or experiments before “*mediums*,” have become a trite subject of ridicule with many *scientific* and *clerical* deriders of the phenomena; and yet, what branch of science or of art is there that can be successfully prosecuted without conforming to certain prescribed “*conditions*?” The astronomer may place his telescope in a position to command within its sweep countless suns and stars in the heavens; but if the “conditions” are changed by the intervening within range of his instrument of the lightest haze, the glory of the scene may at once be shorn of half its splendor, and perhaps totally eclipsed, a moment after, on the passing of a darker cloud. But still the suns and stars are shining as brightly as ever, it being but a change in the “*conditions*” through which they were beheld that had apparently dimmed

their brightness, or wiped them altogether out of God's great *material* universe.

So, too, the spiritual *seer* may be peering with *rapt* incorporeal vision into the vast ethereal space of God's great *spiritual* universe, in which float, like dots, these comparatively little material suns and worlds that alone are visible to corporeal eyes, and describing from thence scenes infinitely transcending in beauty and sublimity aught that the mere astronomer has ever beheld, all which may at once be tarnished by a mere passing *haze-like suspicion* in the mind of some person present, or totally obscured by a malignant thought cast upon the sensitive mind of the medium, with as darkening effect as that of the cloud before the *material* instrument of the astronomer, and often with as jarring and disturbing power as if a bucket of ice-water were suddenly dashed in his face.

In popular estimation, the astronomer loses nothing of his *prestige* because of the disturbance of "conditions" that shuts the material universe from his normal sight; whilst the medium is condemned alike by the thoughtless, the ignorant and the malignant, because a like derangement of "*conditions*" (induced, perhaps, by themselves) forecloses his or her infinitely more sensitive abnormal vision. So, too, who thinks to condemn the musician for producing discord rather than harmony from an accidentally unstrung instrument? or the practitioner of the still more occult science of chemistry, because some nicely adjusted experiment has failed through a mistake in the preparation of materials, or a flaw in his crucible? How many, too, are there among our scientific, learned and clerical men, who would sit unmoved in the presence of a telegraph operator, when told

that, through an accidental disturbance of "conditions," (such as the parting of a wire), the communication he was expecting could not, for the present, be sent from across the ocean, but who would, within perhaps the next hour, accuse a spirit medium of being a "cheat" or a "humbug," because, forsooth, he or she could not respond to his arrogant command for a dispatch to be sent from some angel in heaven, along the celestial telegraph that his own acrimonious thoughts or presumptuous demands had perhaps just rudely snapped in twain!

It is said there have been instances in which the thoroughly charred remains of whole packages of national currency or bonds have been carefully transmitted to Washington for identification, and there submitted to the delicate manipulation of female fingers, under conditions so strict that not only the presence of every ruder blast has been excluded from the room, but the very *bating* of their own breath by the operators was requisite to insure success; and that, under these nice "conditions," the semi-spiritual essence of the ink, that had resisted the ravages of fire, has been deciphered on the attenuated and *impalpable* remains, and the loss made good to the owner by the government in consequence.

Now, what think ye would have been the effect on these delicately organized female operators, if, in the midst of their sylph-like labors, the clerical gentleman I have before alluded to had burst into the room, and, with a loud *whack* of his cane on the table on which lay the *ghosts* of bills, had boisterously defied the lady manipulators to identify the writing and figures in his *holy* presence? or if the conceited, coarse-brained professor had

all at once invaded their domicile, and commenced his pompous promenade to and fro through the hall, denouncing at every turn the whole thing as a "humbug and cheat," too contemptible for any learned "Sir Oracle" like himself to countenance, much less be engaged in, as he did in presence of the spirit mediums at Harvard? Under such "conditions" as the presence of either of these ill-bred *marplots* must have created, what think ye would have been the chance of the owner of the defunct bills to obtain a remuneration for their loss? I trow not one in an hundred thousand; and yet the "conditions" required for the higher degrees of spirit intercourse depend on the nice adjustment of finer elements than did even the deciphering of the all-but spiritual impressions (*wrist-like stains*) on these attenuated, *mystic* bills.

A fact that should be comprehended by all investigators of Spiritualism before they venture to accuse mediums of fraud and imposture, is, that the moment the spirit about to communicate begins to assert ascendancy over the physical, that moment the body and material senses of the medium become vastly more acute and keenly alive to all surroundings. While the natural eye acts as guard for all these material conditions, the spiritual eye is enabled, if not disturbed by the external, to see, and the ear to hear what the angel visitants have come to give; and the higher the quality of mediumship the more sensitive is it to all these surroundings. Thus when by long experience we come in a good degree to know this law, we readily comprehend how much depends upon the person sitting. There are probably but very few, even among experienced Spiritualists, who, outside of

their own special family altars or circles, are prepared to sit down with a well-developed medium and draw the higher truths. Even most well-intentioned sitters are far more ready in their over-critical investigations, when abroad, to obey the injunction of Jesus, to be "as wise as serpents," than they are to conform to the requirements of the sequel "and harmless as doves" also. These are very apt to let in suspicions of the medium's honesty and reliableness; and the moment mediums are made positive by the person's unbelief, that moment they become the subject of the investigator's doubts, and being keenly sensitive, feel all the inharmony which the other throws upon them. Under these disturbed conditions, truths that start fair on the spirit's side, become distorted in their passing through the agitated mind of the medium—very much after the manner that the appearance of the medal in the bottom of the well is changed in its aspect by being reflected to our vision through agitated water. Even in school it is necessary that the child should be negative and the teacher positive, as we all know, though perhaps we do not all know that it is infinitely more important to comply with these rules or conditions in the acquiring of spiritual knowledge. As far as my experience extends, I have observed that all who perseveringly seek for truth from the spirit-spheres, through media, in the spirit of "a little child," are sure to obtain it; whilst those who *demand* it in that spirit of the chief priests, scribes and Pharisees, that Jesus so often and emphatically condemned, or who are in their own conceit "already full" of knowledge and wisdom, are pretty sure to be "sent empty away." These last most always insist on making their own stand-

ard for conditions; and as the subject is one they have but little or no sort of knowledge of, they take from the medium, by their positive requirements, the very elements of spirit communication, whilst they have nothing to bestow in return—and consequently the communication, at best, becomes a mere jumble of words and ideas, or fails altogether.

As he of the “Golden Age” unwittingly discloses and so well expresses the fact, I have often known investigators to “run well for a time,” at a sance, and by keeping their minds passive, obtain excellent spirit communications, until some untoward circumstance, or expression of the medium, excited their suspicion, which at every rejoinder, by duplicating and intensifying its own nature on the medium’s mind, the conditions would become so entangled and disturbed that the communication that went on well and truthfully the first half of the way would end with another “half” of clear “humbug,” or nonsense! These are established laws that should be known and conformed to (as I have before hinted) by all investigators of spirit communion through media, that are just as patent to the moderately enlightened *spiritual* understanding as is the fact that if we stand before the light a shadow must fall.

How often do superficial or ignorant investigators go to mediums with a lie in their hearts, expecting, at the same time, to get truth in return—a thing as utterly impossible as that the eye of the astronomer should penetrate the heavens on demand of a thick-skulled savage at the very moment he is pressing his gross body against the lens of the telescope.

There is no class of persons existing at the pres-

ent day that the laws and usages of society afford so little protection to as to *spirit mediums*. All sorts of barriers are constantly being thrown in the way of spirits communicating through them, so as to prevent even an approximation to truthfulness. Nor are there, probably, as before intimated, one in a score, even of those who believe in the phenomena, that go to mediums prepared to receive the higher truths. If the operator at one end of the battery seizes the wires (as it were) in his own hands, and positively insists upon a spirit telegraphic dispatch, he is sure to fail to get it correctly; and if he receives any, it will probably be but a re-hash or echo of the thoughts that are uppermost in his own mind, or an ironical, ridiculous or deceptive rejoinder from some low, undeveloped spirit who has been attracted to the circle by its congenial atmosphere and surroundings.

There is nothing more distressing to the spirit who anxiously waits to speak to loved ones than *distrust*; and there is certainly nothing more damaging to a medium's powers than that conceit and pomposity (even of a nominal friend) that sits up erect, and says, "Here I am—pump it into me;" meanwhile supposing that he is behaving all the time like a gentleman and a Christian. Alas for all such wisdom and love! The former shuts the door against all truthful communication, and the latter sends the loving spirit grieving away.

Contrast the treatment our mediums receive, and the estimation in which they are held, even by many of their friends, with that which is extended to the clergy of the popular creedal denominations! Wherever these go, they receive greetings in the *markets* and public places. They enjoy the *uppermost places* at our feasts, and

the *chief seats* in our *synagogues* and churches. Every one bows low when they meet them, and calls them *Rabbi* and reverends, doctors and fathers; and when they enter our houses, they become the observed of all observers; and when they go abroad, the conductors of railway cars and captains of steamboats hasten to give them the best seats and berths; and wherever they pray, be it in the pulpit of the church, the cabin of the ship, or at the *corner of the street*, all bow the head and knee in respectful reverence, even though the prayer should be as long as one of those that Jesus said used to be offered in his day, merely *to be heard of men*. But how is it when we meet the poor mediums in the market, whither they may have wended their way to purchase, mayhap, a morsel of cheap food for their day's sustenance? Who of their kid-gloved acquaintance greet them then? Who invite them to their feasts? Who respectfully salute them as the ministers of the angels? Who open to them the doors of their houses, except on sufferance, or to "*give a seance*"? What captain of a steamboat or conductor on a railroad approaches them, except to demand their ticket, and see that it is paid in full? They partake of none of the courtesies and privileges that are so lavishly bestowed on the clergy of the popular churches, and in fact are, literally speaking, often as poor and despised as was that Elder Brother of their order who used to pour out his anguished soul in the lonely garden of Gethsemane, or give it sorrowing utterance in the pathetic lament: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

And yet it is from such as these despised spirit

mediums, that the priests and clerical orders of organized religious bodies have, in all ages, persecuted to death *whenever* and *wherever* they had the power, that we have learned all that we know of immortality, or the continued existence of the loved ones that have passed from our material sight to another and a happier world. We glorify the astronomer because he has discovered new suns and planetary systems, and dimly defined the laws that govern in God's great material universe; whilst we regard with contempt those mediumistic *astronomers* who have opened to our knowledge a vast ethereal expanse, alive with countless myriads of immortal souls, in comparison with the sublime grandeurs and beauties of *which*, the most resplendent of material creations fade into nothingness, and, when compared with the magnitude of which, all the suns and planets that have yet been discovered, if welded into one, would scarcely make a *blot* in its immensity comparable to a *fly-speck* on our globe.

Nor is this all; our despised mediums have proved to us, by abundant testimony derived from the immortal denizens of the unlimited spirit-world, that, within that *holy of holies*, the soul of every human being, there dwells a spark of divinity that can never die; and that, though this may, through ignorance and temptation, become encrusted with sin and transgression, comparable to the dross-enveloped "diamond dug from Golconda's deepest mine," still, when, by suffering and tears, (prolonged, perhaps, for ages,) this earthly *debris* is worn and washed away, the soul, however dark its previous state may have been, must commence a joyous career of never-ending progress through the infinite and eternal realms of

God's great spiritual kingdom. All these discoveries have been made by spirit mediums, and even the terror of death conquered by their revelations; and yet, such is the influence exerted by early priestly training, a false education, and "damned custom," that a thousand times more honor would to-day be accorded by our religious teachers and scientists to the discoverer of a new species of tumble-bug, or a five-legged tadpole, than to all the *spiritual* benefactors of mankind on earth. Well, indeed, has Wendell Phillips said that "no man is made wiser by his learning."

And how many are there, even in the ranks of modern Spiritualism, that would gladly follow in the footsteps of these *learned* orders of men and clerical persecutors of the mediumistic "servants" that the "Lord" has sent into his vineyard from time to time, thousands of whom have been "*beaten, killed, stoned*" and tortured to death by the false "husbandmen" that have usurped dominion and taken violent possession of the spiritual "vineyard." These seem to have forgotten "the (mediumistic) rock from whence they were hewn," and, stimulated by greed of mammon and the lust of self-aggrandizement, dominion and worldly glory, turn their longing eyes backward toward the tempting "flesh-pots" they once so bountifully partook of in the "*settled*" churches of "Egypt," and meet together in council and convention, to plot with *disguised* "*Jesuits*" and other secret emissaries of the "churches" and foes of religious liberty, how they can best circumvent the new order of Spiritualists, and "organize" them (as has always been heretofore done) into a *respectable* creedal church, with their own dear Judas-like selves placed at its head as ex-

pounders of the doctrines that are to "make wise unto salvation" or *destruction*, as the selfish interests of the usurpers of spiritual truths may require. Hitherto, think they, the "Lord of the vineyard" has sent only "his servants to the husbandmen" he left in charge of his vineyard; but this last "great outpouring of the spirit" can mean nothing less than "his son" and "heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance."

It is astonishing to behold in how many ways this "mystery of iniquity is already beginning to work" in the spiritual ranks, just as it did at a very early era in the apostolic church, and has done so since at every attempt that the "Lord of the (spiritual) vineyard" has made to rescue it out of the hands of the usurping husbandmen (or formal churches who have stolen it). Witness the *Comasards*, the Waldenses, the disciples of *Luther*, of *Fox*, of *Wesley*, of *Swedenborg*, and others like them, who commenced their reforms on the same mediumistic plane that "modern Spiritualism" rests upon, and as Christianity originally did, but all of whom experienced the "falling away" spoken of by *Paul* almost as soon as they were organized into *creedal* churches.

Spiritualism, as a great truth, must be universal, and never has or will be brought within the narrowed limits of any sectarian organization, from the fact that humanity requires so much to meet its variety of needs and to satisfy the many peculiar diversities of mind, that it must present constantly some new feature, until, by a more perfect life upon the rudimental sphere, man becomes a more perfect spirit whilst on earth. This should not, however, deter "Spiritualists" from *organ-*

izing with all other liberal classes of men for defensive purposes, in view of the threatening attempts of the Orthodox priesthood to regain and perpetuate their unhallowed power by an amendment of our National Constitution that disfranchises and shuts out from office, the jury, the witness-box, and the polls, every citizen who will not swear that he "solemnly believes" one is three, and three are one, and that, when he swallows the clerical *crumb* or priest-manipulated *wafer*, he really and truly gulps down his "whole God," though it be through lips redolent with the fumes of tobacco, to nestle in a paunch filled with the unsavory steam of digesting pork and *kill-dead* whiskey, as a large proportion of the slaves of the "Orthodox" churches are required to "*believe*" under pain of eternal damnation hereafter, and of torture and death on earth, whenever the "*church*" regains the necessary powers to inflict its secular penalties.

Perhaps the "Society of Friends" (called Quakers" from the circumstance of their earlier "spirit mediums" being addicted to "*trembling* and *twitching*" when the "word of the Lord" came to them, very much as many of ours do in the present day when controlled by spirits) exhibits as good an illustration of the workings of "organization" as the history of any other religious body affords.

The first "Quakers" arose in the time of Cromwell, during a period of great social, political and religious excitement. Like "modern Spiritualism," several mediums, such as George Fox, William Dewsberry, George Fox, Jr., and others, were influenced very much in the same way (unknown to each other) in different localities and at about

the same period, and were subsequently drawn together from a similarity of views and spiritual manifestations, very much as Spiritualists are in the present day.

Fox was a spirit medium of very considerable healing power. He also possessed the clairvoyant and clairsaudient gifts, (*seeing* and *hearing* spiritually,) and though almost wholly uneducated, was a powerful inspirational speaker, as were nearly all the early preachers among Friends, for the reason, no doubt, that no person then presumed to speak in their assemblies "in the name of the Lord" (or *spirit*, they being interchangeable Scriptural terms) but such as were really inspired.

Whoever has carefully read the earlier journals and biographies of "Friends," cannot fail to notice that—with the single exception that what is considered true inspiration among them is ascribed directly to the *Father* or individual spirit of God, instead of his messengers or the spirits of departed mortals—their doctrines and belief were almost identical with those of Spiritualists.

This fact is abundantly illustrated in the writings and biographical sketches of the lives and religious labors of Fox, Dewsberry, Woolman, David Sands, Jane Pierson, Joseph Hoag and many others.

I have had in my possession for the last twenty-eight years the manuscript copy of a clairvoyant vision of Joseph Hoag, (a preacher in the Society,) that he committed to writing in the year eighteen hundred and five, in which the future of the United States was shown him, with the most remarkable events that were to occur, up to a period reaching beyond this date, all of which events

have so far taken place (the late terrible civil war and the abolishment of slavery included) in the exact order of time in which they are set down in my copy of the vision. In my own experience I have often known "traveling Friends" who came, perhaps, from England, Canada, or some other distant place, into a neighborhood where they were entirely unacquainted and unknown, and there held what, in Quaker parlance, are called (or used to be) family *sittings* at the houses of every member of that particular "monthly meeting."

The course they pursued to obtain the necessary harmonious "*conditions*" was very much the same as Spiritualists adopt in their "sittings" or "circles," and so were the results. The inward state of each individual present would be frequently given, as clearly as our clairvoyants could have done, the only difference being that in the case of the "Friend" *mediums*, they supposed—in accordance with their educational belief—that their inspiration and power of discernment came directly from the great *Father* of spirits, rather than from the Father's "*ministering spirits*," as our mediums do.

Nor were Friends, so long as they remained faithful to their spiritual gifts, without their physical manifestations, displayed in some instances even to the untying of ropes, as is abundantly proved and exemplified in the society's *earlier* editions of the wonderful experiences of Richard Sel- lar, who had been impressed on board a British man-of-war, but refused, on account of his peace principles, to fight, or do ship duty.

So long as the "Friends or Quakers" remained free and unfettered by creedal organization, their

principles rapidly took root in the British Isles and other places, in spite of bitter persecutions from the ministers of the established churches, who, with aid of the civil authorities, caused thousands of them to be fined, whipped, transported, and thrown into miry prisons and dungeons, and, in several instances, hanged.

But now came a change. Certain persons in the society seem to have become exalted in their minds, and perhaps smitten, as some of our Spiritualists appear to be in our day, with a degree of *spiritual pride*; and among them, George Fox himself. These began to think that the "ark of the Lord" required a little steadying from their own unbidden hands in its progress among the people; or rather, that "the net" which had been "cast into the sea" was gathering into the Quaker's "kingdom of heaven" too many "kinds" of fish, and that it was not expedient to wait for the "angels to come forth" (as Jesus directed in like cases) to sever the good from the bad, or "the wicked from among the just." So the Quakers formed an association for the ostensible specious purpose of maintaining "order" in the society, and appointed elders and overseers to judge which "fish" among their public speakers and members generally were good, and which were bad. This association, of course, (as always has and must be the case,) soon hardened into a creedal organization, under the workings of which spirit intercourse was hampered and subjected to the ordeal of fallible men, and all freedom of *spirit* expression was put to death on the cross of the book of "Friends' Discipline." Soon it was found that some of the "fish" that had been drawn into the "*kingdom of Quakerism*" were preaching "in-

spired" doctrines not compatible with such stories as the "forbidden apple," "Noah's ark," or "Jonah and the whale," and other dogmas of Holy Writ. Such "*public speakers*" were judged to be influenced by "dark spirits"; for how, argued the elders, can it be supposed that God will contradict the truth of his own "written word"? Of course not, echoed the rank and file of the newly-formed church, and so this class of "fish" were thrown aside, or commanded to keep silence in the assemblies of the faithful. As the organization imbibed more and more the elements of a close corporation, under the guidance of reins held in the one hand of its "high seat" rulers, and the "discipline" of the lash in the other, "fish" became very scarce, or more and more avoided the Quaker net, until a period arrived when there were few, if any, found in its fold but those that had been fed and reared from infancy in the *staked out creedal waters* of the society. In fact, under the new order of things, nearly all proselytism ceased, and the society commenced on its downward path, until, (as has been wittily said by one of their own number,) instead of *one* "Quaker preacher" causing "all England to shake as if an earthquake were present, as formerly, it now takes an earthquake to shake a Quaker." Nor is there, probably, (with all their many excellent qualities,) a religious sect existing to-day that is more opposed to "modern Spiritualism" (with the exception, perhaps, of the Swedenborgians) than the Orthodox branch of the "Society of Friends." And yet, had the religious sentiment of mankind been sufficiently ripe to have sustained the movement of Quaker "Spiritualism" in its original freedom and purity, it is not probable that there would

have been a necessity for the present great outpouring of the *spirit*; the two dispensations being undoubtedly not only alike, but the same with that which occurred in Judea, under the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples.

But crushed and crippled as the free outflow of the spirit from the higher spheres has undoubtedly been by the Quaker "discipline," still that small body of Christians, even in the present day, is undoubtedly in advance of any other of the formalized churches. Like the Roman Catholic, the Quaker Church owes most of its vitality to what little spiritual light it allows to enter through the avenues of spirit mediumship, although, like its great "*beastly*" predecessor, it is ever on the alert to suppress (if not with fire and faggot like they) with its "discipline" any "medium" (or "witch") who presumes to speak doctrines in *meeting* wiser than what has been written, whether in Scriptures or in the canonical books of the society. Consequently there is no more progress in the one Church than in the other, as all that can be communicated from the world of *causes* to either church must be from recently departed spirits who have not progressed out of the old ruts of Orthodoxy they had been trained and accustomed to run in, when members of their respective churches on earth.

It has been my privilege to hold tangible communion with many thousand spirits of departed mortals, and I have found that the spiritual light the early Friends acquired through mediumship has enabled them to progress since they left the earth sphere far more rapidly than most members of other Orthodox churches. In fact, I find that exceptions to progress on their side of the ques-

tion about correspond with its opposite in most of the established persecuting churches, a majority of whose popes, bishops, priests and clergy, I learn, are yet in comparative and many of them in almost total darkness.

For the especial edification of some of our self-exalted spiritual "leaders" I will, in closing these lengthy and desultory remarks, refer very tersely to the case of James Naylor, an early mediumistic preacher among the "Friends," who was endowed with great inspirational powers, but who became self-exalted and lifted up into "spiritual pride" through the injudicious praise and flattery bestowed upon him by weak "hearers of the Word," very much as I fancy some among Spiritualists have been led astray in the present day. For causes unnecessary to rehearse, Naylor was convicted of "*blasphemy*," and sentenced to be set in the pillory, whipped, branded in the forehead, have his tongue bored with a hot iron, and then be subjected to solitary imprisonment for an indefinite period. Hundreds of influential men of various denominations petitioned Parliament and interceded with the Protector for a mitigation of his sentence, but the influence of the ministers of religion was too powerful for them, and Naylor underwent the full penalty of his offence. He was finally released from prison, and on his way from London to his home in the north of England, he was robbed and maltreated, so that his wounds caused or hastened his death. About two hours before his final departure from earth-life, he dictated the following touching sentences, which to my mind convey as full and beautiful an exposition of the spirit of the doctrines taught by Jesus of Nazareth and the early Friends, as can perhaps

be found in the same compass of words in the English language:

“There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hopes to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatsoever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other; if it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring are the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings; for with the world’s joys it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens, and desolate places of the earth, who through death obtained this resurrection and eternal holy life.”

5

ELEVEN DAYS

TIL 1873

AT

MORAVIA.

BY
NOTICE
THOMAS R. HAZARD,

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

FOURTH THOUSAND.

BOSTON:
COLBY & RICH,
BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE,
No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE.
1873.

1865 June 4
Hester
Miss Hester.

ELEVEN DAYS AT MORAVIA.

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 (*via* Worcester and Albany), omnibus and hack hire included, being less than eleven dollars.

Moravia is a pretty, cosy-looking village of some twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, in Cayuga County, State of New York. It is 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 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 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 seances 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 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 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 pa-

rents, 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 conventual prison, she absconded from home, and was seen some days after, by some of the neighbors, 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 her 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 a given 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 marveled how our hostess was enabled to accomplish so much, until I accidentally learned that her *spirit-mother* 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 house. 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, Mrs. Andrews generally holds a *seance* 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 *seance* 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 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 *spirit* voices.

In these dark circles, the phenomena that occur are quite varied. The floor 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, one and two for negative and doubtful—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) often 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 seance closes.

Mrs. Andrews 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 on such occasions; more generally however, they speak audibly without the aid of the

trumpet, their faces and even the motion of the lips being 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 imperfect 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 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. Mrs. Andrews, 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 sittings

with Mrs. Staats, 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 she meant to hand me a lily (her favorite flower when in earth-life). The communications made through Mrs. Staats 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. Staats, 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 disap-

pointments 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 mediums, 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 remarked 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 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 audibly 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 20th, 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 newcomers 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 con-

versed 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 phases 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. 30, 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, two 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 sance, 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 tenth of the manifestations I witnessed at the score and more sances 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. Henry Slade—before one or the other, or *both* of which mediums, I understood him to say, every individual friend who subsequently appeared at Moravia 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 *him* 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, which would remain for a minute or more, and then be drawn in (probably to re-materialize), 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 pretty blanket 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.

[On a subsequent occasion, 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 a drunken brawl that recently occurred in a saloon at Syracuse; that he had no friends present, and well knew 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 his murderer would soon confess the crime. The whole scene was very graphic, and indicative that the time

might come when the adage, "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 former error, 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, the piracies for which he suffered having been 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 con

sciousness he found himself wandering 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, until his spirit became so broken and overpowered with suffering, that, in an agony of despair, he threw himself on the ground, and cried earnestly to 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—now that this was rightly directed—the sooner to reach the place he now occupies 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 subsequently gave 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 chemical 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 it; 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 that preside over and direct the operations at Moravia, (of whom Franklin is one of the chief,) 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 properties such as appertain to Mrs. Andrews, who always sits under 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, Mrs. 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 daughter named Anna, who died in 1868, aged twenty-two, and three premature infants who never saw the light of earth-days. I have abundant evidence, however, that these last (who generally come to me with their mother and elder sisters) have progressed toward maturity in nearly

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 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, never having been subjected to the trials and temptations incident to mortal existence, they 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. Staats 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 that 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 feeble that I could neither see nor hear distinctly anything that transpired, I was rather startled upon hearing a lady who had but recently arrived, observe, "She says 'Fanny Hagard!'" On asking the lady to repeat the name, she did the first, and said 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 spirit-life. 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 seance, and she could have known but little, if anything, 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, my wife’s repeated arduous but unavailing efforts became oppressive to me, and I told her 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 only attended the regular s^eances, 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 arranged to hold a private s^eance on the 4th of January—he intending to leave on the 5th.

On the 31st of December, Mrs. Catharine Morrison, the interesting blind medium before mentioned, had 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 Chi-

cago. In answer to queries, she told us that she never had any father, but was promised one in the spirit-world. 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 coyly 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) 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 s'ances

were closed, Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Hoyt and myself held our private s'ance. 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 s'ances, 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 s'ance 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 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 unmaterialized 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.]*

* Since I became a believer in the phenomena, I suppose I may have received enough spiritual communications to constitute, if printed, quite a library. Most of them, however, I have destroyed; but since the last edition of this tract, in looking over my papers, I find a forgotten one that was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Wilcox, of Providence, without date, (but which could not have been less than ten years ago,) from which I extract the following sentences, thinking they

With the close of this day the time was to expire that was allotted by the friend of Mrs. Morrison for their stay at Moravia. She had attended several séances, 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 séance. 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 her request.

On passing down stairs after our séance closed, I found Mrs. Morrison 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 busi-

may have some spiritual meaning in connection with these "two lilies":

"Here, again, I see (said the entranced medium) a white rose, with its leaves about to be shaken; but the fragrance of this flower is more exquisite than can be told. This is to represent a form which, though passed or shaken from the earth-sphere, has left a remembrance more sweet than all the fresh friends that can ever be gathered around thee. The next are two lilies, the one blue, the other white. These are emblems of persons who are too pure and sacred for earth, and are tending their tiny heads upward, inhaling the richest perfumes of heaven."

ness, and declined remaining longer, until finally spirit-friends interfered and advised them to stay another day.

On the morrow—Friday, Jan. 5th—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 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 occu-

pled by the spirit-friends of Mrs. Morrison, the guardian of Mrs. Andrews announcing that the customary 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 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 way connected with the self-sacrificing kindness and sympathy I had extended to the blind medium of Oswego.

Before the seance just spoken of was held, I

had concluded to remain another day, in consequence of not 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—to which we invited Mrs. S. A. Wortman, a highly mediumistic lady, who, with several friends, had 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 whisper; 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 became 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—forbore 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 singer, conscious of his unfaltering vocal 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 would 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 stilly 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 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, look-

ing as 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 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, the eyes of my wife were protected from the light by spectacles. Mrs. W., who was not fully aware of the circumstances, asked if she 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 clothed with 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 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, in a night-dress with ruffles, exactly like those she used to wear, 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*!*

*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

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 exhibited there 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, 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, when, just as the last moment of my last sance was about to expire, to see my wife's face suddenly presented before me, as plain and natural 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 par-

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."

tially faded from her cheeks, but in the full bloom of health, and all the glorious beauty that so pre-eminently 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 spiritual 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 willing 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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