

H. H. Higbie
THE

Encyclopædia of Death

AND

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

OPINIONS AND EXPERIENCES FROM EMINENT SOURCES.

By J. R. FRANCIS.

Author of "Search After God," "Is the Devil Dead?" etc.

VOLUME II.

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What is known as Modern Spiritualism originated with the three Fox Sisters, at Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848. E. V. Wilson was one of the early pioneers in Spiritualism. He was unexcelled as a psychometrist and test medium.

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INTRODUCTION.

Judging from the cordial reception given to Volume I. of The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, we are certain that people generally take an exceptionally keen and lively interest in everything that relates to the grand and glorious change whereby the spirit is divested of its physical garments, and is thereby able to enter a new sphere of existence and realize more fully than ever the fact that so-called death is as natural as the birth on the material plane, and in accordance with those divine laws that permeate every part of the universe.

What is known of death in all its varied and comprehensive details is scattered through many volumes, hidden on the shelves of various libraries, public and private, and in countless magazines, papers and scrap-books, all inaccessible to the masses, and the collation of these facts in a series of volumes, and furnishing them at a nominal price, cannot otherwise than prove a great boon to mankind generally. The careful perusal of the first hundred pages of this volume will open up to the analytical student a vast field of thought, and carry him into a realm which has been but very little explored, even by physicians themselves. The extreme subtlety of the multifarious phases of death, the varied phenomena connected therewith, and the strange symptoms (often deceiving the physician) that frequently greet the one who witnesses the final change, make it of special importance that the public generally should devote more careful, critical and painstaking study to the nature of that wonderful evolution which all must undergo in ascending to the higher spiritual plane.

We have devoted considerable space in this volume to the further elucidation of the dark spheres of Spirit-life, in order to more fully impress upon all this grand truth—that whatsoever they sow, they must reap the legitimate fruits flowing therefrom. While one enters Spirit-life in precisely the same

INTRODUCTION.

mental and moral state he possessed on earth, he will be confronted with conditions there that will bring prominently before him all the pernicious results of an evil life, if such has been his course, and in consequence he will be most miserable. The one who rests quietly under a load of licentiousness and bad habits on earth, and who is regarded from a worldly standpoint as "happy," will realize fully when on the Spirit-side of existence that his sins have brought around him dark conditions which are almost equal to an orthodox hell, and which are the legitimate fruitage of his own earthly acts. We are indebted to the peerless Emma Hardinge Britten, of Manchester, Eng., and that critical, keen observer, E. T. Washburn, of Buffalo, N. Y., for valuable data on this subject, a knowledge of which should be familiar to every one.

In presenting Volume II. to the public, we do so with the firm conviction that the interest in a full and complete analysis of death remains unabated.

J. R. FRANCIS.

Apparent Death Critically Examined.

The members composing the Home Circle, united together in the sacred bonds of affection, and ever aspiring to

promote the welfare of each other, cannot consistently avoid carefully considering the nature of that change commonly designated as death. Each one will be compelled, sooner or later, to pass through its various stages, preparatory to the flight of the soul to the supernal regions. However beneficent, cultured or useful a person may be, and however necessary as a factor in the Home Circle, the time will certainly come when, through the subtile operation of a natural process, he will experience all the peculiar manifestations that invariably accompany the liberation of the soul from its corporeal structure. The first one to undergo the transition—to cast off the outer shell, and soar to climes elysian, may be a little child, the pride of a mother's heart, and the light of the Home Circle. Its little



“GATES OF DEATH.”—JOB 38:17.

body is carefully placed in a coffin, by those who sincerely love it, and to whom it appears to be sweetly sleeping; and they reluctantly convey it, in a very solemn manner, to its final resting-place in the cold, damp earth, and with deep feelings of regret leave it there to become the food of worms. They shed tears of sadness as they see the soil heaped upon their precious darling, knowing that it will soon present an appearance too horrible for a human being to survey. One after another of the Home Circle, in the progress of time, is compelled to succumb to the debilitating influence of advancing age, and funerals succeed each other in rapid succession, and now, perhaps, nearly all have passed through the various stages regarded as death.

Possibly, however, some one of your number, whom you have carefully consigned to his final resting-place in the earth, was not dead! Perhaps the child you loved so dearly, and who seemed to be calmly sleeping in its little coffin, was not dead—was simply suspended midway between life and death, and if the proper efforts had been made it might have been restored to full consciousness and vigorous life, and been a blessing to its parents.

Really, what absolute proof have you that your devoted wife whom you consigned to the coffin was actually dead? Did you have any scientific tests brought into requisition by the attendant physician? Or did you take his statement that because respiration had ceased life was actually extinct, and without any further consideration summon your minister, have a funeral sermon preached, and then consign her body to a grave which would soon terminate every vestige of life that might have remained? Would you have the evidence to assert that your son, daughter, wife, father, mother or friend, whom you conveyed to the tomb, did not possess one vital spark of life, because, forsooth, respiration had ceased? It is not uncommon for respiration to cease entirely with those who are sick, but such an occurrence should never be regarded as a sure indication of death. Take, for example, the case of Rev. Dr. Emerson, of Stratford, Conn. At a meeting of the Science Society, in New Bridgeport, Conn., on one occasion, a few years ago, the remarkable experiences of this gentleman were related, showing conclusively that the stopping of respiration does not always constitute an infallible sign of death. The

incident occurred in 1839, in Michigan, where Dr. Emerson was preaching. The Doctor was taken ill, and, sending for the village physician, was informed that he had what the doctor called "chill fever," which is generally fatal after a few days of illness. Dr. Emerson says that he was nursed carefully for five days by a lady of considerable experience in such cases. But in the brief period he was twice given up as hope-



THE MYTHICAL TREE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

lessly beyond recovery. He had sunk so low that to all appearances life was extinct. After various efforts to ascertain his condition, the doctor pronounced him dead, and, as many were sick and dying in the neighborhood, it was arranged that his funeral should take place the next afternoon. When night came — memorable of all others in his history—two young men were selected to sit up with his corpse. And to all appearances it was a corpse these young men sat up with. The Doctor's eyes were set, his teeth were locked together, mouth firmly closed, and no breathing perceptible. But his hearing was more acute than ever before or since, and so were all his mental faculties. Every word uttered by the young men, who watched in an adjoining room, he heard distinctly, and many of their words were not pleasant to hear. The conversation of the family was, on many accounts, unpleasant to him, and, allied as were these to his intense pain, his position would have been an extremely uncomfortable one had it not been for what he considered the consoling presence of Jesus. During a portion of the time the ribald young men were talking with great im-

lessly beyond recovery. He had sunk so low that to all appearances life was extinct. After various efforts to ascertain his condition, the doctor pronounced him dead, and, as many were sick and dying in the neighborhood, it was arranged that his funeral should take place the next afternoon. When night came — memorable of all others in his history—two young men were selected to sit up with his corpse. And to all appearances it was a corpse these young men sat up with. The Doctor's eyes were set, his teeth were locked together, mouth firmly closed, and no breathing perceptible. But his hearing was more acute than ever before or since, and so were all his mental faculties. Every word uttered by the young men, who watched in

propriety. He was impressed with the idea that he should not die, but live, and that in the morning he should be resuscitated by his former nurse. And Dr. Emerson always thought that this was a revelation to him directly from God.

Early in the morning the villagers came to see the family and the watchers, and to assist in the arrangements for the funeral. About seven o'clock another knock at the door was heard, and instantly—before the door was opened—Dr. Emerson was very sure of its being made by his old nurse. On entering, she anxiously inquired concerning his condition, and learning it exclaimed: "I don't believe he is dead, and I'll try to revive him." Immediately she called some of the people to help her, collected various stimulants, applied them all simultaneously to different parts of his body, and all this accompanied by violent rubbing of his whole body. These efforts were persisted in, notwithstanding some remonstrated, and the remark was often made: "You might as well give it up." But in about half an hour, to the astonishment of all the skeptical friends, his eyes resumed their natural appearance, his teeth were unlocked, his mouth opened, and he began to whisper, then to speak, and all saw clearly that he was alive. The news of this wonderful occurrence quickly flew through the village and vicinity, and the people flocked to see Mr. Emerson, and among them the physician, who, with them, praised the nurse for her perseverance and success. She then related her remarkable experience of the preceding night, which had impelled her to visit him. In the middle of the night she was awakened by a dream "that some one was in extreme danger and she alone could help him." Disregarding it, she fell asleep, but again awoke with the same impression and in great alarm. She arose, looked at the clock, and aroused her daughter, and both decided that as they had heard nothing respecting Dr. Emerson for two days, and as she had taken care of him at the commencement of his illness, in the morning she would visit him. At daybreak she arose, provided for her family, walked two miles through the mud and water, the effect of a recent rain, and on reaching the house was astonished on hearing that her friend was dead. Of this she was incredulous, from the supernatural impression of her dream, and worked zealously upon him, confident of success. She was startled from her slumbers at the same time that Dr. Emerson was per-

vaded with the assurance that his nurse would be employed to save his life.

This was, indeed, a peculiar case, judging from external appearances and manifestations. Dr. Emerson was really dead, and he would, undoubtedly, have been consigned to the grave before his resuscitation could have been accomplished,

had it not been for the remarkable forethought and keen intuition of his indefatigable nurse.

Again I ask, how do you know the loved ones you consigned to the grave were actually dead? Have you absolutely reliable evidence that life was extinct? Do you know positively that the daughter whom you so hastily buried the day after she had been pronounced dead by your physician, did not possess a single vital spark that, with proper exertion, might have been fanned into life again? Every one who carefully surveyed her mortal re-



RESTORING DR. EMERSON TO LIFE.

mains remarked: "Oh, how life-like! She appears as if sweetly sleeping." Yet without applying a single one of the numerous tests or experiments that an intelligent physician should invariably bring into systematic requisition, before pronouncing a final verdict as to life or death—which?—the body was hastily interred. You probably have no absolute knowledge that life was extinct in your beloved daughter when you followed her to her final resting-place.

A Young Lady Saved from Burial.

THE WONDERFUL RESUSCITATION OF CLARA MUNCE.

PLACED IN THE COFFIN AND PRONOUNCED DEAD BY THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN—SAVED BY AN OLD LADY.

A curious case is related by the New York Sun of a young lady, who apparently died. When the reporter of the Sun called upon her, she was diligently engaged in sewing upon a dress; but she laid aside her work, and, going to a drawer in the sideboard, took out a silver coffin-plate, which she offered for inspection. It bore the inscription: "Clara Munce: Died June 3, 1864, aged 16 years."

"Why, to whom does this refer?" asked the reporter.

"It refers to me," replied Miss Munce quietly. "It was on my coffin—at least I suppose I may call it my coffin, though I was not buried in it. I occupied it, however, for several hours, and had it not been for the intelligence of a lady who came to attend my funeral, I should have been in it now. My uncle took it to his home in Chicago, where he is fond of showing it to his friends and telling my story. I kept the plate, which I seldom allow any one to see, for the recollections it awakens are not pleasant.

"When I was a young girl I was in very delicate health. I used to fall into trances, in which I knew all that was going on around me, and I heard every word said in the room where I lay, but I could not speak or make the slightest sign of life. My body grew gradually colder, but ordinarily I aroused myself with a start within ten or fifteen minutes. The doctor said it was a form of epilepsy, and warned me that some day or another an attack might be prolonged and mistaken for death. It always affected me under the same conditions.

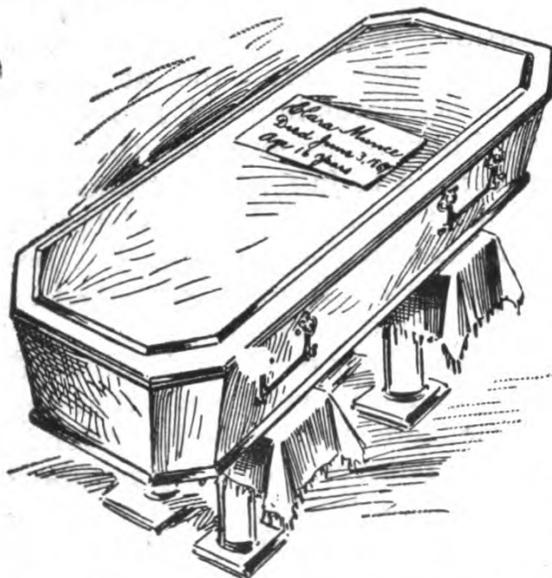
After sleeping, as consciousness slowly returned, I found myself wide awake, but unable to speak or move.

“After the doctor’s caution, I began to grow afraid of myself. It was a horrible sensation. I dreaded to go to sleep at night, and, though drowsiness overpowered me at last, I awoke unrefreshed. During the day I was languid and tired, but I dared not lie down, for I knew by experience that if I slept by daylight, I was almost certain to fall into a trance on awaking. As a consequence of all this mental disturbance I became seriously ill, and was ordered to the country; but before arrangements could be made for me to go I was stricken down with brain fever, and my life was despaired of.”

The brain fever with which the lady was sorely afflicted was finally conquered, but she remained so very weak that she did not rally. The doctor, always cheerful, gave her friends to understand that she never could recover. She lay for days neither asleep nor awake, but not in a trance, for she could move and speak feebly. “She may go out like the snuff of a candle, at any minute,” said the doctor in her hearing, and she nearly verified his prediction by going out at once. One day—it was June 3d, 1864—she felt that she was really improving. Life seemed to be coming back to her. The doctor had not noticed it, but she knew by the unwonted distinctness with which the rumble of the Greenpoint wagons struck upon her ear that she was gaining new strength. At last she grew tired, and, for the first time in several weeks, slept soundly and healthily. She awoke slowly, and with the rigor of limb she knew so well. An unutterable horror took possession of her as she felt that she was in a trance, and remembered the good doctor’s capacity for blundering. Her fears were well founded, for half an hour later, when the nurse came to see her, she heard her utter a quick exclamation of alarm, and hurrying away she called the patient’s mother and sisters. The doctor was summoned, and arrived when all her relatives were around her bed. The doctor felt her pulse, put his hand upon her forehead, forced open one of her eyes, and examined the pupil, little thinking that she saw him as plainly as he saw her, and sorrowfully remarked: “I feared it; she is going fast!”

Oh, the misery of that day and the night following, on the part of this young lady. On the morning of June 3d her body was cold and stiff, and, while her mind was as active as ever,

she knew that she looked like a corpse. Her friends regarded her as dead, and when the doctor came they stood aside, silent



CLARA MUNCE IN A COFFIN.

and weeping, and made way for him to approach the bed. He looked at the apparent corpse steadily for a few seconds, and then said reverentially: "Yes, poor creature she is gone," and he covered her face with the sheet.

And this was the man who had first told her that an epileptic fit might be so prolonged as to be mistaken for death. Her indignation at that moment absolutely overpowered her fear! Otherwise, she now believes, she would have died on the spot.

For more than two days she lay motionless on the bed. Tuberoses were strewn over her. Friends came to see her, and reminded each other of good qualities in her that neither by herself or others had ever before been suspected. She heard it all. Nobody spoke of her except as a corpse; none noticed, what she is sure must have been apparent, that her face had not lost the color of life, and on the night of June 4th she lay beside her open coffin! On the morning of the 5th she was put into it, for she was to be buried that day.

She had heard the inscription on the plate read aloud, over and over again: "Clara Munce. Aged 16 years. Poor girl! So young to be called away. But she was always delicate!" She could not even try to speak or move. All volition seemed to have died in her, and she could only pray silently that she might die, too, before the last rites were performed; but she felt that there was little chance of that, because she was full of life.

The undertaker's men were in the room, waiting to fasten down the coffin-lid. Kisses innumerable had been pressed upon her face, and she had given up all hope of life, when an

old lady, worth all of the rest of the visitors put together, elbowed the others out of her way and stood beside the coffin. She was her Aunt Jane, and she had come from Albany to see her favorite niece for the last time. Her presence seemed to calm the unfortunate girl, for they loved each other so well that she could not think it possible that she would allow her to be buried alive. The aunt was stooping to kiss her, when she suddenly started back with the very simple and homely remark: "Why, her nose is bleeding!"

It was perfectly true, though up to that time nobody had noticed it. The mental agony of the sufferer had made her nose bleed.

Now, the doctor knew quite enough about his business to be very much startled at seeing fresh blood flowing from a body that had been "dead" two days. He examined the patient's face and said hastily, as he for the first time noticed the color: "Take her back to bed."

The suddenness and immensity of the relief restored all her faculties, and as the men took her up she said, with hardly an effort, and in perfect natural tones: "Thank you, doctor. How are you, auntie?"

The young lady recovered very quickly, and has never had a death-trance since.

The Vital Spark Still Burned Within.

THE APPARENT DEAD SAVED BY A LANCE.

NARROW ESCAPES—LADY FANSHAWE—TWO SPIRITS VISIT HER CLOTHED IN WHITE—A LITTLE GIRL BURIED ALIVE.

What a very narrow escape many have from being interred alive! Those heretofore enumerated are by no means isolated cases. There are thousands now living who, if asked "Are



THE DOCTOR LANCING THE FOOT OF LADY FANSHAWE'S MOTHER.

you absolutely certain that the loved one you buried yesterday was dead?" could not return an intelligent or satisfactory response thereto. Such being the case, is not a clearer insight into, and a more thorough understanding of, this mysterious change that must invariably fall to the lot of all sometime, imperatively demanded? Judging from the modern data at our command, can we not come consistently to the conclusion that thousands have been pronounced dead within whom the vital spark of life existed, which, under the careful manipulation and supervision of an intelligent physician, could have been compelled to assume again its normal action?

APPARENT DEATH.

"My mother being sick of fever," says Lady Fanshawe in

her memoirs, "her friends and servants thought her deceased, and she lay in that state for two days and a night; but Mr. Winslow, coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly in her face said: 'She was so handsome, and looked so lovely, that he could not think her dead;' and suddenly taking a lancet out of his pocket he cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this he immediately caused her to be removed to the bed again, and to be rubbed, and such means used that she came to life, and opening her eyes saw two of her kinswomen standing by her, Lady Knollys and Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and she said: 'Did you not promise me fifteen years, and are you come again already?' which they, not understanding, bade her keep her spirits quiet in that weakness wherein she was; but, some hours after, she desired my father and Dr. Howlesworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said: 'I will acquaint you that during my trance I was in great grief, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down upon my face in the dust, and they asked me why I was so troubled in so great happiness. I replied: "Oh, let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman," to which they answered. "It is done!" and then at that instant I awoke out of my trance.' And Dr. Howlesworth did affirm that the day she died made just fifteen years from that time."

This case, related by Lady Fanshawe, is an interesting one. Her mother was not dead. True, she approached so very near the spirit side of life, or the boundaries of the celestial regions, that she had the pleasure of observing two angelic beings — God's holy messengers—who seemed to have the power requisite to grant her earnest appeal, for she survived the vicissitudes of life after that notable event just fifteen years.

What must be the agony of the surviving relatives and friends when the startling discovery is made that through their own ignorance and stupidity, they had consigned to the grave a darling child! On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, from Virginia, went to Little Station (on the Owensboro and Russellville Railroad) near Livermore, Ind., to visit their old

home and have the body of their child removed, which had been buried there. The child was twelve years old at the time of death. When the coffin was opened the body was as perfectly preserved as on the day of burial. The eyes were wide open, rolled up, and an expression of agony was depicted on the face. One hand was tightly clenched, and the other was clutching the folds of the dress. When buried, the child's hands were crossed on the bosom. She came to her senses after being buried in a trance.

A SUPPOSED CORPSE RISES AND WALKS.

*On one occasion a young girl was suddenly afflicted with



A PHYSICIAN CUTS INTO A SPANISH NOBLEMAN WHO IS STILL ALIVE.

illness, in England, and a medical practitioner being called in, stated, after some time had elapsed, that the patient was actually dead. Dead, too, she was to all appearances, as no flutter of the heart, and not the faintest breathing from nose or lips, could be perceived by the friends gathered around the bedside. The body of the girl, supposed to be deceased, was left in the room where she had died, and the family was assembled in a downstairs apartment. Some hours later, it is stated, one of the household heard a faint cry or call, and, coming into the passage, was horror-stricken to observe the girl, who was believed to be cold and inanimate, standing at the head of the stairs in the clothes in which she had been laid out. The call which had attracted attention had really emanated from her lips, and a veritable resurrection appeared to have taken place. Only in faint tones could the arisen corpse articulate, and the chief complaint was that she felt "very cold." Now, here is an instance of death in life which recalls all the horrible stories

*London (Eng.) Telegraph.

which have been told of persons who were imagined to be dead, and who yet have come to life again after a prolonged period of total inanition. The tales of men and women who may possibly have been buried before they were dead, as in the instance of the young woman interred close to Shakespeare's grave in Stratford-on-Avon Church, are really too shocking to allow thought to dwell upon them. In the example to which we have referred, the reason given for the terrible occurrence was that the girl had died of the plague, and in such cases the survivors were glad to bury the bodies out of sight as quickly as possible for fear of contagion. In England, where burial does not take place until some days after decease, it is considered well-nigh impossible that any such horrible accident should occur, though it is highly probable that many do occur. Catalepsy and kindred illnesses, however, are known to produce states of coma which so closely resemble death that in certain cases a careless physician might pronounce life to be extinct when it was not so in reality. The story of the girl who rose from the bed on which she had been "laid out" is a modern reproduction of the accident that befell Vesalius, one of the fathers of modern medical science. He was, so the history goes, called in to attend on a young Spanish nobleman, who seemed to have succumbed to death, being in reality in a cataleptic condition. After the great anatomist had actually commenced his post-mortem examination the heart once more began to beat, and the indignant relatives denounced the learned Vesalius as an infamous murderer. Nor could the protection of Philip II. save him from the condemnation of the Inquisition, and in consequence he was obliged to perform several expiatory pilgrimages to the Holy Land, in the course of one of which he was wrecked on the desolate island of Zante, and died of starvation and exposure.

An ignorant physician pronounced the young girl dead! Respiration had ceased, and that was sufficient evidence for this doctor, who did not understand even the elementary lessons with reference to the various stages of death. She was prostrated on a bed, and appeared as if dead, and that was sufficient evidence to enable him to pronounce a verdict. He probably did not apply a single test—but relied simply on appearances, which every one knows are not reliable guides.

A MAN IN TRANCE ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

The Medium and Daybreak (London, Eng.) of September 26th, 1884, contained the following:

"A thrilling sensation has occurred at Bridgewater. A man named George Chelcot, laborer, living in close proximity to Wembdon Church, fell into a trance on Friday, the 5th. The man has a wife and large family. On the day he fell into a trance they thought he had died very suddenly. They ordered a coffin for him, which was made, and the supposed deceased was put into it. They next communicated with the Vicar of Wembdon, the Rev. A. Newman, who expressed a wish to see the supposed corpse, on their telling him the facts. After seeing the body he said it was not cold enough to satisfy him of the actual death having taken place, and he declined to allow it to be buried. The family was intent on fixing a day for interment, but the vicar would not give way. However, the supposed corpse was allowed to remain in the coffin, and was taken into the church, where it was visited frequently by the reverend gentleman and others. The body continued warm, and about eight o'clock the following Monday morning, the 9th, there were some slight movements of the body in the coffin. At last it was deemed prudent to take the man and the coffin away from the church to his house, where he was taken out of the coffin and placed in the bed. He slowly recovered."

SINGULAR SOMNOLENCE—A NARROW ESCAPE.

Leon Newton, a farmer, living at the time three and a half miles from Snow Hill, Md., went to sleep one Wednesday at 10 P. M. and slept until 6 o'clock on the Thursday morning following. He arose for an hour, and then slept from 7 A. M. on Thursday until 5:30 A. M. on the next Sunday. "I attended church at Snow Hill on Wednesday evening," said he, "and when I went home to bed as usual I did not feel remarkably sleepy. When I got up at 6 A. M. Thursday I went to the stable and fed my horses, knowing that my breakfast would not be ready until 8 o'clock. I looked at my watch, saw it was only 7, and decided to take a nap, and I crawled up in the hay-rack in the corner and soon fell asleep. I was aroused by John Watson, my next neighbor, who stirred me up with a

pole. He was pale with fright, and fairly shook as I climbed down to the floor.

“‘Where have you been?’ said he.

“‘Asleep,’ said I.

“‘But what have you been doing since Thursday?’

“‘You fool,’ said I, ‘what do you mean? Isn’t this Thursday?’

“‘No; this is Sunday,’ said John, who seemed to be afraid of me, and commenced to edge toward the door.



LEON NEWTON APPARENTLY DIED
WHEN A BOY.

“Well, we talked for ten minutes, by which time I was pretty much mixed, and just about as scared as Watson was. I want you to let people know that I am a temperance man, and have not drank a drop of liquor, not even cider, for twenty-five years. I did not take a drug of any kind, and yet it seems that I slept over ninety hours with only one hour’s intermission. I have not been

asleep since Watson woke me up, and, to tell the truth, I am not very anxious to try it. I sat up Sunday night and last night. I probably will do so again to-night.

“When I was a boy I came near being buried while I was in what the doctors called a trance. My mother was crying over me in my coffin when I opened my eyes. They took me out and put me to bed. The next day I was well, after having apparently been dead for three days. This time it looks as if I had only been sleeping. I never felt better in my life than I do now.”

During Newton’s sleep his family and friends became convinced that he was dead, and suspected some oyster-dredgers whose enmity he had incurred of having made away with him. The dredgers began a search for the body. Five schooners and a whole fleet of oyster tongsmen dredged the river all day Saturday in search of the body. When Sunday dawned everybody believed Newton was dead. The news of the discovery

was received with incredulity, and all of Sunday evening the country folks flocked to the Newton residence to discuss his remarkable experience.

A FUNERAL ARRANGED TWICE.

In 1885 there resided in Richmondville, N. Y., an aged and respected lady who had two silver plates that were purchased and inscribed to be placed on her coffin. In April, 1846, at Central Bridge, she was supposed to be dead. Her body was prepared for burial, the funeral was announced, and a minister from Cobleskill had arrived to preach the funeral sermon. An hour before the funeral was to occur her body was observed to move. Restoratives were administered, and she was soon able to be about. In the fall of 1863 she had a similar experience, and at that time her body was placed in a coffin, but she recovered.

Premature Interment in Many Cases.

CRAZY AFTER FINDING HIS ONLY DAUGHTER BURIED ALIVE.

THE KEEN INTUITION OF DOGS REALIZE THAT A LADY HAD BEEN BURIED ALIVE—THE CASE OF MICHAEL NEVILLE—A MAN HANGED AND PRONOUNCED DEAD COMES TO LIFE—A FRENCH-MAN PRONOUNCED DEAD THREE TIMES—A COLORED GIRL'S CURIOUS EXPERIENCE.

"What life romances there are going on all around us," remarked one of Inspector Byrnes' men to a reporter of the New York Star he met in the Fifth Avenue Hotel one day in 1885.

"What brought out that romantic remark?" said the matter-of-fact reporter.

"You saw that man I saluted as Charley a moment ago?" said the detective.

"Yes. You seemed very familiar."

"We are. I arrested him a fortnight ago."

"Arrested? What for?"

"I thought he was working the bunko racket on a man he was always following and making up to, but I was mistaken. He is hired to follow the man."

"Hired to follow him? That's a very thin story."

"It seems so, but it's true. Here he comes now. I'll introduce you and let you hear what he has to say."

The stranger, a flashy young man, returned through the



DOGS SEEMED TO REALIZE THAT THE BURIED ONE WAS ALIVE.

corridor arm in arm with a respectable old gentleman. The two separated at the clerk's desk, the old man taking his key and going upstairs to his room. Then the young fellow turned to the detective and was introduced to the newspaper man.

"Well, my day's work is over, and a tough one it's been. He's led me the liveliest dance yet."

"Where did he take you?"

"Into every undertaking establishment on the East Side, ordering caskets and shrouds. He ordered at least fifty, and I countermanded."

"Why does he do that?" inquired the amazed reporter.

"It's a crank he has," said the stranger. "He's sound on every other point but that. He's a wealthy old chap, who takes trips about the country, ordering caskets and shrouds in every city to be shipped to him at his home in West Virginia."

"What started this mania?"

"Oh, a terrible affair. He had no immediate relatives but an only daughter, a beautiful girl, aged seventeen. She was buried alive, and ever since then he has been a little off, as you see."

"Buried alive? How was that?"

"She was taken ill, and the doctor prescribed morphia. She took an overdose, and apparently died. The father went nearly crazy with grief. The body was kept three days, and was viewed by all the neighbors. One lady insisted that the girl did not look as if she was dead. Doctors were summoned, and they applied several tests, which resulted in their declaration that life was extinct."

"Then they buried her?"

"Yes, after four men had dragged the father from the casket."

"The night after the funeral the dogs of a farmer living near the churchyard kept up a continuous howling, and on being let loose the next morning made direct for the young lady's grave, and began digging at it with their paws. The old man was informed of this, and had the body disinterred in the presence of his neighbors and the village authorities. The body was taken out of the casket. It presented a frightful appearance. The unfortunate girl had evidently made superhuman struggles to lift the lid of the casket after it had been lowered into the grave. In her frenzy at her failure she must

have lost her mind entirely, as her face was disfigured in every possible manner. Her long black hair had been plucked from her head, the lining was torn from the sides of the casket, and the pillows were in shreds. Her hands and arms were torn and bleeding. Her clothing consisted in part of a light summer dress, which was literally torn from her body. Her lips were bitten through."

"And that set the old man crazy?"

"Mildly so, as you see."

"I don't wonder at it. It was terrible; but why don't his relatives restrain him?"

"That would make him worse. He is inoffensive, and I am reliable, and they are quite willing I shall follow him about and set him straight."

"But doesn't he ever object to your presence?"

"No; we formed an attachment in Baltimore, and he doesn't suspect that I am anything more to him than a chance acquaintance."

The above narrative illustrates in a most vivid manner the profound ignorance of the physicians in charge of this unfortunate young lady. Why, in the name of reason, did they not insist that her body should be retained until decomposition commenced? If that simple, reasonable and common-sense demand had been made, this young lady would undoubtedly have been saved from a horrible death, and her father prevented from going hopelessly insane. The physician who officiated in that case should have been arrested for gross malpractice, and all like him should be presented with a leather medal, with the above pathetic narrative engraved thereon, and they should be compelled to read it three times a day. Her final death was horrible to contemplate—painful to think of—yet the probability is that the death struggle was only momentary, and she did not fully realize the awful condition she was in: The father, shocked by the unfortunate occurrence, and disgusted at medical ignorance, became partially demented, while those who read an account thereof shudder in horror and feel like kicking the attendant physician.

The difficulty of determining with absolute certainty whether a person is dead or not, is vividly illustrated in the case of Mrs. Charles Bollensen (of Mount Clemens, Mich.), a woman of seventy, who suddenly expired, as it was supposed,

of heart disease. Her death was announced and the funeral took place the following Tuesday. The lifelike appearance of the body excited much comment, which increased rather than diminished after burial. Finally the interest grew so intense that it was thought best to disinter the body. This was accomplished the next Thursday afternoon, the body having been in the grave two days and two nights. It still bore the same lifelike appearance. It was placed in a room in which the temperature was kept steadily at 75 degrees. Not the slightest indication of decomposition was apparent, and the physicians declared themselves unable to determine whether Mrs. Bollensen was dead or alive. The case created much excitement.

Under the circumstances, this lady should not have been interred until her death could have been established without a doubt. The very fact that not the slightest indications of decomposition had set in, indicates the presence of an abundance of animal life that was perhaps gradually vanishing—dying out like an expiring taper, or else it was a case of suspended animation—which it was I never learned.

Then, again, there was Michael Neville, a Pittsburg iron-worker, who was declared dead. As the undertaker cut into his arm to embalm him, he came to life, illustrating what an exceedingly trivial circumstance will sometimes call back the ebbing tide of life.

A NEGRO GIRL APPARENTLY DIES.

One Saturday evening, in 1885, there occurred a strange case of suspended animation at Eureka Garden, says the Mobile Register. During the afternoon Octavius Slater, a negro girl, went down to the park and amused herself as children generally do—in the swings and romping about the grass. About 6:20 o'clock she was standing with her head upturned watching the balloon, which was ascending at Frascati. She suddenly fell to the ground insensible, and lay like one dead. She was picked up by her friends and carried to her home on Wilkinson street, showing no sign of life or animation, respiration even being imperceptible. She lay in this state for about six hours, when she began slowly to revive, and was soon restored to her normal condition. The sudden lethargy into which she was thrown is ascribed to some effect of the

brain, produced by the dizzy motion of the balloon which she was watching.

A MAN WHO WAS LYNCHED COMES TO LIFE.

A remarkable denouement in a factional fight, involving many of the leading citizens of Pulaski county, Missouri, is said to have occurred March 9th, 1885. In April, eight prominent citizens living near Dixon were indicted for lynching an



THE HANGING OF HILDEBRAND.

alleged robber named Hildebrand, at Hancock, in 1872. The testimony showed that Hildebrand was taken from his cell, hanged to a tree, cut down, and buried by the mob. The men were tried at Waynesville, Missouri, and acquitted. Hardly had the verdict been announced when a letter was received from New York, stating that the man who was supposed to have been lynched was in that city, alive and well. It was addressed to W. H. Murphy, an attorney at Dixon, Missouri, and read as follows:

“In looking over the paper of March 5th, I noticed an article referring to the supposed murder by Judge Lynch, in Pulaski county, in 1872. A man named McClorney called upon me in reference to the matter, and said he was the Hildebrand referred to. He went from St. Louis to Dixon, and from there to Hancock. He was arrested for a serious robbery, of which he was innocent. He was taken out, hung up a number of times, and finally cut down. It was supposed he was dead and his body was thrown into a ravine. He recovered and left the State, though the wounds in his neck did not heal for many days.”

PRONOUNCED DEAD THREE TIMES.

A French butcher by the name of Fouques died in 1883, in Oran, the Algerian capital, whose singular fortune it was to

be thrice, at long intervals, pronounced dead and laid out in his coffin. His first experience was in 1848, when he fell into a trance, from which he recovered in time to knock violently on the coffin-lid as the bearers were carrying him to the grave. In 1866 an attack of the cholera ended, to all appearance, in death, and he was again on the point of being buried when he recovered consciousness. Some time after that the doctor once more declared that Fouques was dead, but his friends, mindful of his two narrow escapes, resorted to all known means of resuscitation, and refused to bury the body until the most unmistakable evidences of dissolution appeared.

HOW THE MOTHER SAVED HER BABY.



An accomplished lady of this city, with whom we are acquainted, relates a most remarkable incident in connection with her own child. While only a few months old, it was taken sick and, to all appearance, died. The physician decided that life was extinct, and he told the mother to prepare for its burial. After he had left, she seemed to intuitively realize that her child might yet be saved, and, almost distracted, she secured a large pan, and filling it with warm water immersed her child therein, and, strange to say, the darling child, pronounced

dead by the physician, was soon resuscitated, and is now an accomplished young lady of Chicago.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR OF HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

“In a country village in the central part of this State (N. Y.), people were considerably agitated, on one occasion, on the question as to whether a young woman, who had remained motionless and apparently breathless for several days, was

really dead or only in a condition of trance. It seems that she appeared to die suddenly of heart disease; but when the body was being prepared for burial it was found that the cheeks were flushed, and the flesh seemed natural and pliable, as if she were only asleep, and not cold and stiff as in death. The case excited great interest throughout the country, and people were anxious to know what the result would be. After several days of suspense it was announced that the question had been settled by burying the poor girl. This was all the information to be had in relation to a case in which thousands of people had taken a great interest.

“There is a natural fear on the part of every human being of being buried alive. The question is seldom discussed in the family and among friends without mutual requests that in case of death they may not be buried too soon.”

“When Washington realized that death was near, he requested that he might not be buried under two days from the time of death. Decomposition is the only infallible sign that life is extinct. Without that—except in cases of injuries that destroy some vital organ—no one can say positively that the spirit has flown. It is probable that premature burials are very rare, except during some terrible epidemic. It is not pleasant, however, to think they are possible at any time.

“When a member of the family dies, the relatives are often so stricken down with their sorrow that they are incapable of directing affairs. Too much discretion is given to the undertaker. It would generally be better to delay a little before sending for him and his ice-box. I have often met a gentleman named Bell, who, during the season of cholera in 1832, made his escape from a coffin while being conveyed to the cemetery. He said that he never lost consciousness while they were placing him in the coffin, but he had not the power to move sufficiently to show that he was alive; and so great was the panic that patients were not carefully examined to see if they were really dead, and the disease was so generally fatal that the undertakers seemed to think if their patients were not dead when they started for the graveyard they surely would be by the time they got there. Mr. Bell lived many years afterward, and indeed, may be living still. We occasionally hear that a grave has been opened and that the occupant has been found lying on the side or face. There is nothing astonishing

about that. It may easily occur by the coffin being tilted as it is lowered into the grave; but the most astonishing thing is the explanation that is often sought to be given: that the muscles had been contracted by galvanic action and the body turned in that way. If a battery is applied, that is possible; but who can believe in spontaneous galvanic action on muscles that are rigid in death. But to set all doubts and fears on this subject at rest, it would be well to prohibit by law all burials, until competent physicians had examined the bodies and found unmistakable signs of decomposition."

An inability to move the physical organization is not always accompanied with a loss of consciousness. When respiration ceases, it is then frequently the case that consciousness becomes greatly quickened. A whisper in an adjoining room is then often plainly heard. Every word that is uttered makes a deep impression on the mind; the rumbling of a wagon a mile away vibrates on the ear with terrible force. When the shroud is put on, the victim realizes every movement, and fully comprehends the situation and the superlative ignorance of attendants and physician. Then it is that the power of mind over matter is sometimes suddenly manifested. The agony of the situation, and the deplorable fate of being buried alive, frequently arouses the mind to superhuman action, and all at once the vital forces start the machinery of life in motion.

On the Verge of Being Buried Alive.

A SON CALLS HIS FATHER BACK TO LIFE.

A DYING BOY'S QUESTION—SCRATCHES HIS FACE WHILE IN THE COFFIN—NARROW ESCAPES FROM BEING BURIED ALIVE.

A curious case is related as having occurred in Maryland, it being first made public by the Rev. J. S. Keifer, of the Reformed Church, in 1882. The story of the minister is that



THE SON PLEADING FOR THE FATHER TO RETURN TO LIFE.

one night he was summoned to the bedside of a dying man. To his great regret, when he reached the house, a mile distant from the town, in the mountains, he was informed by the attending physician that the man was dead. He went to the room and saw lying on the bed the stark and rigid form of the departed, the lower jaw fallen, the ashy pallor of death on the face, and the body cold. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when the minister arrived. The family were terribly grief-stricken. A son in particular was inconsolable. He called on his father, begged him to come back, and with difficulty could be kept away from the body. The clergyman remained until near 2 in the morning. At this time, when the pastor was thinking of leaving, the son, who seemed to take the death so much to

one night he was summoned to the bedside of a dying man. To his great regret, when he reached the house, a mile distant from the town, in the mountains, he was informed by the attending physician that the man was dead. He went to the room and saw lying on the bed the stark and rigid form of the departed, the lower jaw fallen, the ashy pallor of death on the face, and the body cold. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when the minister arrived. The family were terribly grief-stricken. A son

heart, was seized with another paroxysm of grief, threw himself on the body of his father, embraced him, called him, bathed the cold face with tears, shrieking that he could not let him go; that he must say one word, look at him just once more; that he must not leave him without just one more word and one more look. As if the agonized voice had penetrated the silence of the other world, the lips of the father moved, the eyes opened and cast a sad, reproachful look on the weeping son, and in the well-known voice came distinctly these words: "Oh, why did you bring me back?" As soon as the awe-stricken group could regain their presence of mind after this appalling scene, they immediately administered restoratives to the patient, when the minister left him, very weak but still alive. He was sent for by the father the next day, who gave him an account of his death (as he evidently believed it had been) and his experience to the time when he was apparently recalled to life. He said:

"When I died I first felt a sinking sensation. I knew everything going on in the room, but I could not speak or move my lips. Then all was blank. The next thing I remember was being in dense darkness, seemingly in a tunnel, through which I was being pushed. There seemed to be two forms, one on each side, pushing me along through the tunnel, and I appeared to move as if I was floating, touching nothing above or below. At last it appeared to get lighter, as though we were nearing the end of the passage. It grew brighter every moment, and then I seemed to observe two shining, beautiful forms on each side of me. I had a feeling of perfect peace and well-being, and heard, as though it were a part of the space I floated in, the most soothing and delightful music. I had been a great sufferer, and the feeling of rest and freedom from pain was the thing I noticed most in my new state. I remained a short time in this blessed state, when it seemed to be disturbed by a voice in pain calling on me to come back. If they had known how much better I was, they would never have wanted me back in this weak and suffering body."

The man lived several days and then died, as his family sincerely believe, a second time, and, remembering his solemn words as to his first experience, did not call him back. Whether the man was in a syncope, from which the piercing lamentations of the family aroused him, or whether he had

indeed been permitted to return after a glance at the glories of the great unknown, none can answer. But one thing is certain: that for the space of several hours, to all intents and purposes, so far as the doctor, the pastor, and the family were concerned, and so far as all outward indications are agreed, the man was dead.

Respiration had entirely ceased on the part of this man; his form was rigid and cold, and there was every indication to the careful observer that he was actually dead. The affectionate son, however, could not realize that his dear father had ceased to live. He was not prepared to relinquish him to the embrace of the cold clods of earth. He would not admit that the father whom he had loved so tenderly was to leave him then; and all the potent energies of his young, ardent nature were concentrated in one grand effort to resuscitate him. He who has analyzed a noble deed, an unselfish effort, or a kind-hearted determination to accomplish a philanthropic purpose, will find therein an exhilarating, Godlike influence, which is capable of accomplishing some great good. As there is a subtle, penetrating energy in a ray of light, so in the hearty goodwill of a relative or friend there is a benign influence that is capable of doing a grand work. True, we cannot handle it, nor touch it, nor take cognizance of it with our normal sight, any more than we can see the penetrating action of the warmth of the stove on the atmosphere of the room. This son, as he affectionately caressed the prostrate form of his beloved father, undoubtedly imparted to him a healing, energizing influence, that started again in action the vital forces of life. The father probably would never have been resuscitated had it not been for the son's determined efforts, illustrating in a marked degree the necessity of patience and perseverance in dealing with the so-called dead.

SCRATCHES HIS FACE WHILE IN THE COFFIN.

In 1882, a most lamentable premature burial took place at New Brunswick, N. J. The account sets forth that James Gilliland, residing there, apparently died after a brief illness. He was a carpet-weaver by trade, and was well known in the neighborhood. After his death his house was visited by sympathizing friends who were anxious to look once more on their departed comrade. There was a peculiar appearance about the body, which was the subject of comment, and many of the

visitors refused to believe that life had departed. Even after the body had been prepared for burial and inclosed in a coffin, there were none of the ordinary appearances found in a corpse, and Gilliland's friends were greatly agitated over the matter,



HAD SCRATCHED HIS FACE WHILE
IN THE COFFIN.

many of them believing that he was only in a trance. So strong was this belief that physicians were called in to make an examination. They found the body slightly warm, and having none of the chilly feeling to the touch which is always found in dead bodies; the face was somewhat flushed, and the supposed dead man resembled a person in a deep sleep more than a mass of lifeless clay. The doctors, however, after a critical examination, pronounced Gilliland dead, and the funeral took place the following day, the interment being in the cemetery. One

week after a brother of Gilliland went to New Brunswick to make an examination, having heard that there were suspicions that he was not dead when the burial took place. He proceeded to the cemetery in company with a man to reopen the grave. When the coffin was reached the lid was carefully removed, and to the great horror of the man he discovered indubitable evidence that his brother had been entombed while in a trance, and had afterward recovered consciousness. The body was found lying on one side, with the face terribly scratched, as though done while in agony. It is thought that the unfortunate man, on recovering consciousness, endeavored to free himself from the coffin, and that a terrible struggle for life took place, the hands being horribly lacerated, while the face plainly showed signs of terror.

Who can conceive, or accurately estimate, the horror that seized this unfortunate man when the thought flashed suddenly upon him that he had been buried alive? He lost his life

through the inordinate ignorance of the supervising physicians, which illustrates in a marked degree the necessity on their part for a more thorough understanding of what death really is.

A DYING BOY'S QUESTION.

On one occasion Dr. Irenæus Prime had just returned from the funeral of the eldest son of his friends, the Rev. George Nixon and wife, of Tremont, New York. His sympathies were tenderly moved by the letter the father sent him, with a request to come to them in the hour of their great affliction. Dr. Prime says: "Though but thirteen years and five months old, he had a mature mind and was an earnest Christian. He had no fears of dying, and we talked constantly of his possible departure. His last night on earth was spent in intense agony. But in his rational moments his faith failed not. He rose up at a time we thought him sleeping and said: 'Now I want to say the Lord's Prayer.' He repeated it with a strong voice until the close, when his strength failed. About half an hour before death he looked up to his mother and with a smile said: 'Mother, is this the other world?' Perhaps he was half waking, half sleeping, when he looked into his mother's face, and wondered whether he was in this or the other world! The pain of dying had ceased. The eyes of a loving mother met his as he lay in perfect peace. His heart was full of love, and, for the moment, it was so unlike the anguish he was suffering, that he was at a loss to know where he was, and he made the natural and beautiful inquiry: 'Is this the other world?'"

In the multifarious stages of death, which are never repeated precisely alike in any two individuals, the dying one sometimes stands poised, as it were, midway between the two realms—earth and heaven—and during those precious moments is allowed to hold sweet communion at the same time with the friends of earth and the angels of the celestial regions. This, indeed, is very consoling; this, truly, is a grand and beautiful privilege that is allowed to only a few of the children of earth. I have reason to believe that nearly all, before the final dissolution between the soul and body has been accomplished, are favored with a glimpse of their future home—whether it be one of angelic loveliness and beauty, where all are supremely happy, or a miserable, desolate waste, corresponding with the detestable acts of those who have led a

depraved and sinful career on earth. The physical organization, however, in many cases will not respond to the efforts of the soul to convey to its friends on earth what it sees. This lovely, innocent boy, referred to above, was highly spiritual, and his system had not been so enervated but that it would respond to his efforts to convey to those around him what he desired, and the delightful scenes he witnessed induced him to think that he was in the home of God and the angels.

A CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION AT EAST DURHAM, N. J.

Dr. Morris, of East Durham, N. J., reported a case of trance (1885) that he had been treating. The victim was Amelia Schaefer, a nineteen-year-old German girl, who lived



STARTLED AT FINDING HER DAUGHTER APPARENTLY DEAD.

in that village. A few months previous she engaged herself in marriage to a young townsman. He went, so the story goes, to Pennsylvania, soon after the engagement, and found employment in a mine there. On New Year's Eve information reached Miss Schaefer that there had been an accident in the mine and that her lover had lost his life. She was noticeably shocked by the news, and retired to her room, prostrated by her sudden bereavement. Mrs.

Schaefer made ineffectual attempts to arouse her, and then sent out for the physician. He felt for a heart action, but could perceive none. Her wrists seemed pulseless. He applied electricity, but there was no response indicating life. He observed, however, that the body had none of the rigidity which follows death, and declaring his belief that the girl was suffering from catalepsy, advised the parents to make no preparations for her burial. The following Monday evening a feeble pulse was discerned at the wrist, and there were increasing signs of returning animation. The physician ascribes the cause of her syncope to intense grief acting upon the delicate constitution and highly nervous organization.

Horrible Details of Premature Interment.

ILLUSTRATING THE DENSE IGNORANCE OF PHYSICIANS.

TODT AND SCHEINTODT — LUCIA MARINI'S NARROW ESCAPE — BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE DURING DISSECTION—A THRUST OF THE KNIFE BRINGS A MAN BACK TO LIFE—EXPERIENCE OF PETRARCH—TWO FOLD BURIALS—A CHILD BORN IN A TOMB.

*The difference between death and a state of trance—or, as the Germans put it, *totd* and *scheintodt*—has never been quite clearly understood by the generality of mankind. Society, which sometimes does its best for the living, does not always do its best for the dead (or those who appear to be dead), and he would be a bold man who, without statistics, should assert that men, women and children are never, by any chance, buried alive. Are the bodies of the poor always examined with care before burial? Are deaths properly verified in days of epidemic—that is to say, in days of social panic?

I propose in this article to call attention to a few instances of premature burials on the Continent of Europe; instances which involve stories of trance, or *scheintodt*—a trance, the semblance of death, holding its sway over the human body for hours and days, and not merely for minutes, as in the case of ordinary fainting-fits. In days when land is dear, and burial rights are less sacred than the rights of builders and contractors, coffins have been opened with the pickaxe, in the act of converting cemeteries into streets and gardens. Here a grave has been discovered whose inmate has turned in its shroud; here a corpse clutching its hair in a strained and unnatural position; dead men and dead women lying in their graves as dead men never lie in a Christian land at the moment

*G. Eric Mackay, in *Belgravla*.

of burial. The presumption is, that these people have been legally murdered.

A few months ago a young and beautiful woman, on the eve of her marriage with the man she loved, was buried in the neighborhood of Lodi, in Piedmont, in accordance with the doctor's certificate. The doctor was of opinion that the girl had died from excitement—overjoy, it is said, at the prospect of being married, but the legal name for the catastrophe was disease of the heart, and with this verdict her place in society was declared vacant. When the first shovelful of earth was thrown down on the coffin, strange noises were heard proceeding therefrom, "as of evil spirits disputing over the body of the dead." The grave-diggers took to flight, and the mourners began praying; but the bridegroom, less superstitious than the others, insisted on the coffin being unnailed. This was done; but too late: the girl was found in an attitude of horror and pain impossible to describe; her eyes wide open, her teeth clinched, her hands clutching her hair. Life was extinct; but, when laid in her shroud the day before, her eyes were closed, her hands were folded on her breast as if in prayer.

The "Medical Academy" of Milan, in one of its weekly reports, published on Wednesday, March 22d, 1848, quotes a case of trance which occurred to an ex-nun of the suppressed convent of St. Orsola, named Lucia Marini. The lady was taken ill, and, to all outward appearance, died; she was known to be subject to a peculiar kind of fit, which required peculiar treatment, and was staying at the time of the catastrophe in the house of a friend, who had been a nun. The *becchini* (grave-diggers, who in this case were the undertakers) insisted on burying the body before night; the surviving ex-nun remonstrated, urging that she must first try the effect of friction and mustard-plasters applied to feet and stomach. Fearing to lose their fee, the men of death waxed wroth in their contention, and, seizing the body by the shoulders, were about to drag it out of its bed, when the "dead lady," moaning and muttering inarticulate sounds, turned restlessly on her pillow. The friend of Lucia Marini broke out into prayers, interrupted by tears; the men let go their hold, and one of them (the elder of the two) crossed himself devoutly. The other, with a great oath, declared it was "spasms;" the dead, in his opinion, being liable to convulsive movements if not properly straight-

ened. But humanity prevailed over ignorance, and cupidity gave way to medical skill. The lady was thoroughly revived by a medical practitioner of the neighborhood, and lived for many a long day to tell the story of her escape from the tomb.

Another case in point is that of Cardinal Espinosa, sometime President of Castile. Philip II., King of Spain, one day, in a moment of irritation, addressed him as follows: "Cardinal, take heed! You are speaking to the President of Castile." The Cardinal understood that he was dismissed from office (the King being his own President), and fell to the ground as if stunned. The pulse showed no signs of life; the parted lips emitted no breath—the King's wrath had slain his minister. It was decided that the unfortunate Cardinal should be cut open and embalmed. The surgeon arrived and commenced his operations, when lo! in the midst of the cutting the patient awoke, and, with screams of agony, attempted to struggle with his operator! But it was too late. The wounds were mortal, and the Cardinal expired before the comforts of religion could be administered to him.

But let us go back a century or two in these inquiries. We come upon the story of the Abbe Prevot, author of "Manon Lescaut," and, earlier still, upon that of Petrarch.

Prevot was found in a forest, one fine summer's day, in a state of complete unconsciousness. The village doctor, who examined the body, declared that life was extinct, and commenced what he was pleased to term his *post-mortem* examination. But at the first thrust of the knife the unlucky author awoke, and, with a piercing shriek, gave up the ghost. Bruchier, the biographer of Prevot, deplores this event as a serious loss to literature. "Manon Lescaut," which Jules Janin complacently calls the "Paul and Virginia" of vice, might, he opines, have had a successor, if not a rival, from the same pen.

Petrarch, when a middle-aged man, lay in Ferrara twenty hours in a state of trance, and was to be buried on the completion of the time laid down by law, that is to say, in four hours, when a sudden change of temperature caused him to start up in his bed. He complained of the draught and reprimanded his attendants. They had allowed a current of cold air to fall on his couch! Perhaps if the door had been kept shut, the poet, showing no signs of animation, would have been buried that day. Petrarch would have been defrauded

of a large portion of his life, and the world would have lost, in consequence, some of its finest sonnets.

Mission, in his "Medical Anecdotes," tells a story of a lady who, in 1577, was buried alive in Cologne. This lady was the wife of a consul, and was placed in the family vault in gay attire, with rings on her fingers and a golden chain around her neck, as on her wedding-day. Robbers repaired to her grave at dead of night to steal her jewelry, and were taking the rings from her fingers, which were damp and swollen, when the lady awoke, and, sitting bolt upright, as if galvanized, stared and smiled at her visitors. One of the three men fell down in a fit, fearing the devil or his agency, and the others took to their heels "as if pursued by fiends." The lady walked home, and was received by her husband, first with fear, and afterward with transports of joy, and lived for many a long day in health and happiness. In the Church of the Holy Apostles at Cologne is a picture of the consul's wife waking from the tomb, but the event is ascribed to a miracle, and death, not a trance, is the subject of the picture.

But the resuscitated victims of apparent death do not always return safe and sound—hale in body and mind—from the land of shadows. A carbinier in the Pope's service, named Luigi Vittori, was, not long ago, conveyed to the Roman Hospital, and there, after a few days' acute suffering, registered as dead, his disease being "asthma." A doctor, glancing at the body, fancied he detected signs of life in it. A lighted taper was applied to the nose of the carbinier—a mirror was applied to his mouth; but all without success. The body was pinched and beaten, the taper was again applied, and so often and so obstinately that the nose was burned, and the patient, quivering in all his frame, drew short, spasmodic breaths—sure proofs, even to a non-professional witness, that the soldier was not altogether dead. The doctor applied other remedies, and in a short time the corpse was declared to be a living man. Luigi Vittori left the hospital to resume his duties as carbineer, but his nose—a scarred and crimson beacon on his face—told till he died (which was soon afterward) the sad story of his cure in the very jaws of the grave.

Stories are told of men who, after sentence of death at the hands of the doctors, returned to life blighted in intellect. Some of these victims of medical incapacity were men of

position in society, but others—the great majority—were poor and friendless. Hospital cases have principally to do with the poor, and, in hospitals in warm countries, patients who show signs of approaching dissolution are quickly disposed of. Camillo de Lellis, the founder of an order of hospital monks, or Brothers of Charity, speaks in his memoirs of the frequency of premature burials in Italy. “Ah, merciful God!” he exclaims piously, “how many living men and women are annually taken to their graves in this Christian country!” Camillo was of opinion that the victims might be numbered by many scores—nay, by hundreds—in the course of a single year.

One day, after visiting the beds of the sick in a certain hospital in Lombardy, of which the name has been left in blank, Camillo entered the morgue, and found strewed upon the floor a great number of corpses, one of which was bleeding profusely from the head. “A dead man cannot bleed in this way,” thought Camillo, and had the body taken to another room, and there examined. The man was alive, and but for an accident would have received burial. He had been thrown to the ground with some violence a short time previously, and, then and there receiving the wound above alluded to, recovered consciousness. But he only survived his sentence of death three days; he died of the blow which had awakened him from his trance.

But there are double deaths—twofold burials—which are, perhaps, the most horrible of all. Society thinks it is burying one person, but the “deceased,” being a woman, may, from the point of view of maternity, include two lives, or even more. Gasparo Rejes tells the story of a child born in the tomb, whose mother was buried alive. The lady was the wife of a man of property, named Francesco Orvallos, and “died” while far advanced in pregnancy, during her husband’s absence. Orvallos, returning home the day after the funeral, had the tomb opened, not because he suspected foul play, but because he wished to gaze once more on the face of his beloved. The lady was in truth dead, but death had transpired in the grave. A child, struggling into existence, met the gaze of the bereaved husband, and was removed without difficulty by a medical assistant. The mother was once more consigned to the dust, but the child lived to be a man, and, carrying till his death the name of “Fruit of the Earth,” occupied for several years

the post of Lieutenant-General on the frontiers of Cherez. This story is reproduced by the late Professor Comi, in his treatise on "Apneology." Those who doubt it have only to read the following account of what is called "Involuntary Homicide," which happened in the south of Italy (at Castel del Giudice) in November last, and of which accounts were published at the time in the Neapolitan and English papers:

A poor woman at Castel del Giudice, in the province of Molise, was taken ill with the premonitory symptoms of childbirth, and, having fainted away while the doctor was being sent for, was, on his arrival, declared dead. Burial follows death very rapidly in southern countries, especially in Italy: it is the night of the tomb setting in without the twilight of the death-chamber; and eight-and-forty hours in the north of Italy, and four-and-twenty in the south, is the time allowed by law. If the "dead" awake in that time it is well. If not, they are doomed, and no one—not even a father or a mother, a husband or a wife—can save them from the hands of the grave-digger. This was the case with the poor woman of Molise. Her friends had doubts as to one, at least, of the deaths—that of the unborn babe—but the doctor was inexorable. He refused to operate on the "corpse" to save the infant-life, and the syndic, approving of his conduct, ordered the body to be buried. The funeral took place exactly at the twenty-fourth hour—that is to say that the body (being a poor one) was thrown into the ground like a dog. Dog-like, too, it had no rights, for a few days afterwards it was unearthed to make room for another corpse—that of a girl—which was to be thrown in over it. But the *becchini* (the grave-diggers) perceived while doing their work that the woman buried the week before "had moved in the grave." Her hands were up to her mouth; her eyes were wide open and staring frightfully—she had been trying to bite the bands by which her wrists were fastened. But the bands of her legs were rent asunder, and there, in the dust beside her, was a dead child! The woman and the babe (a boy), whom law and medical incapacity had slain, were taken out of the earth to be medically examined and legally provided for, and the new corpse (was it a corpse?) was thrown in in their stead. The doctor and the syndic were arrested and condemned to three months' imprisonment, and the mother and child were buried again with two medical certificates instead of one. The

legal authorities—somewhat late in the day,—wished to do everything in “proper form,” and the child, born in the grave, procured for its mother a second burial.

This horrible crime—the crime of burying a woman alive and murdering an unborn babe five or six feet underground by medical sanction—could with difficulty have occurred in England. English law provides an interval of a week (more or less) between death and burial, and the seeming-dead may in a week's time return to life—that is to say, that the body, with the suspended life dormant within it, may, by chance or by medical treatment, reassume its functions, or a portion of its functions, before burial has become a legal or sanitary necessity; but it cannot be stated with certainty that all persons buried in a northern climate—such a climate, for instance, as England—are in reality dead after the delay of a week has been accorded. Hasty and sudden burials are not always a question of climate or of temperature. In times of pestilence the week's delay is in many cases, even in northern climates, reduced to a few hours; and in Italy, where the minimum interval between death and burial is a day and a night, and the maximum two days and two nights, the victims (or the supposed victims) of epidemic are buried as soon as dead—that is to say, as soon as they appear to be dead, which, in exceptional times, amounts to much the same thing. The manifest blunder is that of supposing all dead persons—i. e., all persons dying in days of pestilence—to be dead of that particular pestilence; and the excuse for it, if excuse it be, is the desire to remove from the living all possibility of contagion from the bodies of the dead, dispensing with experiments with a view to reducing risk; and making sure, so to speak, of the corpse without giving it the benefit of a doubt.

The fact is, that the modern inhabitants of Italy—i. e., modern Italian legislators—are extremely intolerant of what may be called the romance of the death-chamber. Reverence for the deceased, a craving for the companionship of the unburied corpse, is not encouraged in Italy. As soon as life is extinct, or is believed to be extinct, the human being ceases to be sacred. It is earth or clay, and nothing more, and the glamour of a beloved face which no longer smiles does not, to an Italian mind, speak of a soul hovering near the body, a soul asleep, not dead, which haunts the chamber of woe, and makes

itself felt, as it were, instinctively, in the presence of the mourners. Theology teaches Italians that the soul of the deceased is in purgatory, and that the altar, and not the death-bed, is the place to kneel at; so that, by kneeling and praying, and doing penance (by fees and masses), mourners may be able to comfort the souls of the departed in the limbo they inhabit. Corpses belong in the first instance to the priests (who, after the unction by sacred oil, light tapers by the bedside); and in the second instance to the legal or sanitary authorities, who employ the grave-diggers. The death-chamber is abandoned by the mourners, who flock to the church; and the room, and sometimes the whole house, is furbished up, and even whitewashed, as if the death of a near and dear relative had brought contamination upon it.

Now, it would be interesting to discover at what period of history the Italians began to be so severe in their treatment of the dead. The ancient inhabitants of Italy were by no means so rigorous. They were tender in the death-chamber, and careful at the funeral-pyre; though pagans, they were merciful in matters of life and death. Their burial laws were to a great extent similar to those of England—similar as regards the interval between death and the funeral, and only different as regards the funeral itself.

The Romans had, indeed, many experiences of official and medical blundering, and that is perhaps the reason why they were, at certain periods, so careful in their funeral rites. Pliny tells the story of the Consul Acilius, who, being reputed dead, was placed on the pyre, and started up to shriek for assistance while the flames were gathering round him; but too late to be saved. Lucius was burned alive; and Tiberius, waking from the trance of death while preparations were being made to burn him, was removed by his friends and others from the stake. The interval between death and the funeral was fixed at eight days. It was seldom less, and it was sometimes more; for Lycurgus, in his anxiety to prevent accidents—i. e., medical and judicial murders—fixed the interval at eleven days. Why do the modern Romans, and all the modern inhabitants of Italy, insist on burying their dead within forty-eight hours? Simply—say the legislators—because the climate requires it; i. e., because it would not be fair to the living to allow the dead to remain unburied for a longer space than two days and

two nights. Query: Was the climate of Italy under Julius Cæsar very different, in point of heat or moisture, from the climate of Italy under King Humbert?

But it has always, and in all countries, been difficult to ascertain the difference between *totd* and *scheintodt*—death and the semblance of death. Dr. Gandolfi, a learned Italian writer, whose work on “Forensic Medicine” was revised by the illustrious Mittermayer, is of opinion that medical men are themselves liable to make mistakes on this important question. He says—1. That “the organic phenomena which precede apparent death cannot of themselves be distinguished from those which precede real death, and that for a certain time it will be difficult to decide, scientifically, whether life be suspended, or extinct;” and, 2. That “many phenomena which announce real death are the common and necessary indications of apparent death, as, for instance, the want of motion, of sense, of breathing, and of pulsation.”

These are terrible sentences! How many persons are pronounced dead simply because they have ceased to breathe and move and show signs of pulse—persons who, according to Gandolfi, may not, in all cases, be ready for burial! It is Gandolfi’s opinion that persons “pronounced dead” may, in some rare instances, be the witnesses—the mute and fear-stricken witnesses—of their own funeral; that they may know perfectly well that they are going to be put into coffins, and thence into the earth, and yet be powerless, alive as they are, to avert the catastrophe of a legal murder! The following illustration of this point is authenticated by Bruhier, and is quoted, in slightly different words, by Dr. Gandolfi:

A schoolmaster in Mohlstadt, named Wenzel, was legally pronounced dead, and got ready for burial. He was to be buried on a certain fixed day, but his sister, who lived far off, had not arrived; and it was decided that the funeral should be postponed. The “deceased,” in his winding-sheet unable to move, and apparently unable to breathe, heard with joy of this delay, and tried, but utterly in vain, to open his eyes, which were fast closed. His sister arrived, and, finding him dead, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and seizing his hand, reproved him passionately for thus dying without one word of farewell. She took his head between her hands, and, pressing it wildly, looked at him with a fixed and half-demented scrutiny. The

eyelids of the "deceased" were seen to quiver; the eyes half opened; he was saved! He had succeeded in putting his latent self in communication with the outer world; and what he himself had begun the doctors completed. Here was a man who, but for his sister's delay, would have been buried alive! Bruhier's story is, in fact, the confession of Wenzel. It is the story of a patient describing his horror on finding himself a dead man; and, without much confusion of terms, it might fairly be called the "Confessions of a Corpse." Dr. Gandolfi asserts that many such cases have been recorded in various parts of Europe, and that in most instances the cases have been "proved and authenticated." Gandolfi is an authority; and all persons of a quibbling or skeptical nature would do well to consider the matter thoroughly before condemning his evidence.

But it is needless to prolong the list of examples. Enough has been said to show the wickedness of hasty funerals, and the necessity of establishing a proper system of tests. But these tests, so long expected, are not forthcoming. Many physicians are, indeed, of opinion that no such system is obtainable in the present state of medical science. There are, they affirm, a great many ways of proving death, if sufficient time be allowed for experiments; but during the experiments, or before the experiments have begun, the supposed corpse may, they declare, pass from apparent to real death, and thus, without sign or warning, frustrate all inquiry. Celebrated physicians cannot be at the death-beds of all sick persons. The poor, and even the rich, must oftentimes content themselves with the services of doctors who are not famous either for learning or intuition; and the medicines and appliances by which distinguished physicians might succeed in testing the existence of life, in persons suffering from trance, would, in the case of poor people, cost too much; and no one is willing to guarantee their final success. For it is important to bear this point in mind: it is one thing to certify that a "corpse" is not really dead; it is another thing to revive that corpse after the inner life—latent and slow to assert itself—has been properly recognized. No; what is wanted is a simple test, and not a complicated test, or a complicated series of tests, which would be out of the reach of the poor, and beyond the power of inexperienced or badly-paid doctors. Let us have

that test 'as soon as possible! No doctor deems it an impossibility. It is a matter of difficulty, and that is all. But difficulties seemingly greater than this have been mastered over and over again by modern science.

The Great Dangers that Confront Us.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

A LITTLE GIRL BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE—QUEER FREAK OF LIGHTNING—SAD FATE OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY—WORDS FROM BRAZIL—OTHER STARTLING CASES.

Mrs. Martha Smith, of Chatham (N. C.), relates a remarkable case of suspended animation, burial, and resurrection of a person—a married lady—who possessed a gold watch and



RESUSCITATION AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

finger-rings, which she often expressed a desire to have buried with her whenever she was dead. Finally she was taken ill, and life seemed to gradually ebb away, until her attending physician pronounced it extinct. At her burial her previously expressed desire was complied with, and the second night after her interment a white man and a negro went to the grave and exhumed her body for the purpose of obtaining her jewelry. As they took the lid off the coffin, and began pulling off the ring from her finger, she raised up. At this both men took fright and ran away. Finally the negro went back. She asked him what he wanted. He told her he wanted her rings and the white man her watch. She requested to see the white man, whom the negro soon found and brought to her. She requested him to

go home with her. He did so, and when she reached the door she knocked. Her husband opened the door, but fainted when he saw her, thinking it was his dead wife's ghost.

A LITTLE GIRL BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.

It was sometime in 1876, I think, when Mr. Evan Stover, of Spring Valley, Bates county, Pa., while working in his mill, noticed that the machinery was not working as it should do, and kept getting slower. Finally it almost stopped. He immediately proceeded to investigate the matter and ascertain the cause. He raised the stones, inspected the machinery, and did other things, without avail. Finally he went to the water-gate and raised it up. Finding that the water did not flow as fast as it should, he inserted his arm in the race, and to his horror pulled out one of his own children, aged about three years. It was, to all appearances, dead, but as he was carrying it to the house its nose began to bleed, and the color came back to its face. After a little effort the child was resuscitated. The vital forces of her body were sufficiently elastic to bear the terrible strain, and when removed from the water, they asserted their supremacy.

A QUEER FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

Stamford (Conn.) *Journal*: Dr. Reid tells of a very strange freak of electricity on the person of Robert Burdett, colored, Sunday afternoon. He and the family were seated in the house, when a bolt descended the chimney, struck him fair in the forehead, then glancing, burnt his arm, and running down his legs tore his pantaloons in strips, and after demolishing his great toe passed out of the bottom of his shoe, leaving a hole as if made by a bullet. A portion of it then passed through the floor, splitting it, and the rest taking effect on a large dog near by laid him out forever. The boy remained as if dead for awhile, but recovered, and when the doctor called to see him he was able to go about, though complaining some of numbness.

TERRIBLE FATE OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

One of those ghastly stories of interment before life has become extinct, which cause an involuntary shudder of horror to pass through the reader, was current at one time in Wheeling, West Virginia, a few years ago. The victim, so the story

goes, was a young married lady of twenty years. In May of the previous year, three months after her marriage, the lady was taken violently ill, and after lingering for ten days, apparently died. There were certain peculiarities about the appearance of the supposed corpse, however, which caused a suspicion in the mind of the attending physician that his patient might be in a trance, but after keeping the body for four days with no signs of returning life, the remains were consigned to the grave, temporary interment being made in the family lot in an abandoned graveyard. Finally the body was disinterred prior to removal to another cemetery. To the surprise of the sexton the coffin-lid showed signs of displacement, and on its being removed the grave-digger was horrified to find the remains turned face downward, the hands filled with long tufts of hair torn from the head, and the face, neck and bosom deeply scratched and scarred, while the lining of the coffin had been torn into fragments in the desperate efforts of the entombed victim to escape from her terrible fate.

STARTLING CASES REPORTED BY THE REFORMADOR.

We extract the following from the *Reformador*, of Rio Janeiro, the organ of the Spiritualist Society of Brazil:

“At Petropolis, last April, the body of M. Diniz was about to be conveyed to the tomb, when it exhibited signs of life; it is supposed that he had been in a cataleptic trance.

“Let us consider a little this peculiar state; it comes on spontaneously, in subjects of a certain constitution, from a deficiency or irregular distribution of the nerve-fluid; it differs from death only from the spirit not being entirely separated from the body. In this state the action of the heart and arteries is barely perceptible; if the quantity and distribution of the nerve-fluid are restored to the normal degree, there is a return of the manifestations of life. The nerve-fluid of healthy human beings can be transmitted to others in whom it is deficient. Some years ago a lady of our acquaintance, while on a voyage to Europe, was seized with a cataleptic trance. She described her experience thus: She perceived that those about her regarded her as dead, while her spirit took cognizance of everything. She was agonized at finding herself unable to say that she was not separated from her body. There were physicians on board, who regarded it as a case of sudden

death, all except one, an Italian, whose experience led him to advise that the consignment of the body to the deep should be delayed until signs of decomposition appeared. His advice prevailed. She was watched for six days, when there were signs of returning animation, and she recovered.

“Mothers, wives, daughters, when death appears to have suddenly invaded the household, if physicians decline to magnetize, do it yourselves; lift your soul to God; lay one hand upon the region of the heart and the other on the forehead of the patient, and with all your love pray that some of the vital fluid animating you may be imparted to the patient. Do this, and if the spirit is not quite departed you will obtain palpable proof of it. You will not be hurt by the loss of the vital fluid imparted by you; your organism will soon elaborate more by aid of elements which it will draw from air, water and aliment.”

The above, in the *Reformador*, is translated by Dr. Wahn, who makes the following comments:

“Sudden deaths are continually reported in the journals, mostly ending with the stereotyped phrase, ‘A physician was summoned in haste, who certified that death was caused by disease of the heart.’ But are all such cases from disease of the heart? Are not some—like the above, stated in the *Reformador*—cases in which the patient recovers, in common language, only when six feet under ground?

“Nervous shocks from various causes, incessantly operating in our present artificial state of society, have produced a tendency to disorders and diseases of the heart. There are patients really suffering from such who present recurring symptoms of these disorders; with these sudden death may be reasonably anticipated. But in cases of death without such previous recurring symptoms, there should be no prejudging of the cause.

“In cases of cataleptic trance the functions of the heart and lungs become so subdued as to be nearly or quite imperceptible; the skin gradually becomes cold and the limbs rigid. When there is doubt, the shade of a doubt, we should act as though we had before us a case of this kind, and proceed at once to magnetize. For this it is not necessary to be a professed magnetizer. Act as above recommended by the writer of the *Reformador*; and remember to keep the hands in the position indicated, firmly and constantly, without allowing

your gaze and thought to wander for a moment from your patient. Let there be no rough handling, no rough practice of any kind whatever, which may kill, not help to restore. Keep at the magnetizing.

“If people of a sensitive, nervous constitution have been killed by the shock of fear, they can be thrown by it into a cataleptic trance, which is incomplete death; such cases have occurred. It is beyond doubt that such cases have been confounded with deaths from ‘cholera poison.’ To be safe there should be no burial until after signs of physical decomposition are manifest—the only real signs of complete separation of the spirit from the body.”

A CURIOUS CASE IN FRANCE.

The grave-diggers at Les Omergues, France, on one occasion, during August, 1884, noticed a slight movement on the part of two supposed corpses. By the application of friction circulation was restored and the persons recovered.

EXTRAORDINARY CASES OF PREMATURE INTERMENT.

*Of all the horrible and appalling calamities that can befall mortal man, we can imagine none more ghastly than that of being buried alive, and well-authenticated records have placed beyond a doubt that it has occasionally happened. The case of the lady whose ring, cut from her finger by midnight violators of her tomb, was the means of saving her from a dreadful fate, has been often told. Her son, the eminent Dr. L., born many years after his mother had been buried, was the physician and friend of the family of the writer, one of whose earliest recollections is the hearing of the story from the lips of an aged relative, while forming one of a group of small listeners gathered around and hanging with 'bated breath on the narration. Children love to have the same stories told over and over again in the same words. They like to know what is coming—to watch with thrills of expectation for each detail. And these details, graphically given by one who had them from the very actors in the scene, were weird and vivid. The vault at midnight—the cutting off of the finger—the ghastly terror of the ruffians, when the dead woman sat up in her coffin and blood began to flow—the familiar knock coming

*Chambers' Journal, April, 1884.

to the house-door in the dead of night, heard by terrified maids, who, thinking their mistress' ghost was there, buried their faces, trembling, in their pillows. The bereaved husband, lying sleepless in his grief, heard it too, and started at



THE WIFE ESCAPES FROM A VAULT AND KNOCKS AT THE DOOR OF HER HOME.

the sound. "If my dear wife were not gone," he thought, "I should say that was her knock;" and when, more faintly, it again smote his ear, rising at last and going to the door, he was confronted by the resuscitated woman. All this was listened to with an interest intensified by the fact of its being true.

A curious coincidence respecting this event is that an exactly similar story is recorded in the annals of the family of the Earls of Mount-Edgumbe. In them we read that the mother of Richard Edgumbe, created first Baron in 1742, being at the time young and childless, died, apparently, at their seat, Cotherle, near Plymouth. She

was buried with a valuable ring on her finger; and the cutting this off by violators of the tomb, as in the case of Mrs. L., restored her to consciousness. Five years afterwards she gave birth to a son.

In the year 1838 a remarkable instance of burying alive occurred at Cambray, in France. M. Marbois, a farmer, residing at Sisoy, in that neighborhood, had reared a large family, and acquired, by his industry and good conduct, wealth and consideration, so that he was chosen principal churchwarden of his parish, and appointed deputy-mayor. He had lived in harmony with his family until the subject of a marriage his eldest son wished to contract became the cause of a quarrel, and brought on fierce disputes between him and his children. Marbois was a man of violent passions; opposition

made him frantic; and on one occasion, when the dispute ran higher than usual, he became so infuriated that he rose up and pronounced a fearful malediction upon his family. No sooner had the words passed his lips than his whole frame suddenly collapsed; his face grew livid, his eyes fixed, his limbs stiffened, and he fell to the ground. Medical aid was called in; but all pulsation had ceased. Soon the body became cold, and his death was decidedly pronounced—the cause, stoppage of the heart's action, produced by violent excitement. This occurred on the 13th of January; and on the 16th the interment took place. There had been a severe frost, and the extreme hardness of the ground prevented the grave from being properly dug. It was therefore left shallow, with the intention of deepening it when the thaw should come. By the 23d the ground became sufficiently softened, and men were set to work to raise the body and finish the grave. On lifting the coffin, they fancied that they heard a sigh, and on listening attentively, they found the sounds of life repeated. Breaking open the coffin, and perceiving that faint actions of pulsation and respiration were going on to a certain extent, the men hurried off with the body to the house of the parish doctor, by whose efforts Marbois was at last restored to consciousness.

When the resuscitated man was able to recall what had taken place, he became overwhelmed with contrition, regarding the fate from which he so narrowly escaped as the deserved punishment of his sin. He sent for the clergyman of Sisoy, whom he entreated to mediate with his children, expressing his anxiety to make peace with them and to recall his malediction. The result was a return to mutual understanding and the re-establishment of harmony in the household.

The distinguished physician, Sir Henry Marsh, used to describe an event which occurred at the beginning of his medical career, many years before he had reached the eminence to which he afterwards attained. He was called in by the family doctor—a country practitioner—to attend upon Colonel H., struck down suddenly by apoplexy. The fit was a severe one. All efforts to save the sick man proved unavailing; he never rallied, and at the end of a few days, to all appearance, breathed his last. On the morning of the funeral, the two medical attendants deemed it right, as a last attention, to go and take leave of the remains of their patient before the coffin

was screwed down. The family doctor, a jovial, florid personage, on whom professional cares sat lightly, had been a friend, and oftentimes boon companion, of the deceased. A bottle of port and glasses stood on a table near the coffin.

"Ah, my poor friend!" he said, pouring out a bumper and tossing it off, "this was his favorite drink. Rare wine, too. He knew what was good, and never spared it. Many a generous glass we have had together. I'll drink another to his memory," he cried; and another, and another followed, until the wine rapidly gulped down, and at so unwonted an hour, began to tell upon the man, and make his eyes glisten and his speech grow thick.

"Why should you not pledge me now for the last time!" exclaimed the excited doctor, while he approached the corpse, and, to Sir Henry's inexpressible disgust at such revolting levity, pressed the glass to the pale lips. The contents went down the Colonel's throat!

Sir Henry stood amazed; his eyes, which he was turning away from the unbecoming spectacle, were riveted on the corpse.

The jovial doctor, sobered in a moment, staggered back. "Can a dead man drink?" he cried.

"Give him more—more!" exclaimed Sir Henry, recovering his presence of mind and seizing the bottle.

A tinge so slight that only a medical eye could have detected it, began faintly to suffuse the white face. The doctor tore away the shroud and placed his hand upon the heart. There was no movement; but they lifted the body out of the coffin and proceeded to adopt the measures proper for resuscitation.

Meanwhile, the hearse stood at the door; the funeral guests were assembling outside—carriages arriving; while within all was commotion and suspense—servants hurrying to and fro, fetching hot bricks, stimulants, restoratives, in obedience to the doctors' commands; the latter plying every means skill could devise to keep the flickering spark of life from dying out; and the startled family, half paralyzed by the sudden revulsion, standing around, gathered in anxious, silent groups.

Breathlessly they watched for tidings. For a long time the result seemed doubtful—doubtful whether the hearse before

the door, the gaping coffin, the grave-clothes lying scattered about and trampled under foot, all the grim paraphernalia of death, hastily discarded in the first wild moment of hope—might not yet be needed to fulfill their mournful office. But no! Breath, pulsation, consciousness, were slowly returning.

Colonel H. was given back to his family and home, filling again the place that it was thought would know him no more. And not until five-and-twenty years had passed away after that memorable morning, were his friends summoned—this time to pay him the last tribute.

A young officer returned from China related:

“On our passage home,” he said, “we had in our transport, besides our own troops, a large draft of French soldiers. Disease soon broke out among the closely-packed men, and deaths were of daily occurrence. The French dealt summarily with their dead. As soon as a poor fellow had breathed his last he was stripped, a twenty-pound shot tied to his heels, and his body thrust through a porthole into the sea. John Bull’s prejudices rebelled against such rapid proceedings. When we lost any of our comrades, they were allowed to lie for twelve hours covered with the Union-jack, and the burial service was read over them before they were committed to the deep. One day a French sergeant, who had just fallen a victim to the pestilence, was brought up on deck in the sheet in which he had died, to be thrown overboard. The twenty-pound shot had been fastened to his feet and the sheet removed, when, in pushing him through the porthole, he was caught by a protruding hook or nail at the side, and stuck fast. A few more vigorous thrusts sent the body further through; and in so doing the flesh was torn by the hook, and blood began to flow. The attention of the bystanders was attracted to this; and, moreover, they fancied that they saw about the corpse other startling symptoms. ‘The man’s alive!’ flew from mouth to mouth. In an instant willing hands were pressing eagerly to the rescue, and before the body could touch the water it was caught and brought up on deck. The French sergeant was one of the soundest men on board the transport-ship when we landed.”

INVOLUNTARY SUSPENSION OF RESPIRATION.

In the phenomena manifested by those who simulate death, or in whom life is apparently extinct, an important

lesson can be learned. It shows conclusively that the complete suspension of respiration and consciousness, together with all the signs known that life has vanished, does not always constitute death. Respiration is liable to cease at any time, under certain circumstances, but even then life may in no wise be extinct; it may exist in a latent state, or be held in abject abeyance, and a thousand incidents may occur whereby it will be revived into full action again, and perform all the functions of the system. December 1st, 1883, at Bell-Ore, W. Va., Sarah Druse died suddenly, as it was generally supposed by those in attendance, of dropsy of the heart. A few minutes before her death she had prepared dinner for the family, and while engaged in the dining-room immediately after dinner dropped lifeless to the floor. The body received the usual preparation, and was placed in a coffin. Friends of the family were present and remained during the night with the corpse. The next day, as the last sad rites were about to be performed, the corpse began to breathe and move very perceptibly, turning on its side. The pulse was found to be full and strong. At the first sight of renewed life every one was dumbfounded. The women screamed and the men stood stiff with fright looking at the ghastly spectacle. As soon as the family and friends recovered from the fright medical aid was summoned.

SHRIEKS FROM A COFFIN.

During October, 1883, a great sensation was caused at Black River Falls, Wis., by the return to life of a young lady who, to all appearance, had been dead three days. The young woman, the daughter of a wealthy German, had been very sick for some weeks, and died, as was supposed, and her body was prepared for burial. There were fears in the minds of some that the appearance of the woman's face did not indicate death, but the fourth day after death the funeral was held. While the ceremony was in progress a doctor named Baxter, from Milwaukee, was there with a friend, and seeing the face of the supposed corpse, he asked that the ceremony might be interrupted long enough for him to attempt resuscitation. He was given permission, and in a few minutes was so successful that the young woman arose in the coffin with a terrific shriek. She stated that while in the trance-like condition she realized that she was being prepared for the ground, but could do nothing.

Other Extraordinary Cases.

STARTLING ESCAPES FROM PREMATURE INTERMENT.

REV. WILLIAM TENNENT AND HIS NARROW ESCAPE—SAVED FROM DEATH BY THE INDIANS—TWELVE HOURS APPARENTLY DEAD—SAVED THROUGH A SHRIEK—OTHER EXTRAORDINARY CASES.

*Rev. William Tennent, Jr., the second son of Rev. William Tennent, Sr., was born in the county of Armagh, Ireland, and



REV. WM. TENNENT, PRONOUNCED DEAD, SUDDENLY OPENS HIS EYES.

was thirteen years of age when he came to America. He received a fine education, and after a regular course of theology was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry. His intense application to study affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended by a physician, a young gentleman who was attached to him by the warmest friendship. He gradually grew worse, until little hope of life was left. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness, which was, indeed, a very serious matter to him.

*The memoir of Rev. Wm. Tennent, Jr., from which this account of his singular trance and loss of memory is taken, was prepared by Hon. Elias Blias Boudinot, LL. D., and Dr. Henderson, of Freehold, N. J. There can be no doubt about the authenticity of the facts here stated.

He was conversing one day with his good brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician and friend returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain, and on being told that one of the persons who assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his hand into warm water to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, although no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to attend the funeral be requested not to come. To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunken, the lips discolored, and the whole body stiff and cold. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of his recovery but by the doctor, who never left him, night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral.

The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request to an hour, then half an hour, then a quarter of an hour. Having discovered that the tongue was swollen and threatened to crack, he was endeavoring to soften it by rubbing upon it some emollient ointment, when the brother came in, and mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, said: "It is a shame to be feeding a lifeless corpse," and insisted with earnestness that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical moment, to the surprise of all present, the body suddenly opened its eyes, gave a deep groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thought of burying him, and every means was again employed in hope of bringing about a speedy restoration. In about an hour he again revived, and instantly sunk away. In another hour life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great astonishment of all present, who had been ridiculing the idea of bringing back to life a dead man.

Mr. Tennent continued so very weak for six weeks that great doubts of his recovery were entertained. However, after that period his recovery was faster, and in about one year he was fully restored. After he was able to walk the room and take notice of what was going on around him, on a Sabbath, his sister, who had stayed from church to attend him, was reading her Bible, when he took notice of it and asked her what she had in her hand. She replied, "The Bible." He said: "What is the Bible? I know not what you mean." On her reporting this to her brother, on his return, Mr. Tennent was found, upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, nor did he seem to have any idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention he was taught to read and write as children are usually taught, and he afterwards began to learn the Latin language under the tuition of his brother. One day, as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. He said he felt a sudden shock in his head, and now it seemed to him as if he had read that before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived that he had an accurate recollection of all the past transactions of his life. This event at the time excited deep interest, and afforded not only matter for serious contemplation to the devout Christian, especially when connected with what follows in this narrative, but furnished a subject of deep investigation and learned inquiry to the real philosopher and curious anatomist.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said Mr. Tennent, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had of my future welfare, I found myself in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who bade me follow him. I was accordingly whirled along, I know not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—"Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears." I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory in acts of adoration and joyous worship, but I did not see any bodily shape of representa-

tion in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable and full of glory. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of praise and thanksgiving with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. But when I asked to join the happy throng my conductor said: "You must return to earth." This seemed like a sword through my heart in an instant. I recollect to have seen my brother disputing with the doctor. The three days in which I had appeared lifeless seemed to me not more than ten or twelve minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly. Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard that, if it be possible to live above the world and the things of the world for some time, I was that person. The ravishing sound of the songs and hallelujahs that I had heard, and the very words uttered, were not out of my ears when I awoke, for three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity, and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it could command my serious attention.'

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE AFTER TWELVE HOURS.

Several years ago the Joplin (Mo.) *Herald* had the following: A lady traveler relates a very peculiar case of resuscitation that occurred during the winter of 1878-9. She had just arrived at the St. James Hotel, Joplin, Mo., from the central portion of Arkansas. She had left her home at the beginning of a cold snap, with the intention of going to Joplin, and there being no other conveyance, was compelled to make the entire trip by stage. The only passenger in the stage with her was a man very thinly clad. While crossing the Boston Mountains he complained very much of the cold; and in fact the weather was remarkably cold, even for the top of those mountains. After a while he apparently fell asleep. Arriving at the station on the north side of the mountains, the driver attempted to awaken the passenger, but to his horror found him frozen stiff and apparently dead. He was taken out of the hack and placed in a room which was rather cold, though not as low as the freezing point by several degrees. The lady remained at the station until next day, and, just as she was preparing to resume her journey, was surprised to learn that signs of life had been detected in the supposed dead man, who was to have

been buried that forenoon. True enough, signs of life were plain to be observed, and by lively rubbing with flannels saturated with whiskey, for about an hour, he was able to speak, and finally, no doubt, fully recovered from the effects of his supposed death.

A WONDERFUL RESCUE FROM THE GRAVE.

“It sounds like a good deal to say, but I once knew a man who died and was buried on the overland trail to California



W. H. CLARK RESCUED FROM A GRAVE.

and afterward made his appearance in the placer mines at Prickly Pear City—and it wasn't his ghost, either, but himself in the flesh.” This was the reply which a well-known resident of Helena, Montana made to a reporter of the Helena (Montana) *Independent*, in 1882. “In the spring of '49,” continued the citizen, “when the California gold excitement was at its height, in company with a large party I crossed

the plains. After getting well under way the cholera broke out among us and several died. Among other deaths was that of a man named W. H. Clark, of Henry county, Missouri. We buried him near the point where the old Santa Fe trail crossed the Arkansas River. We had no coffin, but wrapped him in his blankets, and inclosing him in a covering of bark stripped from the cottonwood trees, we planted him about seven feet deep in the sand, and placed logs on the grave to keep the wolves from digging him up. The next morning we moved on.

‘I remained in California until '65, and was then attracted to Montana by the gold excitement. In 1858, while in the diggings at what is known as Montana City, I was startled at meeting Clark, whom, with my own eyes, I had seen buried on the Arkansas River nineteen years before. The recognition was mutual, and on my expressing my surprise he related to me that after our party had buried him, and proceeded on toward California, a party of Indians came along, and seeing his new-made grave, dug him up for the sake of his blankets

and clothing. As he showed signs of life they applied restoratives, and the result was that he was brought back to life and health. He lived among the Indians for years, and afterward came to Montana. At the time I met him he was working for Jerry Embry. There is absolutely no doubt as to Clark's identity, and he is now living at Prescott, Arizona, I believe."

STIRS IN HIS COFFIN.

A startling incident is related of an English artillery officer who, in a fall from his horse, had fractured his skull, and was trepanned. He was in a fair way to recover, when one day he fell into a lethargy so profound that he was thought to be dead, and, in due time, was buried. The following day, beside the grave in which he had been interred, another citizen of London was buried, and at last one of the assistants chanced to stand on it. Suddenly the man cried out that he felt the ground move under his feet, as though the occupant of the grave would find his way to the surface. At first the man was thought to be the victim of an hallucination, but the earnestness with which he persisted attracted the attention of a constable, who caused the grave to be opened. They found that the officer had forced the coffin-lid, and had made a partially successful effort to raise himself up. He was entirely unconscious when they got him out, but it was evident that the effort to extricate himself had been made but a short time before. He was carried to a hospital near by, where the physicians, after a time, succeeded in resuscitating him.

He stated that, for an hour before his last swoon, he was fully conscious of the awful situation he was in. The grave had fortunately been very hastily and lightly filled with clay, and here and there the continuity of the mass had been broken by large stones, which allowed the air to penetrate as far down as the coffin. He had tried in vain to make his cries heard, and finally, partly in consequence of having an insufficient supply of air, and partly in consequence of the mental agony he suffered, he had fallen into the unconscious state in which he was found.

Another Englishman describes what he experienced, while lying in a coffin in a perfectly conscious state, in the following words: "It would be impossible to find words that would express the agony and despair that I suffered. Every blow of

the hammer with which they nailed down my coffin-lid went through my brain like the echo of a death-knell. I would never have believed that the human heart could endure such terrible agony and not burst into pieces. When they let me slowly down into the ground, I distinctly heard the noise the coffin made every time it rubbed against the sides of the grave." This man also awoke under the knife of a doctor. He, like Stapleton, had been stolen, and carried to the dissecting-room of a medical school. At the moment the professor made a slight incision down the abdomen the spell was broken, and he sprang to his feet.

BRINGING A DEAD MAN BACK TO CONSCIOUS LIFE.

The Cairo (Ill.) *Argus*, on one occasion, several years ago, related a very peculiar case, which is worthy of being recorded



DR. REED BRINGING MR. YOST
BACK TO LIFE.

in the pages of history: "Mrs. V. J. Yost passed through that city on her way home from Hot Springs, Ark., where she had been to see her husband, who was stopping there for his health. Mrs. Yost had received a dispatch from Hot Springs saying her husband was dead. She hastened to Cairo, sorely stricken with sorrow, expecting to receive his body there. Then she received another dispatch saying her husband was not dead. These different dispatches confounded her, and she hastened

to the Springs to find out his situation for herself. There the contradictory telegrams were explained to her. To all appearances her husband was dead, and he was laid out as a dead person. But, after the lapse of several hours, it was discovered that the dead body did not grow cold as it should. A consultation of physicians was held, there being nine in council. The majority insisted that Mr. Yost was dead; but one, a Dr. Reed, insisted that he was not dead. In deference to his opinion, a galvanic battery was applied to the body, and im-

mediately it began to show signs of life. Bringing the dead back to conscious life was a slow process, but was eventually accomplished."

A YOUNG LADY RESTORED TO CONSCIOUSNESS BY A SHRIEK!

The recall of a country girl to life by a sister's shriek, was at one time one of the local topics of the *Journal*, of Evansville, Ind. It is stated that the young lady had been quite ill for weeks, and was thought to be dying of consumption. She had grown so weak and emaciated that her strength was no more than a child's. One afternoon, while lying upon her couch, her sister came in from a walk and sat by the bedside. A conversation began, and the invalid began to speak. As she uttered the first word, she felt a bewildering weakness, and a sinking flutter of her breath. Her eyes became fixed, the lower jaw dropped as in death, and the body became motionless, while consciousness disappeared. The sister leaped from her seat, and ran to the door shrieking to her mother that her sister was dead. The sound of the shriek penetrated through the veil of death and roused the sinking faculties. The blood which had congested in the lungs was sent back by the nervous shock, and gathering her strength by a strong effort of will, the invalid opened her eyes and awoke to life again, breathless and amazed at the thrilling peril she had escaped. Here we have an illustration of the exceeding flexibility of the various organs of the body. Of course, here was evidence of the approach of death; but the downward course of the vital forces was probably arrested by a direct effort of the will, and finally set actively at work again. The will exerts a potent influence over the body, for good or ill. Indeed, sometimes the will of one person can completely subjugate the mind and body of another.

A SUPPOSED CORPSE SPEAKS.

It being possible for every characteristic of apparent or simulated death to be caused by disease or accident, or some sudden shock, or by an effort of the will, life should never be pronounced extinct in any one until a most thorough and critical examination has been made. Knowing with absolute certainty that thousands have been buried each year within whom the vital spark of life still lingers, ready with a little systematic effort to be fanned again into life, about thirty years ago I

commenced gathering data to fortify my views, and through the instrumentality of this record, I hope to save many from an untimely grave. Physical life is not fleeting nor flickering; nor is it at times easily extinguished. It is tenacious, and never willingly relinquishes its positive hold on the human system. Often, when apparently held in abject abeyance, animal life is able, without any external influence whatever, to assume active control of the human organism again, as illustrated in an interesting incident that occurred in East Boston, Mass., as related in the *Banner of Light*: "A young lady by the name of Hattie G. Craig, twenty-four years of age, an active member of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, found relief from the sufferings of a long period of sickness by what to all appearances was death, at 11 A. M. on the 12th of May, 1882. The usual manifestations of grief by the family followed, and the eyes of the young lady were closed by the sorrowing grandmother. All then withdrew with the exception of the father, who remained in the room with the body of his dead child for about half an hour; he then reluctantly arose to leave. At the moment he did so he was startled by a movement of the body, and the voice of his daughter, 'Papa! papa! please don't leave me!' and turning, he beheld what he supposed a corpse, an actual, living and conscious being. As might be expected, joy and consternation filled the household. Quiet being partially restored, Miss Craig, with a smile, and countenance beaming with the peace and joy of the Spirit-world, within whose confines she had entered, and from which she had returned, said:

" 'Oh! papa, dear, do you know where I have been? I have seen heaven, and I am to have my health restored to me on certain conditions.'

" Being inquired of by the overjoyed father what the conditions were, she replied: 'I cannot reveal them to you now, papa; but, oh! I saw such beautiful things in heaven.' Upon further questioning as to who and what she saw, she said: 'Oh! I saw them all; I saw them all, papa; and I'm going to heaven again; and when I do go don't let them put me in the ground until you are sure I am dead.'

'During the day she was alternately in a conscious and trance condition. In the former she reiterated her statements of having been in heaven, but though in general terms imply

ing she had seen the splendors and delights of another world, could not be prevailed upon to describe them, probably feeling herself unable to do so in the language of earth. Violent paroxysms of pain attacked her at the latter part of the day, and at six o'clock she died."

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

There are many exceedingly strange and fascinating incidents constantly transpiring during the dying moments of



THE FLOWER GIRL GETTING OUT OF HER GRAVE.

different ones, which, when combined, impart a very important and significant lesson. No two individuals pass through the various stages of death in precisely the same manner, and if both should fortunately return, after their demise, and communicate with their friends on earth, giving minute details of their respective experiences during the transition to the climes elysian, their narratives would differ widely in some respects; but with reference to the glorious and benefi-

cent results attained—the liberation of their spirits from their physical bodies—they would thereon, undoubtedly, have the same story to communicate. In view of the stubborn fact that each one must die sometime, it is highly important that the mortals of earth should have sufficient knowledge to determine with absolute exactness whether every vestige of life has departed, or whether any subtle chord still lingers that holds the soul to its earthly house of clay. Ignorance, deep and grim, confronts one on all sides, and the interment of those who are still alive continues with increasing regularity. It is related on good authority that "one night in 1801 a little girl about one year old was left at the foundling hospital at Brest, France. She was well dressed, and a note pinned to her skirts stated that her name was Solange, and that she would eventually be

reclaimed by her father. She grew up, however, unclaimed, and extraordinarily lovely; but her intellect appeared to be weak, and she suffered from fits of nervousness. At twelve she was sent into the streets to sell flowers, until her health failed, and she died. According to a custom in the district, she was buried in a wicker basket, and, it being winter and the soil hard, a very slight excavation was made and the sand thrown lightly over. During the night she revived from the trance which had been mistaken for death, and at length crept from the grave. In crossing the grounds between the cemetery and the fortifications she was stopped by the sentinel, and, not answering, fired at, very slightly wounded and brought into the guard-house. Her beauty made an intense impression on a rich young officer named Kramer, who sent her to school in Paris. For four years he was tossed about in the war, but on returning to Paris found Solange an accomplished girl, without a trace of the nervous debility which had afflicted her. They married and lived happily in Paris. At length Capt. Kramer learned that inquiries were being made at Brest as to what had become of the girl at the foundling hospital in 1801, and that these inquiries were made at the instance of the Swedish Ambassador, with whom Capt. Kramer communicated. The result was that a month later Mme. Kramer received a formal acknowledgment from Marshal Bernadotte, afterward Charles XIV. of Sweden, that she was his daughter. They subsequently settled in Stockholm, were ennobled, and their son became an attache to the Swedish legation in Paris."

THE UNCERTAINTY OF DEATH.

I am free to admit that it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to determine the exact status of the physical organism, when respiration has entirely ceased; but the fact that respiration has completely stopped, the blood no longer circulating, and the body apparently cold and rigid, one should not come to the instant conclusion, judging therefrom, that the individual in that peculiar state or condition is dead. The data on which to then base such an opinion is insufficient, and the physician who would dogmatically declare that life is entirely extinct in such a person, may be guilty of causing the inhumation of one who could have been easily resuscitated. It is recounted by a Swedish periodical that on one occasion a landed

proprietor in the neighborhood of Christiania apparently died, after a short illness. His body had been laid in the coffin, the lid of which, however, was not screwed down, in a room where some firewood happened to be kept. The evening of the same day the widow sent her daughter, a child ten years old, into the room to get some firewood, and as the child was hastily gathering an armful she heard her name called in a low voice. She sprang downstairs in alarm, and several persons hurried up to the room to find the supposed dead man in perfect possession of his senses, and apparently quite well, although dreadfully shocked at finding himself in a coffin. He described his sensations on recovering consciousness as those of awakening from a pleasant and refreshing sleep.

A LITTLE BABE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Sometimes, without any apparent cause, a watch, seemingly in excellent condition, will suddenly stop. The different little wheels, which, a moment ago, were industriously performing their allotted duties, causing the hour hand to designate the correct time, have suddenly ceased their regular motion. A simple shake of the watch may, perhaps, cause it to perform again its accustomed duty, and you then wonder at its sudden cessation of action. Very true it is that the intricate human system is not a watch, nor is it a machine made by the deft hand of an artisan; nevertheless there are certain organs therein on the accurate movements and functions of which one's life depends. Sometimes they suddenly, and without any apparent cause, cease their action, and then the opinion is generally entertained that death has occurred. An accident happened in the New York City Morgue which illustrates my position. In June, 1880, as set forth by the *New York Times*, a girl baby, about a month old, was found on the stoop of No. 289 East Ninetieth street. A policeman carried her to police headquarters, and she was cared for by Matron Webb, as was customary; then a girl carried her to the office of the Commissioner of Charities and Correction, and a nurse was engaged to take her to the Nursery, on Randall's Island. The nurse carried the baby to a wagon of the department, and on the way to the pier, at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, the infant gasped, had a convulsion, and appeared to die. The wagon stopped at the Morgue, the bell was rung, and an

attendant who answered the summons was handed the child with the information, "A baby that died on its way to the Island." Deputy-Coroner Waterman was in the dissecting-room with Dr. Finlayson, of Indiana, and Dr. Nolan, of Georgia. He was cleaning his instruments, having just completed a couple of post-mortem examinations. The attendant



A CHILD, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD,
RESUSCITATED.

laid the child on a slab beside a dead body. Dr. Waterman saw the baby, and asked Drs. Finlayson and Nolan if they could determine the age of a baby by examining the umbilical cord. They said that their experience was limited in this respect, and Dr. Waterman, scalpel in hand, walked up to the slab, and, with professional roughness, pushed away the limbs of the baby and its little night-dress to show the abdomen.

A faint gasp came from the lips, and Dr. Waterman's behavior changed. "Why, there's life here," he almost shouted, as he undid the strings of a tiny hood that covered the child's head. "Here," cried he to an orderly, "just arrange that shower-bath in the dead-house, and Doctor"—to Dr. Finlayson—"help me to get up artificial respiration."

Dr. Finlayson got a cup of water, and while Dr. Waterman moved the arms of the baby to introduce air into the lungs, Dr. Nolan compressed the ribs, and Dr. Finlayson threw the water on the child's head. Several minutes of energetic work were rewarded by gasps from the supposed corpse, and Dr. Finlayson, while holding the girl's tiny hands, felt the baby fingers grasp his. The child was carried under the shower-bath, then plunged into warm water, and the treatment was continued until she began to cry plaintively; then a nurse was summoned from the hospital, and within an hour the baby was taking nourishment. But for Dr. Waterman's

desire to show Drs. Finlayson and Nolan how to determine the time of her birth, she would have filled a little pine coffin and been buried on Hart's Island.

"RESCUED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH."

When a person is fortunate enough to be rescued from some impending danger, the ejaculation is frequently made by those in attendance—"Rescued from the jaws of death!"—as if death had jaws like the tiger, lion, rhinoceros, alligator or serpent, and took especial delight in crunching any human being that could, through the aid of any stratagem, be brought within its grasp. Under the above heading, it was reported, March 22d, 1885, that a singular affair occurred at Freeport, Ohio, twenty-five miles south of Toledo, in Wood county. Benjamin Forsythe, aged sixteen, had died, apparently, and was prepared for burial, which was to take place the next day. He preserved a lifelike appearance, and at the grave, to satisfy the mother, the coffin was opened. A slight moisture was noticed on the body, and it was taken to a house near by, where, after several hours' labor, the boy was restored to consciousness.

Under the circumstances, as above detailed, the expression, "Rescued from the jaws of death!"—was, indeed, appropriate and opportune, furnishing an important lesson that it would be well for members of the Home Circle to thoroughly peruse. Even before being taken to the grave the prostrate form presented a "lifelike appearance," yet, under the guidance no doubt, of what was considered "wise counsel" from physicians and friends, the burial services were hastened. "To satisfy the mother!"—that saved the immolation of her darling son, and triumphed over the lamentable ignorance of physicians and friends, adding another chapter to a history of the stupidity of those who should be able to realize—approximately at least—when a person is dead.

DYING EIGHT TIMES.

If the case of Benjamin Forsythe was puzzling and perplexing, misleading physicians and attendants, it was really no less so than hundreds of others that have occurred. Take the case, for example, of Augustine D. Gutteraz. He was, according to the statement of the San Francisco (Cal.) *Alta*

(1855), a miner, employed at New Almaden, and was taken very sick, and in a few hours was pronounced dead. His coffin was ordered, and final arrangements were made for his interment, when he exhibited unmistakable signs of life, and was soon so far restored that hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery. But, strange to say, during the course of two weeks after his first restoration from apparent death, he was pronounced dead seven times, and came back to life again each time. At last resuscitation seemed to be impossible, and he was pronounced dead by the physicians in charge.

In this case there were seven apparent deaths, and yet life returned each time to surprise those in attendance. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the knowledge of mankind generally will have become so advanced in the art of prolonging the age of man, that restoration and death will follow each other in rapid succession, for several times, before vital life finally yields its supremacy. Gutteraz died seven times, apparently, because protracted efforts, skillfully manipulated, were made by the physicians. We have excellent reasons to believe that thousands who are pronounced dead might be temporarily resuscitated if the right agents were employed and systematic attempts made. In such cases, discouragement should not follow a single puny trial, but the greatest patience should be manifested. Carelessness or negligence should not for a moment be tolerated when the question of life or death—which?—is under consideration.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Between the two extremes—life and death—a person is frequently suspended; then becoming, of course, an object of extreme solicitude on the part of physicians and friends. The case of a little daughter of Joseph Renner, of North Hope, Pa. (1855), affords an illustration. She was taken ill with colic, and went into a trance state, being to all appearances dead. The heart ceased to beat, the pulse was extinct, and respiration ceased. In this condition the body was kept for two days, and then the family began discussing the necessity of making arrangements for an immediate funeral. After everything had been settled therefor, the child showed unmistakable signs of life. The doctor was again called, and restoratives were applied. Although respiration returned and the action of the

heart begun, consciousness did not return, and all efforts to restore the child were fruitless. She remained in this state for twenty-six days. On the evening of the twenty-sixth day she opened her eyes and feebly asked for a drink of water. From that time on she rapidly gained strength. From the time she took sick until the hour she gained consciousness, twenty-eight days passed, and during that period she partook of no food. Whenever an attempt was made to administer food, the muscles controlling her jaws became rigid, and her mouth could not be opened.

In all cases of apparent death, no two resembling each other in all respects, the greatest diligence is demanded, and the methods of resuscitation should be modified so as to meet the demands of each particular person. Nature never exactly repeating herself, the physician should be mobile enough to adapt himself to every emergency. If a careful student and a conscientious disciple of his profession, his mind will be crammed, not wholly with precedents, but with cases that have been formulated in his own mind, and which may occur at some time when he least expects them. The careful physician should not always dwell on what *has* occurred, but he should be prepared in part for exigencies not generally known, and which may arise from time to time, and particularly is this required in cases of apparent death. After it had "been settled" that Mr. Renner's child was dead, it then exhibited unmistakable signs of life, and was soon fully restored. A "decision" rarely settles anything. It has been "settled" that thousands were really dead, yet they have been, or could have been, easily restored. Take, for example, the remarkable case of Dr. Leland, who died (1885) in Georgia. He was a great sufferer from asthma, and to all appearances died several times before the final dissolution took place. On more than one occasion his family made preparations for his funeral, and a day or two before his actual death he told a remarkable story of how he witnessed the arrangements. "Unable to lie down, I passed through all my sickness in an easy chair. My body died several times. I, that is, my spirit, would go away from it, and standing in an opposite corner of the room would look back at the flesh and blood in the chair and wonder how I was ever induced to pass so many years in its company. 'Poor old body,' I thought, 'your troubles are nearly over. They

will soon put you away under the ground, where you will be at rest forever.' I saw my family gather about my old frame as it leaned back, dead, in the chair, and it gave me pain to see them weep. Then I would feel something pulling me toward my body again; I could not resist it, I was powerless, and in a moment I had taken possession of it. Then there was an instant of pain, and I opened my eyes and breathed. Each time this was repeated I was more reluctant to return to my body."

A DEAD WOMAN SAID TO HAVE REVIVED AND SPOKEN.

Mrs. Jane Fossett apparently died (1885), at Portland, Me., after a brief illness. The body was prepared for the grave and lay in the best room in the house. One of Mrs. Fossett's lady friends was "watching" by the corpse, as is customary still in Maine. She tells the following story of her remarkable experience:

"I was sitting near the body and looking intently upon the features that had been so dear to me in life. I could not restrain my tears, and said in a low voice: 'Where are you now?' At the sound of my voice the apparently dead body moved, turned on its side, and at last sat up. The eyes opened, and in a thrilling voice the woman, who had been dead, but who lived again, spoke. Mrs. Fossett said she had been in heaven; that she had there enjoyed a happiness that was beyond her power to describe; that she had met and talked with her mother, long dead, and with other friends. For some time Mrs. Fossett talked, giving me a description of her experience in the Spirit-land. Gradually her voice grew fainter, and she fell back upon the bed clad as she was in her grave-clothes. As the last word was spoken the spirit took its final departure and returned no more."

AN UNDERTAKER'S BELIEF THAT PEOPLE ARE OFTEN BURIED ALIVE.

*"The world would be horrified," said William S. McCarthy, an undertaker of New York, "if it knew the number of bodies that are buried before life is extinct. Once in a while one of these cases comes to light, but no steps whatever are taken to prevent their recurrence. Something that happened to me about twelve years ago has worried me ever since. I was sent for one day to take charge of the body of a man in Division

*New York Sun, 1855.

street. The man was a tailor, and had fallen over while sitting on his bench sewing. He was a big, fleshy man, about forty years of age, and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. The body was warm and the limbs were limp. I did not believe the man was dead, and said so. His friends told me that a physician had pronounced him dead. I was ordered to put the body on ice at once, but I delayed this operation, on one pretext or another, for nearly two days. During this time the body lay on the bench in the little shop. Finally I could delay no longer. The limbs were still as limp as when I first examined the body. I prepared the body for burial, and the next day it was buried. I do not believe that man was dead when the earth was shoveled in on his coffin. If the same thing were to happen again I would let somebody else do the burying.

“About the same time a young woman living up town was supposed to have died very suddenly. A physician was called in. He said she was dead. An old woman who was present thought otherwise, and insisted upon it that she was in a trance. The body was buried. A few weeks later the old woman determined to satisfy herself about it, and bribed the grave-diggers to disinter the coffin. The lid was removed and a horrible sight was seen. The young woman had come to life and had made a terrible struggle for liberty. Her hair was torn out, and her face was frightfully scratched. She had turned over on her face.

“A person is generally believed to be dead if there is no action of the heart or pulse. But if a person is in a trance there is no action of the heart or pulse. A vein should then be opened. If blood flows the person is not dead. This operation would take about thirty seconds, but it is not often resorted to. Suppose the person is suffering from a temporary suspension of animation. Before he can recover the use of his faculties an undertaker comes in, and he is put in an ice-box, where whatever life there may be in him is frozen out. The Board of Health should take hold of this matter and devise some means of ascertaining beyond all doubt that life is extinct before the body is buried. I have thought of a good many different means. A receiving vault could be built in every cemetery, where bodies could be placed until decomposition had begun, when they could be buried.”

A Study in Apparent Death.

THE MYSTERIES OF APPARENT DEATH FURTHER ELUCIDATED.

INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BURYING ALIVE—COURT OF RUNJIT SINGH—A FAKIR RESUSCITATED AFTER BEING BURIED FOR SIX WEEKS—CURIOUS PRACTICES OF THE FAKIR—EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENTS IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

*To persons unacquainted with the wonderful feats of imitation death practiced by the fakirs of Persia and Hindustan, and by Oriental mystics in general, many of the stories related by English officers resident in India will appear incredible. There is no reason, however, to doubt the authenticity of the observations published within the last half-century, whatever may be the fate of the hypothesis that traces many of the mysteries of transmigration and metamorphosis, prevalent among the ancient races of Europe, to the antiquity of this practice. In addition to the testimony of the Acting Secretary of the British Government of the Punjab, Mr. Lepel H. Griffin, who has given considerable attention to the subject, numerous high officials, besides officers and physicians, with eyes trained to careful observation, have witnessed the phenomena under test conditions, and any person willing to pay the sum demanded may witness them.

Several sects in Persia and Hindustan regard the art of apparent death as a part of their religious ritual, and practice it with the assiduity of devotees. In the ancient books of the Hindus, particularly in the "Shastras" and the "Sikh Grouth," it is mentioned and described as *puranayam*, or stopping the breath. It is also spoken of under the same name in the manual of the Yogis, a very ancient sect. This manual is

⁴Scribner's Monthly, December, 1880, Vol. 1, No. 2.

known to students of Hindu literature as the "Gogacastra." The "Kacikbanda," another curious volume, describes it as retention of the breath. The Persian designation is *habs-i-dom*, which frequently occurs in the "Dabistan" (manual of manners), and, literally translated, means hold-the-breath. This volume is numbered among the translations executed under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Translation Fund, and includes many curious notes as to the physiological regimen necessary to perfection in so strange an art; and from legends handed down in classic lore, such as the story of Epimenides, who lay long in mystic trance, it is evident that the Greeks carried the art with them, as an element of the mysteries, when they occupied the Hellenic peninsula, and that it fell into desuetude with the decay of the religious ritual that had made considerable progress when Pindar lived and was the lion of the festivals in the fifth century B. C.

Again, this art crops out in many an ancient Gothic and Celtic legend, and in many a German tale of transformation, as a kind of border-land between sleep and death, peopled with visions and trances. How important the investigation of its facts and their literature, as now existing in India, the parent-land of the European races, is to the study of mythology, from the critical point of view, may be discerned without explanation. This, however, is not the only aspect from which the subject is important. On the contrary, in its physiological relations it bears upon the singular phenomena associated with modern mesmerism. Finally, as a species of morbid sleep, the investigation of the facts may possibly conduce to a better understanding of the nature of sleep as a normal function and a perpetual habit of the nervous system.

Simple as the process seems, because of its familiarity, it is nevertheless true that the physiology of sleep is a mystery that scientific men have not yet been able to penetrate thoroughly. It appears to be settled that the molecular processes associated with the discharge of force are conducted less rapidly; the rapidity of circulation and even the amount of blood in the brain are lessened, the general result being cessation of conscious activity in the encephalic mass—although, at this very time, the nutrition of its tissues is being effected. The primary cause of the lessened activity of the vital centers, that thus, by means of communicating nervous filaments, contract

the blood-vessels of the upper brain and suspend consciousness, is the withdrawal of the physiological action of light, which in man, as in plants, is the great parent and promotive of the vital operations; and the question, whether the origin of sleep is to be sought in the necessity of the faculties to rest, or whether it is a habit of the nervous system, having its cause in the alternation of light and darkness, is one upon which it would be rash to offer a positive opinion.

Bearing in mind the propositions stated in the preceding paragraph, the reader is prepared to study intelligently the various singular phenomena, vital and psychical, that observation has grouped about the mystic art practiced by the fakirs of Hindustan.

One of the most wonderful cases of imitation death on record occurred at Lahore, in 1837, while Sir Claude M. Wade, who tells the story, was political resident at Ludianah and agent of the British Government at the court of Runjit Singh. The fakir was buried alive for forty days, then disinterred and resuscitated.

"I was present," commences Sir Claude, "at the court of Runjit Singh, at Lahore, in 1837, when the fakir mentioned by the Hon. Captain Osborne was buried alive for six weeks; and though I arrived a few hours after he was interred, I had the testimony of Runjit Singh himself, and others, the most credible witnesses at his court, to the truth of the fakir having been so buried before them; and, from having been present myself when he was disinterred and restored to a state of vitality, in a position so close to him as to render deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact that I have related."

When the forty days were ended, by invitation of Runjit Singh, Sir Claude accompanied the rajah and his suite to the spot where the fakir was buried. It was a square building, styled a *barra durri*, in the midst of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore. An open veranda encircled the structure, of which an inclosed room occupied the center. On arriving at the *barra durri*, Runjit Singh, who was attended by a retinue of court officials, dismounted from his elephant and requested Sir Claude to join him in the examination of the building, to satisfy himself that it was exactly as he had left it forty days before. Sir Claude acceded. Of the four doors,

looking to the four points of the compass, three had been hermetically sealed with brick and mortar, while the fourth was furnished with a strong door, plastered with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the rajah's private seal, in his



PLACED IN A BOX AND BURIED
FOR FORTY DAYS.

own presence, at the date when the fakir was entombed. Thus, the exterior of the building presented no aperture whatever by which one could possibly be admitted, any communication held, or any food conveyed to the torpid experimentalist. The walls and doorways bore no marks of having been disturbed. Runjit Singh identified the impression of his seal as the one he had affixed; and, as he was personally somewhat skeptical as to the result of the fakir's experiment, he had during the forty

days kept two companies of his personal escort stationed near the building, from which four sentinels were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to protect the fakir from intrusion. One of his principal officers was also detailed to visit the spot regularly, and report the result of his inspection. While he himself kept the seal that closed the hole of the padlock, the minister of state received the reports of the officers of the guard morning and evening, and duly communicated them to his master.

On the door being thrown open, nothing was visible except a dark room. Runjit Singh and Sir Claude entered, the servant of the buried fakir accompanying them. A light was brought, and they descended into a cell about three feet below the floor of the square apartment. In this cell was a wooden box, four feet in length by three in width, with a square, sloping roof. It stood upright; its door was locked and sealed in the same manner as the door of the *barra durri*. This box was the coffin of the fakir.

Upon opening the box the body was exhibited, inclosed in

a white linen bag, drawn together at the top, and securely fastened with a string. The grand salute now shook the garden air, and the hovering multitude came crowding to the door to witness the spectacle. The servant first removed the body of his master from the box, and placed it against the closed door of the receptacle, in a squatting posture. Runjit Singh and Sir Claude then descended into the cell, which was so small that, when they tried to sit down on the ground in front of the box, their hands and knees came in contact with the person of the seeming corpse.

The servant now commenced to pour warm water over the body of his master; but as it was the purpose of Sir Claude to detect any fraudulent practice, he objected to this, and proposed to Runjit Singh to have the bag torn open, so as to inspect the person of the fakir before the process of resuscitation was initiated. This was accordingly done, the bag being so considerably mildewed as to render it but the work of a moment.

The legs and arms of the fakir were shriveled and stiff, but the face was full as in life, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. Sir Claude called to the medical gentleman who was in attendance to descend into the cell and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, temples or wrist. There was, however, a heat about the coronal region of the brain, which no other part of the person exhibited. This is one of the facts which establish a resemblance between the imitation death of the Hindu fakirs and catalepsy. In this disease, flushing of the face has often been noticed, while the trunk and extremities remained cold. In perhaps the majority of cases, however, the face is pale, and at least as cool as the rest of the body.

The servant now commenced bathing his master in hot water, the arms and legs gradually relaxing from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjit Singh assisted the servant by rubbing the legs and arms of the dead man, while the latter put a hot wheaten cake on the top of the fakir's head—a process which was twice or thrice repeated before any result was apparent.

He next removed from the nostrils and ears of his master the wax and cotton plugs with which they had been sealed, then opened the rigid jaws by inserting the point of his knife

between the teeth and prying them apart. Then, holding the jaws open with his left hand, he drew the tongue forward with the forefinger of his right, that usually flexible member flying back to its curved position, so that its tip closed the gullet repeatedly during the process. He now rubbed the fakir's eyelids with clarified butter (*ghi*) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening one of them. The eyeball was still glazed and motionless.

The next process was to renew the hot wheaten cake on the top of the head. At this instant the body heaved convulsively, the nostrils became violently inflated, respiration was resumed, and the limbs began to assume their natural fulness. The servant, at this stage, placed some clarified butter on the tongue of the fakir, and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs began to dilate slowly, recovered their natural color by insensible gradations, and gleamed with intelligence; and recognizing Runjit Singh, who sat facing him, the fakir commenced to articulate in scarcely audible tones, inquiring whether he was now convinced.

Runjit Singh answered in the affirmative, and then began the ceremony of investing the daring experimentalist with a pearl necklace, a pair of superb gold bracelets, shawls and pieces of silk and muslin, forming a full *khilet*, or regalia.

The period that elapsed between the opening of the box and the recovery of the voice was about half an hour; and in half an hour more the fakir was able to talk freely, though feebly, with those about him.

Sir Claude remarks, in concluding his narrative, that he now took some pains to investigate the manner in which this result was effected, and was informed that the *rationale* of the process rested on the view of the Hindu physiologists that heat constitutes the self-existent principle of life, and that, if the functions even be so far interrupted as to leave this one in perfect purity, life can be continued for long periods, without air, food, or other means of sustenance.

The tale of Phul, who was Rajah of Puttiali, in Punjab, terminates more tragically, and might be wrought into a Hindu society drama. Previous to his succession to the rajahship, he had been the pupil of one Samerpuri, a celebrated fakir, who taught him the art of imitating death. Phul lived for some years the life of an exemplary vassal of the British

authorities, taking care to be on good terms with all rajahs mightier than he, and with those whose possessions were not worth fighting for; but, in other respects, like an excellent business man, losing no opportunity to improve his financial condition. At last he came to the conclusion that he would not pay tribute, and, as the Governor of Punjab was a little punctilious on that point, Phul was arrested and incarcerated. Having no confidence in the justice of his cause, he died very suddenly; and his people in grand procession came clamoring for his body, that they might burn it according to the ritual of their religion. As it was impracticable to sell the body, and not worth the trouble to keep it, the remains of the defunct rajah were delivered to Rajji Bali, his wife, who carried it back to Puttiali.

Now, Rajji Bali was a woman of penetration, and knew that Phul had once been a pupil of Samerpuri, the most famous fakir in Punjab. Knowing, also, that her husband was by no means lacking in *finesse*, and must have learned the art of feigning death from its celebrated master, she suspected a trick on the authorities in this sudden demise of a rajah afflicted with no hereditary predisposition. Besides, Bali was mistress of the art of restoration.

The consequence was that within an hour after his arrival at Puttiali, Phul was a living man again; and, having no mind for further intractability, like a good business man he made good the irregularities in his accounts, and the proceedings against him were amiably discontinued.

But by and by arose another Governor of Punjab, whom Phul knew not, and he deemed it advisable to forget the stated remittances of tribute-money, which, since his former arrest, he had religiously regarded as necessary to his happiness—and no man can make a virtue of necessity more cleverly than a Hindu, whose necessities are in the main responsible for his virtues. So, having paid tribute without intermission for ten years, it occurred to the business-like Rajah of Puttiali that it would be very comfortable to omit the stipend for one year and try the mettle of the new governor. Besides, Phul was of haughty spirit, that quality running in the family with hereditary Hindu princes, and as on this occasion it was an excellent business venture to demonstrate his royalty of race, and might save money, he concluded to venture the experiment.

But, alas, the vanity of princeliness of spirit, when not supported by the necessary regiments! The new governor was obdurate, and the adventurous rajah was again arrested and imprisoned.

Again he died suddenly, confident that, under the circumstances, it was the very best way of securing his liberation. But the new governor, who had heard of his former trick, to make sure of his demise, kept his body for ten days under guard before delivering it to his anxious people.

Even then he might have escaped, but for a trifling domestic error he had committed *ad interim*—that of marrying a second wife, who made the palace of Puttiali so uncomfortable for the ancient Bali, that the latter returned to the huts of her fathers in Dilanisi, a town in the distant province of Nabha. His body was accordingly delivered into the hands of the disconsolate second wife, who, knowing nothing of his former adventures in the way of dying and coming to life again under the proper manipulation, hastened, like a pious widow, to initiate the proper ceremonies and to reduce his person to ashes.

News travels slowly in Hindustan. But at length the loving Bali was advised of the tragic end of the husband of her youth, and hastened to Puttiali, accompanied by a retinue of the disciples of the great Samerpuri. She was too late, however, except to inform the weeping rajji, with all a woman's bitterness, no doubt, that she had burned their common husband alive. Horrified at the terrible error she had committed, the latter sought consolation in flight, and went to live with her brother-in-law, leaving Bali in possession of the beloved ashes. Thus ends the tragic tale of Phul, the rajah.

The discipline essential to the practices of the fakir, and especially to proficiency in the art of imitating death, is not of a type that would be likely to fascinate an epicure. The very first condition of success is to learn to live without eating. The incipient fakir commences by abstaining from food during the day, and taking a very light meal at night. Salt must be excluded from the diet. Meat and fish, wine and oil, mustard and onions, garlic and turnips, and all acid and pungent articles, ginger excepted, are rigorously forbidden. The permitted staples are rice, wheat, milk and sugar, honey and *ghita* (melted butter), and a few other dishes known to

Europeans only by their Bengal names. Among them are *kalakasunda* and *kanthanatija*. The disciple must also abstain from drinking water, though some sects permit alcoholic beverages. The next condition of proficiency is to live underground, and in a perfectly even temperature, preference being given to a subterranean cell (known as a *gulha*) with a small hole for an entrance, which is closed by an attendant as soon as the necessary-standard of perfection has been attained. The essentials are absolute exclusion of fresh air and light, and perfect silence. The bed must be a warm one, and is generally manufactured of cotton, wool, furs, or *kuca*. Squatted in this cell, the Hindu mystic repeats the mysterious *Om* and waits for the final *nirvana*, or absorption into the universe.

In addition to the dietetic preliminaries, there are others which are partly gymnastic and partly emotional. The disciple must habituate himself to walking very slowly, in order to lessen the frequency of his respiration; he must lie down and rest as often and as long as possible. He must keep eternal silence and meditate incessantly on the nature of *Om*, the ocean of being into which, as a grain of salt, he is by and by to be absorbed. He must indulge in incessant prayers, in order to keep his whole system in a drowsy condition. Cases are on record in which Hindu devotees have repeated, but as inaudibly as possible, the mysterious syllable *Om* no less than twelve thousand times a day. There are certain other words, however, with which the monotony is varied, and which are regarded as sleep-inducing. Among them are Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam and Ham—all pronounced with the *a* open, as in the English *all*, and repeated in different orders of succession as many as six thousand times per day.

After these exercises have been thoroughly practiced, the disciple must learn to remain for three hours in a position styled *siddhasana*, which consists in sitting with the left heel under the body and the right heel advanced, and holding the big toe of the right foot with his right hand, and that of the left foot with the left hand, which causes the lower part of his face to rest firmly against the breast-bone. He must also accustom himself to standing on his head, and to other gymnastic exercises of a type specially calculated to develop an obstinate endurance in maintaining himself in one given position. Simultaneous with this regimen, he must habituate

himself to the practice of inhaling the air and retaining it for as many minutes as possible, taking care to breathe in very slowly, and to expel the volume with double deliberation. The inhalation must consume twelve seconds; the exhalation twenty-four seconds. He next learns to breathe only through the nostrils; then to inhale and retain atmospheric air; finally, to inhale with one nostril and exhale with the other.

It will be observed that one of the main tendencies of the fakir system of gymnastics is to bring the involuntary processes under the control of volition. These respiratory exercises are not particularly difficult, as the curious student may ascertain from a few experiments. I have personally had very little practice in exercises of this kind; but I can repeat, without inconvenience, and slowly and distinctly, two stanzas of Poe's "Raven" at a single breath, the whole amounting to about one hundred and seventy syllables, involving an equal number of vocal impulses, and occupying about three minutes in pronunciation; and I presume that there are many elocutionists who are able to transform a single expiration from the lungs into three or four hundred separate vocal impulses.

Having perfected himself in these minor exercises, the disciple must submit to twenty-four incisions of the ligatures of the tongue, one every week. Immediately after these incisions the tongue is stroked and pulled, and carefully rubbed with astringents. The object of this cutting and manipulation is to lengthen the tongue and render it pliable. He now practices turning that member over and backward, and closing the throat with its point, having previously inhaled as large a volume of air as the possible distention of his lungs and epigastrium will admit. The next step is to habituate himself to living with the nasal passages and the ears stoppered with wax.

These are the main exercises upon which the fakir relies for perfection in his art. Upon examination of them, as constituting a regimen, the inquirer finds them to consist of three separate groups, all tending to a single purpose.

The first group, including the dietetic rules, is strictly physiological, and tends to establish a nutrition abounding in heat-formatives, while very unexciting.

The second group, which includes the surgery of the tongue, tends to develop a peculiar obstinacy and persistence of volition, and to bring the involuntary processes under the

control of consciousness. The extent to which the latter may be carried is illustrated by the case of Colonel Townsend, an Englishman, who was examined by the best physicians of his day, and whose ability to arrest the vital functions so completely as to present in his own person a perfect similitude of death, and to recall himself to life by mere effort of will, is scientifically attested. "Man doth not yield himself to the angels," says strange Joseph Glanvil, "nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his own feeble will;" and facts occasionally occur which serve to intimate that there is a kernel of truth in the apothegm of that ancient mystic—one, by the way, that Poe had an affectation of quoting. Physiologically, the question resolves itself into this: Can the nerve-centers of the unconscious life be brought under control of volition? Theorists say they cannot. Facts say they can. Of the two, it is generally better to credit the testimony of the facts.

The third group of exercises practiced by the fakir has a special tendency to induce a nervous state analogous to that known as mesmeric slumber. The curious reader who will experiment as to the physiological effect of the regular and measured pronunciation of the vowel *o*, followed by the labial liquid *m*, will find that the Hindu mystic by no means overestimates the sleep-inducing property of the combination, and that the full *a* (as in the word *fall*), similarly followed by *m*, is scarcely less potent in its nervous action. Observe, also, how deftly the fakir intermingles a vigilant volition with these sleep-inducing exercises, by prescribing for himself a mathematical accuracy as to the number of repetitions of the mystic Om, and by taking care to arrange Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, in different ways, and to allot a given number of repetitions to the different permutations. Let the reader who is curious to verify the effect of continually repeating these syllables, try a single series of the permutations—thus:

Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham,
 Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam,
 Yam, Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram,
 Ram, Yam, Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam,
 Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Soham, Bam,
 Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Soham.

Let him pronounce these six permutations over and over, until he nods with the drone and monotony of the rhythm, which, if

his nerves are sensitive, will occur within seven minutes. Let him then draw out on paper the seven hundred and twenty permutations of which the six words are susceptible, and attempt to repeat them all in their order, without a single slip. He will thus be able to form some adequate idea of the sleepless vigilance of consciousness that the fakir carries into his exercises.

The tendency of a culture of this special type is to induce that lethargy of the vital and muscular functions which is the primary condition of sleep, while maintaining in normal intensity the activity of those centers of the brain appropriated to consciousness and volition; and, with what is known of the results attainable by morbid culture in any given direction—witness the phenomena of Spiritualism—it would be wholly unsafe to prescribe the limits of morbid function to which the Hindu mystic may attain. Sir Claude M. Wade testifies that in the case examined by him there was no indication of life, except that the coronal region of the brain still developed heat.

Before proceeding further, note one point in the dietetic regimen incident to this culture of morbid nervous function, which illustrates the careful adaptation of the dietary table to its purpose. The great staple of the fakir's diet is melted butter, ten grains of which in combustion heats 18.68 pounds of water one degree Fahrenheit, while ten grains of dry beef heats only 13.12 pounds one degree, and ten grains of albumen only 12.85 pounds. The heat of ten grains of butter would lift 14.421 pounds one foot high, while the same quantity of beef lifts only 10.128 pounds, and the same quantity of albumen only 9.920 pounds. As compared with other cereals, wheat and rice have like superior potentialities in the generation of heat.

To return now to the psychological aspects of the regimen under consideration. As every student of the nervous and physical phenomena associated with the action of anæsthetics is aware, it is not altogether unusual for consciousness to be retained in the midst of such complete motor paralysis as renders manifestation of consciousness impossible, and of such benumbing of sensation as completely annihilates pain. Cases are on record in which, though both sensibility and consciousness had apparently ceased under the action of the anæsthetic, and important surgical operations involving some minutes had been performed, the victim was afterward able to enumerate

every step in a very complicated operation, from having consciously witnessed it by means of a persistence of consciousness and of simple tactile sensation. Of all anæsthetic agents, ether has, perhaps, the most distinctive tendency in this direction, and leaves most distinct vestiges of its action in a well-marked mental aura of a peculiarly trance-like cast. Indeed, after the habit is once established, in many cases a single whiff of sulphuric ether results in the immediate supervention of trance. There can be no doubt that different portions of the nerve-centers are unequally affected by agents whose ultimate effect may be provisionally represented as consisting, in various forms, of molecular vibrations induced in the elements of their tissues. The mode of action of such substances—as, for example, ether, which must pass into the blood and thus elude our direct observation—may perhaps be inferred from that of agencies of another kind, whose influence upon molecular vibrations is initiated in massive and visible movements. Thus the action of passing “the tips of the fingers,” etc.

In like manner, to pass the tips of the fingers slowly across velvet induces a state of comparative lethargy in a very few minutes. To lift the eyes at an angle and retain them in that position, without special fixedness of attention in other respects, has the same physiological action. To sit on the rim of a laterally-revolving disk, so as to move slowly in a circle, produces slumber of the mesmeric type with a rapidity that an accomplished professor might elucidate. To fix the eyes upon a wheel revolving so rapidly that the spokes give the impression of waves of blur, has the same effect; yet if the rapidity of the revolution is so lessened as to render the spokes distinctly visible, or so augmented as to destroy the impression of successive waves, the nervous action is imperceptible, no matter what the fixedness of attention. On the same principle, given sound-waves, impinging upon the nervous filaments of the harp in the ear, and communicating given vibrations to the auditory nerve, are potent in the production of a nervous state that eventuates in lethargy.

These are facts that tend to negative a proposition long insisted upon by those who have studied the phenomena of mesmerism, to wit—that fixedness of attention is the specially important element concerned in artificially inducing the nervous state of which trance is the exponent. On the other hand,

vibratory phenomena, of regular and rhythmical pulsation, are far more active in this direction than concentration of the mind, or of the vision, upon any particular object; and in concentration of the vision, even upon an object so *criard* as the disk of scarlet morocco, if the experimentalist will wink as often as he pleases, he may postpone the physiological action as long as he pleases. Again, when, the condition of not winking observed, the action supervenes and the experimenter glides into somnolence, the result is, no doubt, directly due to the effect on the optic nerves of the continued exposure of the eyeball to atmospheric action, without the frequent lubrication that dropping the lid produces—not to fixedness of attention, as has been so ingeniously urged by metaphysical speculators. So on to the end.

It would require a volume of observations and experiments in this department of psychology to construct a coherent theory of the nature of mesmeric action; but it is very obvious that, whether addressed to the optic, olfactory, gustatory, auditory, or peripheral nerves, these vibrations inducing lethargy lie within certain limits of rapidity, and have certain qualities in common.

If we turn from this class of phenomena to another, even more subtle, which indicates so-called clairvoyance and somnambulism, we involuntarily ask permission to extend to their interpretation these laws of elementary molecular vibrations. It would, however, be premature to grant this permission. We do not know whether there exists between the brains of two human beings any medium of transmission for molecular vibration. Still less, therefore, could we undertake to measure and describe such vibrations as might be characteristic of certain kinds of influence—and which, initiated by the molecular processes of one man's brain, could ultimately infringe upon the sensitive elements of that of another, in such a way as to accelerate, retard, or suspend its activities. It is not, however, inconceivable that the ether which serves for the transmission of light may also be a medium for vibrations emanating from the entire periphery of the nervous system of human beings. The impressions which furnish the basis for our most distinct intellectual conceptions—for the strongest amount of psychic existence, are those made upon the retina. This is equivalent to saying that the vibrations of this ether, constituting rays of

light, are capable of initiating, through long intermediate series of changes, the thoughts of the brain. We may figure to ourselves the process reversed—and a series, initiated in the thoughts of the brain, or the molecular changes which coincide with them, descending through radiating fibers and sensory ganglia and optic nerves, and finally starting ethereal vibrations up that strange and indefinable boundary line, where the soul of a man seems to look out of his eyes. This is conceivable, but it is far from being demonstrated; and until much more is known about it than at present, we can but guess at the medium through which the nervous system of one person is sometimes able to exert such a powerful influence upon that of another, below the sphere of his consciousness.

Again, that the restoration of light is an important factor in the process of resuscitation, is evinced by facts. Drown flies in wine and cork them in a bottle of Madeira for a period running into months; then lay them in the sunshine to dry, and they will “come to,” perform their toilet with their fore legs, trim their wings with their hinder ones, and walk away about their business again. Bottle cerastes in dried sand for years; then put the withered creatures in the sun, and they will crawl off. To ascend from insects and serpents to higher organisms, cats have been resuscitated after lying frozen stiff for ten hours; and it is very probable that a man might be resuscitated under similar circumstances, provided that the attempt was begun before the cardiac ganglion and other nerve-centers indispensable to life had become disorganized. The difficulty with human beings, or with any adult among the higher animals, lies in the unstable equilibrium of their nervous systems, correlative with the extreme complexity of the latter; and, consequent upon this, in the extreme facility with which those centers become damaged beyond possibility of repair.

This conclusion is strictly scientific in its terms, as may be ascertained by following out the history of experimental investigation in this special department, as commenced by Leeuwenhoek in 1719, and continued by Turberville Needham, Dumeril and Treyer, Henry Baker and Buffon, Spallanzani, Bonaventura Corti, Dr. Gillies, Dr. Franklin, Lefebvre, Voss, Home, Sternberg, De Candolle, and more recent experimentalists; one result of which has been an insight into the conditions of life and death, and into the laws ruling in the

border-land between them, that enables the physiologist to venture confidently upon many a vexing problem; although, practically, no modern physiologist has yet been able to adjust all these conditions with a precision so nice and exact as to lie consciously moored for months at the very docks of death, and then steer back his devious way to life, as an effort of consciousness and volition imprisoned in a body whose nutritive processes have been mysteriously arrested, as it would seem, almost to the point of extinction. The torpor of hibernation and the vital suspension of catalepsy, though similarly dependent upon the exclusion of light, are as twilight to midnight in comparison.

The case of Miss Bonney, who, in November, 1872, predicted the date of her death, and of her return to life after a period of suspended animation, and who appears to have actually terminated her life at the appointed day by an effort of will, but to have been unable to resuscitate herself, presents an instance near home of an attempt to practice the apparent death of the fakirs, but one in which the training seems to have been too imperfect to admit of the experiment.

Not that it is absolutely essential that consciousness should be carried into this lethargic state, in order to insure the action of volition at the expiration of the set period. On the other hand, as is demonstrated by authenticated instances, it is possible so to impress the nervous system, on going to sleep, with a determination to awaken at a given hour and minute, that the impulse of volition shall act even in unconsciousness. Many persons, whose business affairs have necessitated the formation and culture of the habit, are able to awaken punctually at a given hour, by impressing their minds with the determination of doing so before dropping to sleep. No limits can be set to culture of the will in this aspect of its activity; and the fact proves that, so long as the brain lives, unconsciousness is never quite unconsciousness; in other words, that there is a species of cerebral intelligence that persists and is indued with a dusky cognition, even in the unconscious processes of perfect slumber.

It is possible, also, to carry an imperfect consciousness into the process of sleep. I once tried a series of experiments on this point, by vigilantly and determinedly persisting in consciousness to the last moment, while in other respects sub-

mitting myself passively to all the conditions necessary to the process. The consequence was, after a lengthened struggle with normal function, that my nights were transformed into a series of rational and coherent trances, wrapped about in a thin vapor of dream-land, and though connected and logical, yet strangely transcendental and introspective. Nor did this prevent my dreaming. On the contrary, dreams came and went, and I was conscious of them as beautiful or haggard illusions, and tried to prolong the former, and to elude the latter. But by far the most singular of all the psychological experiences associated with these experiments was the consciousness of being asleep and of being conscious of it. I discontinued the habit, as a perversion of function, after verifying the possibility; but for many months my dreams were accompanied with a perfect consciousness that they were dreams, and, to whatever pinnacle of ghastliness they mounted, I had the consolation of knowing that they were illusory experiences.

Among all the nerve-centers, those of the superior region of the cerebral hemispheres are, apparently, the most capable of independent action. The inquirer who will take the trouble to investigate the phenomenon of muscular contractility may learn why authorities so generally agree in explaining the muscular rigidity of catalepsy by a withdrawal from the limbs of the cerebral influence which habitually restrains their spinal innervation. If a cataleptic attack be ever really produced by an effort of the will (and not simulated), it would be by means of a self-annihilation of the motor functions of the upper portion of the cerebrum. The medullary spinal axis is not *excitomotor* at all. But if a man should succeed in withholding all outward and downward flow of cerebral nervous energy, he would, indirectly, increase the excitability of the spinal cord by emancipating it from an habitually restraining influence. If, further, he could habituate himself to withdraw *all* nervous activity, and concentrate it in the cerebro-spinal axis, he might be able, at will, to produce the rigidity, though not the unconsciousness, of catalepsy, and, at will, to recover from the attack. It is not many years since a London swindler and his confederate, who was able to counterfeit *rigor mortis* in this way, practiced extensively on the insurance companies of the British metropolis. The trick was at last detected, however, and the rigor of the law was substituted for that of the grim

sculptor who finally transforms all men into marbles. Muscular rigidity has been shown, by the most recent physiological researches, to be really analogous, in many respects, to cadaveric rigidity. Not the least important point of resemblance lies in the association, in both cases, of apparently exalted muscular irritability* with entire loss of innervation to the muscle. If this loss be voluntarily induced, by means of such intense mental absorption as we have seen to be assiduously cultivated by the Hindu mystic, we may approximately understand the secret of the fakir.

APPARENT DEATH IN TRANCE PHENOMENA.

Dame nature is continually gratifying our appetite for the strange and wonderful, manifesting her unbounded capabilities, and displaying her freaks and fancies in the most unaccountable ways, puzzling alike to the learned and unlearned. Thus she entices man to study her laws more intensely, to unlock her hidden secrets, and ultimately to confess that she is under the direction of one to whom nothing is impossible. For this end she is continually working miracles, not those only which her ordinary phenomena present to our senses every day, but in occurrences and productions so completely at variance with all the systems under which philosophers have arranged her laws, that man is compelled to confess how little he yet knows of her mysteries.

Recently we were astonished in this country with the discovery that she could produce living insects from pulverized flints, and now we are even more wonderstruck at learning that in India, that land of wonders, she has brought forth a man capable of sustaining life for a month, although bricked up in a tomb for the whole of that time. This miracle is described in the *Indian Journal*† by a Lieutenant A. H. Boileau, an engineer in the Hon. East India Company's service, and his testimony is corroborated by Captain Trevelyan, of the Bombay Engineers, and by Lieutenant Macnaghten, of the Fifth Regiment of Light Cavalry.

It appears that this singular being, who allows himself to be buried alive for weeks or months by any person who will

*This depends on coagulation of the contractile substance of the muscle.

†Account of a man who submitted to be buried alive for a month at Jalsulmer, in the East Indies, and who was dug out alive at the expiration of that period. Abridged from the *Indian Journal of Medical and Physical Science*, Calcutta, 1836.

pay him handsomely, is a young man about thirty years of age, born near Karnaul. By long practice he has acquired the art of holding his breath, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue. He abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach while pent up in his narrow grave.

The place in which he was buried at Jaisalmer is a small building, twelve feet by eight, built of stone, and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and a half wide, and the same in depth, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewn up in a bag of cloth, so that the white ants and other insects might not easily molest him. His feet were turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands pointed inwards towards his chest. Two heavy slabs of stone were placed over him; the door of the house was then built up, and guards were placed outside to prevent collusion or deception.

At the expiration of a full month the walling up of the door was broken, and the buried man was dug out of his grave. He was found in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together that, before a little water could be poured down his throat, his mouth was obliged to be forced open with an iron instrument. He gradually recovered his senses, and, though presenting an appearance of extreme emaciation, his spirit was good, and his confidence in his powers unabated. In proof of this, he told Lieutenant Boileau and Captain Trevelyan that they might bury him again for a twelvemonth if they pleased!

It is said that he has undergone the process of burial and disinterment six or seven times. In one instance, at Pokhur, he was suspended for thirteen days in a wooden chest, hung from the ceiling, which, he says, is the best method of putting his powers to the test, as the box is open to inspection on all sides, and the white ants, etc., can be better excluded from getting at his body while he remains in a state of insensibility. Lieutenant Boileau says that he fully believes that the man is no impostor, but that he really possesses the powers described. For seven or eight days preceding the burial at Jaisalmer, the man lived entirely upon milk, regulating the quantity so as to sustain life, whilst nothing remained to give employment to

the excretory organs. Lieutenant Boileau understood that the man soon regained his strength; and that, being disappointed in not receiving the promised reward from his patron, he had stolen a camel and decamped. This generous patron was one of the ministers of the Muharawul of Jaisalmer, who certainly deserved a similar inhumation by way of teaching him humanity. Our newspapers have recently teemed with deprecations of the enormity of one of our theatrical managers pandering to a vitiated taste by hiring a female to risk her life by ascending an inclined rope in one of our playhouses. What would they say to the spectacle of burying a man alive?

The editor of the journal quoted remarks that, until further information be obtained, it might be precipitate to theorize on the probable means by which this extraordinary creature maintains the mastery over the functions of life. He states that it is now well known that the slaves in South America exert the power of forcing the tongue into the larynx, and retaining it there to obstruct respiration and occasion death, when desirous of committing suicide.

Once we read an account of a somewhat similar case of torpidity in puppies. It was extracted from the *Tyne Mercury*. The puppies had been immersed half an hour in water, and then buried in a dunghill; they were all alive twenty-two hours after. But Dr. Franklin's fly is much more marvelous still. It had been soaked for twenty years in a pipe of wine, and on being exposed to the rays of the sun it flapped its wings and flew away without even evincing the symptoms of intoxication. *The Omnibus*, a Neapolitan paper, contains an account of a diver in Naples, called Lorenzo Giordano, a native of Fiumara, in Calabria, who is able to remain six hours under the water in the deepest places, and to walk at the bottom at the rate of a mile an hour. Mother Nature is always playing some prank to make philosophers stare vacantly at each other, more especially those sages who are so very dictatorial in telling the world what is and what is not contrary to nature. If Mr. Hume's philosophy be correct, if it be more probable that the witnesses are mistaken in their testimony than that the fact is true, i. e., if it be more probable that other men are liars than that Mr. Hume's experience is fallacious, then there is no truth in the report, and you may have an opportunity of looking tolerably wise by merely curling the lip, making a contemptu-

ous sneer, giving a sagacious shake of the head, and thus disposing of the matter. Many people get credit for wisdom and shrewdness by this trick. As we are not ultra liberals, however, we shall say a little more upon the subject. What we mean to say, however, is a digression.

What becomes of the man himself all this while? Is he conscious or unconscious? Does he dream or not? There's the rub.

In the *Monthly Review* there is contained a review of a book by Dr. Bendel, giving an account of a natural somnambulist, who often remained in a fit twenty, thirty, and even forty hours, and went through all her domestic duties, read and sang, and saw in the dark, and yet was fast asleep, and when she awoke, had no consciousness or remembrance of what she had done; she even learned to play at backgammon in her sleep, beat a most experienced player, and knew nothing of the game when awake. There is a similar account of another by Dr. Dyce, in the Transactions of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburg, volume 9; and there is a case recorded of a girl in Stirling, who in this state talked like a philosopher, explained the movements of the heavenly bodies, in language and with a felicity of illustration of which she was incapable when awake. We might adduce a hundred different cases of merely natural somnambulists, who all present this one invariable peculiarity—viz., that when they awake they are utterly unconscious of what they have done in sleep. They are therefore called by medical men “cases of double consciousness.” They seem to have two natures; when asleep they remember all they have said and done on former occasions in sleep, but when they are awake they remember nothing they have said or done in sleep.

Now here is proof positive that the whole world of experience and medical science confesses to be literally correct; that the mind may be busily engaged in thought, word and deed for any given space of time, then suddenly lose every vestige of remembrance of its sayings and doings when its everyday sensibility returns. May not this have been the case with the Hindoo? His own evidence is of no use. Jane Rider, Dr. Bendel's patient, wrote a letter to her mother when she was asleep, yet in twenty-four hours after she might have taken her oath conscientiously that she had not written the letter. It is

very possible that this miserable, shriveled Hindoo, whilst bodily he was sitting coiled up in a hole and tied in a sack, was mentally reveling in fairy fields of vision, where neither the fear of white ants nor the want of money beclouded the sunshine of the vivid enchantment. When they dug him up and rubbed his stomach, and forced his jaws open, and poured some of the life of this world into his throat, the enchantment ceased, and the memory vanished along with it.—*The Shepherd.*

A STATE THAT BEARS A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO DEATH.

That there is a state that bears a close resemblance to death, and which has been designated as "suspended animation," no one for a moment can doubt, who has investigated the matter carefully. The power to apparently die exists within certain individuals; the state produced is sometimes called "trance, or coma." The following account of suspended animation, or the burial and resuscitation of a magician in the East Indies, was given by Edwin Wyndham Lawry, at the request of Colonel H. S. Olcott, who at the time of the occurrence held a position on the general staff in the British army. It appears from the account given that when in India he visited the Rajate of Puttiala, wherein resided a rich and powerful Baboo, by name Lall Chunder. This gentleman was fond, occasionally, of entertaining his friends with various exhibitions of native cunning, including genuine necromancy, and to this end he invited a magician of note, one Meechum Dess, to give an exhibition of his powers of being buried alive, and then exhumed and resuscitated after some time had elapsed. Meechum Dess was to receive a considerable sum in silver roubles for the performance, and the time named by himself to be "quietly inurned" was four weeks.

On a certain day, the Baboo having called his friends together in durbar, or court, they came from all parts, on elephants, camels and horses, to witness the show. The divan of the Baboo was in the center of a circle, while all the greater and lesser magnates sat around enjoying their hookahs, and elated with the noise of the tumtum wallahs and the excitement of the nautch dancers, which were preliminary to the main object of the exhibition. Near the center of the circle a grave, zealously guarded, some five or six feet deep, had been prepared, and by it a coffin was placed. In due time the

blowing of trumpets and the sounding of gongs announced the advent of Meechum Doss. He was dressed, as magicians usually are in the East, very plainly, but very well; a middle-aged man, in fine linen, who looked as if he fared sumptuously every day, though cured rice eaten with the fingers was doubtless his only food. He descended from the gayly-caparisoned elephant on which he had traveled, and made many gracious salaams to the assembled crowd. Having invited a full inspection of himself, the coffin and the grave, he proceeded to perform various incantations by the aid of a fire which he kindled, and into which he threw what appeared to be aromatic spices. He then spread over himself a garment, on which he pronounced magical words.

All this time a committee, of which the narrator, Mr. Lawry, was a member, appointed for the purpose by the Baboo, was watching his every move very closely. At length, after various turns and twists of his body, which were sometimes very violent, he appeared to lapse into a rigid state, with his eyes and mouth closed, after which he fell back into the arms of an attendant, Mephistopheles, who accompanied him. He was now placed in the coffin, which was securely closed and sealed. Then commenced the process of lowering the casket some five feet, which was done in a manner that would have excited the envy of the New York undertakers. The hole was filled up and well battered down, guards provided by Baboo Lall Chunder being placed over it.

After the interment, notice was given that exhumation would take place four weeks thereafter, at which all were invited to be present. The tumtum wallahs and the nautch girls resumed their operations and noise, and the immense crowd dispersed in a very orderly manner on the camels, elephants and horses.

At the time appointed Mr. Lawry was again present, when the same initiatory ceremonies were enacted as at the burying, and everything was as before, except that the people looked solemn and talked in whispers, wondering among themselves whether necromancy could make the grave give back the dead.

The sentries who had kept guard and watch were paraded, and testified that they had done so faithfully for four weeks. The grave was then dug into until the coffin was reached.

Everything was found in order, and upon the coffin being

raised, the seals, which were of metal, were found untouched. The box was opened, and there reclined Meechum Doss, looking tranquil. He was taken out. His body and face presented the chillness and rigidity of death, but there were no signs of decomposition. According to orders given by him to his familiar before burial, he was well shampooed from head to foot, and given some decoction to swallow upon returning to animation, which occurred in a very short space of time. External heat appearing, the limbs became gradually relaxed, and then the opening of the eyes, which had a sort of somnolent appearance.

Shortly after the elixir had been given him, he stood up in his right mind and salaamed to the committee and those around him. When asked how he felt, and where he had been to, he said that Brahma was good, and that he had enjoyed close fellowship with their Godships Brahma and Vishnu, in the bosom of the sacred rivers and on the tops of the mountains.

Meechum Doss was now escorted in triumph before the assembled crowd, and the noise on all hands was somewhat terrific. The magician made many salaams and affectionately embraced his attendant.

Baboo Lall Chunder then caused sweetmeats and pipes to be sent around, while the magician was seated upon a special divan prepared for him. His handsome buckshis, or present, was presented to him with much ceremony, after which a herald declared the games closed. The multitude which had been seated upon the ground tailor-fashion, now rose as one man and salaamed to the wonderful necromancer, and then to their host, Baboo Lall Chunder, who took delight in providing entertainments of no ordinary character for the people. In concluding his description of the affair, Mr. Lawry says: "I believe that everything was conducted in a fair and square manner, but of course I was not present the whole time of interment; I cannot bear absolute testimony that Meechum Doss was not taken up during that time and resuscitated."

THE TRANCE STATE, OR SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

*The mysteries connected with the trance and other forms of apparent death are phenomena that cannot fail to appeal

*A late writer, Mr. Ainslee, reviews this subject, now becoming a topic of interest in scientific circles, and puts together several well-authenticated cases. From his article we copy the statements under the above head.

to wonder-loving minds. Occasionally a case of premature burial sends a thrill of horror through the community; but the lesson which it teaches, that less haste should be manifested in committing deceased persons to their silent homes, does no seem to have been heeded, and under the present custom



AVIOLA, A ROMAN, RESUSCITATED WHILE ON THE FUNERAL PYRE.

the body is hardly cold ere the undertaker is called to perform his sad office. We lately heard a physician say that in a course of medical lectures an eminent professor enjoined most earnestly and solemnly upon his students that they should never presume to decide positively that any person is dead until that infallible evidence, mortification, appeared. There have been numerous cases where all the ordinary tokens of death failed to tell the reality, and vitality has been developed into restorative action, and life has been continued for years. The ancient Greeks and Romans took warning from similar occurrences, and prohibited the early burial of the dead. The first recorded instance of the recovery to life of an individual about to be buried was that of a woman in Agrigentum, in ancient Greece, whose funeral was arrested by Empedocles, a man of great medical skill, and she was restored to life. After this a law was passed forbidding interment of deceased persons until three days had elapsed. Custom extended this period to the sixth or seventh day, during which precautions were taken to restore animation, if it was simply suspended, and often with effect.

The Romans also had their attention turned to this matter in the time of Pompey, by a physician who detected signs of life in a person supposed to be dead, which was on a funeral pyre which had already been lighted. The flames were extinguished and the individual was resuscitated. Aviola, another Roman, was less fortunate. Having fallen in a lethargic fit, he was taken up for dead; his funeral pile was erected, the

flames were lighted, and Aviola was placed upon it. Quickly animation, which had only been suspended, was revived by the heat, and he attempted to arise. The spectators, who had retired a little to witness the spectacle, rushed to save him, but they were too late. He was killed by the flames. The prætor Lamia had a similar fate; and the life of Tubero, who had formerly been prætor, was saved by signs of a return to life being discovered just as he was about to be laid upon the pile.

In consequence of these examples, the Romans increased the interval between death and burial, and scrutinized more closely the signs of dissolution. Custom as well as law required that after decease the nearest relative should close the eyes of the deceased. The body was then bathed with warm water, with the twofold purpose of rendering it fitter to be anointed with oil, if really dead, or reanimating it if the principle of life was merely suspended. Tests were from time to time applied to see if death had taken place, and after a variety of ceremonies, which were continued for seven or eight days, the body was carried to the funeral pile and burned in the midst of a concourse of relatives and friends, who marched thrice around the pyre, and frequently offered libations to the gods, asking their aid quickly to consume it.

Cases are occasionally recorded by physicians where persons have been restored to consciousness by the probing of the anatomical knife, and who recovered their health and lived for years thereafter. One medical writer, Bruhier, in a dissertation upon the uncertainty of the signs of death and the danger of precipitate burials, has collected one hundred and eighty cases in which persons still living were treated as dead. Fifty-two of these were actually buried alive, four were opened before death, fifty-three revived spontaneously after being placed in their coffins, and seventy-two were supposed to have died when they really had not.

In Greece at the present day the last journey follows quickly upon death. The next day at dawn the white-robed priests and choristers may be seen winding along the road toward the church. There, dressed as in life, and having the face uncovered, the dead lie at rest before the altar until the moment arrives when they must be committed to the earth. It is in the church that the last farewell is given. What of that terrible last journey in the cold North, where the dying

Esquimaux is built up in his snow-house and left to die alone? Or of the African tribe, who bury their hopelessly sick before death—hurry them out of the world altogether? They have been described as taking an affectionate leave of their relatives, and performing this burying with the consent of the person chiefly concerned.

Mrs. Lydia M. Child gives an instance of an aged friend of hers, whose story she had from her own lips. To all appearance she was lifeless. No impression could be made on the rigid form; sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell, all seemed dead. Yet she revived, and afterward told her thoughts and feelings while her body was in that strange state. She told all that had been done in the room, all that had been said, and the very expressions of the countenances of her friends! She said she seemed to be standing by her own body—out of it—witnessing, as a spectator, all that the friends and physicians were doing to resuscitate it! Ah, we are fearfully and wonderfully made!

I, for one, cannot put away the conviction that more persons might be recovered from deathlike trances could the friends be willing to do cautiously and perseveringly, winning life back by gentle and long-continued efforts. 'Who has not known cases of drowned persons having been recovered by the labors of love of some one more patient, gentle, and quiet than the rest? There is too little presence of mind and common-sense in cases of extreme difficulty.

A superstitious fear of dealing with the dead sometimes prevents the employment of remedial means that promise to bring into activity suspended animation. It is lamentable to see a fear of doing with or for the seeming dead where no contagion can be feared. "What has death wrought that should make the body fearful? What magic does it possess? Voiceless beauty! what harm can come from thee? Why should we not sit by thy side, and yearn to read the meaning of that calm repose, that holy serenity?"

The prophet Elisha affords us an example where he hurried to the house in Shunem, in which the beautiful child lay, mourned as dead. The boy had been out with the harvesters in the field, and sporting there he had become overheated; he felt his brain whirling, as it were, and cried, "Oh, my head!" and was borne home, and at last laid on the couch in the

prophet's room. Elisha came; he went in alone; he prayed to God, and then he went to the couch and bowed over the child, to impart his own warmth and vitality; and restored the boy to health. So in the case of Eutychus, the young man who fell asleep while Paul was preaching, being wearied, and fell from the third loft and was taken up dead. Paul went down and fell on him, and embracing him, said: "Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him," with the result to his restoration. In neither of these cases is a miracle claimed to have been performed; but in both of them we see an unshrinking embrace of the lifeless body, and a perfect quietness of procedure, a pious and Christian presence of mind.

The conditions of persons in sleep are four: Unconscious and passive, as in sound sleep. Conscious, yet passive, as in dreaming. Conscious and willing, yet powerless, as in nightmare. Unconscious, yet active, as in somnambulism. And yet beyond this there seems to be a state of apathetic body and oblivious mind, while life is still present, running like the far-hidden stream whose existence only the poet imagines. Such are some of the cases where premature burial has taken place.

Every medical work that has a chapter on trances and death gives unquestionable cases of persons buried alive; persons who, like John Scott and the Emperor Zeno, came not only to life, but gave evidence of power of action. Among the ancients a certain time was appropriated during which loud noises by cries and musical instruments were made by the side of an inanimate body. Plato, Asclepiades and Pliny relate instances of the seeming dead being restored in the sepulchre or on the funeral pile. The Jews had many regulations, for though, from fear of pestilential diseases, inhumation was decreed by the Talmud to take place before a night should pass, many rabbis maintain that the utmost care should be taken to ascertain the actual presence of death, and that it was an erroneous interpretation of the Talmud that clung so close to the letter.

Among the most singular instances of remarkable recovery cited in many works, is that of Francois de Ceville, a French captain, who was missing at the siege of Rouen. At the storming of the town he was supposed to have been killed, and with others he was thrown into a ditch, where he remained

from eleven in the morning to half-past six in the evening, when his servant, observing some heat, carried his body into the house. For five days and nights no signs of life were given, though the body remained warm. At the end of that time the town was carried by storm; the besiegers entering the house where the body lay, regarded it as a corpse, and threw it out of the window; it fell on soft earth. Here it lay senseless for three days, when it was found and taken up by his relations for burial, but it was ultimately brought to life! After his recovery Ceville used to sign his name with the addition of "Three times born, three times buried, and three times risen from the dead by the grace of God," as remarkable circumstances having attended his birth as his recovery from the ditch, the dirt, and the sepulchre. A more melancholy fate met the accomplished Abbe Prevost, who was waked to life by the instruments of the village surgeon, from the suspended animation consequent on an apoplectic fit in the forest of Chantilly.

Lady Rachel Russell is also cited as an instance where only the devoted love of the husband, and his visits to her after apparent death, saved a beautiful and amiable woman from premature burial. An authenticated incident is also told of another English lady who fell into a state of catalepsy after a violent nervous disorder. It seemed to her, as if in a dream, that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of her coffin; she felt them put on her dead-clothes and lay her in them. This feeling produced an indescribable mental anxiety. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling, as if she were in her own body and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm or to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns were sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be fastened down. The thought that she was about to be buried alive was the first one that gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate in her corporeal frame. She was saved.

Such facts as these ought to induce more caution in the disposition of persons supposed to be deceased than is now customary in the community. The appearance and condition of the bodies should be more closely observed, and a longer delay in burial practiced. We are compassed about with mysteries, and the God of our being holds in His own keeping the key to a thousand secrets in our formation. The secret things belong to Him, the revealed to us, that we may be cautious, prudent, and always live in that simple manner that is best for a true enjoyment of life.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION AS A PRESERVING AGENT.

John McCurdy, M. D., has the following article in the *Scientific American*, which is worthy of a careful perusal:

“On page 225 of volume 33 of the *Scientific American* there is an article on the above-named subject in which you give three different lines of investigation for future experiment. These are: 1. The power some animals have of rendering their natural prey utterly insensible for an indefinite period. 2. The peculiar effect of cold on some of the lower animals, which reduces them to a state not death, nor yet the ordinary torpidity caused by low temperature in other organisms. 3. Hibernation. In considering each in turn, you give as an instance of the first the complete torpor or anæsthesia produced by the sting of the female of the ‘digger’ wasp upon its prey; of the second, the well-known torpor produced by cold in the case of serpents and other fish, with subsequent return to activity on the application of heat; and lastly, hibernation is explained by the fact that ‘the muscular irritability of the left ventricle of the heart, highly increased, permits it to contract under the weak stimulus of the non-oxygenated blood. It is this exaltation of a single vital property which preserves the animal life.’ One or two quotations from recent lectures of Dr. Brown-Sequard in your city will serve to indicate several other methods of investigation. The learned doctor gives an instance of a dead ox having been kept fifty-six days without putrefaction. M. Flourens considers that a spot in the *medulla oblongata* is the focus of vital force. There is, you know, a spot which is pierced by the matadors in Spain when they rush to kill a bull immediately. Death occurs instantly. * * It is interesting to know what becomes of the nervous force in these

cases. It seems to have been altogether lost. I say it seems, for if we examine a little further we find that it is only dormant. The nervous centers have lost it almost altogether, but the nerves are quite rich in nerve force, so much so that I have kept one of these animals for nearly sixty-five days in my laboratory, without any trace of putrefaction, at a temperature which varied between 45 and 65 degrees. The lack of putrefaction certainly depended on the long persistence of the nerve force after death.

“Animals thus killed could no doubt be transported across the Atlantic from North or South America, in sailing vessels, without loss of weight and with little expense. It would be interesting to know if simple compression of the *medulla*, as by a ligature, for example, would not so suspend animation that it could be recalled at pleasure.

“I quote further from the same author: ‘You know that they (the fakirs of India) may remain dead to all appearance for a number of days, and, it is even said, for months, without any change occurring in the body, without any change in the weight, without their receiving any food. They show neither circulation nor respiration, as their temperatures diminish very considerably, and altogether present a series of effects which are certainly very marvelous. But in the light of the fact that I had a dead animal in my laboratory, lying for several months without any sign of decomposition, in a temperature varying from 40 to 60 degrees during day and night, we can understand that these fakirs may remain able to live, although they do not live—that is, they do not have actual and active life. But why, you will say, do they come out? Admit that there is in us a power which is quite distinct from our ordinary power of mind, which is quite distinct from that which we call consciousness, which during our sleep is awake and watches; with this admission and the facts I have mentioned above, we have all the elements, I think, for an explanation of what has been said about the fakirs.’

“Although I do not quite comprehend this explanation, I have thought it well to allude to it, as leading to a possible solution of the problem given toward the close of your article, namely, that of having our own sensation and volition suspended at will, indefinitely.”

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

In the Lutheran Cathedral at Magdeburg there is a mon-



ument erected to the memory of the Frau von Asseburg. She is represented as a mature woman, kneeling in front of a block of stone, and by her side is her husband. Stretching outward from her side is a goodly line of daughters, and from the side of her husband an equal line of sons. The inscription relates how this noble lady was, after her marriage, taken sick, and, under the supposition that she was dead, the body was placed in the family vault. For-

ESCAPING FROM A VAULT, SHE
KNOCKS AT THE DOOR OF HER
OWN HOME.

unately the vault was left un-
locked, and, regaining con-
sciousness in the night, she
returned home to her husband and bore all this family after
her strange experience in the tomb.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF RESUSCITATION.

The *Banner of Light*, Boston, of March 14th, 1885, con-
tained the following, as copied from the Auburn (N. Y.)
Dispatch:

“Thirty-four years ago, a man by the name of John Hurrelle was pronounced dead by three doctors who held an examination. Everything was prepared for the funeral; the guests were invited, a clergyman summoned, and the body in a coffin. On the morning when the funeral was to occur the mother thought she saw signs of life, though four days had passed since he was said to have been dead. The funeral did not take place. When those present took the seemingly lifeless body and placed it on a bed the man said, ‘Let me’—and then stopped. For eight months he lay in a sort of stupor, while his mother gave him nourishment. At the expiration of that time he regained consciousness and finished the sentence by saying ‘be.’

“The man is now about fifty years of age, says the *Dis-*

patch, a shoemaker by trade, and works in Reilly & McGarr's shoeshop in Auburn. He lived at Utica last fall, and worked for Reynolds Brothers. About a year ago he saw the coffin in which his body reposed for four days. It was at his brother's house, where it yet remains. He says that no one can convince him that there is no future. No power can make him receive any materialistic doctrine. He knows that as sure as there is a sun in the heavens there is a spirit in the body which can never die.

“The copy of the *Dispatch* containing the above account, and further details, was sent us by Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, who writes that he took the reporter to see and interview Mr. Hurelle, and that he believes the statements to be correct. Upon being questioned regarding his experience during the eight months that he lay in the stupor, Mr. Hurelle says that when he was out of his body he seemed to be floating around. He could see his mother, his friends and the coffin in which his body lay. But he could neither hear his friends nor speak to them. He could also see the spirits of his departed friends. All was bright and pleasant while his spirit was out of the body, but the coming back into the body was terrible.

“A case of interest in the particulars of the possibility of a person being called back, after having passed to the other life, is related to us by a friend. He states that during the war a man on one of the United States transports, who had been quite ill, exhibited symptoms that led the attending physician to pronounce him dead, and by his directions what was supposed to be a corpse was taken from the berth and placed on deck preparatory to being consigned to a watery grave the next morning.

“‘Doctor, I don't believe he is dead,’ said a rough-voiced but manly-hearted seaman, ‘and if you are through with him I'll try my hand.’

“He did ‘try his hand,’ and the result was the man was restored to life, and is now a distinguished professor in one of our Western colleges. Our informant was personally acquainted with the resurrected and the resurrector, and a gentleman whose reliability is unquestionable.”

CASE OF APPARENT DEATH AND PREMATURE INTERMENT.

The *Messenger du Midi* relates the following dreadful story where a young married woman residing at Salon, France, died shortly after her confinement. The medical practitioner, who was hastily summoned when her illness assumed a dangerous form, certified to her death, and recommended immediate burial in consequence of the intense heat then prevailing, and six hours afterwards the body was interred. A few days after her death, the husband having resolved to re-marry, the mother of his wife desired to have her daughter's remains removed to her native town, Marseilles. When the vault was opened a horrible sight presented itself. The corpse lay in the middle of the vault, with disheveled hair, and the linen torn to pieces. It had evidently been gnawed in her agony by the unfortunate victim. The shock which the dreadful spectacle caused to the mother has been so great that fears were entertained for her reason, if not for her life.

AN ADDITIONAL WARNING AGAINST HASTY BURIALS.

In Chapmanville, Penn., several years ago, Martha Coggs- well, wife of Anthony Coggs- well, a drover, died, as was sup- posed, and was buried. Her husband was absent at the time. When he returned home, almost wild with grief, he insisted on her body being exhumed, so that he could see the remains. This was done, and, to the horror of all, the body had changed its position in the coffin, showing that Mrs. Coggs- well had been buried while she was in a trance. The body was lying on its face, and evidences of a fearful struggle made by the unfortunate woman when she recovered consciousness in the coffin, were visible. Mr. Coggs- well fell senseless across the coffin, and became a raving maniac.

A very curious case of a woman being in a trance is re- ported in a Welsh newspaper. It appears that the wife of a rockman, named Vren Crysilte, in a village about three miles from Llangollen, had been in delicate health for some months, and a few days prior to the 3d of January, 1874, her life was despaired of. A person living in the neighborhood acted as a nurse, and the sick person was a patient of Mr. Williams, of Derwen Deg, Trevor. Early on the Friday morning following that date she seemed to be rapidly sinking, and between thred and four o'clock she apparently died. At this time the nurse

and the husband were present, and had no doubts whatever that life was extinct. In the ordinary course the nurse proceeded to lay the body out, and about seven o'clock the husband went by the train to the village in Shropshire, to acquaint some friends of the death, and to make arrangements for the funeral. On his return, however, he found to his great astonishment that his wife had disengaged herself from the wrappings which are usually put upon the dead. Although she was still insensible, there was no doubt that she had moved. He at once resorted to friction and stimulants, unmistakable signs of life appeared, and final recovery followed.

TO PREVENT PREMATURE INTERMENT.

The Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* gives the following in the issue of June 2d, 1895: "In quick succession, in different parts of the country, three persons have been buried alive. And of the three, only one was taken out in time to be restored to the world of the living. The other two met with death in their coffins after terrible struggles. Burials are conducted hurriedly, but it appears that cases of the kind are, after all, only of very rare occurrence. Something is to be done to prevent these 'accidents;' it is proposed to construct waiting-rooms, in which the corpse may be deposited, surrounded by plants and flowers, and an electric bell placed on one of the fingers, so that should the person be in a cataleptic state, at the slightest motion a signal would be given. Doctors here agree that one can never be certain of death because of the mere fact that the heart ceases to beat. In fact, there is, it appears, no other method of becoming absolutely certain and convinced that life is extinct than by a beginning of decomposition. This is only attainable by allowing the body to await burial until signs of decomposition are visible. The proposed waiting-room is expected to do away with a great deal of doubt and to reassure people who live in fear of being buried alive."

APPARENTLY DEAD—SOME VER INTERESTING PHENOMENA.

*In the Flemington River Valley, N. J., two miles from the little town of Ringoes, lives John Stipple, who has slept almost continuously for the last thirty years. The case is a remarkable one, and it has puzzled a good many physicians, who

*Chicago Chronicle, June 10th, 1895.

have visited the little farmhouse in which Stipple does his slumbering, from time to time, for the purpose of making a study of his case. The man is now about fifty years old, and but for the fact that he looks haggard and pale his face has the same appearance that it had thirty years ago, when John was a hearty youth of twenty years.

Stipple's long sleep began under peculiar circumstances. It was in the winter of 1865. He had married the daughter of a farmer who lived in the vicinity of Copper Hill, and the wedding party, consisting of a dozen or so young friends of the couple, decided to take a sleigh-ride on the Flemington River, which was frozen over and supposed to be safe. During the trip Stipple's horse stepped into an air-hole, and in floundering around broke up the ice so that the sleigh containing the bride and groom went into the water. The young woman was saved with some difficulty, and Stipple was at last got out, but he was unconscious and to all appearances dead. He was taken to the home that had been prepared for the bride, and after a couple of physicians had worked over him several hours in the hope of restoring him, they declared that he was beyond human aid, and in less than twelve hours he had apparently ceased to breathe. Stipple was supposed to be dead, and he was prepared for burial. The day was fixed for the funeral, and the young widow was nearly crazy.

The night before the man was to be buried, Henry Wilcox and Jason Dalton, two of his friends, were sitting up with the corpse. They had a euchre deck, and were doing their best to pass the time pleasantly with the cards. About one o'clock in the morning Wilcox had picked up the cards to shuffle, when a voice in the room where Stipple's remains lay shouted, "Whoa, there." That was all, but it was enough to bring Wilcox and Dalton to their feet with their hair in the air and their eyes hanging out. They finally braced up and went into the room with the purpose of finding out where the voice came from. There was nobody in sight but Stipple, and to the amazement of the two men he had turned over on his side. He was apparently dead, and after trying all the ways with which they were familiar to discover if the man breathed, and failing, the watchers straightened Stipple out on his back, covered his face again, and left the room to talk it over. No more sounds came from the room that night, but in the morn-

ing the supposed corpse was found lying on his side again. The story of what the watchers had heard and seen was told, and Mrs. Stipple refused to allow her husband's body to be buried. The physicians tried every means known to the profession to restore Stipple to his normal condition, but without avail, and at last they gave up the undertaking, declaring again the man was dead. This, however, the wife refused to believe, and she could not be induced to consent to the interment of the body.

Six weeks Stipple lay without manifesting signs of life, and then one morning, while his wife was attending to household duties in the adjoining room, she heard somebody shout, "Whoa, there!" She hurried into the room where her husband was, and found him sitting up, with his arms extended, as if he was driving a horse. Overjoyed at the sight, Mrs. Stipple threw her arms around her husband, and fell to weeping. Stipple showed no signs of recognition, but called for something to eat and drink. His wife brought him some meat and a glass of milk. He refused to eat the food, but drank the milk, and called for more. He eagerly swallowed several glasses of milk, and then lying down resumed his apparently breathless sleep.

It was two months before Stipple was again heard from. One day a preacher, who had a wide reputation for being able to cure obstinate diseases through prayer, came to the Stipple residence at the request of the sleeper's wife, and, kneeling by the bedside, began to pray. When he had reached a point in his appeal for the restoration of Stipple to health, he was interrupted by the man crying out, "Whoa, there!" The preacher stopped praying. Stipple sat up in bed as before, and with an expression of great anxiety on his face appeared to be struggling with a horse. He soon fell back on the pillows and feebly called for food. As before, meat and milk were brought to him, but he swallowed only the milk. He drank nearly a gallon of it before he was satisfied, and then became unconscious again. The preacher, at the earnest request of the man's wife, once more began to pray, but Stipple showed no further signs of life.

For ten years the man remained in this condition, awakening at irregular intervals and always shouting, "Whoa, there!" and appeared to be engaged in holding a horse. The excite-

ment of the night when he and his bride broke through the ice on the Flemington River seemingly remained with him. Whenever he awoke he would drink large quantities of milk, and refused to eat solid food.

One day, about twenty years ago, Mrs. Stipple was engaged in sweeping out the room in which her husband lay, when he suddenly cried out: "Thank God, Susie, you was saved!" Mrs. Stipple was wild with joy, believing that the spell upon her husband had at last been broken. He appeared to be in full possession of his mental faculties, and talked with his wife about the occurrences of the eventful night ten years before. What had taken place since then was a blank to him and he talked as if he had awoke from a night's sleep. He asked if the farm-hand had milked, and how long before breakfast would be ready. Fearing the effect that the knowledge might have on her husband, Mrs. Stipple did not tell him how long ago it was that those affairs he had been talking about took place. She told him that John was then doing the chores at the barn, and that she would have breakfast ready in a short time. She sat on the edge of the bed, with her arms around her husband, her heart brimming over with thankfulness that he had been restored to her with his reason, when his head suddenly fell forward and he was once more in a profound slumber.

At this stage of the case a remarkable change occurred. The next day Mrs. Stipple and the farm-hand were in the room, talking over the affairs about the farm.

"Orrin Whiting wants to buy the Jersey heifer for forty dollars," said the farm-hand. "What shall I do about it?"

"Sell her," said Stipple, before his wife could answer.

Mrs. Stipple rushed to her husband's side, thinking that he was awake again, but he appeared to be deeply asleep, and all efforts that she made to arouse him failed. He would converse with her, however, answer her questions intelligently, and give her advice about the affairs of the farm, but no efforts of hers could make him open his eyes.

As before, at irregular intervals he awoke, sat up in bed and drank milk, but on these occasions he gave no evidence that he remembered what had transpired or what he had talked about while asleep. His spells of wakefulness never lasted more than three-quarters of an hour, and there were frequently

ten weeks between them. The peculiar power of foresight, clairvoyance, or whatever it may be, has grown upon the man, and he is now put to use by farmers and curious persons who are desirous of knowing what the weather is going to be or what the future holds for them. There are hundreds of men and women living within a radius of twenty-five miles of Ringoes whose faith in Stipple's ability to correctly forecast events is solid and firm as the hills. People come from far away to have the man tell what is in store for them, and the contribution of money from that source has enabled Mrs. Stipple to surround herself with all the comforts of living.

What Do You Conclude?

GREAT IMPORTANCE ANALYZING THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

OUTWARD SIGNS OF LIFE—THE SIGNS OF DEATH—PREMATURE INTERMENTS UNDOUBTEDLY COMMON—IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

We have presented a vast array of evidence showing conclusively that a large number of unfortunate persons are buried alive each year. Resuscitation has generally been attempted only when some outward sign of life was manifested—just as if life must necessarily be extinct because it presents no external sign or indication of its presence. Even if respiration has ceased, the circulation stopped, the eyes become “set,” and the form cold, clammy and rigid, yet sufficient life may remain, which, if properly nourished and sustained, will reanimate the prostrate form. The signs of death usually brought into requisition by the skillful physician to determine the exact status of an individual supposed to be dead, are not always reliable; in fact, the same signs are manifested in a paramount degree in apparent death, in the death-trance, in the simulation of death, and in the cataleptic state. Nearly all the numerous incidents in connection with this subject which have been related, are of modern origin. Thousands of cases of premature interment have undoubtedly occurred that have escaped notice altogether; hence the number, if actually known, would swell to enormous proportions. What a frightful spectacle! human beings inhumed alive—murdered is the proper term—by their relatives and friends! Wars, riots, famines, pestilence, earthquakes, cyclones and inundations, are very destructive to human life; and, from the data at command, we are compelled to add another source of danger to the world—remature interment, arising, mainly from the ignorance of

immediate friends and relatives of the unfortunate person who is apparently dead, and the lack of skill, perhaps, on the part of the physicians in attendance.

Very true, it is not often the grave speaks, giving absolute indications that its unfortunate inmate was buried alive; but if one solitary grave presents unmistakable evidence of a premature interment, how do we know that tens of thousands of graves, if examined, would not present the same absolute proof?

Undoubtedly, among the thousands who are deposited in coffins each day, there are some in whom life is not yet extinct, and who, if the proper effort had been made, might have been resuscitated. Life seems to be easily suspended, under certain circumstances, and sometimes, when held in abject abeyance for a time, it suddenly finds but little difficulty in assuming its normal action, as illustrated by a cook named Mumby, who was employed on the fishing smack Bonny Lad. When the vessel had been at sea a short time Mumby was seized with a fit, and afterwards had a series of fits. One morning about three o'clock the man was found in his bunk, apparently quite dead. The skipper made a careful examination of the man, and concluded that he was dead, and had him put into an ice-box and the lid closed. Some five or six hours afterward the crew were alarmed by hearing a knocking in the box in which they had placed the man Mumby, and on opening it the cook was found to be fully recovered from his death-like fit.

In remote ages of the world, when a person had ceased respiration, and the heart no longer beat, he was considered dead; hence only by chance could one be resuscitated who had passed through the ordeal of being drowned. Now, even after a person has been pronounced dead, having been, as supposed, drowned, it is possible to restore him to consciousness though several hours have elapsed. The importance, then, of the subject which we have been so long investigating, cannot be overestimated.

It is self-evident that the restoration of those who are apparently dead, but in whom the vital spark is still believed to exist, should not be left exclusively to the care of the physician. One may not be easily commanded; and even then, very possibly, it may be too late. "Run for the doctor," is certainly a commendable order, and on certain occasions should be made imperative; but should you, as a member

of the Home Circle, remain ignorant of the simple methods of restoration that ought to be promptly employed in cases of apparent death, and thereby, perhaps, lose one who is very dear to you, and a necessary factor to promote your happiness in your daily life? As remarked before, you have no absolute evidence that all of those whom you have already buried were dead at the time they were interred; you did not then apply a single test to determine their exact status as to life or death. You made no effort whatever to resuscitate them. Your physician, probably summarily, pronounced them dead, and you, supposing his decision to be infallible, consigned them to the cold grave. There are sins of omission as well as those of commission. If you fail to save a life when it would have been in your power to do so if you had sought assiduously for the requisite information, then in a measure you are responsible therefor. We are all component parts of one great family, and those who are intimately associated in the Home Circle owe a sacred duty to each other. Not one would see the others starve, or drown, or perish in a snow-storm, or suffer from a great calamity, without cordially extending a helping hand. But should the attending physician pronounce one of your most loved and revered members dead, without a proper understanding of death in all of its multitudinous details on your part, you would accept his decision with the complacency that a young robin receives the proffered worm; but in case you have thoroughly investigated the subject yourself, you will carefully and critically examine the body of your dead one, which is about to be interred, subject it to various tests, and examine in detail every sign of death, before you consent to an interment. This is too important a matter for you to leave exclusively to the opinion of your physician, although his presence on all such occasions may be absolutely essential; but you have a mind yourself, and should exercise it; you have eyes to see, ears to hear, and a judgment that may enable you to be of great service to the one supposed to be dead. Exercise all your senses; be on the alert; bring the knowledge to bear which you can glean from these pages, and I assure you that you will have absolute knowledge that your friends are dead before you agree to have their remains interred; but always avail yourselves, in every emergency of this character, of the advice and assistance of a physician, whose

practiced eye should be, and probably is, more experienced than your own.

JAMAICA SUPERSTITIONS IN REGARD TO DEATH.

There is a curious superstition that if a death occurs in the house all the water in it is poisoned at once, and must be thrown away, the reason given being that "Death" cools his "sting," after destroying life, in the first water he finds; and as no one can tell—Death being invisible—what jar he may choose, it is safest to throw it all away. Careful people, to save trouble, even carry all water out of the house immediately before a death is expected.

A mulatto girl told me of one woman who was brave or curious enough to stoop down over a water-jar immediately after a death had occurred. She was rewarded by hearing a curious noise; but, although she knew it must be Death, she dared not look up. She described it as the faint fluttering of a "bat," which it probably was—a "bat" meaning in Jamaica any flying creature that is not a bird. Very possibly it was a huge moth; but, if the kind known as the "Black Witch," the sight would only have increased the woman's fear, for to have a "Black Witch" flying about the room is a sign of death. It may be mentioned, by the way, that there is a similar superstition to this last in many parts of France about the "Hummingbird Hawk Moth."

It is customary to remove the pillows from dying persons, so that they may die lying quite flat. For what reason the negroes do this I know not, but I am told it is always done by them. I have heard that the same thing is done in some country districts in England under the belief that it makes "dying easier." It probably has assisted to help some unfortunates out of the world in the West Indies, for I have heard that the pillow is in many instances positively snatched away.—*National Review*.

Beautiful Scenes as Death Approaches.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

MR. BEECHER'S VISION BEFORE THE FINAL CHANGE—THE ROOM FILLED WITH A HEAVENLY SPLENDOR—LITTLE DAISY'S DEATH—SEEING WITH DYING EYES—THE OTHER SIDE VERY BEAUTIFUL—A PATHETIC DEATH-SCENE.

The stages of death are exceedingly many, and they vary very much in nature and characteristics. You may die within an hour, or many years may be required to render the life in you entirely extinct. Dr. Lyman Beecher, one of earth's noblest men, grand and comprehensive in thought, deed and aspiration, while he was gradually dying was allowed the ineffable privilege of having a foretaste of heaven. Without a prominent manifestation of heaven in his own nature, his vision would have been so obtuse that he could not have been favored with a glimpse of the spiritual regions of God's glorious kingdom. As set forth by W. H. Bidwell, for many months previous to his death his brilliant mind and memory had been in an almost total eclipse. He had nearly lost the power of utterance. As Mr. Bidwell entered his room on one occasion, Dr. Beecher rose from the sofa near the front window and gave him his hand, looking him full in the face, but could not remember his name. Mr. Bidwell was struck with the radiant expression of his face, such as he had never seen him have before. In order to test his memory, after asking how he was, Mr. Bidwell said: "Dr. Beecher, you remember your old friend Dr. Chapin?" There was not the slightest indication that he heard his question. "Well, you remember your old friend Dr. Taylor?"

"Yes, yes. Part of me! part of me!"

“Dr. Beecher, how about that wonderful vision you have had?”

After a manifest effort to recall something, he placed his hand on his heart and said: “Good! good! very good!”

On coming down to the room below, Mr. Bidwell inquired of his daughter-in-law, who attended him, about the vision which he had had. She replied that some days previous she was in an adjoining chamber, when suddenly she heard the voice of Dr. Beecher saying: “Come here! come here! come quick! come quick!” She hastened, and found him standing in the middle of the room, his face radiant with intense excitement, and his voice completely restored. He exclaimed: “I have seen the King in His glory!” repeating this three times. The continued outburst of prayer, praise and thanksgiving lasted about an hour, when the mental vision gradually declined, faded, and disappeared.

The impression which Mr. Bidwell received from Mrs. W., his daughter-in-law, was that, in the scene which Dr. Beecher had witnessed, the room was filled, apparently, with a heavenly splendor and intense radiance, and in the midst of it a personage appeared like unto the Son of God.

Dr. Beecher's death was fully completed January 10th, 1863, his age being eighty-eight years. He died with the beauty and grandeur of heaven illuminating his magnificent soul.

PATHETIC EXPERIENCES IN LITTLE DAISY'S DEATH.

It is no uncommon occurrence during the stages of death for the spiritual senses to become so enlivened or quickened that the magnificent scenes of God's heavenly kingdom are disclosed to them. No stronger evidence of the existence of a celestial home for each of God's children could be given than that often presented to the vision of the dying.

The following was written by the mother of the child whose experiences during her last days on earth it describes. It was sent to the pastor of a Baptist church in California, who read it at a church meeting and sent it to *The Evangel*, a Baptist paper of San Francisco, in which it was published:

“Daisy Irene Dryden, the subject of this little sketch, was ten years old at the time of her death. She had been ill of typhoid fever for five weeks, and was slowly recovering, when

she was taken with a relapse and only survived three days. She seemed to be dying those three days, while she conversed with us and took note of all that passed. She could tell us, also, of what she saw of the Spirit-world. I have not time to write all she said in those three days.

“It was about a week before her death, and we felt almost sure of her recovery. Her father was sitting beside the bed and I was standing on the other side, when all at once her countenance lighted up and a sweet rapture shone in her eyes. I said: ‘Daisy, what is it?’ She held up her hand, and in a low whisper, filled with awe, said: ‘Oh, mamma, it is a spirit! It is Jesus, and he says I am going to be one of his little lambs. I shall not get well now, but will be in a few days. At this time Dr. Cory thought her out of danger. Three days later dangerous symptoms occurred and she was beyond hope. She very frequently spoke of her little brother (who had died a year before, aged six), as telling her about the Spirit-world. Once when she was speaking about it I said: ‘Daisy, how do you talk with Albion? I do not hear you or even see your lips move.’ She smiled and replied: ‘It is because we talk with our think; but I know what he says much better than if I heard him speak.’

“Once when Mr. Towner, her Sunday-school superintendent, came to see her, she wished him to pray with her, as she always did when Christian people came to see her. On going, he took her hand and said: ‘Daisy, you’ll soon be over the dark river.’ After he was gone she said to her father: ‘Why do they say the dark river? There is no river to cross; there is not even a curtain; no, not even a line,’ and with a gesture of the hand she said: ‘It’s here, and there, it’s there. Albion says heaven is not away off; it is all around us. It is a state, not a place in particular. I am not going away off.’

“She was very fond of hearing her sister Lulu sing out of the Sunday-school book. At one time she was singing the hymn whose chorus is ‘Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings.’ She said: ‘Don’t you think it strange, but the angels don’t have wings at all. They don’t need wings, because they don’t fly; they just come.’

“She spoke of a number of persons who came to her, whom she had never seen in her life, but she knew them and described them perfectly. Among them were Mrs. Henry’s

children, who had been dead some time; but children who had been dead some years, she spoke of as grown up.

"In speaking of her poor body she said: 'I have had it ten years, but I will not need it any longer; I will have no more use for it than the angels have for wings.' When we asked her why it was that we could not see as she saw, she said no one could unless permitted of the Lord, and because she saw with dying eyes—that she did not see with her natural eyes, but with the eyes of her spirit. In trying to tell us about heaven, or, as she always said, 'the other side,' she said it was very beautiful, but it was not like anything in this world, so she could not make us understand about it. One of our neighbors had recently buried a little boy, who was always called a bad boy, but his surroundings were such that he could hardly be expected to be good. When his mother came to see her, Daisy told her that her boy came with her, and that he said to her that he was 'all right.' Afterward, when we asked her how it could be all right with the boy when he was such a bad boy, she said 'the Lord said he didn't have half a chance here, and that he was good sometimes.'

"I do not think she saw wicked spirits; as she never said anything about them. She did not, during all her sickness, express the least fear of death. She seemed to have an unswerving trust, and she was never sad. Once I asked her how the angels came to her. She replied: 'I mostly hear sweet music, and then the walls of the room go away, and I can see miles away, and there are thousands of beautiful angels, some I know as having lived on earth, because I know their folks, and others I will soon know.' The morning before she died she requested me to open the shutter, that she might look on the world once more. She said: 'To-morrow I will not be here, so good-by, dear old world; good-by, trees and flowers and grass and sunshine! the world to which I am going is so much more beautiful! That will do, mother. Don't look sad—I am not going to leave you. We will be around.' One favorite position was to be helped up and to lay her head on her father's breast. On one of these occasions she said: 'Papa, I want to die this way, and I will tell you in time, so you can take me up.' In the evening, about eight o'clock, she looked up at the clock and said: 'It is now eight o'clock; at fifteen minutes to eleven I'll be gone.' When asked how she

knew the time so exactly, she said: 'Albie has told me that he will come for me then.' So, just at half-past ten she said: 'Now take me up, papa.' Then she asked us to sing, and looked around for Lulu; but remembering that she had retired, she said: 'I should like to hear her sweet voice once more, but don't call her—it does not matter.' So she quietly passed away.

" 'She is gone,' broke from her father's lips, 'but, thank God, she has left us her testimony.'

"I could not weep; I was too happy for tears. How could I weep in presence of the angels? It may seem singular to you, but I have never mourned for her as I did for the others. Her dying words, 'We will be around,' are a great comfort, and, though it seemed against the creed ' had been taught, how could I doubt the remarkable words of their teaching? I know I have climbed higher and have gained broader views of the infinite loving Jesus, and that it is easier to trust him than before she passed into the Spirit-world."

An Appallingly Heartrending Scene.

DEATH THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF BURNING.

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT PESHTIGO, WIS. — THE HORRIBLE DEATHS THAT OCCURRED THERE—A VIVID DESCRIPTION BY PHINEAS EAMES—WHILE SEVERAL OF HIS FAMILY ARE LYING DEAD HE IS VISITED BY THE ANGELS.

Death by burning is regarded as particularly appalling. The imagination is not vivid enough, seemingly, to picture its intense horrors. One of the most singular cases of preservation from death occurred during those memorable fires that took place in the fall of 1871, when Chicago was burned, and beautiful sections of country in Wisconsin and Michigan were nearly ruined. We witnessed the fire in Chicago, and the thrilling grandeur of the scene still continues to vibrate our soul-chords, and the charred remains of the dead are still vividly pictured in our mind. No one in Chicago was carried near to death's door by the raging destructive fire, and then restored to active life; therefore we must look in other quarters for an example. While the great fire of Chicago was gorgeous—grand beyond the power of tongue to describe or pencil to delineate, the one that occurred at Peshtigo, Wis., was appalling—the heavens and the earth seem to have been engaged in a demoniac dance, where all the devils of every imaginable pandemonium had become tangible, and were participating in a carnival of fire and wind! According to the New York *Tribune's* correspondent, whenever a building seemed to resist the fire, there the roof would be sent whirling in the air, breaking into clouds of flame as it fell. A shower of sparks, cinders and hot sand fell in continuous and prodigious force, and contributed quite as much in killing the people as

the first terrific sirocco that succeeded the fire. The wretched throng, neck deep in the water, and the still more helpless beings stretched on the heated sands, were pierced and blistered by those burning particles. They seemed like lancets of red-hot steel, penetrating the thickest covering. The evidence now remains to attest the incredible force of the slenderest pencils of darting flame. Hard iron-wood plow-handles still remain, perforated as though by Minie-balls, and for the main part unburnt. When the hapless dwellers in the remote streets saw themselves cut off from the river, groups broke in all directions in a wild panic of fright and terror. A few took refuge in a cleared field bordering on the town. Here, flat upon the ground, with faces pressed in the sand, the helpless sufferers lay and roasted. But few survived the dreadful agony. The next day revealed a picture exceeding in horror any battle-field. Mothers, with children hugged closely, lay in rigid groups, the clothes burned off and the poor flesh seared to a crisp. One mother, solicitous only for her babe, embalms her unutterable love in the terrible picture left on these woeful sands. With her bare fingers she had scraped out a pass as the soldiers did before Petersburg, and pressing the little one into this, she put her own body above it as a shield, and when the daylight came both were dead—the little baby-face unscarred, but the mother burnt almost to cinders. Long after the flames had died out, when there was no more to feed on, the hot sands rendered moving about an exquisite torture, and long into the dismal midday the survivors were confined to the narrow circuit near the river. As the day wore on, help came in slowly from the northward. Several railroad gangs had escaped annihilation, and one gang, led by an ex-prize-fighter named Mulligan, came with promptness and efficiency to the rescue, through miles of burning prairie and blockaded roads. On Sunday night something over two thousand people were assembled within the confines of this industrious, prosperous city; the dreadful morning light came upon a haggard, maniacal multitude of less than seven hundred. When the work of rescue began it was found that a great number had escaped by the bed of the river and the northern road to the port, and as the day advanced, half-naked stragglers, unkempt and blackened, began to stream into the sparse settlement. As the molten sands cooled off, the woeful work of recognition began.

Peering into blackened faces, mothers, fathers, brothers, tremblingly sought out missing ones.

There was one man by the name of Hanson, who firmly believed that the judgment day had come, and while the fire rained down, he began to walk composedly up and down his spacious parlors, and he and his family were consumed.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT BY PHINEAS EAMES.

At Peshtigo, where this destructive conflagration occurred, a man by the name of Phineas Eames resided, and his experiences were so remarkable and heartrending, and the final dissolution of his spirit and body so nearly accomplished, that the incidents connected with his final preservation should be recorded on the pages of history, for they not only demonstrate the power of spirits over matter, but exhibit the character of death when induced by fierce, angry flames. We give his own description of his narrow escape, as furnished by the lamented E. V. Wilson. He says:

“Oh! the horrors of that night! No pen can portray it, no language express it, and we who suffered can hardly realize what we have passed through.

“Sunday, October 8th, 1871, was a cold, chilly day. The atmosphere was remarkably still, and filled with a dense, blinding smoke, increasing greatly toward night. Still, I felt no real alarm, as I was confident that if the woods were on fire and the fire approaching, I could save my family and buildings, as I had prepared for such an emergency, being in a clearing of twelve acres. Through the day I had been out in all directions, looking for fire, or any signs of one approaching, but there was none; therefore, on my return home toward night, I felt no more alarmed than usual; and yet I could not rest on account of the dense smoke and peculiar scent accompanying it, making it very unpleasant to inhale. However, my wife and children went to bed as usual. I laid down on a lounge and watched, as had been my custom since any talk of fires. At a quarter to ten in the evening I was up and out in the darkness. Nothing was to be seen or heard, hardly a leaf stirring; but, oh! the smoke. The scent—one could hardly endure it! I feared—I knew not what. I laid down until the clock struck eleven, when I was aroused by seeing lights approaching my house. I awoke my wife and children, and told them to dress themselves, and then went out to see who was

coming. It proved to be my nearest neighbor, Mr. Blauvett, and family. By the time they had reached my house, my family were up and waiting—fearing the approach of some unseen foe. We knew not where to look for danger, and yet we felt that this ominous stillness, this dense smoke and stench, together with the cold and intense darkness, all combined, portended something fearful, and we waited in silence its approach; Mr. B. and myself outside, our families inside. I had closed the doors to keep out the cold and smoke. While standing a few feet from the door, all at once I saw a bright light coming, in size as large as a half-bushel measure, and as it approached it appeared like a ball of fire, coming from the southeast, and I saw it pass directly over my house to the northwest. The night being very dark, as it passed over it dazzled my eyes, and I watched it go out of sight. All in the house saw the same light, from the window, as it approached and disappeared. Next, I heard a tremendous explosion, which was so great that I can compare the sound to nothing I ever heard. The ground shook and trembled beneath my feet; the house jarred to its foundation, and the window-panes rattled in their place; and while I stood in breathless silence, not knowing which way to look or turn, or from what quarter the danger would appear, for as yet I saw no fire approaching, I heard a low, rumbling sound—a sullen roar like an earthquake: this lasted only a few moments, after which came a change of atmosphere, with slight puffs of wind, which grew warmer every moment. Suddenly my house caught fire overhead. Bear in mind I was out of it, in the midst of this intense darkness, and as I looked I discovered that my large barn was also on fire—the fire crawling along its surface like a snake—a rising flame of fire on the top of it, on the roof of the house, in the branches of the trees, and in the air, and yet no fire on the ground!

“I opened the door, and all in the house came out and started for the hill. There is a ridge west of my house. We had selected this place to go to in case of fire. House and barn on fire—we must go somewhere. All this took but a moment, and then we left our happy home forever, only to be united again beyond the River of Death. Mr. B. and family, together with my children, proceeded ahead. At this time the atmosphere became as light as day, darkness had disappeared,

and the whole heavens became a vast sheet of fire! Such a scene as then presented itself cannot be described. Not only in an instant had my house and barn commenced to burn, but the whole air became one bright wave of flame-fire, and as yet no fire on the ground, only as it caught from this shower of fire in the air. We hastened on. When about sixty feet from the house my wife said: 'Pa, Lincoln is in the house—our only son.' I placed the baby in her arms, saying: 'You follow the rest to the hill, while I run back and see, and if he is there I will bring him to you, dead or alive.' I entered the burning house, which was all ablaze overhead, the sparks falling through in every direction, so rapid had been its progress. My search was sharp and rapid, but he was not there. I ran back to the place I had left my wife, supposing she had gone on, when, to my surprise, I found her standing just as I had left her. I said to her: 'He is not in the house. Give me the baby. He must have gone on with the rest.' I took the baby on my left arm, and just then saw our boy coming toward us. He came running up to me, saying: 'Papa, I shall be burned up. What shall I do?' I replied, saying: 'Give me your hand, my boy, and we will go to the top of the hill, but don't try to get away from papa.' I saw that his terror was very great. I feared for him. I also said: 'See, papa has got the baby and mother here, and we will go together.' Having him by one hand, and baby on the other arm, I said to my wife: 'Take hold of my vest collar;' I had no coat on. She did so, but never spoke from the time she thought our boy was in the house. She was perfectly paralyzed with fear for his safety, and stood gazing at the terrible fire in the heavens. I noticed, as we hurried along, that the wind was increasing at a fearful rate, great trees bending like tiny rods before it. A few steps more, and we would have reached the top of the hill, where the children and Mr. B. and his family were. At this point my son let go my hand and bounded away like a deer toward his sisters, and at the same instant there came upon us, from what quarter I know not, a wave of devastating fire, completely enveloping us in its embrace, and prostrating us all to the ground. It struck me in the face, blinding me in an instant, and setting my long beard and hair in a blaze. I fell forward, with my baby in my arms, all on fire—wife falling across my feet and rolling over on her back—not a sound from her or

baby—myself still in the flames. The roar of the fierce tornado was more than deafening—it was appalling; it was like the sound of a cataract, the noise of thunder and the roar of the sea combined! It was fearfully sublime! I laid my baby down, drew up my feet from beneath my wife, and in the midst of this fearful ruin prayed Almighty God to let me die with my family. Why had he passed me by? ‘Oh! take me too,’ I cried. I had no desire to live, for I supposed that all was gone, and that this sheet of devouring flame had swallowed all, and in agony of spirit I prayed to go too. But I was not allowed to die. A voice came to me, so distinct and clear that I plainly heard it—I am not mistaken—saying: ‘Get up, get up, and look for your children!’ I could not resist. I rose up, went forward a few steps, and there at my feet lay a little form roasted to a crisp. I supposed it was my darling boy. I cried aloud. My senses were suspended for a moment—I knew nothing. I groped my way along, I knew not where. I thought I saw some object moving. I pulled my eyes open, called my oldest girl—brave child; she came to me into the very face of death, saying: ‘Oh! where are mother and baby?’ I replied: ‘Mother and baby are dead!’ ‘And where,’ I asked, ‘are Mary and Lincoln?’ She answered: ‘Mary is here with me. Lincoln is dead.’ I was blind and still on fire. She led me where Mrs. B. s children and Mary were. Mr. B. and part of his family were gone, we knew not where. I said to them: ‘We must all lie flat on our faces, that we may breathe,’ the air being full of fire falling all around us. The wind had increased to a hurricane, the largest trees being uprooted before it. The appalling roar of the wind, the blazing and falling timber, the brilliant glare of the fire, the whole heavens being one vast sheet of flame—oh! one must have seen it to fully realize and understand the horrors of that terrible night. There is no use for me to attempt to describe it; it cannot be done. There is no danger of any pen or speech exaggerating the scenes of that fearful hour, for all this happened in less time than I could tell it. In less than one hour my wife and children were burned up at my side, my property all destroyed, only the ashes of my home left, and this was the foe that had come upon us! No one could guard against fire from over our heads, and we fell before it. Can you imagine my feelings, as, with my girls, now motherless, and myself still burning, we lay

there? God grant you may never pass through such a night!

“Now the wind decreased in violence, and the force of the tempest of fire had passed on. We could yet hear its angry roar, and we were in its awful trail. We now began to fully realize our condition; all of us cold and nearly naked; I, fearfully burned from the top of my head down to the soles of my feet, and suffering the most intense pain, felt that I could not endure and live. My face was one mass of burns; my hands, legs and feet fairly roasted, and body burned deep in many places. I had on two pairs of pants; they were tucked inside my boots, and they were burned completely down to the inside of them, leaving the leather reduced to a crisp on my roasted feet. Can you realize what I passed through and suffered—enduring ten thousand deaths, and yet I could not die, as I had desired to, with wife and babies? I then called on the little group, six of us in all, and said to them: ‘Here is all that is left of our two families, so far as I know. My wife, baby and son are dead. Now, in this hour of sorrow, let us all, with one accord and united voices, pray earnestly to Almighty God, our Father, as we never did before, that we may have grace and strength to endure this terrible affliction that has come upon us, that in this fearful pain I was suffering I might be sustained and strengthened;’ and as our voices mingled, ascending in prayer, all at once I felt that I was surrounded by a host of angelic beings. They were on my right and on my left—before me and behind me. I felt their presence so clearly that I thought if I moved either way I should touch them. I prayed on without ceasing, when in a moment I felt that my pain had left me entirely, and from that time I have never realized the least painful sensation from my burns—and all who were with me and have nursed me for the last thirty days, can testify to my condition while with them. I call upon my God to witness that this is the truth, and that I am this day a living demonstration of His power to heal through ministering spirits. I have never professed to be a Spiritualist, neither have I been a member of a church for many years, nor do I know who these beings were. I recognized none of them. It mattered little to me who they were. When they came, my pain left me; and more, they lifted from me the great load of sorrow that weighed down my soul. They bade me look up, not down on those forms, saying: ‘They are

not there in those charred and marred bodies; they have passed on, and are now resting in the Summerland, and will be with you soon. They suffered not, as you think, but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the tornado's trumpet, they were born to the immortal life. Turn now to the living; there is your duty. Mourn not for those who have passed on; you are to live and go from here.'

"From this prayer I rose up, strengthened to endure my loss. Morning light finally came, and I wished once more to look, with my motherless girls, upon our lost and loved ones. They led me back to where their mother and baby sister lay. I pulled my eyelids apart, for my face was so swollen and blistered that I could see only as I opened my eyes by force, and looked upon their features for the last time on earth. Somehow their faces were not much burned. But I cannot dwell here; they were dead; their bodies roasted. My wife lay as she fell, with arms extended toward heaven, as if imploring aid. A little further on I found my darling boy, the one on whom I had hoped to lean for support in my old age. He was not burned as the others were, but he died, as I suppose, from inhaling the hot air. We turned from our dead in silence; passed on by the ashes of our home—no longer a home to us. All, all, had vanished! I turned with my children, and started for the Menominee, seven miles away. We reached it about seven o'clock in the evening. On Tuesday night, the 10th, while lying at the Taylor House, I saw my wife in a vision. Others came with her, and it was said to me by these spirits—I could not distinguish whose voice—'You will live, and go to Illinois.' I awoke and felt refreshed, and have felt ever since that I am surrounded by unseen friends, assisting me all the time. I can see, thank God. My hands and feet, at this date [some two months after he was burned], are slowly improving, and I am gaining strength and can move about the house a little. I feel confident that I will regain the use of my hands in the course of time. The nails are coming off, but new ones will soon appear in their place. I trust to retain all my fingers, and the use of them. I thank God for allowing me to testify that I have been relieved of pain through the ministration of angel friends, and I here desire to add my testimony to thousands of other witnesses, that I know our loved ones do return to us, and that men and women are prompted by them to help

their brothers and sisters of earth-life in multifarious directions.

The above narration, by Mr. Eames, illustrates most beautifully the sublime fact that spirits are our constant attendants, and that they possess the power to alleviate the pangs of death, even when the victim is surrounded by fierce flames, that are ten times more appalling than hundreds of hissing serpents. He declares: "In a moment my pain left me." This result was certainly a brilliant achievement, and shows that even under adverse conditions the power of angelic beings is really marvelous. Remember, his hands, legs and feet were nearly roasted, and his body burned deep into the flesh in many places. He had on two pairs of pants—they were nearly consumed, leaving the boots on his feet burned to a crisp. Under those circumstances, are we not right in considering his instantaneous relief as one of the grandest achievements of the angel world that ever occurred? Do not the angels, then, who can restore life to a man so badly burned, possess power to relieve the physical pangs of death under all circumstances or conditions in which it may happen? And does not this incident, too, dissipate to a great extent the terrors that have hitherto clustered around the last change, and give us great confidence in our guardian angels?

A Dark Picture in Spirit Life.

THRILLING SCENES BEYOND THE MATERIAL VEIL.

AN IMPORTANT AND IMPRESSIVE LESSON TAUGHT, INDICATING THE DARKNESS IN SPIRIT-LIFE,—AND THAT HEAVEN IS JUST WHAT ONE MAKES IT—THE TERRIBLE CONDITION OF BARONESS M.—THE DIVINE LESSON SHE IMPARTS—YOU WHO ARE INCLINED TO EVIL, CONSIDER WELL HER WORDS.

*Some few years ago there resided in New York, U. S. A., an aged lady of German birth, the widow of an eminent American merchant, by name Madame Walter. This lady having become deeply interested in Spiritualism, communicated to Mrs. Hardinge Britten the particulars of her own early experience, at a period of her life when she had been a patient of the renowned German physician, philosopher and writer, Dr. Justinus Kerner. The circumstances of her case were so remarkable that Dr. Kerner had noted them down with a view of incorporating them with other narratives of a kindred character in a forthcoming volume. At Madame Walter's earnest request, her experiences, which seemed to her at that time too sacred to be entrusted to a cold, materialistic world, were simply recorded in manuscript, but not published. At the time when the strange tale was communicated to Mrs. Britten, the narrator deemed it her solemn duty to offer her record as a contribution to an age better prepared than formerly to receive it. It need only to be added, that in addition to the high and unimpeachable character of the venerable lady from whom Mrs. Britten received the history orally, she is also in possession of Dr. Kerner's manuscript, from which she has

* By Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, of England, eminent as an author, lecturer and medium.

already drawn some details for her published sketches, and which she now deems worthy of being presented in more complete form.

Dr. Kerner stated that it was in the year 1827 that a medical friend of his, residing in the neighborhood of Weinsberg, expressed a wish that he, Dr. Kerner, would take charge of a singular and interesting patient, a young lady who had been placed under his care for medical treatment.

To this proposition Dr. Kerner assented, and thus he became acquainted with Mdlle. Olga Schwartzberg, the daughter of the Baroness M., of Vienna.

At the age of twenty, Mdlle. Olga had become the victim of a severe nervous disorder, which had determined her mother to send her to Weinsberg, to the care of her trusty family physician.

The mother herself was a gay, heartless, fashionable widow, who had just contracted a second marriage with an immensely wealthy, but very aged man, the Baron M., who had become captivated with the fair widow's remarkable personal attractions.

Under the treatment of Dr. Kerner, Mdlle. Olga not only began to recover her health, but she displayed to a wonderful degree the faculty of clairvoyance, and by the magnetic passes administered to her, became a somnambulist of extraordinary lucidity.

In the magnetic sleep she could speak in several foreign tongues she had not studied; play on any instrument presented to her, though entirely unacquainted with music, and discourse most eloquently on various scientific subjects. Besides these interesting results of the sleep-waking condition, Mdlle. Olga, in her normal state, could see and describe the spirits of many deceased persons known to those around her, yet strange to herself. Notwithstanding the peculiar excellence and accuracy of these descriptions, Mdlle. Olga treated the whole subject of spiritual existence with scorn and derision, and insisted on attributing the apparitions she perceived to the reflex action of the minds of those with whom she came in contact.

As this young lady had been brought up by a worldly-minded, atheistic mother, Dr. Kerner was at no loss to account for her disbelief in immortality, and her contempt of all religious ideas; still it pained him to perceive that her rare gifts

of seership made no other impression on her mind than to furnish food for ridicule, and denial of spiritual agency.

It was on a certain night in October, 1827, that Mdlle. Olga was left by her physician in a peaceful sleep, her maid, Anna Matterlich, occupying a couch in an adjoining apartment, to restrain—as her mistress gaily alleged—any undue flights of her somnambulistic wanderings.

At a very early hour the next morning, Dr. Kerner was summoned in haste to attend his patient, and he then received from her pale lips the following astounding statement:

“Dr. Kerner,” she said, “the sleep in which you left me must have been of very short duration, for the moment after your departure I became so wide awake that I heard and could have counted the number of your retreating footsteps. At the instant that you closed the door behind you, I felt irresistibly impelled to rise from my bed, throw on a dressing-gown, and seat myself by my writing-table. Whilst I sat, abstractedly gazing at the still blazing fire, to my unspeakable astonishment, my door was opened noiselessly and my mother entered the room, and without attempting to salute me, took a chair, and sat down by the fire on the opposite side to myself.

“If I was astonished at her unexpected appearance, I was still more so at the extraordinary change manifested in her person.

“Her dress—the splendid lace in which she was married to the Baron M., gave me the idea of a cold so intense that it froze my very marrow to look at her; indeed, I felt—though she did not complain or shiver—that she was perishing with cold. I had always been accustomed to hear my mother spoken of as a very beautiful woman, and I had often gazed at her myself with admiring wonder; but oh! what a contrast did she now present to the loveliness which had so fascinated all beholders! Her hair was loose and hanging around her shoulders in disorder; but to my amazement I perceived that it was nearly all false, and from its lack of arrangement failed to conceal the gray locks which it was designed to hide. One cheek was coarsely patched with rouge, whilst the other was deadly pale. A set of false teeth was in her hand, and her neck and arms were only half smeared with enamel.

“I had never seen my mother at her toilet, and these disclosures fairly overwhelmed me; yet all this was totally ove

looked whilst gazing on the unutterable expression of woe which marked every lineament of that wretched face. I had never seen despair, rage and remorse so awfully depicted on a human countenance, nor did I deem it possible that those passions could find such a fearfully vivid expression.

“I seemed to see, moreover—and wonderful it was for me to perceive it—my mother’s entire past history, all written—I could not tell how or where—yet impressed clearly upon her and obvious to every eye. And, oh heaven! may I never again witness the naked deformity of an ill-spent life, thus indelibly imprinted on the form!

“Aghast and speechless, I listened in silence, whilst my mother spoke to me! but her very tones were changed, and instead of the soft, silvery accents of other days, her voice was hollow and faint, and seemed to come from an illimitable distance off, and in no way to proceed from the forlorn figure that sat before me. It said:

“ ‘Olga, I have come to tell you of a very, very terrible dream I have had; a dream you ought to know, and one which, if I had realized before, I should have been happier—happier now!’ She sighed—and, oh, what a sigh of anguish was that—then motioning me to the writing-table at my side, she bade me take down the words she was going to speak.

“Mechanically I obeyed her, when she continued as follows, speaking so slowly and with so many pauses that, though I never seemed to possess the courage to address her, I was enabled to transcribe her words faster than she uttered them:

“ ‘I was dressing, as you see, to go to court, when a sudden faintness seized me, memory fled, and consciousness only returned in the form of this horrible dream.’

“Here a shudder of agony seemed to shake her frame, and a long pause ensued.

“ ‘I found myself on the brink of a dreary, high cliff, overhanging a wild and stormy sea. The air was thicker and heavier than night; yet it was not night. All was lonely, wild, black and dreary. It seemed as if I had stood in that awful solitude for ages, yet why or how I came there I knew not.

“ ‘Suddenly the ground rocked and parted beneath my feet. Shrieking in mortal terror, I caught at the earth, blades of grass, the very motes in the air, to stay my fall; but all in vain. Down—down—I was hurled! oh, how long I was in

falling! Surely I must have spent years in that awful descent, for the whole of my past life, even to its minutest details, passed in solemn march before me as I fell. Not the vivid flashes of sudden remembrance, but the stately panorama of every year, hour and minute unrolled itself before me as clearly as in the time when each event was enacted. I saw my own pale mother sinking into an early grave, but the bitter causes of that untimely death came with her; my disobedience, ingratitude, and desertion. Every unkind word or act of folly I had committed against her, was engraved on the funeral pall from which her faded form seemed to emerge.

“I saw dim effigies of young, timid hearts that my idle coquetries had broken. I saw the charms of beauty and intellect with which God had endowed me, first adorning, then disfiguring my own phantom likeness, with the semblance of reptiles and loathsome animals. I saw faces of many a weary drudge whom I had sacrificed to my service; and those who had bowed to me and cringed before me, now reviled me and pointed with foul grimaces to my unfinished toilet.

“All this and more, more than tongue can speak, I saw, and knew, and felt, during that tremendous fall.

“I tell you, girl, a thousand years must have passed in that downward flight. At length I landed—landed on a distant shore, where thick haze clouded at first my straining vision, and the cold winds swept around me with such a piercing, icy chill as I never dreamed to exist before.

“As I shrank and shivered in their tempestuous cruelty, myriads of ragged forms flitted before me, and I knew they were wretched creatures whom I had passed by in my town drives, and then I wept to think I had never done anything to alleviate their misery. They mocked at me now, and then they passed away. I would have helped them, but the bitter blast sighed out: “Too late! Too late!”

“Lies I had spoken, and trivial follies long since forgotten, seemed now to assume tangible shapes, and rose up to meet me so palpably that I felt with shame and horror they were fastening themselves upon my form—my very dress, and would be seen and known by all beholders.

“I strove to hide myself for very shame, but millions of eyes were upon me, and all seemed to read me through and through.

“Then arose the wild and agonizing wish, since I could not conceal my true self, that I were changed.

“I screamed aloud a frantic prayer to return to earth and lead a new life—do something, everything, over again; and be a better, truer and purer woman. But again the bitter winds sighed out the doleful cry, “Too late! Too late!” In my despair I cried to those who surrounded me that I was not fit to be seen. I must and would be something better. And then I remembered what the priests had taught—how they had preached that the blood of Christ would cleanse the worst of sinners, and redeem all who believed in Him from the penalty so justly due to ill-spent lives. I had never believed this. I had never been taught to believe, but I would do so now; and then with frantic haste I sped on to find a priest. With the wish came the realization. A celebrated minister of the Christian church, long dead and gone, started up suddenly in my path, alive again, and offered me a crucifix. But oh, horror! As I gazed upon this man I saw he was worse than I was. He was a hypocrite, a base deceiver, and his changing form was marred by the wild, despairing images of thousands of shipwrecked souls whom his false teachings had misled. Still, a shadowy hope was left. I would cling to the crucifix. Pictures of faithful believers thus redeemed flitted before my eyes; but even as with outstretched arms I strove to clasp the image, it spoke, and in sweet, though relentless, tones it said: “Not everyone who saith unto me, Lord, Lord! but he who doeth the will of my Father, who is in heaven, he shall be saved.” Then I shrieked out, “Is there no salvation?” The answer came, “Work out thine own salvation.” “But how?” “In action.” “But,” I cried again, “I am dead. There is no hope, no repentance after death.” “There is no death,” answered the voice, so still, so soft, yet so full of power that it seemed to fill the spaces of infinity. Confused and overwhelmed, yet still aroused and stirred by the strange new thought that there might be progress even beyond the grave, I asked, “Where, then, is hell?” No answer came, but yet I felt that answer, and it impelled me to look around through the murky air on the bleak and barren prospect, and the dreary, stunted forms of beings on whose faces I read images of mis-spent lives like my own. Then I cried, “Lo, I am in hell, and I myself have made it!”

“Then I thought, but did not dare to ask, of heaven.

“Thought in spirit-life is action, reality, and with the thought came a view! Oh, that I could speak of the radiant visions that one brief glance presented!

“The brightest and highest flights of ideality on earth fall short, far short, of that blooming, sunlit land, and the happy, lovely people that inhabit it. And yet I saw what they had been, as clearly as I saw the evil lives of my associates. Some had been crippled, blind, starved, worked to death, or worn out with cares and toils, but all had been true and faithful unto death, and good to one another. All those that dwell in those heavenly spheres, those lands of light and beauty, that even to look at for a single instant is worth a thousand years of suffering, had been kind, patient, brave, or helpful.

“Oh, what a glory it was to look upon the good! Oh, that I had been good, ever so little! Oh, that I had left some record behind, to bless mankind! That single blessing would have saved me! But whilst I sighed in heaviness, with Milton's fallen angel, “Me Miserable!” the sweet, soft voice breathed in my ear: “Up and be doing! Prepare, and commence thy life anew. Work out thine own salvation. Arise, and go to thy Father.” I thought, for it was but a dream, Olga—I thought, and I said, I will arise; and I did go, and I came here, as the first fruit of my new life and new resolution, for I found—that is, I thought I found—that the only way to help myself was by helping others, and so I came hither to warn my child; to tell her that not in church, in pulpit, or in the good deeds of another, does the path to heaven lie; but in her own strivings after good; in her deeds to her fellow-mortals; in pure thoughts, good acts, kind words, and the motives for good which move us through every second of our mortal pilgrimage. Heaven and hell are states, my child. No foot can tread the path by which we reach them but our own; no mouthing hypocrite can teach us how to find the way, or save, or guide us, only the impulses to good and truth which God has given to every human soul, if we would but heed them. These are our saviors, Olga. Arise! and save thyself!’

“She ceased, and gaining self-possession from the cessation of the agonizing tones that had so long rung in my ear, I cried out:

“ ‘Oh, mother! tell me one thing more. In the name of heaven, tell me how and when you came here!’

“ Raising my eyes as I spoke, I sought to meet her glance, but I gazed on vacancy. The empty chair alone remained; the pen, ink and wet writing inscribed with the fearful talè were the only mementos that remained of that awful interview!”

The lady concluded her narrative by adding, that after the disappearance of the apparition she remembered no more until she found Dr. Kerner and her maid bending anxiously over her. As a sequel to this terrible vision, Dr. Kerner stated that the Baroness M. died at Vienna, on the very night in question; she had been found at her toilet, half dressed, but covered with blood. The sudden rupture of a blood-vessel had robbed her of life, in the very act of preparing to ensnare all hearts in the meshes of her unreal charms.

The appearance of the corpse in all respects corresponded to the apparition witnessed by the daughter, even to the set of false teeth still clutched in the hand of the mute but eloquent dead. It need only be added that to the last day of her earthly life, Madame Walter's terrible vision bore fruits in her chastened spirit, by inciting her to ceaseless acts of benevolence, holy thoughts, and words of tender sympathy, which made all who knew her in life, and remembered her after death, “rise up and call her blessed.”

The Three Worlds We Live In.

THREE KINDS OF REALITY AND THREE ORDERS OF FACTS.

A COMPREHENSIVE ANALYSIS OF THE WORLD OF MATTER AND THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

*We have an idea, more or less clear, of three kinds of reality, three orders of facts, which we may call three worlds. We find it possible to think and speak of matter, finite spirit and infinite spirit; or nature, humanity and Deity. We do not understand either very well; and the more we ponder the more we wonder; but we are at least able to distinguish these three as objects of thought.

The world of matter appears to be unconscious; it does not know and cannot know itself. It is also inert; it cannot act of itself, though it can be acted upon. The river does not know that it runs, the sun does not know that it shines; my hand does not know when I make it move. But all matter is the plaything of force, and is, therefore, subject to change. It is unfixed. The substance which yesterday was solid as rock, to-day may be liquid as water or fluid as air. Our first childish impression is that the material world is permanent; but later we learn that

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They meet like mists, the solid lands;
Like clouds they shape themselves, and go!

The force by which matter is moved or transformed may reside in the matter, or may work on it from without; but the force does not seem to be identical with the matter. The physical world is a curious mystery.

Next, there is a world of spirits, or a kind of existence

*From a sermon in Boston by REV. C. G. AMES, illustrating the fact that ministers of the Gospel are becoming more liberal.

which differs from matter in being conscious, and in some sense free or self-moving, and capable of acting on matter as an intelligent cause. Every man knows that his own being is two-fold; he knows that his hands and feet are under the control and direction of his mind, or spirit. Therefore it seems just as proper to say that all minds belong to a world of mind, or of spirit, as to say that blood and muscles, rocks and trees, belong to a world of matter.

Can we not reasonably believe in a form of existence still higher? I find it possible to think of a being knowing everything better than I know anything; who can do everything more readily than I can do anything; who can be everywhere more easily than I can be anywhere, and who can dwell in infinite duration as an ever-present now more fully than I can live in the passing moment. I can think of a soul of the universe—a being who perfectly fills the immensity as I imperfectly fill my own body.

We are somehow made aware of these modes or orders of existence, which I may call three worlds; the world of physical nature, the world of finite spirit, and the world of infinite spirit, or God. We know, because we are spirits. Therefore, our place is in the world of spirits. We already dwell there as surely as the earth dwells in the world of matter, and as surely as God dwells in his infinity and eternity.

We are living spirits now as surely as we ever shall be! and we dwell now in a world of spirits as surely as we shall when we rise out of these transient, material forms. I do not say as nobly and purely, but as surely. We need no other evidence of spiritual realities than our own consciousness, or the kind of life which goes on within ourselves. As we exchange intelligent signals with each other, we are engaged in spiritual intercourse. As we meditate in solitude, or commune through books with the minds of men and women whom we have never seen, we are withdrawn in part from the world of matter and sense; we move in a realm of pure spirituality. All that deserves the name of love is spiritual; and all that deserves the name of wisdom. When we invert or pervert the order into hatred or folly, then we are fallen spirits. When we shut ourselves up in evils and falsities and base passions or unworthy habits, we are still spirits, though we have lost sight of our own dignity, and may be as "spirits in prison."

A Control by Napoleon I.

HE GIVES HIS EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

THE GREAT GENERAL BECAME AWARE THAT IN SPIRIT-LIFE HE WAS
NO LONGER GREAT.

*In accordance with the desire expressed by the guides of the medium (whom, by the way, I find to be a very susceptible instrument) I return to earth once more to briefly describe my experiences in the world of spirits. Although I have controlled several sensitives, yet I find that the one whom I have now under influence is better suited for the expression of my spiritual powers than any I have hitherto entranced. Whatever I may unfold with respect to my spiritual life must not be regarded as an experience which all spirits necessarily undergo. The transmission of men from the earth-plane, their reception in the Spirit-world, and their mode of living and surroundings are as varied as the customs, laws, manners and government of people in the flesh. But what I am about to make known is a plain, unvarnished narrative of actual facts which have occurred since I crossed the threshold of the material sphere.

My mortal-life was one constant struggle for victory over self. I believed in fate, and knew that the circumstances of earth, over which no man has absolute control, were greatly the cause of my military success. But I also knew that I was frequently acting under the inspiration of invisible agencies; indeed, all men who move the world by sword, voice or pen, are simply instruments through whom advanced spirits mould the destiny of human beings. The fact that I was mediumistic, and, therefore, susceptible to spirit influence, was fully con-

*Communicated through the editor of the *Spiritual Review*; London, England.

firmed when, on entering Spirit-life, I was made aware of the truth that whatever I had accomplished was the deliberate result of the controlling power of political rulers and conquerors who had fled from earth before me, to take up superior labors for human progress. My first experience on dying was to find myself welcomed by two of the leading generals of the world's history. It was difficult at first to realize that I had actually passed from the body. I knew that I had been suffering from an internal complaint, and I also knew sometime before that I was about to die. But the process of the separation of the soul from the body was so gradual, so imperceptible, that it was not until I was requested to take a glance at my worn-out frame lying behind me that I really knew that I had passed from earth.

When I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise and astonishment, I became aware of the fact that I was no longer great. The knowledge that the glory, power and triumphant splendor which characterized my progress on earth had sunk with my death into insignificance (at least so far as myself personally was concerned), filled me with a keen disappointment at the apparent failure and vanity of human life. The majesty and worldly pride of my military achievements, attended by all the usual display of external manifestations, consequent upon such a course of action, inspired me with a keen sense of utter hopelessness and disgust. I found I had to begin life afresh. However feared and admired I might have been on earth, I was simply as a new-born babe in the hands of those who had come to greet me in spirit. And yet I was conscious of the interior force which belonged to my own personality. The deep desire of vaunting ambition; the intense determination to surmount and subdue whatever stood in my way; the craving for the activity and excitement of warfare, still constituted a part of my emotions and mental aspirations. But I found, much to my regret, that in this new region I was powerless to carry out my plans, or even to see the slightest opening that would enable me to perform the part of a warrior. One would think that death would have removed all such thoughts from my mind. But no. The termination of my earthly career appeared to me to be but the beginning of a mightier work my spirit was destined to perform. The liberation of my soul from the body made me feel a new being entirely. I had the will,

but not the means, to execute what I had left undone on earth.

When my spiritual senses had become more alive to the new state to which I had been called, I recognized amongst a number of spirits (who seemed to have come to greet me out of curiosity more than anything else) a tall, angelic being. She was a bright and beautiful woman. Advancing towards me with an air of heavenly majesty, she courteously enquired if I was aware of the fact that my separation from the body was not yet complete. I replied in the negative. She then began to inform me that my connection with earth was not quite severed, and that if I wished to thoroughly free myself from the body I must relinquish the thoughts I had then in my mind, and think more of my own spiritual welfare rather than of strife and conquest. At first I looked at her in doubtful amazement, but, on looking more closely into the crowd of beings who stood around me, I noticed some of my nearest friends and relatives amongst them. I could scarcely distinguish either their forms or their features. They were mourning by the bed on which lay my earthly form. The only difference in the appearance of my mortal and spiritual friends was that the former appeared as if enveloped in a mist, which prevented me from seeing them distinctly. I then saw that the lips were in motion, and, apparently, were under the control of a mental influence. I was informed that though my spirit had actually passed out of the flesh, yet the means of communication with earth, through the dying body, had not been cut off; that the life-principle was still remaining, and that all the elements which served the purpose of expressing the will and desires of the mind were now responding to, and obeying the injunctions, the thoughts and feelings of the soul.

As soon as I directed my attention from the affairs of earth, and began to entertain some serious thoughts with respect to my spiritual condition, I found that the absence of life in the physical body became more apparent; until, at last, I found I had indeed absolutely severed my connection forever with the flesh. The more conscious I became of my spiritual existence the less visible did the material things appear. Finally, my mortal friends vanished from my sight like vapory bodies, and I stood at once an inhabitant in the world of immortal souls.

Flesh and Blood and Spirit.

THEIR RELATION ANALYZED BY A MASTER MIND.

**FLESH AND BLOOD CANNOT ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN—
PHYSICAL RESURRECTION—THE CREMATED BODY—THE HUI
FOR A PALACE.**

“It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.”—
I. Cor., xv., 44.

*It seems profitable to say one more word on the subject
of the resurrection of the body.

We are entirely free to hold any opinion we choose, since
the matter has not been definitely settled by authority.

All that can be required of us is that we shall keep within
the limits of reasonable speculation, and base our arguments
on such scientific knowledge as will assist us to reach a con-
clusion.

It is safe to say, therefore, at the very start, that no one
can possibly wish to re-occupy the body from which he makes
his exit at death. We have so large a conception of God's
power and wisdom that it appears to be an insult to both to
declare that He has nothing better in store for us than these
poor tenements of flesh, of which the Psalmist says that “they
die and return to their dust.”

If it be true that “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor
the heart of man conceived the things which God hath pre-
pared for those who love Him,” surely the cottage of the flesh,
thatched with fresh straw and glorified with new beams and
ceilings, will hardly be a fitting residence for the recipient of
such unspeakable glories. There is a kind of incongruity be-
tween these material bodies and what we hope to be and to do

*By the leading editorial writer on the New York Herald.

in heaven that we shrink from with inexpressible disappointment; but, on the other hand, when we hear it said that flesh and blood will not enter the kingdom, we feel a sense of relief and gratitude as when a peal of bells rings out a longed-for victory.

So repugnant to most of us is the thought of a physical resurrection that we cannot accept it unless an explicit statement to that effect can be found which has the gravity of revelation. If there were no Bible we should certainly repudiate such an assertion as a libel on the power of the Creator. No man could fashion arguments strong enough to persuade us of its truth. We should boldly declare that it was both an unreasonable and an unworthy dogma—a dogma not befitting the dignity or destiny of the soul, and not in accord with the boundless resources of Deity.

The church may command us to accept it, but the church is not a final authority. We follow no one blindly, but put everything to the test of our personal judgment. It is folly to nod assent to a doctrine which does not commend itself by its own merits, and the pulpit must give us liberty to dissent from its statements when we are not convinced by its arguments.

Then, again, such a resurrection, besides being repugnant, is fraught with difficulties which render it improbable to the very verge of impossibility. We use the word impossibility with mingled reverence and courage, for if any one asserts that the Almighty will pursue a certain course, and we know that that course involves an absurdity, we are disloyal to Him if we do not declare that He cannot pursue that course. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to declare that it is impossible for God to do anything that involves an absurdity, and we do it with boundless humility, reverence and firmness.

Let us take, for example, a poor worn-out body that has been cremated. The fire has done its work thoroughly. The original particles have lost their relation to each other. The handful of ashes which result is no longer the house of the soul. Certain elements of which the body was composed are absorbed by the air, and in time become a component part of other human beings and of plants of the field. The more solid atoms are scattered by the winds, borne hither and thither, enter various forms of life, are held in the treasury of nature to be used for new purposes. The spirit has no longer any

need of them; it has done with them. That body as a body has been literally annihilated.

Suppose that by some stupendous miracle these chemical elements could be collected and these atoms gathered and reconstructed, would it be the body of your friend's youth, or of his middle life, or of his old age—which? Surely it would not be the body which he left, because it was no longer habitable. It might be a new body resembling his, but it is inconceivable that it should be absolutely identical with the one which was laid on the altar of flame.

If, then, we are to have practically new bodies, are the Almighty's resources so slender that He must needs reconstruct the new out of the old? The absurdity is complete, and we must look for some other solution of the problem.

It is easily found. The farewell to the flesh at death is happily a farewell forever. The laws of the universe declare it to be so. Neither flesh nor time has anything to do with eternity. We leave our residence for a better one—the hut for the palace. When death knocks at the door it is because our bodies have accomplished their mission and will thereafter be used for other ends.

Your physical theory is not tenable. It is intolerable and illogical. It demoralizes our high idea of God, and forces us to accept the incredible. God has given us the ability to reason, and we have no right to attribute to Him an act which is in itself unreasonable.

But to be clothed upon with a spiritual body is a different matter. We may not understand what that body is to be, but we have no difficulty in believing it possible. Our reason may be transcended, but it is not contradicted. It is all a mystery, but one in which we rejoice. The soul will have a habitation, though not of flesh, and it will be quite worthy of our occupancy. What it will consist of no man can tell, but that it will be a new expression of infinite love and wisdom no one can doubt.

Ponder Well the Very Dark Picture.

VISION OF THE DARK OR INTERMEDIATE SPHERES.

IT IS THERE THAT THE SELFISH AND THOSE WHO DO NO GOOD TO THEIR FELLOWS ARE AWAKENED TO A REALIZATION OF THEIR SAD CONDITION—SURVEY THE SAD SCENE, AND THEN SHAPE YOUR LIFE SO AS TO AVOID IT.

*Of Mme. Sardou in lethargic sleep and her voyage in space I must quote a little. Mme. Sardou, sixty-two years of age, made the following statement to the narrator:

“About twelve years since I was in the hospital at Lyons, and died, to all appearances, and so remained for twenty-four hours. I had no consciousness of what was passing around me. During this time I went up, up, till the earth appeared blue, like the heavens, and then was out of sight. On I went. Finally I arrived in front of a magnificent chapel, gleaming with indescribable beauty, and in which there was a light of surpassing brilliancy. Attempting to enter, I was warned that I was not yet pure enough; that I had to return to the earth and suffer much, and then I should be admitted to this paradise. I then went on without knowing what impelled me, till I looked upon a vast, arid, boundless field. There I saw a prodigious quantity of persons all bent towards the ground, which they were scratching vigorously with their two hands, as a dog scratches with his paws. I saw here priests of all ranks; people well and ill-dressed. I was astonished. Looking on one side I saw *una dame blonde*; it was a very beautiful woman. There is none upon earth like her. She did not speak to me, so I said: ‘Madame, what is this; all this multitude?’ ‘My

*Vision of the Dark or Intermediate Spheres. Translated from the French, “*Revue Spirite*,” of June, 1875, by Emma Hardinge Britten.

child,' she replied, 'this is purgatory.' 'Where, then, is hell?' I asked. 'There is none,' was the reply; 'it is here that penitence is made. See, my child, these had upon the earth all they needed, but were never satisfied, wanting always more, and never doing any good to their fellows. Look yonder,' she said, extending her arm, 'see those down there, down there afar off; it is two thousand years they are there, two thousand years!'"

When some dissent was expressed to Mme. Sardou respecting her vision, she replied with much vivacity, "Oh! but I saw it!" (She had once before made a like asseveration when some doubt had been expressed.)

These earnest replies, continues the writer, prove abundantly the sincerity of her recital. When the spirit of Mme. Sardou returned to her body and awoke it, she found her friends were about enwrapping it for its final disposition. She screamed and drew many persons about her bed. To these she related her voyage and experience, and she was assured that she had seen the Virgin Mary. She suffers, as was predicted by the angel; and, not unmindful of her vision, she says sadly, when she sees a person in affluence withholding a farthing from the needy: "See, still another who is going to scratch the earth."

Suffice it to say, the woman was persecuted for her faith, and even threatened by the clergy; and her house, No. 54 Rue de la Reine, was named "The Folle Bretonne."

Dark Spirit Scenes in a Haunted House.

THEY HAUNT A HOUSE, AND HAVE THE APPEARANCE OF ANIMALS.
SPIRIT-LIFE IS DARK AND DISMAL TO THOSE WHOSE LIVES ARE
STEEPED IN CRIME OR DEBAUCHERY.

*As a final example of hauntings, especially of that kind which subsequently connected itself with the intelligence manifested at spirit circles, we shall cite a history furnished to the author some years ago by a party of her personal friends, amongst whom was a gentleman of probity and scientific acumen, well remembered amongst dramatic writers and musicians as Mr. Lenox Horne. This gentleman being in somewhat embarrassed circumstances about the year 1829, took up his abode temporarily in apartments offered to him at a very moderate rent in an old house near Hatton Garden, long since pulled down. At the period of which we write the house was large, the rooms spacious, especially one, supposed to have been a banqueting chamber, which Mr. Horne used as a music room. As all the lower chambers were either appropriated to the storing of goods, or rented to legal gentlemen as offices, there were no persons sleeping in the house except Mr. Horne and a porter, who occupied a small room on the ground floor. The building had long borne the reputation of being haunted; it was fast falling to decay, and the former occupants of Mr. Horne's chambers were seldom known to remain long within the gloomy precincts. Report alleged that the place had once been the residence of Sir Christopher Hatton, and the weird reputation that attached to the antique domicile connected

*This remarkable narrative is taken from Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN's popular and exhaustive work, "Nineteenth Century Miracles," page 95. It teaches a lesson that every one should carefully consider, illustrating the important fact that there are dark spheres in spirit-life.

itself with the magical practices attributed to his unfortunate lady.

Mr. Horne had tenanted these apartments some months before he was aware of the phenomena occurring within his own premises. At length he was apprised by Mr. March, a police officer with whom he was acquainted, that for several consecutive nights he and a number of persons invited to share his watch, had remarked that long after the hour when Mr. Horne was accustomed to retire to rest, the great banqueting-room, which he had no means of lighting up, and therefore never entered except in daylight, could be seen from the court below brilliantly illuminated. Whilst acknowledging that he had often been disturbed by strange noises, odd music, loud laughter, and footsteps, for which he could not account, Mr. Horne—at once the most fearless and least superstitious of beings—strenuously combated the idea of the lights, and it was only when, after watching for several nights with March and his associates, he himself beheld every window of his own apartment, one that he had left closed, locked, and in total darkness, lit up as if by a multitude of gas-jets, that he could be brought to believe in the story his friends narrated to him. On several succeeding occasions the same party beheld this spectacle repeated, and whilst some of their number remained below to watch that no intruder passed out from the one entrance of the house, the others would hasten to examine the apartment, to find it enveloped in thick darkness. One of the curious features of this appearance was the invariability with which the lights disappeared from the eyes of the watchers below, at the moment when the apartment was opened by the searchers above. Only on one occasion was this rule reversed, and that was on a certain night in February, when a larger number of persons than usual had assembled in the court below to watch for the phantom lights.

They blazed out suddenly and in full radiance about one o'clock in the morning, when, after observing them for some five minutes, Mr. Horne, Mr. March, and a nobleman whose name we are not at liberty to mention, determined to ascend the stairs and open the door of the haunted room; and as they did so they agreed to give the signal of a whistle to those in the court below.

At the moment when Mr. Horne threw open the large

door of the room in question, he and his companions were thunderstruck to perceive that it was full of company.

One of the three observers had given the signal agreed upon of the whistle which he held in his hand, as he gazed upon the extraordinary scene that met the eye. The vast company seemed to be in the act of dancing. They represented ladies and gentlemen, arrayed, not in the Elizabethan style attributed to the Hatton period of the mansion, but in the costume of the reign of Charles the Second, and the whole air seemed to be full of waving plumes, fluttering ribbons, and sparkling jewels. The three witnesses, who subsequently compared notes with each other, and found their own observations fully corroborated by those of the others, affirmed that the particulars of the whole scene as above related were plainly, clearly defined, in addition to which all three declared that every one of these splendidly-attired revelers wore, or appeared to wear, a mask, resembling some disgusting animal.

Before the astounded witnesses could sufficiently collect their senses to take any action on what they saw, the lights began to pale and shimmer, the whole scene quivered, melted out slowly and gradually, as in a dissolving view, and at length—that is, in the space of a few minutes—the apartment was seemingly empty and in total darkness. The watchers below reported to those above, when at last they had sufficiently collected themselves to descend, that the lights were stationary for about five minutes after the whistle sounded, and disappeared more gradually than usual.

Immediately after this vision the house became wholly uninhabitable, even to Mr. Horne and the two friends who volunteered to share his quarters with him.

Heavy poundings were often heard during the day, for which no account could be given. But these were nothing to the saturnalia which ensued as soon as darkness had set in. Tramping of feet, clashing of arms, the clinking of glasses, the crash of broken china; all the sounds attending drunken revels, rude brawls, and even murderous fights, were heard, at times with horrible distinctness. Low moans, wails, and bitter sobs, were still more frequent, and the rushing as of blasts of winds, from unknown sources, was a frequent feature of these frightful disturbances.

The witnesses, and they were many, represented their ex-

periences to their friends only to encounter the usual sneer of incredulity and scornful derision. Two or three clergymen volunteered to offer prayers, and one zealous Catholic went through the formula of exorcism in the possessed mansion; but always to encounter such a storm of blows, laughter and hideously derisive sounds, as drove them in horror from the place, a retreat in which they were shortly imitated by the tenants, who never after recurred to their painful experiences without a feeling of deep awe, solemnity, and an earnest entreaty that their narration should not be met with the ordinary methods of rude denial and insulting jest.

Despite what he had already witnessed, Mr. Horne had no knowledge of, or belief in, the reputed modern spiritual manifestations, the spread of which, since the year 1848, he had noticed but never investigated.

About the year 1853, being invited to spend the evening with some musical friends residing in Holloway, London, Mr. Horne was there introduced to Madame Albert, a French lady, who was accompanied by her little daughter, a child of some eleven years of age. During the evening the hostess proposed that they should try the experiment of "table turning," which was at that time the technical expression used for evoking spiritual manifestations.

Madame Albert had, it seemed, become developed for mediumistic powers, whilst little Josephine was reported to be a fine somnambulist or trance medium. When the seance was first proposed Mr. Horne laughingly alleged his entire ignorance of the subject, but at once placed himself in position at the table, under the direction of the attendant sybils, "to see what would come of it." No sooner were the party seated than Mdlle. Josephine, seizing the pencil and paper which had been placed on the table, wrote in an incredibly short space of time, in a large bold hand, the following communication, addressed "To Mr. Lenox Horne," a name which the child up to that moment had never heard. The writing was given in English, a language, it must be remembered, of which the little medium was entirely ignorant.

"You say you know nothing of spiritual existence or the soul's power to return to earth. Oh, my friend! Why will you reject the light that has already dawned upon you? In your own house you have heard the sounds, and seen the

sights, which bore witness to the presence of human spirits. Have you forgotten the phantom dancers, whom you and your companions thought wore animal masks? Those dancers were my companions in vice and wickedness. They and I lived amidst scenes of revelry too shameful to be detailed. We were associates of the frivolous rouse that occupied the throne of England, Charles the Second, and in the house where you found shelter we often used to hold such revels as demons alone could take pleasure in. When we became spirits, the base passions with which our lives on earth were animated became so engraved upon our spirits, that all who looked upon us from a higher plane, beheld us transfigured into the semblance of the animals whose natures we partook of. Shocking as this disclosure of our true natures may be, it haply may help future generations to account for the idea of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Unhappily, that doctrine is not true. We might be happier as the animals whose limited instincts we represent, but oh, unhappy that we are! we are at once the human beings we ever were, with the additional humiliation of knowing that we take to others the semblance of the lower creatures whose passions we have imitated. Friend Horne! Our hell is, not to pass into other states, but to live in our own, and by the knowledge of what we have made ourselves, to grow into higher conditions. You thought we wore masks. Alas! We had only dropped them, and exchanged the mask of seeming for the face of reality. In the Spirit-world, all its inhabitants are known for what they are, and the soul's loves take the shape of angelic beauty, or brutish ugliness, according to the tendencies of the life within. On the night when you beheld our revels, we were obliged, by the law of our being, to go through the earthly scenes which we had taken too much delight in. On earth such revels were our heaven; in the spheres they are our hell. Their forced enactment was part of our penance; but thank God I have seen the errors of the past, and henceforward I am atoning for it, and living my wasted life over again. I am on the road of progress, and even this humiliating confession will help me forward, and aid me to become stronger to save others and myself from the vices the memories of which still cling to me like a garment. Farewell! My earthly mission is done; there will be no more haunting spirits in the old house in Hatton Garden."

The signature to this singular communication was, "One who was known in the day and time of Charles Stuart as the finest woman of her age—Lady Castlemaine."

A DOG'S DEATH FROM GRIEF.

Percy M. Coombs, second mate of the schooner *Spartan*, of New Haven, and son of Capt. J. M. Coombs, master of the vessel, died on June 7th, at Boston, of congestion of the brain. He was taken sick while on the voyage from Baltimore to that port. A fine dog which the second mate owned, and which was strongly attached to him, missed him so greatly that it grieved to death, dying on Monday last, when the schooner arrived at Baltimore from the Kennebec River. After the schooner reached the Kennebec it was noticed that the dog was acting strangely, and seemed to miss its master exceedingly, and when the vessel sailed out of the river with its cargo on board, and without the dead sailor, the dog seemed to be frantic. It became worse every day, and when the vessel came to Baltimore the dog died, apparently in great agony and while stroking its head with its paws, something it had been doing continually. "A singular thing about the case," said Capt. Coombs, "was that the dog seemed to be affected in the same manner in which Mr. Coombs was affected shortly before his death."—*Baltimore Sun*.

SHE ROSE IN HER COFFIN AND THANKED GOD.

The story of a scene at a funeral at the Mount Moriah Baptist Church, on Bull Skin Creek, has reached this place. Miss Madie Walsh had died, apparently, and the funeral was being held at the church. When the coffin was opened for the last look, several persons declared the girl was not dead. The undertaker noticed a spasmodic motion of the girl's hand. In a moment the supposed corpse rose and sat up in the coffin, exclaiming: "Thank God!" She said she was conscious all the time, but could give no sign.—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Spirits Confined, as it Were, in a Prison.

CONTRASTS BETWEEN THE GOOD AND THE BAD OF SPIRIT-LIFE.

THE BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF SPIRIT-LIFE VIVIDLY PORTRAYED—
THE SAD CONDITION OF SPIRITS STEEPED IN CRIME—AN IM-
PRESSIVE SCENE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

*The following narrative, from the pen of Dr. Joseph Warren, D. D., of Tennessee, is not only vouched for on the authority of its venerable author, but has been carefully investigated and testified to by several living witnesses, one of whom (Squire Fisher) was actually present at the seances described in the narrative. Dr. Warren, now a resident of Rome, favors the author with permission to publish his narrative in full, reserving only the real name of the family chiefly interested, for reasons which will appear sufficiently obvious to every intelligent reader.

It was in the year 1830 that Dr. Warren was solicited to fill the pulpit of a dear old friend, and former college companion of his, who had been suddenly struck with paralysis. The doctor had secluded himself from his ministerial duties for several months, from an ardent desire to devote his time to literary pursuits; but deeming that the change from his city residence in N., to the quiet of his friend's country parsonage might prove congenial to his present condition, he determined to comply with the invitation in question.

The Rev. Mr. W., the friend whom he desired to oblige, had been the father of a son, whose wild and dissolute career had recently been terminated by self-destruction. Rumor alleged that if the unhappy young man had not put an end to

*Narrative communicated by the chief parties interested to EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN and by her published in the great historical work of "Nineteenth Century Miracles."

his life by a deed of violence, the law was prepared to avenge upon him more than one act of murder, perpetrated, as it was currently reported, on the victims of his lawless passions. It was the shame and anguish of mind occasioned by the iniquitous career of this wretched son, that had reduced Mr. W. to that condition of helplessness in which the aid of his kind and sympathizing friend, Dr. Warren, had been solicited.

On arriving at the scene of his intended labors, Dr. Warren found that the mansion and grounds formerly occupied by Mr. W.'s family had been abandoned since the tragic death of his son; in fact, the parent and child had long been estranged from each other, and the latter had pursued his course of riot and dissipation in the once stately family mansion, whilst his justly offended father had removed to a small cottage, situated as far as possible from the home thus desecrated.

Here Dr. Warren took up his abode, and here for some months he continued to minister to his suffering friend, and rural parishioners, with ever increasing acceptance. Dr. Warren goes on to say:

“After a few weeks' residence in the parish which I had taken under my care, I began to be aware that strange rumors were prevalent concerning the house formerly occupied by my old friend, and of late abandoned to the occupancy of his profligate son. I was informed that the most unaccountable sounds and ghostly sights had been recently manifested there. The house was a large, handsome Southern residence, closely embossed in thick pine woods, and removed about two miles from any other habitation.

“Despite its secluded situation, and the evil reputation which attached to it, the lovely woods and shady forest paths that surrounded it had become a favorite resort of the children in the neighborhood; and it was from the fearful disturbances that they encountered in their sports near the mansion, that the first tidings of hauntings had been derived.

“In a little while the rustics who had occasion to pass through the woods, and now and then the sportsmen pursuing their game in its well-stocked preserves, encountered, as they alleged, ghostly forms and fearful apparitions, whilst shrieks, groans and concussive sounds of tremendous power, echoed and re-echoed from the path-like avenues that surrounded the

building, 'making night hideous,' and compelling a strict but fruitless search to discover the source of these disturbances. On more than one occasion I was informed by reliable witnesses that the mansion had been seen through the woods at night brilliantly illuminated; figures had been discerned passing before the windows, and flitting along the terraces; but when a determined body of the villagers sallied forth to determine who had thus invaded the solitude of the place, the lights vanished, the forms disappeared, and the most profound stillness succeeded to a loud hum of voices and a chorus of sobs. 'The next morning, when I and four of my most skeptical acquaintances visited the house,' added one of my informants (Deacon Harvey), 'I pledge my honor there was not a footprint to be found in the dust that covered the rooms, passages and stairways, and that, too, in the very chambers and galleries which I had with my own eyes seen blazing with lights, and crowded with forms of men and women passing and repassing.'

"As time rolled on, the reports of the hauntings became more frequent and circumstantial. Numbers of persons, in whose good sense and veracity I had entire confidence, visited the place, and gave me accounts of their alarming experiences. The affair at length began to assume a serious aspect, and this was confirmed by a cautiously-written account which appeared in the *G— Citizen*, in which the editor detailed his experiences in visiting the possessed mansion, in company with Reuben Jacobs, Esq., a magistrate, and Mr. Stephen Moss, an engineer. As both these gentlemen were personally known to me, and their statements respecting the sights and sounds they had encountered were boldly affirmed over their own signatures, I began to attach a degree of importance to the case which I should never else have associated with a tale of the so-called 'supernatural.' My final resolve to enter upon an investigation of these mysteries for myself, was confirmed by an account given me of several days' exploration in the haunted dwelling, by my friend and parishioner, Mr. Fisher, ex-mayor of N., and a man upon whose calm judgment and power of observation I felt able to rely. This gentleman assured me he had several times confronted the spirit of young W., and the forms of two girls supposed to have been murdered by him, and that in the open light of day, and with a tangibility of appearance which admitted of no doubt or question. He affirmed that he

himself, with Reuben Jacobs and Deacon Harvey, had sat in a deserted chamber, and all of them had simultaneously seen two women, in garments stained with blood, rise up from the floor and flee across the apartment, pursued by the shadowy form of young W. As the apparition disappeared, the loud report of a musket was heard, and that not only by themselves, but also by a crowd of persons who had followed the gentlemen to the house, but feared to enter with them. They added, that as they sat on the floor, they heard many knocks, the number of which they counted, sounding on the very planks beneath them, and proceeding with just as much force when they stationed Squire Fisher in the room below, in which he and two other watchers testified that they heard the knocks but could not find any cause to account for them.

“Now, although I heard all this, and more to the same effect, from persons whose veracity I esteemed at the same rate as my own, I determined to visit the scene of the hauntings, and investigate their nature alone, before I felt justified in abandoning what I deemed to be the safe ground of incredulity, on the possibility of the dead revisiting the earth and causing their presence to be known through the strange and occult means here detailed.

“As a minister of religion myself—as one who had ventured to assert the fact of man’s immortality, but who could only prove it from the traditions of the past or the hearsay of the fathers, I deemed it my solemn duty to avail myself of any clue which could open up to me an assurance of the doctrines I taught, and transmute faith into actual knowledge. Besides these pleadings of duty, I remembered, with some awe and perplexity, certain experiences I had gone through in a visit to Europe, among some French *savants*, much given to the practices of animal magnetism. These gentlemen, at a pleasant assemblage where occult philosophy was the theme of our conversation, had assured me I was a ‘fine magnetic subject,’ and begged me to allow myself to be put into the mesmeric sleep. As a mere matter of curiosity I consented to their request; but the results were such as I little anticipated, and can never forget. I became lost to this earth and its surroundings, and found myself in realms of beauty, joy and harmony, the memory of which I can never recall even now without tears. On every side of me I saw multitudes of radiant people with

glorious forms, shining apparel, and beautiful faces. Some of these divine-looking beings I perceived wore the identity of those I had once known on earth, but whom I had long since regarded as dead. Amongst them was the form of my blessed and much-loved mother; also a lovely little sister, who, marvelous to relate, still preserved her identity, and was known to me, although she had grown up into a peerless and angelic-looking woman. There were several other well-remembered and dearly-loved sojourners of earth, none of whom I should have ever looked to meet again.

“These glorious beings filled me with a wondrous sense of delight, and one or two of them spoke to me, though it was the misfortune of my after-life that I could not remember what they said. I beheld one wonderful thing in this scene of paradise which perplexed me more than all others. At times I saw human beings of a most horrible and repulsive appearance, and of different degrees of blackness and density. These wretched-looking objects were all surrounded by an atmosphere which seemed to correspond in color and thickness to their own bodies; and what was most astonishing, was the fact that I often saw them, and the bright beings surrounded by light and bloom, advance toward each other with inconceivable swiftness, and such a terrific momentum that I looked to see them shivered to pieces by the shock; but instead of this, I perceived that they literally passed through each other's forms, and that without betraying the least consciousness of meeting or even being aware of the others' presence.

“In subsequent seances—for I practiced with these mesmerists for several months—I saw the solution of this singular problem. I perceived that the degrees of density of every world or atmosphere corresponded to the beings who dwelt within it, and that finer and more sublimated spheres and spirits penetrated and inherited the grosser and denser; thus a vast number of spheres and spirit-people inhered together, invisible to each other, yet related like water in a crystal, microscopic creatures in water, gases in the creatures, electricity in the gases, and the innermost invisible life-principle in all. I could see world within world, spheres of sublimated refinement, brightness and beauty, penetrating within and within, and still within the grosser and denser. I could see the forms

of the dwellers in these interlacing atmospheres piercing each other, invisible all to each other; but for me to look upon them in this interior unfoldment, was very wonderful and very awful. . . . But to return. It was on a quiet summer's evening that I found myself, after a long ramble in the pine woods, standing before a melancholy-looking, deserted mansion, the park-like approach to which, with its broad verandas, open courts, and shattered appearance, convinced me I had chanced upon the very spot which I had so often designed to visit.

“The occasion seemed propitious; and as no human being appeared to be within or about the place, I resolved to explore it at once, and to do so in the thorough spirit of a fearless investigator.

“I had no sooner made my way through the open doors and halls into a suite of apartments which had once been used as reception rooms, than I experienced a sensation of fear, dislike and repulsion, which I had never known before. A sudden chill pervaded my whole frame, and a strongly-defined impression, almost as clear as a voice, bore these words in upon my mind: There is a gulf between the living and the dead which humanity cannot endure to fathom.

“Again I thought, or something seemed to make me think: How terrible is the approach of unbodied spirit! The mortal cannot stand in the presence of the immortal and live. Such sentiments as these impressed me with a nameless and indescribable sense of horror. I would have given all I possessed, aye, even years of my life, to fly the place, and yet I could not move. The whole atmosphere seemed to be full of spirit, and that of a horrible and repulsive character. ‘How dreadful is this place!’ was the thought which at length shaped itself into words, and with their shuddering utterance I knew that I had broken some spell. Instantly I perceived that a woman, young, once fair, but hateful and antagonistic to my mortal being, had entered the hall and was gliding swiftly towards me. Had no relief interposed to save me from waking conscious contact with this being, the horror of that moment would, I am certain, have terminated my earthly existence; but just then, as if by a providential interposition, three gentlemen of the neighborhood, one of whom was my intimate friend, Squire Fisher, entered the apartment from a long gallery which

they had been traversing on the opposite side to that from which the spirit had borne down upon me. The pang of horror on the one hand, and the relief of mortal companionship on the other, served to produce a shock which threw me instantly into the mesmeric condition to which I have above alluded, and one which my French experiences had rendered familiar to me. My friends subsequently informed me they were horror-struck to perceive me lying on the ground cold, and as they at first deemed, lifeless, but when one of the party strove to raise me, I threw him off, and standing upright, I began to speak in a decided and unfamiliar manner, bidding them have no fear, for that I was 'entranced,' and should converse with the spirits who inhabited that possessed mansion. By my command, some rude seats were improvised, and, lighted only by the rays of the full moon streaming in brightly through the broken panes of the shattered windows, the amazed visitors remained listening to the revelations which I poured forth under what purported to be the influence of the risen soul of the unhappy suicide, the son of my friend Mr. W.

"Speaking not as myself (Dr. Warren), but as Marcus W., I declared that I was as much a living man as I had ever been, and moreover that I dwelt in that same house still, and should continue to do so until my spirit was freed from the bonds which chained me to it. I desired my visitors to speak to me, and when, in awe and confusion, they at first began imperfectly to question, but finally to press their queries with eagerness and intelligence, they learned from me, still speaking as the spirit of the unfortunate suicide, that there is no real death, only a change of bodies, or outward coverings to the soul; that with every one of these changes the soul enters upon an inner sphere to the place, scene, and surroundings which it formerly occupied; that its ability to change its *locale*, or place of abode, depended wholly upon the power it had acquired in its previous state of existence. That where the moral excellence of the soul was great and exalted, its condition was correspondingly pure, beautiful and refined; that where the spirit was mighty in intellectual and moral worth, its powers were almost unbounded; whilst its capacity to roam through and master the various conditions and many spheres of being were so enlarged that such spirits appeared to men like gods, and were in reality, tutelary spirits, or 'guardian angels.'

“Being urgently questioned why the spirit of Marcus W. continued to haunt and disturb that place, I replied, in his name, that I was compelled to do so. That the strongest part of my earthly magnetism had been poured out in that place; that crime was strong passion; strong passion ever liberated strong magnetism; and that human magnetism formed ‘tractors,’ or magnetic points, which drew the spiritual body and bound it as forcibly as chains forged of the magnetism of the universe. They asked of the possessing spirit if it had companions, and who were the female forms so often described by affrighted watchers; also what produced the frightful noises that pierced the awful solitude. The possessing spirit replied that thousands of wretched beings like himself were attracted to his society, and that it was a part of the law of their lives that, as the remembrance of their crimes returned to them (and when was it ever absent?) they were surrounded by the images called up by their thoughts, and seemed madly impelled to deal blows at those images, and repeat again and again, in frenzied misery, all the scenes which crowded in upon their minds. It was at such times, he said, that their cries, groans, and acts resounded through the heavy atmosphere of their prison-house into the atmosphere of earth, and became palpable alike to the senses of sight and hearing.

‘When asked if he was sorry for the wrongs he had committed, he replied he was, sometimes, but at other times he was possessed of an uncontrollable desire to repeat it all again and again, and that that was hell, and he could not escape from it. Here he was questioned as to whether the idea had any foundation in fact that prayers and penances performed by others could avail him. He answered eagerly in the affirmative, assuring his hearers that the strong sympathy of human spirits, when directed towards the earth-bound soul, gave it psychological strength, and aided it to pray for itself, and ultimately to repent and rise out of its bonds into a condition of change analogous to death; that when the imprisoned spirit had passed through this second death, it entered into a finer, purer, inner sphere, and he believed would have the opportunity to progress, as he had been told, eternally; but he didn’t know; he was not ready for death for his part. He kept on repeating and repeating the scenes of earth, and he supposed, until he had outgrown them, he could not escape from the

horrid necessity of going over them. He only knew he was infinitely wretched, and longed for, but could not die, this second death.

“One of the interlocutors here asked if he and the unhappy spirits around him had any teachers with them any guardian angels to help them progress. Here a violent shuddering shook my frame, and the obsessing spirit replied, with bitter curses, that often and often they saw bright lights flashing amidst them, and they knew they were the spirits of purer and better spheres, come to try and reform them. Sometimes, he added, they heard celestial voices urging them to pray, and strive to banish the horrid desires that oppressed them,

“There were some, the spirit added, who followed these lights with weeping, wailing, and penitential tears; then they lay down to sleep, and melted out of that sphere—that is, they passed on higher. But others, like himself, saw the lights, and heard the voices; and though for the moment they felt remorse, and a wild aspiration to overcome their miserable propensities, they generally returned to them with added fury, and then they mocked and giped at the angels, and bade them go hence with curses. He added, all such angels as penetrated into the sphere in which he dwelt were called ‘Christs,’ but he believed they were only good and pure souls of men and women that had once lived on earth, and many wise, though wicked spirits, he conversed with had said that was what ‘Christ,’ ‘Mediator,’ and ‘Savior’ meant; also that the great love and pity which good men felt towards poor earth-bound spirits did at last give them strength, and help them to rise; ‘and so,’ said this intellectual but morally degraded spirit, ‘this is what is meant by a Savior bearing the transgressions of many, and thus it is that “with His stripes we are healed.”’

“It was far in the night when I awoke from that place of dread. My three friends were kneeling around me, praying fervently, with streaming eyes, and hearts wrung with anguish, for pity on the miserable spirits who were there bound in the prison-house of their earthly crimes. As for me, I neither comprehended their pious occupation, nor my own share in the terrible revelations to which they had been listening. They led me to my home, but it required several days of rest, and calm communion with my deeply-moved companions, to restore my mind to its wonted peace, and make me apprehend the full

force of what had transpired, the memoranda of which they had made from their joint recollections of the scene.

“The fearful and loathsome impression produced upon me by that night’s intercourse with ‘the spirits in prison’ never became modified, or faded out of memory. Within a few days of its occurrence, I succeeded in procuring a substitute, and immediately upon his arrival I quitted the neighborhood of the hated dwelling. The friends who had been sharers in my painful experiences in vain urged me to renew them, and devote myself to the reform of the unhappy spirits who dwelt in the bonds of earthly crime within that awful mansion. No sense of duty, however strong, could persuade me again to renew the loathsome, and as I still deem it, unnatural intercourse between the mortal and the spirit. I know that what I have written is true. I know that the experiences and revelations of the movement known as modern Spiritualism can add nothing to the terrible revelations of that night of horror; but though I believe in the truth of spirit communion, and doubt not that the intercourse with purer spheres and higher existences may be fraught with pleasure and instruction, I can never again consent to place myself in such a position as to overstep the boundaries of the sphere in which I have been mercifully limited by the providence of my all-wise Creator.”

The narrative of Dr. Joseph Warren proves to us conclusively that there are certain grand central truths, revealed to us through spirit communion, concerning the condition of the soul hereafter, which do not change nor become modified by time, place, nor mediumistic idiosyncrasies. If the above narration contains no philosophy startling from its novelty, it impresses us forcibly with the fact that prior, as well as subsequent to, the celebrated era we designate the Rochester knockings, well-attested communications from the realm of soul-life invariably teach the stupendous lesson that we carry our own doomsday book within us, and that life hereafter is not only a continuation, but an inevitable result of the good or evil deeds we have sown in the rudimental sphere of mortality.

A Very Impressive Scene.

A MAORI CHIEF RETURNS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

HE COMMUNICATES WITH HIS FRIENDS, AND DESCRIBES THE SPIRIT-COUNTRY AS BEAUTIFUL.

*A popular young chief, who had acquired a fair knowledge of the English language, and with whom General Cummings was very intimate, had been appointed register of births and deaths.

General Cummings occupied a portion of his office, but they were about to remove to a more convenient place, when the young Maori encountered a violent death. In changing the office the book of registries was missing, and much inconvenience was occasioned by its loss. A short time after the decease of his friend, General Cummings was informed that his relatives intended to invoke his spirit, and that as the "Pakeha" (white man) had been much beloved by him, he might, if he chose, be present.

Notwithstanding his inveterate skepticism, the General accepted this invitation, mentally resolving "to keep his ears and eyes wide open." The narrator then continues as follows:

"The appointed time came. Fires were lit. The Tohunga repaired to the darkest corner of the room. All was silence, save the sobbing of the sisters of the deceased warrior-chief. There were thirty of us, sitting on the rush-strewn floor, the door shut, and the fire now burning down to embers. Suddenly there came a voice out from the partial darkness: 'Salutation, salutation to my family, to my tribe, to you, pakeha, my friend!' Our feelings were taken by storm. The oldest

*Representation of the life hereafter among the Maoris of New Zealand. Transcribed, in part, from General Cummings' book on "Old New Zealand," and verified in person to MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, of Manchester, England.

sister screamed, and rushed with extended arms in the direction from whence the voice came. Her brother, seizing, restrained her by main force. Others exclaimed, 'Is it you? is it you? truly it is you! *ae! ae!*' and fell quite insensible upon the floor. The older women, and some of the aged men, were not moved in the slightest degree, though believing it to be the spirit of the chief.

"Whilst reflecting upon the novelty of the scene, the 'darkness visible,' and the deep interest manifest, the spirit spoke again: 'Speak to me, my family; speak to me, my tribe; speak to me, pakeha!' At last the silence gave way, and the brother spoke: 'How is it with you! Is it well with you in that country?' The answer came, though not in the voice of the Tohunga-medium, but in strange, sepulchral sounds: 'It is well with me; my place is a good place. I have seen our friends; they are all with me!' A woman from another part of the room now anxiously cried out: 'Have you seen my sister?' 'Yes, I have seen her; she is happy in our beautiful country.' 'Tell her my love so great for her will never cease.' 'Yes, I will be as the message.' Here the native woman burst into tears, and my own bosom swelled in sympathy.

"The spirit speaking again, giving directions about property and keepsakes, I thought I would more thoroughly test the genuineness of all this, and I said: 'We cannot find your book with the registered names; where have you concealed it?' The answer came instantly: 'I concealed it between the *tahuhu* of my house and the thatch; straight over you, as you go in at the door.' The brother rushed out to see. All was silence. In five minutes he came hurriedly back, with the book in his hand! It astonished me.

"It was now late, and the spirit suddenly said: 'Farewell, my family; farewell, my tribe; I go.' Those present breathed an impressive farewell, when the spirit cried out again, from high in the air, 'Farewell!'"

Power and Influence of the Spirit.

IT CAN BE TEMPORARILY LIBERATED FROM THE BODY.

THREE SUBJECTS UNDER MAGNETIC CONTROL—THEY ARE PLACED IN THAT CONDITION BY VITAL MAGNETISM AND NITROUS OXIDE GAS—THEIR SPIRITS VISIT DISTANT PLACES AND MANIFEST GREAT POWER—THE SUBJECT'S SUGGESTIVE EXPERIENCES WITH CONSTANCE—HIS WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE WITH A TELESCOPE—OTHER REMARKABLE NARRATIVES.

*On one occasion, the society having thrown me into a profound sleep by the aid of vital magnetism, and the vapors of nitrous oxide gas, they directed my "atmospheric spirit" to proceed, in company with two other lucid subjects, to a certain castle in Bohemia, where friends of theirs resided, and then and there to make disturbances by throwing stones, moving ponderable bodies, shrieking, groaning, and tramping heavily, etc., etc. I here state emphatically, and upon the honor of one devoted only to the interests of truth, that these disturbances were made, and made by the spirits of myself and two other yet living beings, a girl and a boy, who were subjects of the society; and though we, in our own individualities, remembered nothing whatever of our performance, we were shortly afterwards shown a long and startling newspaper account of the hauntings in the castle of Baron von L., of which we were the authors.

In a work devoted to the relation of occult narratives I have in my library at this moment an account of the "manifestations," as they were termed, which occurred, on three several occasions, at a certain castle in Bohemia. The writer

*From "Ghost Land," *Researches into the mysteries of Occultism*. Translated and edited by EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN. This is a most remarkable work, and the extracts are given for the purpose of illustrating the nature of Spirit-life and the dark spheres thereof.

attributes these disturbances to disembodied spirits, but in the particular case in question, I insist that the atmospheric spirits of the Berlin Brotherhood were the authors of the facts recorded. As the experiments of these grave gentlemen were neither pursued in fun nor mischief, but solely with a view to evolve the *rationale* of a psychological science, I must confess that they followed out their experiments without remorse or consideration for the feelings of others; and as we were all bound by the most solemn oaths of secrecy, there was little or no chance that a solution to any of the mysteries that originated in our circle could escape from its charmed precincts. I am now writing at a period of nearly half a century after the following occurrences; there will be no impropriety, therefore, in my recalling to any individual who may chance to retain a recollection of the event, the scandal that prevailed about fifty years ago in a town in Russia, concerning a nobleman much given to the study of occult arts, who was alleged to have put to death a young country girl whom he had subjected for some months to his magical experiments, and that for the purpose of proving whether her atmospheric spirit, violently thrust out of the body in the vigor of vitality, could not continue hovering around the scene of death, and make manifestations palpable to the sense of sight and sound. The popular rumor concerning this barbarous sacrifice was that the nobleman in question had seduced the unhappy peasant girl, and, after having periled her immortal soul by his magical arts, he had ruthlessly destroyed her body for fear she should betray him.

Certain it was that the gentleman in question was charged with murder, tried and acquitted, just as it was supposed any other powerful nobleman in his place would have been. The results, however, were that strange and horrible disturbances took place in his castle. The affrighted domestics alleged that the spirit of the victim held possession of her destroyer's dwelling, and night after night her wild shrieks and blood-stained form, flying through gallery and corridor, "made night hideous," and startled the surrounding peasantry from slumber. Rumor added that the ghost, spectre, or "atmospheric spirit," whatever it might be, was not laid for years, and that the adept who had resorted to such terrible methods of gratifying his insatiate thirst for occult knowledge paid a tremendous penalty for what he had sought. Tortured with the horrible phantom

he had evoked, his mind succumbed, and became a mere wreck. At the time when I commenced my experiences with the Brotherhood, this man, who had once been an honored member of their society, was confined as a hopeless lunatic, whilst his castle and estates were abandoned by his heir to the possession of the dread haunter and the destructive spirit of neglect and dilapidation.

It was by the command of my associates that I one night visited, in the magnetic sleep, the cell of the lunatic; and being charged by the power of the Brothers with their combined magnetic force, I threw it on the maniac, and by this means, whilst his suffering body slumbered tranquilly, I returned to our "sanctuary" with his spirit; and from the records of that night's proceedings I extract the following minutes of what transpired. He whose office I am not permitted by my honor to name, I shall call "Grand Master," and he thus questioned what was always called on those occasions the "flying soul" of the maniac:

Grand Master—Did you kill the body of A. M.? Answer truly.

Flying Soul—I did.

G. M.—For what purpose, and how?

F. S.—To ascertain if the atmospheric spirit, being full of life, could remain with me. I killed her by a sudden blow, so as to let all the life out at once, and I drew out the spirit from the dead form by mesmeric passes.

G. M.—Did you see that spirit pass?

F. S.—I did.

G. M.—How did it look?

F. S.—Exactly like the body, only it wore an aspect of horror and appeal terrible to behold.

G. M.—Did the spirit stay with you, and how long? Did it obey you, and act intelligently, or did it act a merely automatic part?

F. S.—Mortals, know that *there is no death!* I did not kill A. M. I only broke up the temple in which her soul dwelt. THAT SOUL IS IMMORTAL, AND CANNOT DIE. I found this out the moment after it had left the body, for it looked upon me, spoke to me, and reproached me. O God of heaven, saints and angels, pity me! It spoke to me as intelligently, but far, far more potentially than ever it had done in earthly

being. It was not dead. It could not die; it never will die, and so it told me at once; but ah, me miserable! when I sank down aghast and struck with ineffable horror, as the spirit reproached me, into a deep swoon, I entered the land of immortal souls. There I saw many people whom I had thought dead, but who were all still living. There, too, I saw the still living and radiantly glorious soul of my old pastor, Michael H. Sternly but sorrowfully he told me I had committed a great and irreparable crime; that all crime was unpardonable, and could only be wiped out by personal, and not by vicarious atonement, as he had falsely taught whilst on earth; that my only means of atonement was suffering, and that in kind, or in connection with my dreadful crime; that, as the poor victim would be engaged during the term of her earthly life (broken short by my act) in working it out in an earthly sphere, so her magnetism, actually attracted, as I had deemed, to the spot where her life had been taken, would continue to haunt me, and repeat in vision the last dread act of murder until her life essence should melt away, and her spirit become free to quit the earth, and progress, as she would do, to higher spheres. Sometimes, this stern teacher informed me, I should see the real, living soul of my victim, and then it would be as a pitying angel striving to help me; but still oftener I should see only the "spectre," and this would always appear as in the death-moment, an avenging form, partly conjured up from my own memory, and partly from the magnetic aura of my victim, and always taking the shape and circumstances of my dreadful crime. Mortals, there is much more to tell you of the awful realms beyond the grave, and the solemn connection between life and death, but more I dare not speak. Human beings will soon learn it for themselves; for the souls of the immortals are preparing to bridge over the gulf of death, and men and spirits will yet cross and recross it. Meantime ye are the blind leading the blind; deceiving yourselves with a vain philosophy, and deceiving all to whom ye teach it. **THERE IS NO DEATH!** I must be gone. Hark, I am called!

THE SUBJECT'S SUGGESTIVE EXPERIENCE WITH CONSTANCE.

In the college buildings occupied by the professors and employes attached to the university of which I became a student, resided a mathematical teacher, whom I shall des-

ignite Professor Muller. □ This gentleman held a distinguished place in the ranks of science, and was also one of the secret society associated with myself and Professor von Marx. He was a sullen, cold, ungenial man, and though esteemed for his scientific attainments, and regarded by our society as a powerful mesmeric operator, he was generally disliked, and was particularly repulsive to the "sensitives" whom he occasionally magnetized. Professor von Marx had always carefully isolated me from every magnetic influence but his own, and though I was consequently never required to submit to the control of Herr Muller, his very presence was so antipathetic to me that it was remarked my highest conditions of lucidity could never be evolved when he was by. He did not often attend the seances, however, in which I was engaged, although he belonged to our group, as well as others to which I was not admitted. Professor Muller's chief interest in my eyes was his relationship to a charming young lady, some years older than myself, but one for whom I cherished a sentiment which I can now only liken to the adoration of an humble votary for his saint; and truly Constance Muller was worthy to be enshrined in any heart as its presiding angel.

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

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

Constance Muller was an orphan, poor, and dependent on her only relative, Herr Muller. Young as I was, I could perceive the injustice, no less than the impropriety, of a young lady so delicately nurtured and possessed of fine sensitive instincts, being brought into such a scene, and subjected to such

a life as she led in the university. She made no complaint, however, simply informing me that by the death of her father, a poor teacher of languages, she had become solely dependent upon her uncle, and though she hoped eventually to induce him to aid her in establishing herself as a teacher of music, she was too thankful for his temporary protection to urge her choice of another life upon him, until she found him willing to promote her wishes. As for me, I listened to her remarks on this head with strange misgivings. My own secret convictions were that the stern student of the occult had brought this beautiful young creature to the college with ulterior motives, in which his devotion to magical studies formed the leading idea. I may as well record here as at any other point of my narrative that, although I was deeply interested, nay, actually infatuated with the pursuits in which my clairvoyant susceptibilities had inducted me, I was never, from their very first commencement, satisfied that they were legitimate or healthful to the minds that were engaged in them. I felt the most implicit faith in the integrity and wisdom of Professor von Marx, as well as entire confidence in his affection for and paternal care of me; but here my confidence in any of my associates ended.

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

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

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

If the knowledge I had purchased was indeed a reality,

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

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

To this, though I felt as if I were betraying the interests of my beloved master, I invariably returned answers clothed in discouraging words and hints of warning. All would not avail. On a certain evening when I was myself off duty, but when a special meeting to which I did not belong was held by the Brothers, I saw Professor Muller cross the college grounds, supporting on his arm the closely-veiled and ethereal form of Constance. I saw them enter a coach which was waiting for them at the gate, and running hastily in their track, I heard the professor directing the driver to set them down in that remote quarter of the town where the meetings of the Brotherhood were held. "Gone to the sacrifice!" I mentally exclaimed. "Constance, thou art doomed! sold to a world of demons here and hereafter—if, indeed, there is a hereafter." Two evenings after this, as I was taking my solitary walk in the college grounds, a quick step pursued me; a hand was laid lightly on

my shoulder, and locking up I beheld Constance Muller, a transfigured being. Her eyes gleamed with a strange, unearthly light; her head seemed to be thrown upwards as if spurning the earth and seeking kindred with the stars; her cheek burned with a deep hectic flush, and a singular air of triumph sat on her beautiful lips as she thus accosted me: "Thou false page! how long wouldst thou have kept the mistress, to whom thou hast sworn fealty, imprisoned in the darkness of earthly captivity, when realms of light and glory and wonder were waiting for her to enter in and possess?"

"O Constance! where have you been?"

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

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

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

terms of initiation, I was aware that there were vast theatres of transcendental knowledge to be traversed, into which few if any mortals had been as yet fully inducted.

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

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

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

Her large, blue eyes became sunken and hollow, and her curling locks of pale gold seemed like a coronet of sunbeams, already entwined to circle the brow of an eternal sleeper. At every seance she attended, her spirit, attenuating like a thread of long-drawn light, invariably floated away, as its first and most powerful attraction, to whatever place I happened to be in: sometimes poring over my books in my quiet little chamber; sometimes dreamily watching the ripples of the dancing fountain which played in the college square; not unfrequently wandering in the arcades of the thick woods that skirted the town; and at times stretched on the grass, watching, but never entering into, the merry sports of the youths of my own age, with whom, as companions, I had lost all sympathy! At home or abroad, alone or in the midst of a crowd, wherever I chanced to be, when the enfranchised soul of the beautiful Constance broke its prison bonds and went free, save for the magnetic spell of her operators, it invariably sought me out, and like a wreath of pale, sunlit mist, floated some two feet above the

ground in bodily form and presentment before me. Accustomed to the phenomenon of the "double goer," this phantom neither surprised nor disturbed me. My spiritual experiences enabled me to perceive that during the few moments that the spirit of the "sensitive" was passing into the magnetic sleep, and before her magnetizers had yet full control of her, the instinctive attractions of her nature drew her to the boy whom she had already discovered to be her worshiper, the only being, perhaps, to whom she was drawn by the ties of affection, with which her loving nature was replete. All this I knew, and should have rejoiced in had not the phantom of the victim presented unmistakable tokens of being a sacrifice, and that an unpitied one, to the dark magians with whom she was so fatally associated.

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

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

"Constance, you amaze me!"

"Do not interrupt me, Louis. I am injured past all reparation. You may be snatched from the vortex which

pollutes the body and blasts the soul; but for me, oh! would the end were come!"

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

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

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

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

"I shall be the same Constance I ever was," she replied, solemnly. "I am an immortal spirit now, although bound in material chains within this frail body, and in magnetic chains still more terrible to the power of yon base, bad man."

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

"Forever and forever, Louis, I shall be ever the same. I have seen worlds of being those magicians cannot ascend to—worlds of bright, resurrected human souls upon whom death has had no power save to dissolve the earthly chains that held them in tenements of clay. I have seen the soul world; I have seen that it is imperishable. Louis, there are in these grasses beneath our feet spiritual essences that never die. In my

moments of happiest lucidity, that is"—and here a strong shudder shook her frame—"when I could escape from my tormentors and the world of demons amongst whom they delight to roam, then, Louis, my soul winged through space and pierced into a brighter interior than they have ever realized—aye, even into the real soul of the universe, not the mere magnetic envelope which binds spirit and body together. Louis, in the first or inner recesses of nature is the realm of force, comprising light, heat, magnetism, life, nerve, aura, essence, and all the imponderables that make up motion, for motion is force, composed of many subdivisible parts. Here inhere those worlds of half-formed, embryonic existences with which our tormentors hold intercourse. They are the spiritual parts of matter, and supply to matter the qualities of force; but they are all embryonic, all transitory, and only partially intelligent existences. Nothing which is imperfect is permanent, hence these imperfect elementary spirits have no real or permanent existence; they are fragments of being—organs, but not organisms—and until they are combined into the organism of manhood, they can outwork no real individuality, hence they perish—die, that we may gather up their progressed atoms, and incarnate their separate organs as the complete organism of man."

"And man himself, Constance?"

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

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

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

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

"The hand is not the body, the eye is not the head; neither are the thin, vapory essences that constitute the separate organs of which the world of force is composed, the soul. Mark me, Louis! Priests dream of the existence of soul-worlds, the Brotherhood of the beings in the world of force. The priests call the elementary spirits of the mid-region mere creations of human fancy and superstition. The Brothers charge the same hallucination upon the priests. Both are partly right and partly wrong, for the actual experiences of the soul will prove that beings exist of both natures, and that both realms are verities; only the elementary spirits in the realms of force are like the earth, perishable and transitory, and the perfected spirits in the realm of soul are immortal, and never die. Louis, I have seen and conversed with both, and I know I do not dream. Here, miserable that I am, I am bound to earth; my soul is imprisoned by the chains of force; I am compelled to minister to the insatiate curiosity of the spirits who cannot ascend beyond those mid-regions, and oh! the horror of that bondage would have bereft my soul of reason, had it not been redeemed by foregleams of the more holy and exalted destiny reserved for the soul in the blest sphere of immortality. Dear boy, ask me no more, press me no further. My sweet brother, dearly, fondly loved by Constance! when I am an enfranchised spirit, I will come to thee, and prove my words by the very presence of an arisen, immortal soul. Remember!"

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

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

teachings of the Brotherhood and their spirits, I beheld my earth angel melting away into blank annihilation, with an anguish that admitted of no alleviation, a pain at my heart almost insupportable.

I had been away for some months in England, pursuing studies of which I shall speak more presently. Professor von Marx had been my companion, and we had just returned, when one night, as I was about to retire to rest, and proceeded to draw the curtain which shaded my window, something seemed to rise outside the casement, which intercepted the light of the moon. The house in which I dwelt was on the borders of a beautiful lake, and too high above it to allow of any stray passenger climbing up to my casement. There was no boat on the waters, no foothold between them and the terrace, which was far below my window. I had been gazing out for some time on the placid lake, illumined by the broad path of light shed over it by the full moon, and I knew that no living creature was near or could gain access to my apartment; and yet there, standing on air against the casement, and intercepting the rays that streamed on either side of her on the mosaic floor of my chamber, stood the gracious and radiant form of Constance Muller.

Radiant, shining, and glorious she now appeared, her sweet eyes looking full of penetrating intelligence into mine, her sweet smile directed towards me, and a motion of her hand like the action of a salute, indicating that the apparition saw and recognized me, and was all-beaming with interest and intelligence. By a process which was not ordinary motion, the lovely phantom seemed to glide through the window and appear suddenly within a few feet of the couch, to which, on her first appearance, I had staggered back. Slightly bending forward, as if to arrest my attention, though without the least movement of the lips, her voice reached my ear, saying, "I am free, happy and immortal." Swiftly as she had appeared, the apparition vanished, and in its place I beheld the visionary semblance of the old-fashioned room in the college building occupied by Constance Muller. On a couch which I well knew lay the form of the once beautiful tenant, pale, ghastly, dead! The form was partly covered over with a sheet, but where the white dressing-robe she wore was open at the throat I observed clearly and distinctly two black, livid spots, like the marks of

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

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

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

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

Moonlight reigned supreme, the shadow was gone; but ah me! it had been the shadow of an eternity of sunbeams. Never did I realize such a profound gloom, such an insufferably thick atmosphere, such "darkness made visible," as the absence of this radiant creature left behind. Whilst she stayed it seemed as if sorrow, evil, or suffering had never had an existence; life and being throughout was a mighty ecstasy; and now she had taken all the joy and sunlight out of the world, and that—forever. The recital of the previous night's vision, every item of which I faithfully related to Professor von Marx the next morning, found in him a grave, attentive, but still unmoved listener.

THE SUBJECT'S WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE WITH A TELESCOPE.

I well remember being in London, some years ago, when a most malignant and fatal form of Asiatic cholera was raging

through the city. The season was that of summer, the temperature intensely high, and the deserted city seemed wholly abandoned to the ravages of the fell plague. Going forth into the silent and woeful streets, one bright morning, when not a single particle of vapor flecked the deep azure of the sky, and not a cloud was visible, I beheld with open spiritual eyes an enormous column of black vapor hanging in seething, murky folds, horizontally extended and stretching for miles across the infected districts of the city. Curious to ascertain the nature of this columnar mass, I gave myself entirely up to the magnetic afflatus, and presently perceived that the column was composed of millions and tens of millions of living creatures, generated in the atmosphere by a certain potent but malignant conjunction of the earth and the stars. I realized that this conjunction had converted the unparticled matter of the atmosphere into particled and finally organic conditions, and though the organisms thus produced were far too attenuated to come within the range of any instrument yet known to science, they were and are perpetually in course of formation, and when operating, under malignant planetary and astral influences, they impressed, as in the instance under consideration, a diseased and pernicious influence on the atmosphere through which they were swept, and wherever they were borne they left their tracery behind in the form of pestilence.

I can scarcely hope to be believed by those who have not had the same opportunities of observation and analysis as myself, but for the truth's sake I will here leave a record behind, which may be accepted and understood in future generations, even if rejected now.

It was during the prevalence of the great cholera plague to which I refer that I was invited by a few gentlemen, who were in sympathy with my mystical studies, to join them in a select party, the aim of which was to make astronomical experiments under peculiarly favorable circumstances. I do not feel at liberty to mention the names of those who graced our little gathering; it is enough to state that they were all distinguished for their scientific attainments. At a certain period of the night we adjourned to an observatory, where we were to enjoy the rare privilege of making observations through an immense telescope, constructed under the direction of Lord Rosse. When my turn arrived for viewing the heavens

through this wonderful piece of mechanism, I confess I beheld a sight which for a long time held me breathless. At first I saw only the glorious face of the spangled firmament, with that sense of mingled awe and reverence which never forsakes the mind of the most accustomed observer when he exchanges the view of the black vault of midnight, with its thinly-scattered field of distant lamps checkering the heavens, for the gorgeous mass of divine pyrotechnics which bursts upon the sight through the dazzling revealments of the magic telescope. Breathless, transfigured, whirled away from a cold, dim, cloudy world to a land—not of fairies or angels, but of gods and demi-gods—to skies burning and blazing with millions of suns, double suns, star roads, and empyrean walls, in which the bricks and mortar are sparkling suns and glowing systems, miracle of miracles! I hold my breath and tremble as I think, for the sight never grows old nor familiar to me, and every time I have thus gazed, it has only been to find the awe and wonder deepen.

Absorbed as I was in contemplating the immensity and brilliancy of this ever new and ever gorgeous spectacle, in about forty seconds from the time when I first began to look through Lord Rosse's telescope, I found a singular blur coming between the shining frame of the heavens and the object-glass. I was about to draw back, deeming some accidental speck had fallen upon the plane of vision, when I was attracted by observing that what I had deemed to be a blur actually assumed the shape of a human profile, and was, even as I gazed, in the act of moving along in space between the glass and the heavens. Fascinated and thunderstruck, I still retained the calm and fixed purpose of continuing my observations, and in this way I saw, yes! I distinctly saw, a gigantic and beautifully-proportioned human face sail by the object-glass, intercepting the view of the stars, and maintaining a position in mid-air which I should judge to have been some five miles above the earth's surface.

Allowing for the immense magnifying powers of the instrument, I could not conceive of any being short of a giant whose form would have covered whole acres of space, to whom this enormous head could have appertained. When I first beheld this tremendous apparition, it seemed to be sailing perpendicularly in the air, intercepting the field of vision just

between myself and the planet to which the glass was pointed. I have subsequently seen it four times, and on each occasion, though the face was the same, the inclination of the form must have varied, sometimes floating horizontally, at another time looking down as if from a height, and only permitting a partial view of the features, greatly foreshortened, to appear. Still again I have seen it as at first, and finally, it sailed by in such a fashion as to permit the sight of an immense cloudy bulk which followed in the wake of the beautiful head, the whole apparition occupying at least a hundred seconds in passing the glass, during which period the sight of all other objects but this sailing dense mass was entirely obscured. On the occasion I at first alluded to, I became so fixed with astonishment and doubt that I should not have mentioned what I saw had not the figure returned, and from the side where it had disappeared I beheld it slowly, gradually, unmistakably float by the object-glass with even more distinctness than at first. This second time I could perceive as unequivocally as if I had been gazing at my own reflection in a mirror, the straight, aquiline cast of features, the compressed lip, and stern expression of the face, the large, glittering eye, fixed like a star upon the earth beneath, and long lashes, like a fringe of beams, falling upon the side of the face. A vast curtain of streaming hair floated back from the head, and its arrangement seemed to imply that the form was moving at an inconceivably rapid rate through a strong current of opposing winds. When I had fully, unquestionably satisfied myself that what I had seen was a reality, I withdrew from the instrument, then requested one of the company present to examine my pulse and report upon its action. "Moderate and firm," was the reply, given in a tone of curious inquiry; "but you look somewhat pale, Chevalier. May we not know what has occurred to disturb you?" Without answering, I proceeded carefully to examine the glass, and to scrutinize all its parts and surroundings, with a view of endeavoring to find some outside cause for what I must else have deemed an hallucination.

I was perfectly familiar with the use, capacity and arrangement of the telescope, and as neither within nor without the instrument, nor yet in the aspect of the cloudless sky, could I find the least possible solution to my difficulty, I determined to resolve the occurrence into the convenient word I have just

used, and set the matter down as hallucination. But my friends were not so easily satisfied. Some of them were personally acquainted with me, and fancied they perceived in my manner a thread of interest which they were not disposed to drop. At last, one of them, an old and very venerable scientist, whose opinions I had long been accustomed to regard with respect, looking steadily in my face, asked in a deep and earnest tone: "Will you not tell us if you have seen anything unusual? We beg you to do so, Monsieur, and have our own reasons for the query." Thus adjured, but still with some hesitation, I answered that I certainly thought I had seen the outlines of a human face, and that twice, crossing the object-glass of the telescope.

Never shall I forget the piercing look of intelligence interchanged by my companions at this remark. Without a word of comment, however, the one whose guest I had the honor to be, stepped to a cabinet in the observatory where he kept his memoranda, and drawing forth a package, he thus addressed me: "What you may have seen to-night, Chevalier, I am not yet informed of, but as something remarkable appears to have struck you in the observation you have just made, we are willing to place ourselves at your mercy, and provided you will reciprocate the confidence we repose in you, we will herewith submit to you some memoranda which will convince you some of us at least have beheld other bodies in space than suns and planets." Before my honored entertainer could proceed further, I narrated to him as exactly as I could, the nature of what I had seen, and then confessed I was too doubtful of my own powers of observation to set down such a phenomenon as an actuality unless I could obtain corroborative evidence of its truth. "Receive it, then, my friend," cried my host, in such deep agitation that his hand trembled violently as he unfolded his memoranda, and raising his eyes to Heaven, gleaming through an irrepressible moisture, he murmured in deep emotion, "Good God! then it must be true."

I dare not recall verbatim the wording of the notes I then heard read, as they were so mixed up with details of astronomical data, which have since become public property, that the recital might serve to do that which I then solemnly promised to avoid, namely, whilst publishing the circumstances I then heard of, for the benefit of those who might put faith in

them, carefully to suppress the names of the parties who furnished me with the information. My friends then (five in number on the occasion referred to) assured me that during the past six months, whilst conducting their observations at that place, and by aid of that as well as two other telescopes of inferior power, they had, all on several occasions, seen human faces of gigantic proportions floating by the object-glass of their telescopes, in almost the same fashion and with the same peculiarities of form and expression as the one I had just described. One gentleman added that he had seen three of these faces on one night, passing one after the other, their transit occupying, with slight intervals between them, nearly half an hour. For many successive weeks this party had stationed themselves at distant places, at given periods of time, and determined to watch for several consecutive nights and see if the same phenomenon could or would appear to more than one observer at a time. The memoranda which record the results of this experiment were indeed most startling. Take the following extracts:

“Tuesday, June 4, 18—. Third night of watching. Took my station at the glass at 11:30 P. M. At 2, or just as the last vibration of the clock resounded from the observatory, the first outline of the head came into view. This time the form must have been directly perpendicular, for the sharp outline of the straight profile came into a direct line with the glass, and enabled me to see a part of the neck, and clear to the top of the head. The figure was sailing due north, and moved across the glass in 72 seconds,” etc., etc.

Memoranda 2d.—“I began to despair of success, as three days had now elapsed without any interruption of the kind anticipated in my observations. At 10 minutes and 3 seconds to 2, I began to experience an overpowering sense of fatigue, and determined to close my observations at the moment my chronometer should strike the hour. 2:30—The giant has just appeared; his head came into view exactly as the clock was striking 2, and placing my chronometer directly before me so as to catch the first glimpse of the time when he disappeared, I find that his transit occupied exactly 72 seconds. Attitude horizontal; position of head, a direct and magnificent profile.”

Note No. 3 simply states:

“Tuesday, June 4, 18—. Titanus came into view at 2

o'clock precisely, sailed by in $71\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, upright, and face in profile, moving due north," etc., etc.

Some of the observations recorded by the spectators of this phenomenon were full of emotion, and as the venerable gentleman who first questioned me read over the comments this strange sight called forth, my companions were so deeply moved, and manifested such intense feeling on the subject of what they had seen, that the reading was several times interrupted, and one of the party remarked, he believed he should be disposed to shoot anyone who should presume to cast doubt or ridicule on a subject which had affected them all so deeply.

For the next fortnight I enjoyed the privilege of spending a considerable portion of each night in that observatory. Twice the strange phantom sailed before my view in one week. By permission of my friends, I changed my station and continued my anxious watch with another instrument. On the second night I beheld the Titanic head with even more distinctness than before, and three of my fellow-watchers shared the weird spectacle with me from different posts of observation. One week later, although greatly fatigued by my long and close vigils for so many nights, I determined to avail myself of a final observation with one of the most superb instruments ever constructed. For many hours my exhaustive watch was unsuccessful; but just as I was about to take my leave of the enchanting fields of fiery blossoms that lay outstretched before me, two faces of the same size and expression, the one slightly in advance of, and measurably shading the other, sailed slowly, very slowly, into view. They passed on with such an unappreciable, gentle motion that I could almost have imagined they were stationary for some seconds of time. Their appearance so completely surprised me at the moment when I was about to retire that I omitted to take note of the time they occupied in passing. The companion who shared my watch had pointed his glass a little more to the east than mine, and I had but time to murmur an injunction for him to change it as the figures came into view. He saw them, however, just as they were passing out of the field of vision, and exclaimed, with a perfect shout of astonishment: "By heavens, there are two of them!"

Some years after this memorable night I received a letter from one of my associates in this weird secret, according to

me the permission I sought, namely, to publish the circumstances I have related thus far, but carefully to withhold the witnesses' names. In answer to my query whether my correspondent had again seen the tremendous phantom of the skies, he replied in the negative, adding: "Call me superstitious, or what you will: the whole history lays us open to ourselves and to each other, to such wild suggestions and inconceivable possibilities, that no hypothesis can seem so improbable as that we should all be correct. I will venture to hint to you, one of us, you know, that I have somehow always connected the apparitions in question with the prevalence of the cholera. It was immediately in advance of this pestilence, and during the time when it raged, that we all saw them. Since that period we have never again beheld them, that is, none of us who now remain on earth. These appearances ceased with the pestilence, and came with it. Could they have been the veritable destroying angels, think you? You, who are a mystic, should be able to answer me. I, with all my materialism, am so terribly shaken when I recall the terrific reality, that I endeavor to banish its remembrance whenever it recurs to me."

Again, I have anticipated the experiences of later years, and been guilty of wandering from the line of narrative which the march of events prescribes. I feel as if I should attempt too, to render the explanations of the foregoing circumstances which my astronomical friends looked to me to supply them with, but looked, as the reader may do, in vain.

It seems to me as if a vain and egotistical fear of a sneering and skeptical age keeps many others besides my astronomical associates silent on the occurrence of events which are chiefly remarkable because they are unprecedented, and which encounter jeers and denial chiefly from those who strive to measure eternity by the foot-rule of their own petty intellects. The buffets of such small wits as these have done me the good service of making me at least wholly indifferent to their opinions; hence I have in this instance, and shall in many more throughout these papers, recorded what I KNOW TO BE TRUE, without fear or favor. I cannot always explain what I have seen, heard, and taken part in, but the favorite motto of a very dear friend has now become my own, and "the truth

against the world" will be the ruling inspiration in the dictation of these pages.

THE CAUSE OF DEATH IN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

The theory of the disintegrating effect of the electric current upon brain and nerve tissues in persons electrocuted has been controverted by Dr. A. M. Bleile. Dr. Bleile holds that death in electric shock is entirely owing to the constriction of the arteries produced by the current through its influence on the nervous system. The effect of this constriction is that the heart fails in its attempt to overcome the mechanical impediment arising from the greatly retarded flow of blood. In the course of investigations on this subject, it has been found that where drugs have been given to counteract the constrictive effect of the current, much larger doses of electricity than the ordinary can be borne. This fact cannot but have a bearing upon the much-disputed question of resuscitation after electrocution. Notwithstanding the apparently conclusive testimony which has been given on this subject, it is still believed by some medical experts that given a criminal who has an exceptional capacity for resisting the electric shock—and this capacity varies in every one—and his power of resistance be still further increased by a dose of the drug mentioned, the effect of the electrocuting current would be so far modified as to make it possible to resuscitate the body after the execution, even though signs of apparent death were exhibited.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Testimony of Dying Persons.

A STUDY OF THE OCCULT, BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

INTERESTING TESTIMONY OF THOSE WHO ARE UNDERGOING THE DIVINE PROCESS OF DYING—EXTRACTS FROM FLAMMARION'S WORK, "THE UNKNOWN."

We will begin this inquiry by drawing attention to certain strange and inexplicable manifestations or testimonies of dying persons, not of those who are dead—an important distinction.

I speak of manifestations that were observed under normal conditions, the observers being wholly awake, and not of those that took place in sleep by means of dreams.

My excellent friend General Parmentier, one of our most distinguished and most esteemed scientists, has told me of the two following occurrences which took place in his family :

1. Several persons were taking breakfast at Andlau, in Alsace. They had waited for the master of the house, who was out hunting, but after some time they took their seats at the table without him, the hostess assuring them that he would certainly arrive soon. As soon as the meal was begun a pleasant buzz of conversation arose, and every one momentarily expected to see the host enter.

Time passed, however, and the company was becoming astonished at his continued absence, when suddenly, though the weather was very calm and the sky very clear, the window of the dining room, which was wide open, was closed violently and with a great noise, and the next moment was again opened. The guests were the more surprised, nay stupefied, at this occurrence because under ordinary circumstances this movement of the window could not have taken place without overturning a decanter of water which stood on a table in

front of the window, and because on this occasion the decanter retained its position. All those who saw and heard the window moved were dumfounded.

"Some misfortune is at hand!" exclaimed the mistress of the house as she rose from the table terror stricken.

The breakfast stopped abruptly. Three-quarters of an hour later men brought home on a litter the body of the host. He had been shot full in the chest. Life had almost departed when he arrived and he only had strength to utter these words: "My wife; my poor children!"

There now is a coincidence which needs to be explained. At first the incident seems commonplace and absurd. What does this bizarre movement of the window mean and how is it connected with any other event? Is it not sheer waste of time to attach any serious importance to such an insignificant incident? Galvani's frogs and Papin's saucepan were also quite insignificant things, and yet electricity and steam are of considerable importance.

The other day lightning struck a man in the country, but the only harm which it did him was to tear off his shoes and to hurl them twenty yards away, where he found them with every nail vanished.

Another time lightning completely stripped a young peasant girl and left her standing unharmed in a meadow. Her clothes were afterward found hanging on a tree.

Another time lightning killed instantaneously a working-man at the very moment that he was beginning breakfast and raising a morsel of bread to his mouth. He remained motionless. When some one approached and touched him he fell down, and it was seen that his body had been burned to ashes. His clothes however were intact.

The freaks of nature ought not to prevent us from studying phenomena; quite the contrary.

Doubtless our first thought after hearing the story of the hunter of Andlau is that it cannot possibly be true. Of course it is absurd to suppose that the story is altogether an invention and a lie, for the circumstances under which the occurrences took place and the character of my informant are such as to render such a supposition untenable. One may say,

however, that there was a slight movement of the window, produced by some ordinary cause, such as a wind, a shock or a cat, and that its coincidence with a tragic event caused it to be subsequently magnified. This is not a very probable supposition, since the mistress of the house and her guests were very strongly impressed by all that occurred.

Here is what seems to have happened:

The window did not stir at all; of this fact the decanter is a proof, and the discrepancy between the apparent and actual event was noticed at the time. Before we enter upon an analysis of the facts the thought may occur to us that this lady and one or more of her guests were suffering at the time through an illusion of their sight and hearing—in other words, that they had the sensation of an unreal phenomenon—and that a lively impression was made upon their brain by an exterior cause.

We may also fancy that this cause was the psychic force of the dying man, of him whom they were expecting, the man who at that hour ought to have been at that breakfast table and who transported himself thither in thought, projecting himself in that direction by means of his remaining energy. Wireless telegraphy!

Why did it manifest itself in this fashion? How was it that the cerebral impression was collective? Why? Why?

We have here a complete mystery, and we can only make hypotheses in regard to it.

Here is a second example of telepathic transmission at the moment of death. It is not less singular, nay, it is even more remarkable than the former example, and for it, too, I am indebted to the kindness of General Parmentier, who vouches for its authenticity.

We were at Schlestadt, in the department of Bas-Rhine. It was a warm summer's night. The door between the bedroom and the salon had been left open, and the two large windows in the salon were also wide open, and were kept in position by chairs, the backs of which touched them. The father and mother of General Parmentier were asleep.

Suddenly Mme. Parmentier was aroused by a lively shaking of the bed. Surprised and somewhat frightened, she awoke her husband and told him what had occurred.

All at once there came a second and **very** violent shock. The father of General Parmentier believed that it was an earthquake, although such events are very rare in Alsace. He arose, lit a lamp, looked around and, seeing nothing unusual, went to bed again. Immediately afterward, the bed was again violently shaken, and this was followed by a turmoil in the adjoining salon, as if the windows had been closed with violence, and all the panes of glass had been broken. The earthquake had apparently manifested itself in a still more formidable manner. M. and Mme. Parmentier arose and went to see how much damage had been done in the salon. They found nothing disturbed. The windows were still wide open; the chairs had not been moved, the air was calm, the sky was clear and studded with stars. There had been neither an earthquake nor a storm; the tumult heard was wholly fictitious.

M. and Mme. Parmentier lived on the first floor, and on the floor below them was a lady of a certain age, whose cupboard creaked in an irritating manner whenever she opened and closed it. This disagreeable creaking had attracted attention, and persons began to wonder why this lady opened and closed her cupboard so often and at such unusual hours.

When she found that nothing had been disturbed in the salon, neither the windows nor even the smallest articles having been disarranged, Mme. Parmentier became frightened. She believed that some misfortune had befallen her relatives, her father or her mother, whom she, recently married, had left a short time previously at Strassburg, and whom she supposed to be in perfect health.

She soon learned, however, that her former governess, whom she had not seen since her marriage and who had gone to live with her family in Vienna, had died that very night, and that before dying she had several times expressed her keen regret at being separated from her dear pupil, to whom she had ever shown much affection.

Here is a second event which is in many respects similar to the former one, and which apparently contains connecting links of a similar order. Are we to suppose that an impression went from the brain of a dying person to another brain which was at a distance of six hundred and fifty kilometres, and that thus this latter brain received the sensation of an extraordinary noise? Was this impression able to influence either directly

or sympathetically two brains or minds which were, so to speak, in touch with the first one?

When on the following day Mme. Parmentier asked her neighbor on the ground floor if she had not opened her cupboard at a late hour of the night, if she had not been shaken in her bed, if she had not heard an unusual noise, the latter replied in the negative, remarking at the same time that at her age she slept little, and that if anything unusual had occurred she would certainly have noticed it. The psychic message then had only affected the two beings who were in touch with the cause.

Doubtless it will always be possible for us to express surprise at the matter of fact, commonplace and vulgar aspect of a manifestation, and we can always say: "It is an error of the senses, a baseless hallucination, a mere chance and coincidence." We are here, however, to examine things impartially and try to discover, if possible, the laws which govern them.

Let us continue, since, as we are discussing coincidences, the value of facts increases in proportion to their number.

M. Andre Bloch, a young musician of great talent, winner of the Prix de Rome and a member of the Astronomical Society of France, recently sent me the following story of a similar kind of incident which occurred in 1896—only yesterday, one may say:

"My Dear Master:—What I am about to relate took place in June, 1896. My mother joined me during the last two months of my stay in Rome, and she went to live in a private boarding house on the Via Gregoriana, where you once lived yourself. As at this time I had some work to finish before I returned to France, my mother, in order not to disturb me, used to go to the city alone and did not join me at the Villa Medicis until noon when she came for breakfast.

"One day she came to me about eight o'clock in the morning, and I noticed that she was much agitated. When I asked her the cause, she replied that, as she was making her toilet, she had suddenly seen her nephew, Rene Kraemer, beside her, and with a smile he had said to her:

"'Yes, I am really dead!'

"She was greatly frightened by this apparition, and she had hurried to me at once. I calmed her as well as I could, and then we began to talk about something else.

"A fortnight later we returned to Paris after visiting a part of Italy, and we heard there of the death of my cousin, Rene, which had taken place on Friday, June 12, 1896, in the house which his parents occupied, No. 31 Rue de Moscow. He was fourteen years old.

"Thanks to a certain work on which I was engaged at Rome at the time when my mother started on her journey, I was able to recall accurately the day and even the hour on which the phenomenon manifested itself. Well, on this very day my little cousin, after suffering from peritonitis for several days, began to sink about six o'clock in the morning, and died at noon, after he had several times expressed the desire to see his Aunt Bertha, my mother.

"Bear in mind that not a word was said of my cousin's illness in any of the numerous letters which we received from Paris. Our relatives knew well that my mother was very much attached to this child, and that she would have returned to Paris at once if she had known that he was even slightly ill. Not even the news of his death was telegraphed to us.

"When it is six o'clock in the morning at Paris it is, owing to the difference in longitude, seven o'clock at Rome, and it was exactly at this moment that the apparition was seen by my mother.

ANDRE BLOCH,

"No. 11 Place Malesherbes, Paris."

This story belongs to the same class as the two preceding ones. At the time when he was losing knowledge of earthly things Mme. Bloch's nephew thought tenderly of her, since he loved her with a filial tenderness, and she, too, loved him as fondly as though he was her own son. May not the psychic force of the dying have manifested itself without abandoning the character of a child of fourteen years, since we may well fancy the child saying with a smile: "Yes, I am really dead"?

We may say "No" to all this; we can always say "No" to whatever we please. But what does a negation, a refusal to accept anything prove? Is it not better to be frank, to confess that these coincidences are remarkable, although incomprehensible in the present state of our knowledge? The hypothesis of hallucination without any cause is hardly worthy of serious notice. Let us not be satisfied with mere words. Let us investigate.

On November 10, 1890, the following letter was sent to me from Christiania :

“ My Dear Master: —Your work, ‘Uranie,’ impels me to communicate to you an occurrence which was related to me personally by the very person to whom the event happened. This person is M. Vogler, a Danish physician, who lives at Gudum, near Alborg, in Jutland. He is a man who enjoys excellent health, both mental and physical, and he is of an upright and positive nature, without the slightest neurasthenic or imaginative tendency. Indeed, his tendency is wholly in the opposite direction.

“ While he was studying medicine he traveled in Germany with the Count de Schimmelman, a gentleman well known among the nobility of Holstein. They were almost of the same age. Their intention was to remain for some time in one of the university towns, and there they rented a small house. The Count occupied the ground floor and M. Vogler the floor above. There was a door leading to the street and a staircase to which they alone had access.

“ One night M. Vogler was reading in bed. All of a sudden he heard the door at the foot of the staircase open and shut, but he hardly paid any attention to it, as he fancied that it was his friend who had returned from a stroll. A moment later, however, he heard slow and apparently weary footsteps ascend the stairs and stop in front of his bedroom door. He then saw the door open, but no one appeared; nevertheless the footsteps continued, and he heard them come over the floor toward the bed. He saw absolutely nothing, although there was a good light in the room. When the sound of the steps had come quite close to the bed he heard a deep sigh which he straightway recognized as that of his grandmother, whom he had left in Denmark in good health. At the same time he recognized the footsteps; they were the slow steps of his aged relative.

“ He looked to see what o’clock it was, for he felt intuitively that his grandmother had died at that very moment, and he wrote down the exact time on a piece of paper. Some time afterward a letter from his home informed him of the sudden death of his grandmother, who had shown more affection for him than for any of her other grandchildren. There was ample evidence that her death had occurred at the moment

specified on the piece of paper. In this fashion the grandmother bade farewell to the grandson, who did not even know that she was ill.

EDOUARD HAMBRO,

“Attorney at Law and Secretary of the Board of Public Works in the City of Christiania.”

This young man was clearly informed of his grandmother's death through the impression which he received of her footsteps and of a sigh. This is a fact which we must admit.

M. V. de Kerkhove wrote to me as follows in Feb., 1889:

“On August 25, 1874, I was in Texas, in the United States, and after dinner, about sunset, I was smoking my pipe in the hall of the house which I occupied and which faced the sea. All of a sudden I distinctly saw my old grandfather appear in the doorway, I was in a semi-conscious state of placid contentment, the state of a man who has dined well and who has a good digestion. I did not feel any surprise at seeing him there. Indeed, just then I was not thinking of anything, and I was not in a mood to be disturbed by any outward impressions. Still I could not help musing to myself, ‘It is strange how these rays of the setting sun pour gold and purple everywhere, even on the form of my grandfather and on the smallest folds of his clothes.’

“Indeed, the setting sun was at that moment quite red, and was throwing his last horizontal rays diagonally into the room through the doorway. My grandfather wore his usual kind expression; he was smiling and seemed to be happy. Suddenly he disappeared as the sun set, and I awoke as from a dream, with the conviction that I had seen an apparition. Six weeks later I learned by letter that my grandfather had died during the night of the 25th-26th of August, between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning. Now there is a difference of five hours and a half between the longitude of Belgium, where my grandfather died, and that of Texas, where I was, and the time when I saw the sun set was about 7 o'clock.”

The objection may be made that this is a case of simple illusion produced by the rays of the setting sun. This, however, is hardly probable, since M. de Kerkhove did not experience the slightest difficulty in recognizing his grandfather. Especially worthy of notice in such cases is the manner in which events coincide with the dates of death.

M. Binet, a printer at Soissons, has sent me the following account of a vision which he himself saw:

“Mezieres, my native place, suffered through a bombardment, which only lasted for thirty-six hours, but which, nevertheless, resulted in serious injury to several persons. Among the latter was Leontine, the little daughter of our landlord, who was severely wounded. She was then between eleven and twelve years old. I was fifteen at the time, and I often played with her.

“About the beginning of March I went for some days to Donchery. Before I set out I knew that my poor little companion could not recover. The change of scenery, however, as well as thoughtlessness caused me to forget, in some measure, her unfortunate condition.

“I was sleeping alone in a long and narrow room, the window of which faced the open country. One evening I went to bed as usual at nine o'clock, but I could not sleep, which was extraordinary in my case, since I was ready to fall asleep even before going to bed, just as soon as I had taken dinner. A full moon lit up the garden and threw a strong light into the room.

“As I could not sleep, I listened to the clocks as they struck the hours, and very slowly the time seemed to pass. Lost in thought, I was looking through the window that faced my bed, when, about half an hour after midnight, it seemed to me that I saw a moonbeam move in the room, and that this luminous vision, which fluttered like a long robe, gradually assumed the form of a body and advanced toward my bed until it stood beside it. A pale, thin figure smiled at me. * * * I uttered a cry—‘Leontine!’ Then the luminous ghost glided away and disappeared at the foot of the bed.

“Some days later I returned home, and before any one told me what had happened I related my story of the vision. It was the night and the very hour when this child had died.”

Rhythmically Pulling the Tongue.

IN ORDER TO BRING THE DEAD TO LIFE.

NEW METHOD TO RESTORE TO LIFE THOSE ASPHYXIATED—DIRECTIONS GIVEN BY DR. LABORDE.

*The Hellman horror, through which six human lives were lost, is too fresh in the public mind to need a recounting. An entire family, father, mother and four children, was killed by asphyxiation. Not one was saved! This is the particularly sad feature of the terrible tragedy, which would make any thoughtful man exclaim, "What was done to resuscitate these unfortunates?" The answer is, "Nothing!"

In the excitement attendant upon the discovery of the lifeless bodies, nobody thought of resorting to means to recall the apparently extinct spark of life. The report of the calamity, after describing in what positions the victims were found, "looking, except the father, as if they were enjoying a peaceful slumber, from which they could be awakened," ended by simply stating that "it was evident that life had been extinct for some hours, and any effort at resuscitation would have been fruitless."

The subject of resuscitating persons from asphyxiation, whether it be through drowning or otherwise, is just now receiving considerable attention from the faculty of the Paris Medical Academy. A number of doctors expressed their opinions that a large percentage of people who have apparently suffered death from suffocation might have been recalled to life by patient and scientific treatment.

It remained for Dr. Laborde to startle the learned body by his decidedly novel way of treating cases of suffocation. His bizarre method seemed to both amuse and frighten the

*These important statements are taken from the *Chicago Herald* of July 21, 1895, and should be familiar to every one.

assembled doctors. Dr. Laborde insists that the most effective and, as far as he has found, successful way of resuscitation is obtained by the rhythmical pulling of the tongue of the person suffocated. The *modus operandi*, he explains, is simple. The victim is laid on the ground, table, or any sufficiently large flat surface. Most people dead, or apparently so, have their jaws firmly set. The mouth is forced open as wide as possible and kept in that position. The doctor or other operator seizes the tongue with a firm grip. Then, while pressing down the base of the tongue with a spoon or similar object, he commences to pull it out to its full length toward himself with a steady but strong motion. This must be kept up at the rate of fifteen or twenty pulls an hour. The tongue is very liable to slip through the fingers, and this must be carefully prevented. Dr. Laborde advises the persons performing this operation to wrap a handkerchief around his hand, by which means he will secure a very firm hold on the tongue. "There need be no pulling too vigorously," he says, "so long as it is done with the regularity of clockwork, this being imperative to insure success. Care must also be taken that the operator always pulls the tongue toward himself, thus getting all the muscles in play, which would be prevented if the pulling was done sideways. If possible, it is beneficial for the person who is being resuscitated to have somebody vigorously rub both the chest and the lower extremities."

Dr. Laborde says that the idea of this process suggested itself to him while trying some laboratory experiments. He had noticed that animals asphyxiated by means of chloroform, for the purpose of vivisection, were strangely sensitive when their tongue was pulled out. They became restless and showed other signs of returning consciousness. This set Dr. Laborde to experimenting. He pulled the tongue a number of times, and invariably caused the animals to break into a loud hic-cough, first rather passive, but soon becoming spontaneous.

The Doctor claims that he has made almost innumerable experiments with dogs, which he has suffocated, and which to all appearances were dead. He feels confident, through the success he has had, that this method of pulling the tongue is invaluable. In one case he mentions a man who had been given up by everybody as dead, through the inhalation of charcoal fumes. Dr. Laborde happened to pass the house,

was called in, and succeeded, after working not less than two hours, in bringing the man back to life.

This method has met with the strong approval of leading medical men, and may be used not only in cases where suffocation from drowning or the inhalation of noxious fumes has ensued, but Dr. Laborde says it is as effective in cases of strangulation, lockjaw, and similar afflictions. One man who had, by accident, swallowed the contents of a bottle of bromide, and with whom respiration had entirely ceased, was brought back to life and completely cured by having his tongue pulled in this fashion.

The Rationale of the Death Change.

AS CONSIDERED BY A LEADING LITERARY LIGHT.

DEATH COMES BY ONE OF THREE GATES—PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS AFTER DEATH—PROTOPLASM LIVES FOREVER—STRANGE PHENOMENA CONNECTED WITH BILL STERRIT'S GRAVE—REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES IN THE SOUL LEAVING THE BODY—OTHER IMPORTANT FACTS.

*The nature of death we conceive from our knowledge of it in man and the higher animals, and conceive it erroneously. For with the higher animals, what we call death is a sudden cessation of the gross functions of the body. There is a moment at which the watchers say, "this, that was alive, is now dead." Death has come by one of the *atria mortis*, the three gates; by the failure of the heart, or the lungs, or the brain, the mechanism has broken down and stops suddenly and visibly. Even in old age, when there has been a slow degeneration of all the organs, the final arrest of their functions comes sharply, at a critical moment. But this suddenness is no part of the real nature of the event. The point of time varies with the skill of the surgeon, and with the appliances at his disposal. It is not until long after the moment at which it seems to us that the spirit has left the body that the tissues are dead. For hours afterward the skin remains alive, the hairs grow, the sweat-glands are in repulsive activity, while the muscles respond to electrical stimulation by nightmare contortions. The body of a man is a highly integrated structure; each organ has a communion so intimate with each other that failure of any part is reflected upon the whole, and the breakdown of heart, or lungs, or brain, brings slow but irre-

*From the *London Saturday Review*.

mediable disaster upon the whole body. In this we have to distinguish two things: what we call death—the sudden arrest that is an accident of the complex harmony of the body, as when a steamship is stopped in midocean by the rupture of a valve—and the actual death of the living protoplasm of the cells and tissues.

In the descending scale of human life, the relations between the organs are less and less intimate, and the misleading suddenness of the arrest of their machinery fades away. The heart of a turtle from which the brain has been removed, will continue to beat for days. A worm or a starfish may be cut to pieces, and each piece remains alive, sometimes even reproducing the whole. Who shall name the point of death of an oyster, or of a sea-anemone? No stoppage of a single organ causes sudden death and conspicuous change in the whole; when protoplasmic death of a part occurs, either the part is sloughed away and replaced, or the ripples of destructive change spread slowly from cell to cell, each unaffected part remaining active to the last. In the simplest animals of all, organisms that consist each of a single cell, death may be seen at its lowest terms. There is no composite multicellular body, no bodily mechanism to break down, no possibility of the failure of one set of cells gradually creeping upon others. Each organism is alive or dead as its protoplasm is alive or dead.

Here, in their simplest forms, are life and death; and here, asking if death be inherent in living matter, we find surprising answer. Violence of heat and cold, mechanical forces and the assaults of chemical affinities may destroy these single particles of life; but if not overthrown by rude accident, and if provided with food and drink, their protoplasm lives forever. Each particle feeds until, outgrowing a convenient size, it cleaves asunder and the one life becomes two lives. So far as reason and observation can inform us, the living particles in the ponds and seas of to-day have descended in a direct continuity of living material from the first dawn of life. No other solution is open, save the possibility of a spontaneous generation of living matter so continual and so common that it could not have eluded the search of science. This is that "immortality of the protozoa" hinted at by Lankester in England, blazoned into fame by Weismann.

Whether or not the protoplasm of the tissues of higher organisms be potentially immortal can be only a matter of inference. The reproductive cells, indeed, form a living chain, binding the animals and plants of the present with the animals and plants of the remotest past. This reproductive protoplasm is immortal in precisely the same sense as the protoplasm of single cells is immortal, and there seems no reason to believe with Weismann that the protoplasm of the other tissues has acquired mortality, and is different in kind. It dies, but only because it is part of a complex structure. The machinery of the body is not regulated to last forever; on the other hand, it is to the advantage of the race that it should break down when reproduction has been accomplished, and its breakdown results in the ruin of its component parts. There is no reason to suppose that protoplasm itself grows old. A slip cut from a tree many centuries old, may be grafted on a young tree and so enter on a new lease of life. Were the process to be continued, a continuity of protoplasmic life might be maintained. So far as we can tell, death is not inherent in living matter. Protoplasm may live forever, as a flame shielded from the wind and fed from an endless store would burn forever.

STRANGE PHENOMENA CONNECTED WITH A GRAVE.

It appears from a dispatch from Galveston, Texas, to the *Philadelphia Times*, that twenty-five years ago there died in the neighborhood of what is now W. H. Master's ranch, in Montague county, a very peculiar individual named Bill Sterrit. Sterrit had one little girl and a wife, with whom he lived very unhappily—a woman with a violent temper and more than ordinary will power.

A few days before his death, Sterrit, who was able to hold his own against his termagant wife, called her to his bedside and requested that his coffin should be placed in the grave in such a way that he might be in a standing posture. He was afflicted with heart disease, and suffered from difficulty of breathing while in a reclining position. When Sterrit died, his wife, remaining obdurate in spite of the entreaties of his friends, had him laid in his grave in the usual way, flat on his back at full length. She "would get even with Bill Sterrit for once," she said.

Twenty-five years passed. Meanwhile Sterrit had been

almost forgotten. His wife, leaving naught but the little wooden headboard to mark his grave, sold the ranch and moved to town. A few weeks since some new settlers, in excavating for a well on what had been the old Sterrit place, unearthed the petrified remains of a man in a standing posture. Old inhabitants identified the remains as those of Sterrit. Depositions made by them established the fact beyond a doubt; but no one could account for his being in a standing position, when they had the evidence of their own eyes to prove that he had not been thus buried.

Herein appears the strange part of the affair, which must, of course, forever remain a mystery. Mr. Masters said that while the figure, even the features, of Sterrit, are preserved almost in a state of perfection, the hands are mutilated, the knees very much scarred, and there is a considerable abrasure upon the forehead, running back into the hair. Persons who knew him have concluded that Sterrit must have been buried in a trance, and that when he regained consciousness and found himself buried, he first drew his knees up to their utmost extent, pressing upon the coffin-lid with all his strength. This would account for the disfigurement of his knees. Further, he must have beat his head against the top, finally clawing and tearing the lid with his hands. He managed to stand upright, and then died and was slowly petrified, to remain a perpetual defiance to his termagant wife, who lost her wits when she learned that Sterrit had thwarted her even in his grave, and is now in the asylum.

THE SPIRIT—WHEN IT LEAVES ITS MORTAL BODY.

Mr. Stead's "Julia" in *Borderland*: When the soul leaves the body it is at the first moment quite unclothed as at birth. The spirit body disengaged from the physical body is conscious—at least I was, almost from the first. I awoke standing by my dead body, thinking I was still alive and in my ordinary physical frame. It was only when I saw the corpse in the bed that I knew that something had happened! When the thought of nakedness crosses the spirit there comes the clothing which you need. The idea with us is creative. We think, and the thing is. I do not remember putting on any garments. There is just the sense of need, and the need is supplied. No, if I might come back and live on earth as I used to do, I would

not; it would be all loss and no gain. There is nothing the body could give me that I do not now enjoy, only in an etherealized but more real way, and much that I now enjoy I should lose by being again in my body.

THE SOUL CAN LEAVE THE BODY BEFORE DEATH OCCURS.

Ghostly experiences, says the Boston *Transcript*, were the order of the evening at the meeting of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research, in Allston Hall. Prof. William James, of Harvard University, presided, and said that it was well to receive the experiences narrated with judicial impartiality as to their sources and significance.

Secretary Richard Hodgson read extracts from a revised proof of F. W. H. Myers' second paper on 'The Experiences of W. Stainton Moses,' which was partly read at the October meeting. One extract was as follows:

"On one occasion Mr. Moses, while in a trance, got out of his body and stood looking at it with no surprise whatever at his rather singular situation. Suddenly he became conscious of the presence of a venerable, bearded prophet, who stood beside him. The ghostly visitor was clad in a very bright blue garment. On his head was a coronet, over which was a star. With the prophet as a guide he left the apartment. His first sensation of surprise was caused by the ease with which he passed through the wall. The pair traversed beautiful gardens till they came to a small cottage. There Mr. Moses saw his aged grandmother, much idealized, but still looking as she did during her earthly existence. She tried to speak to him, but his guide hurried him away. He afterward received spiritual information that the interruption was due to the unfavorable condition existing at the time."

Another communication contained the following experience of Mrs. Connor, who was also accustomed to leaving her body:

"At a hotel in New York, on one occasion, she made one of these extra-corporeal excursions. She could feel her spirit passing out through her head. She was whirled about the room, several times touching the walls. She hesitated whether to pass through the roof or out of the window, but finally chose the window. She noticed that the sky was very red. Finally she crawled back into her body. When she awoke the sky wore the same red appearance she had noticed while on

her strange excursion. Mrs. Connor conveys the gratifying assurance that the passage from the body was attended by no pain or discomfort, but was much like putting one's arm in a sleeve."

Still another experience was as follows:

"A private soldier in a Kansas regiment was once taken sick, and reluctantly went into a hospital, where he apparently died. His friend, Dr. Chandler, despite the regimental surgeon's ridicule, tried to restore him, and succeeded, after pouring some ammonia through his lips. The soldier stated that all the while Dr. Chandler was working at his body his spirit was seated on the mantelpiece, trying to decide whether to return to the body or take its final departure from it. Noticing how anxious Dr. Chandler seemed, he at last determined to re-enter his body, and did so."

DECEASED RELATIVE RECOGNIZED BY THE DYING.

Boston Herald: Another addition to the list of instances where deceased relatives have been recognized by the dying, comes from Dexter, Me. A man who recently died there had been so ill for weeks that he was unable to lift a hand or even turn his head. Suddenly, to the astonishment of his attendants, he raised himself in bed with apparent strength and ease—a glad look overspreading his features, and, pointing into space, with upraised hand, exclaimed: "There he is! There's Ben!" Then he fell back dead. Ben was a brother, who died several years previously.

INTERESTING FACTS IN TELEPATHY.

London Tid Bits: "Dream Sceptic" writes: "A friend of mine was sitting in his drawing-room when he thought he saw a certain man (a relation) walk in. He felt very much disturbed, as he knew that the man had not come in the flesh. His trouble was increased when he learned the same day that the man had died just about the time of the ghostly visit. This friend of mine is, I believe, telling me the absolute truth. I could give you another instance which occurred to an acquaintance, whose word I should not care to doubt. What sort of common-sense explanation can be given?" Some years ago the subject was discussed in these columns, and certainly some remarkable instances were given of the communication

of impressions. We do not believe in ghost stories, and we never had a better night's rest than once when we slept in a supposed haunted house. But the apparently honest statements with regard to visions such as that described by "Dream Sceptics," which were sent, compelled us to come to the conclusion that there are interchanges of impressions which we do not as yet understand. One of the cases submitted to us was so striking that we took the trouble to get all the parties concerned together and examine them on all the details of the occurrence, and, after doing so, we were perfectly convinced that the person who was dying, in some way or other, at the moment of leaving this world, communicated a distinct impression to a person many miles away, who had not the smallest knowledge of what was taking place.

THE SENSATIONS WHEN DEATH IS NEAR.

Preston King, in the *Medical Magazine*, gives a very interesting account of a personal experience of pneumonia, in the course of which he tells how he felt when death seemed near:

"When we are well we think with a dread of death. But when illness comes and the end is very near, then all that dread seems gone; and though perfect consciousness remains, there is no fear of death; none of that chill dread we used to know; merely a peaceful, tired feeling; we long for rest; we only want sleep. We are sorry to be leaving those we love; not for any selfish reasons, but because we know that they will miss us and grieve when we are gone; for ourselves we do not mind; we only want rest.

"There was no fear, only I wanted rest; and that rest I surely soon should find in the high black wall of mist I seemed to see before me, toward which I was slowly drifting, and which was also coming on to meet me, and soon I thought it would envelop me and wrap me round and all be dark. That wall came very near; and then I seemed to think: 'My doctors have not told me I am dying!' And so I turned my head away and slept; and when I woke the wall had vanished and the worst was past."

At one period of his illness Dr. Preston King could not sleep, and spent a night of nameless horror. His brain was in a wild whirl, his room full of shadowy forms jeering and gibing at him. Again: "At one time my room became a vast and

low-roofed church, and from the far-off chancel and through the dimly-lighted aisles I saw my nurse approaching. I could see the Gothic arches and painted windows, and the urns and monuments to those long dead; and to my fancy it seemed that this old church reached far away behind me, where I could not see, but still I knew that it was there, for I could smell the damp, sepulchral air, and feel the chilling wind that blew among the tombs." Referring to the period of convalescence, Dr. Preston King says it was almost worth being ill for the pleasure of getting well again.

After the Change Called Death.

THE VARIOUS STATES AND OCCUPATIONS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

SPIRIT-LIFE COMPREHENSIVELY ANALYZED BY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS ITS EXACT STATUS—THE PRINCE MAY BE A SPIRITUAL PAUPER IN SPIRIT-LIFE, WHILE THE POVERTY-STRICKEN ONE IS OFTEN FOUND TO BE A SPIRITUAL PRINCE—THE OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE STATES CAREFULLY COMPARED.

INVOCATION.

*“Infinite God, Spirit of all life, Giver of every gift, divine, perfect, ineffable, we turn to thee in praise for the abundant blessings of the year, that, under the touch of the glad spring-time, reveals anew the life-giving power for every form of beauty and loveliness that abounds on earth; the blooming flowers, the songs of birds, the sound of murmuring waters, and the symphony of wind and waves, the beauteous green carpet decked with myriad flowers, the bending azure sky pillared with clouds, and the sound of groves—for all these thy children rejoice. Yet they turn to the inner life, and since they know that the outward must change and pass; that the visible becomes invisible, and forms of beauty fade or are transmuted to other forms, so they would turn to that inward life that, beyond disappointment, brings perpetual renewal of hope; that above every sorrow brings eternal joy. From the darkness of death and sorrow in the human state, every departed friend brings the knowledge of immortality, of the real life beyond the grave and the spring-time of immortal love. Oh! may every heart learn the lesson that nature brings; but chiefly may each heart learn the lesson of the spirit; by the

*An address delivered at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Sunday, May 5, 1895, by ONE WHO KNOWS, through his instrument, the noted poet and inspirational speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

inspiration of past time, by the glory of that which is revealed within the spirit, and by the revelation of to-day, these altars are not deserted, the fires of the spirit are not quenched. We praise Thee that upon many altars, beneath many sacred trees, by many shrines, the gifts of the spirit are still abundant. May every heart learn the lesson of this inner and higher voice; see the beckoning hands of those who have vanished from human sight, but who are on the wondrous shores of immortality; may they feel, perceive and understand; even though baffled by the senses, may they still know that the greater realization is within and above, and turn, as did those of old, to the Mounts of Transfiguration and Olivet for the life divine and perfect. Amen."

DISCOURSE.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Paul said: "Now we see through a glass darkly—then face to face." He might have said soul to soul.

Doubtless the reality of spiritual existence will be a surprise in its experiences, even to those who consider themselves prepared by faith or knowledge of the future state. That the spirit will not be what man is, may be evident from the fact that the human body dies, and no human body is seen to take its place. Whatever be the spiritual body, form, or state, its attributes and functions may essentially differ from the physical organism. This all will admit. Then, whatever that state is, it must be just as well adapted to the needs of the spirit as is the physical organism to the needs of earthly life. This being philosophically admitted, and with human beings, having knowledge by the attestation of spirit friends of an existence beyond death, of visions and revelations concerning angels and ministering spirits, of what different writers and seers have written and stated concerning the other life, and the especial revealment in this modern day of modern Spiritualism, the inter-communion between the two worlds, one would think there could be an intelligent idea concerning the life beyond death. So there could be if people were willing to set aside physical sensation and substitute intelligence, mental and spiritual knowledge. But people are not willing to do this. They are willing to do so in reference to science, since mental postu-

lates must always be substituted for physical sensation. They do this in the realm of mathematics, since it is utterly impossible to illustrate with physical figures or physical things that which mathematics fully states in numbers. They do this even in chemistry, since it is possible to make invisible that which is visible, and make visible that which is invisible. People are contented to know that oxygen, hydrogen and carbon are in the atmosphere invisible, and yet form the air and vitality that you breathe. They are even willing to go farther, to know that the vibrations called electricity may be evolved and used, and under certain conditions and circumstances be rendered visible and then invisible; that all the activities and potencies of life are hidden from external sight, yet they are not satisfied to suppose that the spirit realm is a realm separate and distinct, a realm entirely different from the multifarious and greatly varied manifestations of matter on earth; that the realities of the "Beautiful City," the Kingdom of Heaven, are not realities in a physical sense; that the substances of which the sacred city was said to be composed were not substances in the sense of gold, precious stones and alabaster of earth; but that these stones, and the gold and alabaster, were symbols of pure thoughts, fervent aspirations, and whatever in the ancient symbolism sufficed to make the heavenly kingdom beautiful. They are not even satisfied that the trees, flowers, mountains and rivers shall be subjective instead of objective, organic bodies. They would have law; not only law, but the attraction of gravitation, ponderous bodies, houses built with human hands, therefore not eternal in heaven. Many would have an exact reproduction of the earth, so as to be spoilt or improved by the hand of man. In some sort of way all religions do this. The physical interpretation of a spiritual idea has been the bane of past religions. The paradise of the Mohammedan is simply an enlarged sensuous existence; and even in India the purely metaphysical state which the scholar, seer or adept can comprehend, is utterly lost sight of among those Brahmins, who think to participate in the sensual luxuries of the kingdom of Brahma. Nirvana, which is beyond the senses, is not the possession of the average mind of India.

We need not say that the inheriting of the earth, which the Hebrews, until recently, almost universally expected, was

the literal inheritance of the literal Jerusalem, and the literal possession of the earth. Others, more spiritual in their interpretation, have come to think of the New Jerusalem as unreal, or a state within the kingdom of the spirit; but there are heretics in the Hebrew Church, as there are liberal Christians in the evangelical orthodox Christian Church.

The literal Kingdom of Heaven, which the Christians have expected to enjoy, has been interpreted too much after the manner of the senses. When closely pressed our evangelical orthodox friends have been constrained to answer that they believe in a literal heaven, and a literal lake of hell fire, as Hades. If many do not accept this, it is not considered orthodox evangelical, and if, as in the recent revelations, many in the ranks of the orthodox clergy do not accept the literal interpretation, it still is not evangelical, and the churches are on the verge of continually trying the clergy for heresy for interpreting the Scriptures according to their own ideas, instead of the ideas of the founders and interpreters of the church.

Spiritualists are not exempt from this criticism. One would think that a religion based upon the spirit, and having its manifestations from spiritual sources, would know the difference between reality and matter, between that which is real to spirit, and that which is material to the senses; but the larger proportion do not, and consider that the realities of spiritual life will be as material as the realities or materialities of earthly life. It is in this respect that spirits find their chief difficulty in communicating the nature, states and occupations of spirits. It is not because spirits do not usually know, but it is because the people are not usually ready to understand; the messages must be adapted to the comprehension of the people. In doing this, in building block-houses for human children, for the children of the senses, spirits are obliged to use words that will be intelligible to your understanding, but which may be interpreted entirely wrong. This would be obviated if the people were only willing to consider the subjective existence as real as that which is denominated objective. The generic forms of life are not all the realities there are. Human life would be very limited if human life were simply sensation and nothing more; but even sensation, in order to derive its functions from anything that is potent, must be, after all, the result of intelligence. The sensitized human being, that is

one who can record the sensations intelligently, through the organ or faculty of the brain, one who can by the process of cerebral consciousness register what the senses declare, and then take intelligent action upon that registration, knows that he sees, knows that he hears, knows that he understands, and performs all that office or function in a realm that is purely subjective. While the things that man sees, that are recorded upon the retina of the eye, and then the sensorium, are objective, the registration of them is purely subjective; their memory of them is subjective, and all that constitutes their value and availability is subjective. If, therefore, there were an existence that required no such manifestation as registration upon the retina of the eye, an existence that required no such manifestation as vibrations upon the tympanum or drum of the ear, in fact an existence that was behind the region of sensation, in the realm of thought alone, it, nevertheless, would be just as real, just as possible, just as potent. The affections of the heart and mind, the aspirations of the spirit, all that you know of justice, love, truth, knowledge and wisdom, are in that realm of which we are speaking, and this must constitute the nature of the existence of the spirit.

Whatever be the manifestation in Spirit-life resembling form, resembling sensation, that manifestation is not final, but secondary. It does not cause existence, nor emphasize existence, but is the result of it for the purpose of manifestation. If, in gliding behind the change called death, you can remove from your consciousness, for the time being, the necessity of an object, the necessity of an objective form, and consider that the reality of the existence which you are seeking is the reality of thought, affection, aspiration, feeling; in fact that the entity is all in the thought and individuality of your friend, you then will be prepared to know, when the message comes, the nature of Spirit-life.

When spirits say: "We have just as real an existence as yours"—which is said to you now—you are not, therefore, to think that it is just as sensuous, just as material; because materiality is often far from the reality. When they tell you of your friends' appearance—that to the spirit they are just as real, you are not, therefore, to conclude that they are necessarily organic and generic.

Reality is the result of that which manifests itself as an

actuality upon the consciousness. If the consciousness is such that the manifestation is not required to be objective, but is the result of subjective conditions, then that which is subjective must be more real, as it is in Spirit-life. If you are dominated, say by a great idea, or by a purpose, or by a passion, or by anything that takes complete possession of your mind even here, the objective existence in which you are now placed makes little impression upon you; you go through life, as far as the outward appearance is concerned, mechanically; you are dominated by the thought, aspiration, feeling, or purpose within you; that is the reality, and that would be the reality without the physical form.

So often have we endeavored to explain, but so futile does it seem while you are still environed in time and sense, that we have deemed it not wise always to endeavor to explain that which spirits do, or that which they are really employed in, since the occupations and states of spiritual existence seem, for the time being, to be so remote from human consciousness. But there are certain classes of minds: scholars, esoteric students, those who have investigated the realm of mental philosophy, who can form a clear understanding of the position we take, and the reason why the spiritual realm is not more palpable to human consciousness.

The manifestations of spiritual beings through physical objects to reach the senses of man are not, of course, manifestations that are usual and ordinary, and are not manifestations which, under certain conditions of human progress, would be desirable. The fact that these manifestations accompany great outpourings of the spirit, and the fact that every new revelation of spiritual power amounting to a dispensation of religion is accompanied by such manifestations, by no means indicates that these physical phenomena ever will become usual and ordinary. It simply means, in the present condition of the human race, when objective presences are more palpable and real than those of the mind and spirit, these manifestations become necessary to awaken thought, to attract attention, to show that spirits have power over substance, even though organically not connected with substance; hence the vibrations called "raps," all the manifestations of "physical phenomena," are but the bending to human conditions, and must necessarily cease to be satisfactory as soon as the human consciousness is

able to take possession of a "spiritual idea. At the present time, however, human beings are mostly limited to the senses; that all are not seers and cannot perceive the spiritual presences; that the psychical perceptions of the race are not fully unfolded, these present sufficient reasons for the breaking through the barriers of the senses by these manifestations to human beings in the conditions of time and sense. But when the psychical perceptions of the human race shall be fully unfolded, when the human race shall take on its new raiment, its spiritual possessions, and when all those attributes that have been dormant through ignorance, lack of exercise and of recognition through fear of the scoffs and sneers of materialism, when all these shall have been fully awakened and the race enters into its new inheritance, physical manifestations will no more be necessary than are the old-fashioned stage-coaches, now that you have steam and electricity. The world is gradually awakening in this direction; instead of the spirit-world getting nearer to man, mankind is growing nearer to the realm of spirit; spirits are not any nearer to human beings than they have always been. The spirit realm that the Greek poet Hesiod described as all about you: "Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, both when you wake and when you sleep," is no more true to-day than it was then, or in the time of Milton; but the thoughts and perceptions of the human race are changing; there are more people endowed with these perceptions. The more these inner perceptions are awakened the less will be the necessity for what are called physical manifestations. There will be those, for many centuries, who are still dependent upon what are called manifestations or "proofs through the senses," as though intelligence did not have to decide even after the proofs are here.

We have over and over again pointed out to you that the mere facts of existence (the physical facts) would be valueless without recognition by intelligence; we have indicated that when that recognition has actually taken place the facts of physical manifestations are no longer necessary. When it is known that the spirit state is in the realm that is separated from the senses merely, is an existence in consciousness; when it shall become known that spirits pass through the change called death by throwing off these limitations (of time and sense), instead of adding to their limitations; that the limita-

tions of the senses are barriers, as far as the spirit is concerned, but they are necessary while in human form for expression in the senses; and when it shall be finally understood that the spiritual existence is the setting free of the spirit from the barriers of time and sense, without depriving the spirit of having the possible control of things in time and sense; there will then be an intelligent perception of what transpires when the spirit throws off the mortal body, "shuffles off the mortal coil."

Of course all spirits do not at once awaken with equal spiritual perception or equal spiritual glory, or equal happiness or lack of it; whatever the condition of the individual is—we wish you to bear this in mind and emphasize it—whatever the condition of the individual is in time and sense, and in the earthly state, that condition is improved to that individual by throwing off the physical organism; because it is that much of a release. While the lack of unfoldment in spiritual ways is, of course, still a lack, there is not the organic difficulty of the temptation in and through the senses; while there may not be a sudden awakening to the knowledge of what the conquest should have been, there is still the throwing-off of that which was a physical barrier, and every spiritual state is better for the individual than the human state, although all spirits are not, of course, equal. This does away with the ideas which some may entertain, that the change called death may immediately change one from shadow into light, or that some spirits may be worse after that change (of death) than they were as human beings.

We have frequently said that there could be no truer picture of Hades than the conditions of the crowded cities; than the states of darkness, degradation, vice and crime seen in the high and low places of earth, high and low being very frequently transferable terms in human consciousness. There can be nothing in spirit existence that will express or manifest such abhorrent scenes as are found on earth, since there is no disguise and mask of the senses. The environment of earth creates the conditions which the spirit is required or expected to overcome; not having overcome those conditions, the spirit enters into the state of—what? Not of active crime, sin or evil in Spirit-life, but the negation, the shadow of not having conquered. Spirits are much less active in inducing people to

do evil than in trying to overcome the results of their own evil doings and tendencies while they were in earth-life, for theirs is the spiritual impotence and inability that follows the earthly expression of crime and sin.

People have strange ideas upon this subject. There will be no better opportunity than the present of emphasizing this truth; that no evil can be made more evil by passing into Spirit-life; that the condition is one of improvement in this degree; that that which is aggressive evil in the human state becomes subjective (or negative) in the spirit state, and cannot dominate, because the senses are not there for its manipulation; hence those spirits, undeveloped, unhappy, even those who have committed crimes on earth, are, nevertheless, in a state of helplessness. It is this state of shadow and helplessness that constitutes the individual consciousness of Hades; of burning fires of remorse; of regret; of lack of accomplishment in goodly deeds while in earth-life; and if you do not believe that this is torture, think of yourself on some such occasion as when you have failed to do your duty, or failed in the overcoming of an appetite, propensity, or a passion, or a tendency; then add to that the consciousness of continued failure in overcoming, through your entire mortal existence, and the passing into Spirit-life without having achieved the victory. While there are no fingers of scolding angels pointing to the spirit, saying, "Thou hast not overcome," "Thou art not a truthful spirit," the accusing voice from within, the consciousness of helplessness, the shadow which prevents the perception of the spiritual realm, must be suffering indeed.

Most human beings have both a portion of this imperfect nature and a portion of the Godlike nature. If you were to divide the good and evil in mankind, "the sheep from the goats" (according to evangelical phrase), every human being would be cut in two; some might have a greater proportion of the light, some of the shadow; but the perfect life has yet to be unfolded, unless you count the Messiahs, who are not human in the usual sense. Therefore every human being has some portion of this shadow, this consciousness. It needs no other human being to tell one of his faults and failings in the spirit realm, for so aware does the spirit become that the shortcomings and lack of conquest in the earthly state constitute the spirit's weakness, that even some of the most brilliant

minds and geniuses are spiritually shadowed; not in intellect, as earthly intellect is measured; not in brilliancy of human achievement in the realm of matter, but in the way of self-conquest. He or she who has most of this victory, being usually among the most lowly of earth, has, therefore, greater freedom, greater knowledge, greater spiritual possessions. Princes of earth are often found to be spiritual paupers; not because they were princes, but because of not having conquered self. Paupers are often found to be spiritual princes; not because they were paupers on earth, but because, beneath the rags, beneath the buffetings of fortune, there is often found a truly unselfish nature.

Between these two extremes of human conditions are found all other human states. The great giant in intellect, who, nevertheless, has not spiritual perception, does not love his kind, has not given something of his intellectual possessions for the benefit of others, cannot be said to be spiritually exalted. Exaltation is not measured, nor are we permitted to measure the various conditions of one or the other. One passing out of the earthly form is perfectly aware of his own shortcomings; he is not permitted to judge of the shortcomings of others. He is amply occupied in overcoming those of his own individual existence. Neither is he allowed to say, "See to what heights I have attained." We do not stand on tiptoe, like boys, to show how much we have grown; but, having reached the spiritual condition, endeavor to make ourselves aware of the conditions which are within ourselves. We cannot take with us through the spiritual state our various pursuits of selfishness in human life. We do not require those things that were requisite while in the senses. Physical habitations, physical raiment, physical forms are not required; therefore the occupations and states must be such as pertain to spiritual existence.

The vast industrial system of earth, concerning which there is so much agitation now, the vast interest in capital, concerning which there is so much discussion, cannot be primal factors in Spirit-life as they are here, excepting so far as they relate to human selfishness; and whatever adjusts those questions on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number, or the greatest amount of human fellowship, will be in accordance with the spiritual possessions, however much it may be

criticized as optimistic and transcendental by those who consider themselves thoroughly versed in human affairs.

It may be that spirits are not qualified to judge of the state of finance, yet mediums are often sought, are most frequently sought by many who refuse to accept or acknowledge that they are Spiritualists, for the sole purpose of finding out some way of material gain; points on prices upon 'Change; the rise and fall in stocks; of what will be the lucky or favorable number in the great lottery of human speculation; and this is sought by very serious and devout church members who are forbidden to have any dealings with witchcraft or sorcery. Yet if the spirits can see—and doubtless the spirits might know—according to the ancient records, there is a certain class of people who are answered according to their folly. Perhaps you know who they are? It is not always for the purpose of answering the fool according to his folly that these answers are given; it is for another purpose. If spirits can foresee and do make truthful statements, as they often do in this direction, it leads the mind so seeking to other questions, and the day comes when they will seek for other purposes. As a rule, those who are now Spiritualists have not sought the spirits for such purposes, but have sought them because they wished for the answer to the question: "If a man die shall he live again?" And they find the question is answered by the spirit: "All that is valuable in man does not die, but lives." They find that the life the consciousness, the intelligence, passes through and beyond that which is called death, not losing, but gaining in its possessions by that one degree or change; that the spirit parts from many faculties that were fetters while in the form; rejects those that are purely earthly and belong wholly to the senses; that the spiritual perception takes the place of human sensation; that the spirit can perceive more than all the senses of man put together, unless these senses are quickened by a very active, unfolded perception. In other words, the spirit state is the state that is the next step for each human life. If there were not a place or state in spirit existence adapted to each human condition, what a sublime failure life would be, since the untrue, unfortunate conditions would be swept out of existence, and no one would be certain that any could be saved.

According to spiritual consciousness, according to spiritual knowledge, these states are simply a continuation of the exist-

ence of the human being without the continuation of the physical surroundings. The mind or spirit communicating knows what the conditions of an individual will be by the state of mind or spirit of that individual.

We make these words plain and primitive, because we wish them to be understood by all: That each individual takes his or her state, but does not take with him his or her physical surroundings. If, however, according to law of subjective existence, the state or condition of the spirit is such that no other surroundings excepting material surroundings, or excepting those that resemble earthly conditions, will be considered life; if the human being passing away, as you call it, has been not only dominated, but wholly governed by the idea that there is no other standard of life or existence excepting the standard of the senses, unquestionably that spirit, for the time being, will be surrounded by that which he thinks is life, and will be the fulfillment of—"As a man thinketh so is he."

In one sense our friends the Christian Scientists are perfectly correct that: What an individual thinks is a reality. Of course it is in this sense, that while dominated by time and sense, if that domination is the actual and only preponderating power; if the individual is wedded to time and sense, and the conditions of earthliness; if by no imagination, or poetry, or philosophy, or science, he or she has been made aware that the realm of consciousness is not the realm of sensation; if there has been nothing to awaken any thought excepting that which is of the earth, then the spiritual state that immediately follows must be that which resembles, to the individual, the earthly state; but to all other spirits there would be no such resemblance. On approaching the condition of that spirit, all other spirits would say: "Why, the poor man is in the toils of his own lack of spiritual consciousness!" Take, for instance, as an illustration, the greatest possible human selfishness. We do not ask you to hunt for it outside of yourself, but if you know of a state that is more selfish than your own; that is, a state that is utterly destitute of consideration for others; which never loves except in the most supremely selfish way; which never thinks of any individual except as that individual can serve him or her, as the case may be; which builds its earthly possessions on the basis of aggregating to one's self all that is possible of earthly possessions—in spiritual states would be

nothing—simply a negation, with the consciousness that what ever was the dominant force that culminated in victory on earth, materially, is weakness in spirit.

There is no sudden revulsion of feeling; there is no sudden illumination of the mind on passing from the earthly to the spirit state; nevertheless we have known instances of those who had great victory in selfish human ways, where there was intelligence and perception enough on entering the spirit state to know that the power which constitutes the greater victory in human ways is utterly valueless in spirit. Such begin at the beginning, as people do here. They are willing to learn of spirit teachers. They understand that they do not know the first conditions and methods of spirit-life, and are perfectly willing to accept the knowledge that the first act of self-forgetfulness is the first step to spiritual unfoldment and victory. This knowledge, coupled with great powers and energy of mind, would soon bear the spirit forward. But when there is absolute turpitude of mind as well as of spirit, it would not be any wonder if some spirits seem to pass through long years of human time before awakening to this consciousness, that there is an added step of growth that must be taken before there can be spiritual perception.

These darkened states of Spirit-life are exceptional. The states of individual victory are universal. The desire to overcome that which was not overcome in earth-life must be universal. As the average human being is not very degraded, so the average spirit finds release in spirit states from the depressing condition of earth-life; and most spirits are glad to be released. To the one addressing you it was as passing from a dungeon into the open air, into the light. Not too much light can be perceived even by the best at first. No spiritual glamour is turned on from the higher realms, but the light must come from within; so even the light is tempered to the condition of the spirit. The light comes, as it must, from within. To the one addressing you it was a release of powers instead of the fettering of such powers as had, perhaps, been too little active in human life. There was greater range of vision; greater activity of attributes and faculties; a sense of freedom that a bird might feel on being released from the prison bondage of the cage. It is not possible to know what transmuted intelligence there is between the worm, the chrys-

alis and the butterfly, but the human spirit takes along with its changed condition some knowledge, and between the worm of earth, and chrysalis of change and the unfolding wings of immortality, there is conscious joy, an added possession, greater power and perception. That which was vague and unreal on earth becomes plain; questions that seem to be difficult of solution in human states become immediately solved to the spirit; subjects that are here put away as speculative, transcendental and vague, become themes in Spirit-life of the greatest import. Instead of inter-commerce between nations, the state of trade, the political condition between governments, the great question becomes that of the intercommunion of spirits; the relation of souls, their attributes and powers as related to each other.

Every spirit that passes from earth-life would be ready to communicate if human beings were ready. There are very few spirits so blinded by prejudice, so fettered by material shadows as not to know that they can see or perceive more than you can. That which is blindness to you is perception to them. The barriers are all on the mortal side, excepting such as are the result of ignorance. It is you who "see through a glass darkly." It is the human state that is the darkened glass. Time, sense and physical surroundings constitute the barriers. The removal of these constitute the perception of spiritual existence.

That which is most astonishing to the majority of spirits is, that they do not have to go anywhere to arrive at the Spirit-world; that they are not taken through miles and miles of space, over valleys and lakes and mountains, on wings of angels, to find the Spirit-land or the Kingdom of Heaven; nor through tortuous ways, down, down forever, to find Hades. On the removal of the physical body which wraps the spirit, seemingly, in the tethers and swaddling-clothes of the senses, the spirit is aware of a larger realm; it finds there the friends once known on earth; in other words, the coming to and fro from the spirit-realm, or the "Spirit-land," is a figure of speech. The "Spirit-realm," the "Spirit-land," is around you, is within you, above you, wherever the affections are. How often this has been told, and yet so many people think that they will have to climb some ethereal "ladder," some stairway, like that symbol presented to Jacob of old, to find

the spirit-realm. It is all about you, but not you; pervading your spirits, but not dominating your bodies; performing what can be accomplished in benefiting human conditions, acting upon your thoughts, your intelligence, your affections, where it is possible, through attraction, to do so; biding the time when the barriers of time and sense shall be removed.

You will look within instead of without for the answer to the question about the condition of spirits. When we say, look within, we mean you will not look out of your human eyes, nor listen with your human ears, nor desire and touch with your human senses, to make you know that spirits are near you. In those hours of communion when you talk with yourself (a great number do this audibly) and review the work of the day, there is censure if you have not done well, and praise if you have. And all the time you are talking to yourself it is a discussion between reason and intuition, between the reason and impulse, and, metaphorically, the chastisement that you give to yourself, if you have not done your best, you would not submit to from any one else. Now that realm in which you can talk to yourself, in that realm where the ego abides, in that realm of consciousness where you solve your problems in philosophy, in mathematics, in that still higher realm of truth, love and wisdom, through the silent chambers of the spirit, you can meet and hold converse with your friends without interruption, or any other fraud than that which you perpetrate upon yourself. You can meet there, and if to satisfy you that it is not imagination, that you are not perpetrating self-deception, they condescend to enter into the realm of time, space and substance to reach you from an objective standpoint, it is only that these barriers may be removed, and they sometimes hold converse with you soul to soul, instead of "through a glass darkly" by the senses.

Do not think by this that we are underrating the "signs and tokens," the manifestations that must come to the senses. On the contrary, the whole spirit-realm, all who hold converse with mortals to-day, are intent upon breaking down those superficial barriers of mind and body by such manifestations as cannot be denied, by such tokens as cannot be ignored. Physically, if you must have them, they give you proof of their powers. Intellectually, if science must have them, they give you evidence of these "psychic or occult" forces, in order

that you, being satisfied on the physical **plane** (there is no external law of nature that has intelligence without the consciousness of your friends), they may question and make sure of an audience with you in the inner chambers of your lives, close to their own realm, where no disturbing human conditions are found, and where you will find, when you put off the veil of outward environment, put off the barriers of time and sense, your beloved ones have been waiting always.

It is their occupation to do this; it is the occupation of spirits to impart this knowledge; it is their occupation to improve in knowledge, wisdom, love and excellence, and to unfold those powers that were not sufficiently unfolded while here, so that into the shadowed spirit states, into the shadowed conditions of earth-life, this greater knowledge may be borne. Because we are not making watches when there is not any time to be kept on our calender; because we are not engaged in spinning and weaving when our raiment is woven of such substance as thought and aspiration; because we do not build houses in which to cramp ten, twenty, one hundred thousand or a million human beings while the sunshine and fresh air are without; and because we do not build palaces for ourselves while the poor must be content with hovels, people think there is no occupation in Spirit-life. But if the building of such things as make for truth, the bearing forward of the message that takes away the primal fear of death from the world of mankind; if undermining, by showing the light that is within and above the dark chambers of doubt and materialism; if throwing the searchlight of the spirit upon the conditions that are false, and revealing that which is true; if strengthening each exalted resolution, bringing the conquest by the spirit more to the front, and declaring that this is a greater victory than all battles won by armies; if to do this and to wipe away the tear of the mourner by a correct knowledge of Spirit-life, be no occupation, then why do you hire clergymen to teach spiritual things? Why are thousands of lives spent in endeavoring to find the real philosophy of existence? Why does science strain a point now to stand on tiptoe and peep over into the occult, psychical realm, unless it is an important occupation to know what spirit is, and its relations to other spirits in the world?

Can They Come to Us?

A QUESTION ANSWERED IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

DEATH AS UNDERSTOOD BY A DISTINGUISHED EDITOR—THE SOUL'S INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL POWERS GREATLY ENLARGED.

“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.”—Psalms xxxiv., 7.

*In what way do the dear ones who have been summoned to the other shore employ themselves? Love often asks that question, and love ought to have an answer. Is it a problem that cannot be solved, or are there clews which will lead us through the 'abyrith into the clear sunlight of unwavering faith?

It is rather an important matter, for if we feel that they are always or even sometimes within reach of us we can bear the separation more bravely, while the thought that they are in some remote region into which no intelligence from the earth penetrates is so depressing that our shoulders shiver beneath the burden.

Death is a little less than death when we are reasonably certain that the father who has gone has still the power to watch over the child who remains, and death is a little more than death if it means the annihilation of the affection which made this life so precious.

Fortunately we are well rid of the curious and fantastical ideas of Heaven which have prevailed so extensively in the past. It has been pictured as a conventional place, whose very joys partake of a dignified and gloomy solemnity; where the natural propensities from which so much pleasure in the present life is derived are relentlessly suppressed; where such

*By the leading editorial writer of the New York Herald.

excessive attention is given to music that the future seems like an eternally prolonged chorus of vocalism, and where the soul will no longer take delight in those intellectual pursuits which have heretofore given it both its enjoyment and its individuality. In a word, it was regarded as so undesirable a residence that the longing for an extended life here became painfully intense. We did not wish to go to Heaven, partly because it was a region peopled by strange beings, and partly because it was impossible to see how we could be contented there.

All this was demoralizing spiritually, and we clung to life, not only with the tenacity that God implanted in our constitutions as a necessity, but with an added tenacity which was morbid and unnatural, since we felt ourselves wanting in the capacity of adapting ourselves to the peculiar kind of happiness which the angels are supposed to enjoy.

But these legendary notions are a fragment of the past, and a more rational view has taken their place. Our present faith is not based on the imagination merely, but on a superior knowledge of God's providence and on a wider view of the soul's requirements. We now know that eternity for us began when we were born, that the future is only the present prolonged, and that Heaven will simply furnish us with added opportunities for spiritual and intellectual development. Eternity is nothing more than a Now indefinitely repeated, and the laws which govern us to-day will also govern us to-morrow. Death is removal from a lower sphere of activity to a higher one, with no change whatever to mark it except the loss of bodies which have achieved their purpose and can no longer be made useful.

It becomes easy, then, under the regime of this new thought, to decide in at least a general way what are the relations between the two worlds. We may make grave mistakes if we deal too largely in details, which is the tendency in this age of reaction from the formal and cold and unnatural speculations of other times; but we can venture upon some generic statements which must certainly contain the gist of the whole matter, and these statements come to us like unexpected strains of cheering music to the weary traveler. The soul is so fortified by them that the direst bereavement has a modicum of comfort in it, and the profoundest sorrow, like the cloud at sunset, a silver lining.

They who have gone have not gone far. They have not been transported to such a distance that their interest in and love for us have been interrupted or intercepted. Those who were dear to each other are still dear, and will remain so until changes are effected by mutual consent. They are not asleep, awaiting a summons by the archangel's trumpet, for the trumpet has already sounded for them. They will not arise from the grave, for they never went into the grave. From here to Heaven is only a step, and those who have taken the step to Heaven can also take the step from Heaven. The soul without a fleshy body can do what a soul hampered with a body cannot do. Heaven, as a literal fact, is all round about us, and not a cry goes up from earthly misery that is not heard there, and not a loved one has gone but finds it possible to return to influence in some degree those who are left behind. If we have the power to think of them, they certainly have an equal power to think of us, and though, imprisoned in this tabernacle of flesh, we may not visit them, they have no such impediment, and not only may but do throw themselves into our interests just as they did when they lived in this lower house.

It is a mistake to suppose that a soul becomes enfeebled simply because it has crossed the river. Its intellectual and spiritual powers are greatly enlarged, it can love with a deeper love, and it can help us in many ways to bear our burdens.

That kind of faith is a healthy stimulant. It glorifies this life and irradiates the other life. Religion becomes a joy forever, the most desirable thing in the world, as necessary to our comfort as our daily bread. They see you, they sympathize with you, they help you. The dear Lord said, "I will come unto you," and can it be true that He always comes alone, or is He accompanied by those who still pray for our welfare and love us as deeply as ever?

She Dies, and Comes to Life Again.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO DIE—EXPERIENCES OF DIANA POWELLSON—
SHE SEES HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN IN SPIRIT-LIFE—IN
DYING SHE DID NOT LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS.

*Mrs. Diana Powellson, widow of the late Thomas Powellson, resides upon land rented from Mr. William Chick, seven or eight miles southwest of Kansas City. She is forty-one years of age, and the mother of nine children. Up to three years ago she had been a remarkably vigorous woman. On the 1st of August, 1876, a premature labor induced the disease which has now culminated as described below. Dr. Thorne was first called to her in December, 1877, and found her laboring from severe spasms, the head and heels being drawn together in a backward direction. The attacks came on every day about four o'clock, and would not leave her till about two or three o'clock the next morning. This had been going on for several months before Dr. Thorne saw her. He found what he then and still presumes to be cancer of the stomach and ulceration of the liver, also spinal irritation in the cervical region. Under treatment, the spasms were allayed; in a few days the spinal irritation seemed to give way, the liver ulcerated and discharged its contents into the stomach. She then became easy for several months, was enabled to walk around and moderately enjoy herself. Attacks, however, of irritation of the liver would at times supervene. Upon five occasions extensive ulcers have discharged themselves into the maschot. Upon all such occasions, until such discharge took place, the spinal irritation and spasms would recur, though in

*Kansas City (Mo.) Times, 1879.

a less marked degree than at first. About the 1st of last May she, for the first time since her illness, left her home to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Kittie Powellson, in Rosedale, Kansas. She, in a few days, experienced attacks of spinal-irritation spasms and the usual swelling of the liver. The spasms continued without remission (complete) from the 3d of May to the 27th, during which time she took but little nourishment, and suffered agonies beyond description.

On the 24th of May she vomited large quantities of pus, the enlarged liver receding, and her physician expected at least a temporary convalescence. He was summoned, however, on the 27th, at 11 P. M., to Mrs. Powellson's bedside; he found her unconscious; there were no spasms except of the muscles of the neck and the arm; the head was thrown back upon the shoulders with such strength that the hand could not be introduced between them. The hands were clenched so that the strongest man could not bend them; from the peculiar nervous condition, Dr. Thorne, supposing his patient would soon die, remained with her. The pulse was then ranging at 140; the respiration 16 per minute. Cold, clammy perspiration all over the body; eyeballs thrown back and upward; no action whatever of the diaphragm; she had been blind for several days; things continued in this course without much change until one o'clock in the morning, when she died. The spasms of the neck and hands now relaxed, the head dropping forward upon the breast; the eyelids opened, the eyeballs resumed their normal position, the pupils were dilated and the film gathered upon the eyes. The woman was dead.

A current of electricity passed from the base of the brain to the lower portion of the back failed to revive her.

She remained in this condition thirty-two minutes, at the end of which time she sat up in bed and called for coffee, which she drank; after drinking it the spasm returned as before, and continued until five minutes before three, when she again died. For a period of over three hours, or till eight minutes past six, there was no sign of life. The large stethoscope of Dr. Thorne was applied to all positions of the lungs, heart and chief arteries; no sound whatever could be detected, except at intervals of six to eight minutes, when a slight motion of air could be heard under the thyroid cartilage. This was so slight that it could not be detected by the unaided ear;

no sign of respiration appeared to the eye, the instrument only revealed it. The arteries at this time would give a long, thrilling sound, more like a quiver than a pulsation, when all would be still again; from eight minutes past six until about ten she lay in a spasm as before, the teeth violently clenched, when the spasms suddenly relaxed and she died again.

Dr. Thorne was not present at this time, but being hastily summoned, he found the room cleared of furniture and all preparations made for laying her out. She continued in this spasm about forty-five minutes.

For over forty-eight hours from this time she was continuously in spasms, except when she ceased to breathe and her heart to pulsate, which was a frequent occurrence, the attacks lasting from five to thirty minutes.

On the 2d of June she was free from spasms and free of pain, conversed with her friends and with scores of people who came to see her.

On the 3d of June, at 4:30 P. M., she again sank away; she continued to all appearances dead twenty-nine minutes, and again, at 7:50, and continued forty-five minutes. She had many more attacks, lasting from five to thirty minutes, for the next forty-hours. From that time until July 5th she was free from pain, received her friends, and all the functions of the body were carried on complete.

The physician found only debility to contend with. On the 5th of July, without warning or premonition of any kind, at three o'clock in the afternoon, she again passed off, remaining apparently dead about fifty minutes. She had several such spells during the night, of longer duration, which have been repeated every afternoon till now.

Our reporter visited the bedside of the lady, in company with Dr. Thorne. Her story is as follows:

"I have been a professed Christian for many years. Some time in 1877 I joined the Methodist Church South. I am a full believer in Christianity. The statement that I am about to make is stranger to me than it can be to you.

"On the night of my first dying, the more I died the less pain I felt. I was so happy at going (oh! sir, I suffered so much). I felt no misery of any kind; pain in the head all gone. It seemed that I lost all consciousness but for a moment. When I came to my senses again I knew I was dead,

but everything was very dark to me. I thought I was still blind. I became filled with terror, anticipating the worst. My husband (who died in 1866) soon, however, took hold of me. He told me I was on the wrong road. Others of my departed friends and family did the same. The darkness suddenly vanished. I saw all my friends and millions of others. I saw hills and valleys, trees and flowers, rivers, seas, lakes and birds, and heard such music as I cannot describe. The people were not what I expected to see. They were ordinary men and women. Some were bright and beautiful, and others were lean and miserable-looking. I saw their homes. They lived in communities. All were much more beautiful than any we have, but some were not so beautiful as others. I saw many bright spirits, but was very much surprised that they had no wings.

“My friends led me from the dark place into the light. I did not come through this dark place any more, either in coming back or returning at any time. I saw many meetings or congregations, but did not learn what they were doing. I thought I was at home, but was told that I must return to my body again. My husband told me this. I cried, and was very much angered at him, and still am for sending me back. I long to be in that beautiful home that they told me was mine. My husband sent a message to his son and to my children by me.

“Messages were also sent by many others. I was afraid of some spirits, who looked dark and forbidding, while others were so bright, beautiful and kind. When I was there a large concourse gathered around me. I did not know I should return to earth till I was told so by my husband. He was sixty-seven when he died, though he now looks in the prime of life. My two children were with their father. I was very much surprised at this. I had known only one; one child was born dead, prematurely, in August, 1867. It was very rejoiced to see me. I cannot compare her to any age; it differs from earth, but still a small child. I felt all a mother's love for that child, which I did not think I possessed. My boy, one year old, died fifteen years ago; he is now a young man and knew me.

“Spirits do not sing like we do; much nicer. I saw some spirits who looked repulsive and dark. The clothing of all

was of the flowing or robe kind. No voice, such as we have on earth, is used by spirits. I understood them more perfectly without words. I read their thoughts; it is more perfect language than ours. They told me to come back to earth for three or four years with my little children who are here. I promised to do so.

"I expected to meet Christ, but did not do so. I now know that I must depend upon myself. We are over there as we are here. We make our own happiness. I did not find any heaven or hell, only life, more perfect and beautiful than this. This is not life at all. What I now relate is as clear to my memory as anything in life can be.

"In dying after the first time I did not lose consciousness. I seemed to fade from one life into another. I now often see spirits around me, but cannot speak to them or they to me. They show me flowers, which are more beautiful than ours. Spirits told me they had to repent of their sins over there before they could advance. Till they did this they were unhappy. I was much surprised when I first went there at seeing a spirit which I took to be God, and I afterwards supposed it was Jesus Christ, but it was only a bright spirit teaching others. I saw many such afterwards; they don't seem to belong to the rest at all. Everybody is engaged in learning and growing brighter, so they told me."

The facts and particulars of this strange death were verified by the people of Rosedale generally. More particularly was the account substantiated by Mrs. Kittie Powellson, sister-in-law to the lady, and Miss R. Powellson, the daughter; Mrs. John Haddock, Mrs. James Wilson, Mrs. Callenburger, Mr. Baird, practicing physician in Rosedale, and many others who have been constantly attending her.

Dr. Thorne called in consultation Dr. Halley, of Kansas City, who made a thorough investigation of the case. Dr. Baird has also been a witness of many of the phenomena.

Death Is Only a Most Beautiful Change.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE GREAT SEER, EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

HE GIVES A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE—PROGRESSING TOWARDS PERFECTION—NO ARISTOCRACY ON THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

***MY FRIEND AND SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH:**—In communicating with you respecting the destiny of man I shall endeavor, according to the extent of my capacity and highest perceptions of truth, to give you as correct and definite a view as possible of the all-important subject in question, viz.: The location, life and destiny of man in the future and after what you call death. The Spirit-world lies between sixty and one hundred and twenty miles from the terrestrial surface. The whole intermediate space, including that immediately over the earth, the habitation of mortals, is divided into seven (7) consecutive regions, called spheres. The regions next the earth, the primary scene of man's existence, are known as the first, or rudimentary sphere; the remaining six may be distinguished as the spiritual spheres. The six spiritual spheres are concentric zones, or circles of exceedingly refined matter, encompassing the earth like belts or girdles, and the distance of each from the other is regulated by fixed laws.

By this, then, you will understand they are not shapeless chimeras, or mere projections of the mind, but absolute entities—as much so, indeed, as the planets of the solar system, or the globe on which you now reside. They have latitudes, longitudes, and atmospheres of peculiar vitality, whose soft and balmy undercurrents produce the most invigorating effect.

*This communication was written by EMANUEL SWEDENBORG on a slate, through the hand of Mrs. F. P. Kingsbury, a medium in St. Louis, Mo. It was addressed to Capt. Joseph Brown, ex-Mayor, and then Auditor of the city.

Their surfaces are diversified with an immense variety of the most picturesque landscapes, with lofty mountain ranges, valleys, rivers, lakes, forests and the internal correspondences of all the higher phenomena of nature, on your earth. The trees and shrubbery are covered with exquisitely beautiful foliage, and flowers of every color and variety give forth their grateful emanations. The physical economy and arrangement of each sphere differs from the other, new and striking scenes of grandeur being presented to us in each, increasing in beauty and sublimity as they ascend.

Although the spheres revolve with the earth on a common axis, forming the same angle with the plane of the ecliptic, and move with it around the ponderable sun, still they are not dependent on that body for either light or heat, receiving not a perceptible ray from that ponderable source, but receive those dispensations wholly from his internal or spiritual correspondence, being a spiritual sun, concentric with the sun of your earth, from that great luminary whose native brightness and uninterrupted splendor baffle description. We have, therefore, no division of time into days, weeks, months and years, nor alternations of seasons, caused by the earth's annual revolution, those periods being observed only with reference to the affairs of the earth. Although we, like you, are progressing constantly toward perfection, our ideas of time and the seasons differ wholly from yours. With you it is time; with us it is eternity. In the terrestrial sphere a man's thoughts are bounded by time and space, which are limited; but with us they are extended in proportion as we get rid of those restrictions and our perceptions of the truth become more accurate.

As order is a primary object in the spheres, there are, of course, laws for its preservation. Fundamentally, these proceed through His ministering angels from the divine law-giver; who commands the angelic hosts of Heaven and rules the inhabitants of earth; who employs myriads of ministering angels as the means of intercommunication between their supreme master and His creatures throughout the universe. So far as legislative subordination supplementary to that of supreme legislation is required, the government of the spheres is republican, exercising legislative, judicial and executive powers; but these functions are not embarrassed by the necessity of codes, indited or printed, nor by that of physical

coercion. The results of these functions are realized in simultaneous and homogeneous opinions awakened in the minds of the ruling spirits, as truth takes hold of the minds of mathematicians as they read the same series of demonstrations. And the conclusions in which the chief spirits thus unanimously concert, are by them impressed upon their constituents, who, thus impressed, are constitutionally unable to resist the sentiment, which, like a magic spell, operates upon their sense of right and overrules any rebellious passion. As in the rudimental sphere, weighing, measurements, or mathematical calculations, when demonstrated or performed by competent persons, are rarely disputed, so in the spheres, those who are known to be perfectly reliable because intuitively wise in moral or legal questions, meet with acquiescence. It follows, therefore, that neither imprisonment nor fetters are requisite for the enforcement of moral or legal restrictions. Moreover, it must be evident that in the spheres wisdom, knowledge, rectitude and conscientiousness are the real vicegerents of God—the higher spirits acting as His media.

We acknowledge no aristocracy but that of mind and merit in our intercourse with our brothers of earth. When affairs of the greatest importance are to be transacted we intrust them to a delegation of the most advanced spirits—those who are best acquainted with the affairs of the celestial country, and of that to which they are accredited. Our laws are meted out on the scale of exact justice, and from whose awards there is no appeal. Punishments are but the natural consequences of violated law, being invariably commensurate with the offenses, and have reference to the reformation of the offender, as well as to the prevention of future crime. The political economy of the spheres has reference only to wealth, which, being unbounded and free as air and light, can, of course, be appreciated by each and every member of the society, according to his or her capacity of reception, the supply being always equal to the demand.

Wealth consists, upon earth, of those objects of human luxury or tastes which can only be acquired by means of labor and capital. Other things being equal, the value is generally in proportion to the cost incurred in the production; but in the spheres, such objects existing in profusion, the supply is always equal to the demand, and though no less necessary

than the air you breathe, like it, they have no marketable value. There is no one who has occasion to buy, all being supplied from the common stock. Hence it will appear that we have no occasion for gold or silver, which perish in the using, but for the currency of moral and intellectual worth, coined in the mint of divine love and assayed by the standard of purity and truth. Our bank, whose charter is eternal and whose notes are never subjected to fluctuation and always payable on demand, is none other than the great Bank of Heaven, whose capital stock consists of an infinitude of love, mercy and benevolence, and of which our Heavenly Father is president and director, and in which His beloved children, the whole human family, are shareholders.

With regard to the social condition of the spheres, or constitutions, each is divided into sex circles or societies, in which kindred or congenial spirits are united and subsist together, agreeably with the law of affinity. And although the members of each society unite as near as may be, on the same plane, agreeing on the most prominent moral and intellectual features, it will be found, on careful analysis, that the varieties of character in each are almost infinite, being as numerous as the persons who compose the circle.

Each society has teachers from those above, and not unfrequently from the higher spheres, whose province it is to impart to us the knowledge acquired from their instructions and experiences in the different departments of science, and which we in turn transmit to those below. Thus, by receiving and imparting knowledge our moral and intellectual faculties are expanded to higher conceptions and more exalted views of the great Creator, whose almighty power is no less displayed in the constitution of Spirit-worlds than in that of the countless resplendent orbs of space. We do not, as many in the rudimental state imagine, abandon the studies which we commenced on earth, which would pre-suppose the loss of our reasoning powers and our consequent inferiority to yourselves; but, on the contrary, we go on, progressing in knowledge and wisdom, and shall progress throughout the boundless ages of eternity. You, being chained down to earth by the law of gravitation, are comparatively limited in your resources for information; but we, having arrived at a higher sphere of thought and action, and having a more extensive field of vision

can see higher and farther into the wonderful workings of that mysterious being, who, owing to the infinitude of His perfections, must forever be in advance of us, His finite creatures, and to whom, of course, we bear no relative proportion. Our scientific researches and investigations are extended to all that pertains to the phenomena of universal nature, to all the wonders of the heavens and the earth, and whatever the mind is capable of conceiving, all of which exercises our faculties and forms a considerable part of our enjoyments.

The noble and sublime sciences of astronomy, chemistry and mathematics engage a considerable portion of our attention, and afford us an inexhaustible subject of study and reflection. Nevertheless, there are millions of spirits who are not yet sufficiently advanced to take any interest in those pursuits, for you will bear in mind that the spheres are but so many departments of a great normal school for the mental discipline and development of the race, each of which is reached only by the spiral stages of progression, the earth being the first in the series and the seventh sphere the last, being preparatory to an entrance into the supernal heavens.

You will see, then, that we have unlimited scope for the prosecution of our studies, and that whatever knowledge we fail to acquire in the rudimental state legitimate thereto, you will have to obtain in some of the degrees of the spiritual spheres. We are not, for good and wise reasons which in due time will be fully explained to you, permitted to reveal all our knowledge to those below us, as the consequences of such a procedure would be perilous to the happiness of all and subversive of order.

We have no sectarian or ecclesiastical feuds, no metaphysical dogmas. We derive much pleasure from the exercise of our talents, in whatever channel they may naturally run. Whenever we convene to worship God in our temple, whose halls and columns beam with inherent celestial light, our voices are blended together in songs of praise and adoration to the Almighty Author of our existence, from whom all our blessings are derived.

Now, I have endeavored to show you that we are moral, intellectual and sensitive beings, instead of being, as many of you suppose, mere shadows and unsubstantial entities. We are possessed of definite, tangible and exquisitely symmetrical

forms, with well-rounded limbs, and yet so light and elastic that we can glide through the atmosphere with almost electric speed. The forked lightning may flash and the thunders roll in awful reverberations along the vaults of Heaven, and the rain descend in gushing torrents—nevertheless, by the mere act of volition, we may stand, unalarmed, by your side.

For your clearer understanding of the *modus operandi* of our intercourse with man, you must remember that by our transition to the world of spirits we part with our body only; we lose none of our intelligence by the transfer, but, on the contrary, become more and more developed in our knowledge of and power over the forces of nature. And although advanced spirits are much more conversant with the forces operating in nature than the most intellectually developed man in the form, still they do not, nor can they ever, as long as eternity rolls on, understand the hidden sphere of cause, the operation of the will. That is impossible to understand; that is hidden in the center of the great eternal cause. Hence no man can see God and live.

I have given you a general outline of the leading facts connected with the destiny of the race. I have endeavored to show you that man is a progressive being, that he possesses a refined material organization, which, going with him at death, leaves him as a media through which he may communicate with the visible world; that under certain conditions this spiritual organization has the power of reflecting the rays of light so as to be rendered visible to the natural eye, as are certain gaseous bodies. I have attempted to show you, also, that the spirit on entering the spheres, being governed by its affinity, takes its position in that circle for which it is morally and intellectually adapted. Hence the first sphere is the abode of all the most undeveloped spirits, and yet their advancement, however slow it may be, is nevertheless sure, since upward and onward is the motto emblazoned on the spiritual banner. I have endeavored to show you, also, that the spirit is a finite being, like man in the form, therefore fallible. But as he advances in knowledge he grasps more of the truth and drops more of error. I have endeavored to show you that the Spirit-world is a counterpart of the natural world, and that we, no less than you, are subject to surrounding conditions and circumstances; that spirits of congenial minds and opinions

are drawn toward each other, and thus "like attracts like."

Now, in conclusion, I will say that I have tried to unfold to you this important truth: If a man die to the external world, yet shall he live again, which I think I have done. My friend, you will yet in this earth-life convince many of these glorious truths; and when you come to lay down this mortal body you will find there is prepared for you by your own life career a condition that will far transcend your most sanguine expectation. I go, but will come again.

Pictures in the Eyes of the Dead.

THEY HAVE BEEN FOUND IN SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

BUT NOTHING YET KNOWN TO SCIENTIFIC MEN TO LEAD TO THE SUPPOSITION THAT A MURDERER COULD BE IDENTIFIED BY THE PORTRAIT ON THE RETINA OF HIS VICTIM'S EYE.

The New York *Sun*: Much discussion has been caused among scientific men by the Lakewood (N. Y.) murder, and the subsequent attempts to discover the image of the murderer in the eye of one of the victims. Occultists and doctors agree that it is scarcely possible that under such conditions as prevailed in the Lakewood case an image should have been found in the retina of the dead woman's eye, but on the question of whether, under any conditions, images of objects remain impressed on the retina for an appreciable length of time they differ. Many physicians say that the image disappears as soon as the object which is reflected in the eye is cut off from the line of the vision.

This view is not held by a well-known physician of this city, who has made a special study of the eye, and who does not at present wish his name brought into the discussion. It is probable that in the coming year he will enter upon a series of experiments, in conjunction with a well-known amateur photographer, to photograph images retained on the retina of the eye after the vision has been cut off. By these experiments he hopes to prove that, under certain conditions, impressions are retained in the eye just as they are retained on a sensitive plate in the camera. He states positively that it has been proven that images are retained on the retina after death. When seen by a *Sun* reporter he said:

"Images are actually found in the retina of the eye. During life the retina contains in its outer layers a reddish

pigment, the 'visual purple' or (Rhodopsin), which may be preserved by keeping the eye in darkness, but is soon bleached by daylight; it is again restored when the eye is placed in darkness. The visual purple was discovered by Boll in 1876, and Kuehne showed by illuminating the retina actual pictures could be produced on the retina, but they gradually disappeared; so that in this regard the retina might be compared to the sensitive plate of a photographic apparatus. In a rabbit's eye Ewald and Kuehne obtained a sharp picture or 'optogram' of a bright object placed at a distance of ten inches—the image was fixed by a four per cent solution of alum. The story of a murderer's picture being preserved in the eye of his victim seems highly improbable. Very elaborate preparations and safeguards are necessary even in an experiment (instituted for the purpose) to demonstrate the picture of a very bright object, like a window.

"I regard the Lakewood account as almost ridiculous. The conditions were such, if correctly reported, that no image could have remained in the eye. Evidently the statement that the Coroner saw the image of the murderer was a kind of theory based upon a misunderstanding of physiological facts. If a subject, either man or animal, be taken into a dark room and an object with light thrown on it be set before the eye, and the light be then cut off, an image of the object will be found on the retina of the subject.

"This is true also in the case of men suddenly killed, as was proven by an experiment tried in Vienna some years ago. Arrangements were made in the case of a criminal condemned to be hanged that after death his eyes should be removed and handed over to a number of doctors for examination. All the necessary conditions were arranged for. The man was kept in darkness for a short time before being led out to the scaffold. He then looked fixedly at a certain building until the black cap shut out all light. The drop was sprung, and when the man was dead a microscopical examination was made of the eyes. In each of them was found an image of the building, inverted, of course, and uncertain in formation because of the irregularity of the retina on which the image was impressed. This proves conclusively that images are retained.

"As to discovering murderers in the eyes of murdered people, however, that is manifestly absurd. In the first place,

the object must be looked at for some time, and under such conditions as I have mentioned. . Finally, if all conditions are right, a single figure, as that of a man, would leave such an irregular impression on the retina, on account of the irregularity of the surface, that it could scarcely be distinguished as a man's figure when magnified. Experiments will be made, probably before long, with a view to photographing such impressions, but the experiments will require months of hard work, as the operation is an extremely complicated one."

Death by Electricity, or Electrocution.

IT RARELY COMPLETES THE PROCESS OF DYING.

IN A LARGE PROPORTION OF CASES OF DEATH THERE IS AT LEAST SOME CHANCE OF RESUSCITATION.

The question of resuscitation of criminals executed by electricity is thrown into the utmost confusion by the half-way knowledge, not to say the sheer ignorance, of the medical men and the electricians. The proposition of a Dr. Gibbons, of Syracuse, N. Y., to operate on an executed criminal, with some sort of an understanding that if he allows himself to be brought to life he shall be the subject of executive clemency, looks to the defeat of justice, and to that alone. It is entirely unnecessary for any purpose of science, and it proceeds upon nothing but the ignorance of the promoters of the scheme.

An experiment of the most remarkable character has been made in the case of a man of Pittsfield, Mass., who, on October 23d, 1894, received through his arms and body the shock of a current of 4,600 volts, and, upon being apparently killed, was brought back to life in seven minutes by treatment for resuscitation similar to that which is used for one drowned.

The victim of this shock contradicts Nicholas Tesla's assertion of the horribly excruciating character of a severe shock, or rather a killing shock. He says:

"For a brief instant there was a sensation as if I was being drawn downward by the arms, and then everything became black. For seven minutes there was no sign of pulse-beating, and there was every sign of death. Then slowly I began to regain consciousness and to make incoherent remarks about the accident. Half an hour afterward I could recall every incident before and after the seven minutes' interval, which was a total and painless blank. The accident occurred about ten o'clock in the morning. For the remainder of the

day I kept quiet, but on the following day I was around as usual. I have experienced no ill effects other than the scars from the burns, one of which went to the bone."

This exposes the ridiculous exaggeration of Mr. Tesla's assertion that the criminals who have been put to death



SITTING FOR THE DEATH
CURRENT.

by electricity "were burned to death;" that "the current cooked the blood;" that "the current is thrust into the system with such power that it stops the flow of the blood, and this clogs the heart and stops its action;" that "even if the man was resuscitated he would be partly, if not wholly, paralyzed;" and that "the current would kill the power of the spine, while it would leave the mind as sound as ever."

The man of this involuntary experiment "took hold of two terminals carrying the high pressure of 4,600 volts and was immediately completely prostrated." The charge taken in this way was more likely than any other would be to go through without killing beyond hope of resuscitation; and it was especially likely to cause pain. If it had gone in by the brain the victim would not have known any sensation at all, and

in all probability his resuscitation would have been utterly impossible, or at least much more difficult, not because the brain would have been cooked, but because of a rending effect sufficient to disable the brain cells and fibers. It is, however, not impossible, that even by way of the brain the charge may have passed without destroying the possibility of resuscitation.

But the possibility of resuscitation is no proof whatever of the unreality of the killing. It is from ignorance of what resuscitation means, and how it may be effected, that the electricians and medical men argue that death by electricity is not

real death. The fact is that the death by electricity most perfectly meeting the demands of humane execution would be as exactly as possible favorable to resuscitation, yet be none the less real death. Real death never absolutely excludes the possibility of resuscitation unless the body has suffered a killing injury. The stoppage of the breath may be in very many cases from causes involving no such injury, and in all such cases resuscitation might be hopefully attempted. It has been understood in regard to the drowned, and practiced with a measure of success. It is now suggested that it could be successfully attempted with persons killed by electricity. There can be no doubt of it. But only gross ignorance can draw the inference that the victim of electrical killing is not really dead. The simple fact is that what we may call initial death is in every case only the suspense of animation, and that under favorable circumstances such death leaves resuscitation perfectly possible. Initial death is in most cases not final death. The body, and especially the brain, is more or less full of vital energy. Rigor mortis is a manifestation of vital energy. The hunted animal, which has run until it falls in death rigor, through a self-poisoning of the system which causes the dead body to putrefy immediately, dies with final death and corrupts at once. Killing by a stroke of lightning commonly works in the same way; a sure proof that electricity can do the most terribly effectual killing.

In a large proportion of cases of death there is at least some chance of resuscitation. The suspense of animation or stoppage of the breath may take place from causes which would yield at once to efforts to resuscitate or bring back the action of the animating breath. When the Prince of Wales appeared to die of typhoid fever, and would beyond a doubt have remained dead, his physician, the celebrated Sir William Gull, threw himself upon him with the utmost energy of resuscitation measures and brought him back to life. It only requires getting the oxygen of respiration at work again, and that is easier than common knowledge supposes. The fact is, that death by drowning, which happens to have been dealt with for resuscitation, leaves the chances not as good as in many cases of death by other causes; and chief among the causes which leave the chances as good as they possibly can be, is the right sort of a killing charge of electricity.

Benjamin Franklin used to stand half a dozen men, each with a hand on the hand of the other, and by sending a small charge through their hands drop them all as if struck dead; and instead of falling over full length they would sink down in their tracks, like so many empty bags. The passage of the charge seemed to instantly clear the whole brain and nervous system of power to control the muscles. But as instantly the flow of blood through the brain gave fresh power, and the men would be on their feet again without knowing that they had been hurt. Any charge taken through the brain, whether a mild charge or a terribly rending and burning charge, abolishes sensation to begin with, and so instantly that the victim cannot be conscious of anything. Even if on suspending the current there followed an intensely painful sensation, it would be from the returning life, and would not prove that the entrance of the current had been felt.

It is wholly unnecessary to keep on with a killing charge. The right charge does the work in a flash. But it may be advisable to take some simple measures for preventing natural resuscitation, such as a wet cloth over the mouth and nostrils, and placing the body in a laboratory closet from which the air can be withdrawn and carbonic acid gas substituted.

But the execution itself, to be absolutely without shock and without pain, ought to be carried out by means of such a laboratory closet, a cell in which carbonic acid gas can be made to displace the air. The withdrawal of the air, to begin with, would bring on painless insensibility, and the admission then of the noxious gas would in a perfectly harmless way secure the completion of the death process. As the victim would not under this arrangement breathe the noxious gas, resuscitation would be a thing of so absolute certainty, perhaps for a day or two even, as to be a ready means of either defeating justice or remedying a mistake.—EDWARD C. TOWNE.

PROFESSORS BURTON AND BARRETT ON ELECTROCUTION.

The *Chicago Evening Journal*: One of the vexed questions of the electrical world is whether or not the electrical current kills. The people as a rule accept the belief of the majority that electricity, when received in sufficient quantities, will cause death, and the establishment of the electrocuting process for legal executions in the Auburn prison has confirmed them

in their belief. Certain phases of electrical experiment have always caused unceasing argument, and the last instance has brought about a lively dispute among electrical authorities. It is a difficult matter to convince a man against his will, and all the experiments of ages could not convince an electrical expert of the error of his judgment.

Medical authorities differ in respect to the tobacco habit, and the world is divided in its views on the subject. Experiments alone can bring about any definite conclusion, and while one-half the world smokes and snuffs and chews, the other half looks on and observes the effect.

Unlike the believers in tobacco, the followers of the school which declares that electricity, as applied in electrocution, does not kill, do not feel like experimenting, and the occasional unfortunate who is forcibly immolated upon the altar of electrical science is the only one who can decide the vexed question, and he is most often unable to make known his decision.

One of the best-known scientists in the country is George D. Burton, of Boston. This gentleman is positive in his opinion that electrocution does not kill, and his views have received such wide circulation, and his arguments are so plausible, that many people have been converted to his belief. He has startling ideas on the subject, contending that electrocution is a barbarous custom, and one which no civilized nation should countenance. He argues that the electrical current has never killed a condemned man, but that the surgeon's knife is always the cause of death. Recently Mr. Burton was interviewed on the subject of Lake's electrocution at Auburn prison, when he said: "Lake's death was not due to the current. The first voltage was 1,700, and the contact was only for a second or two. Then the current was reduced to 200 volts, and continued for nearly a minute. The 1,700 voltage was put on for a couple of seconds more, then turned off, and the man declared dead. Lake was not dead. The electricians simply filled him up with electricity and turned him over to the surgeons to cut up. There was not even a mark on his body, as was the case in some of the earlier electrocutions, indicating burning of the flesh. The use of wet sponges at the points of contact prevented the burning of Lake."

Mr. Burton believes that if the body of Lake had been placed on wet earth and saturated with water, after being taken

from the chair, the electric fluid would have been drawn off the body and he would have recovered. The temporary suspension of the heart became permanent after he was released from the chair. Mr. Burton brings forward many cases which have come under his personal notice in proof of his statements. One case is that of a man who had received a shock of 2,400 volts, and then, after four hours, recovered. This man's statement was that during those four hours he never lost consciousness, but was incapable of the slightest motion.

A *Journal* reporter showed an account of Mr. Burton's interview to City Electrician J. P. Barrett this morning, and in reply to the question, "Does electrocution kill?" Professor Barrett replied: "Certainly it does. We have the authority of the greatest electrical experts to convince us that death from the electrical current is as certain as death from the bullet or knife. There is nothing in the statements of Mr. Burton," said Mr. Barrett, turning to the published interview; "the experience of hundreds and thousands who have met death in the current speak more strongly than mere theories. We had an instance in this city only this week in the case of the man who met death through coming in contact with a rail of the Metropolitan elevated road. In the case of this man the voltage in the rail was only 500. Mr. Burton takes only electrocution for his subject here, but he might as well have spoken on the electrical current generally. We have the statement of the great English scientist, Sir William Henry Thompson, that 300 volts of electricity will cause death. Now, if 300 volts can cause death, the uselessness of further voltage is apparent. When a greater voltage is used the body is burned, and death is not caused any more quickly. This thing of electrocution being unable to cause death is all bosh."

A MAN REVIVED AFTER SUSTAINING A SHOCK OF 4,600 VOLTS.

James E. Cutler, who recently received 4,600 volts of electricity while working in the testing-room of the Stanley Electrical Manufacturing Company, in Pittsfield, Mass., was interviewed by a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. He said:

"I have no doubt the doctor was right in saying that I was practically dead for some time, as everything became dark and I lost consciousness."

Mr. Cutler explained how the accident happened, saying he was testing a transformer to ascertain if it ran over 4,000 volts, and it was found that the transformer really carried 4,600 volts. He usually tested the electric current with one hand, so as to avoid any possibility of making a circuit if he should accidentally get hold of a live wire. On this occasion, in some way that he is not able to explain, he took a live wire in each hand, and the full current passed entirely through his body.

"I felt as if I was being pulled forward and downward by the arms," he said. "The sensation was one that cannot well be explained. It was so instantaneous that I hardly realize how it was. Almost instantly everything became black, and I knew nothing more until I was conscious of the men working over me."

W. A. Whittlesey and J. H. Kellman, members of the company, who are both good electricians, were in the office when the accident happened, and in less than a minute they were at work over him, using the d'Arsonval method of restoring respiration, moving the arms at the rate of sixteen times a minute, so that the diaphragm would work naturally, as in breathing. They did not find it necessary to draw out his tongue, as they were able to restore consciousness by moving his arms, as they were perfectly familiar with the d'Arsonval method.

Mr. Cutler was restored to consciousness in about seven minutes. During this time there was no pulse, no indication that the heart was beating, and no sign of life in any respect. The men who were working over him had little hope of his restoration, and were surprised when he showed signs of life.

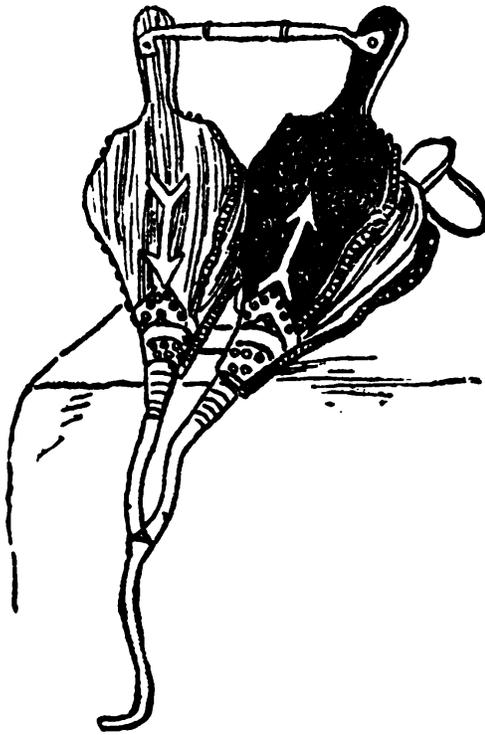
Mr. Cutler says the first thing he remembers was that he could think, and the next he could open his eyes, but could see nothing, everything appearing black. Light soon came, and within half an hour he could remember everything that had transpired, except during the short interval of unconsciousness. The fingers of one hand were badly burned, and those on the other not quite so badly.

Mr. Cutler says the shock threw him in such a way that he let go one of the wires, and the man working with him pulled the other out of his hand, so that the time when he had hold of both wires was exceedingly short.

A Very Ingenious Resuscitator.

IT IS A BELLOWS FOR FILLING THE LUNGS WITH AIR
IN CASES OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION DUE TO ELECTRIC SHOCK,
IMMERSION, OR OTHER CAUSES—TRIED WITH SUCCESS ON
ANIMALS.

Dr. P. J. Gibbons, of Syracuse, applied on one occasion to Governor Flower, of New York, for permission to use his apparatus for resuscitating victims of electricity on Murderer Wilson, who was executed in Auburn prison. Dr. Gibbons, speaking of his attempt to try the apparatus on Wilson, said that the Attorney-General had notified him that neither the Governor nor the Superintendent of Prisons nor the Warden of Auburn prison had authority to grant the desired permission. Dr. Gibbons added:



GIBBONS' RESUSCITATOR.

“My apparatus is designed to resuscitate people who have undergone an electrical shock, taken poison, been long immersed in water, or have suffered from similar misadventure. To resuscitate people it is necessary simply to restore breath into them. There are a number of methods now in use for this purpose. My instrument is designed to restore suspended animation more expeditiously and more certainly than any method now in use.”

Dr. Gibbons' invention is a simple double bellows. The end of the long tube is inserted in the mouth of the patient, or, if this be closed, in an opening made in the throat. The patient's nose is closed, and when the handle of the bellows is raised the air rushes from the patient's lungs into one apartment of the bellows. Simultaneously the other apartment is filled with fresh air through a tube on the reverse side. This air is forced into the lungs by the compression of the handles. This is all there is to it.

Dr. Gibbons said he was not seeking notoriety or an advertisement by desiring to operate on criminals. For eight years he has had his instruments, but he has never been on hand when an accident of the desired character has occurred. He said he had experimented on numbers of animals shocked by electricity, poisoned, and affected by various ills of that kind, with great success. He has taken out no patent on his invention, and says he shall not do so. His only interest in it is scientific, and anyone, he says, is at liberty to make and sell the apparatus after he has persuaded the medical profession of its value.

Dr. Gibbons says a large percentage of deaths from electricity are not instantaneous, and could be averted by using his invention. The voltage necessary to kill is not a fixed quantity. In State executions from 1,200 to 1,800 volts are used, whereas, he says, he is acquainted with one case where a man operating an electric dynamo received a shock from a current 4,600 volts strong, and was resuscitated by ordinary methods after seven minutes. In another case Dr. Gibbons' own assistant, a Mr. Greenwood, received 1,500 volts and was restored. D'Arsonval reports a case where a man received 5,000 volts and was resuscitated after half an hour.

Dr. Gibbons is an ear and throat specialist. He has invented various kinds of apparatus now in use in his own specialty. He has been experimenting with his latest invention for a number of years, but his inability to secure a patient shocked apparently to death by electricity has, he says, somewhat discouraged him. He tried to get permission to experiment on the body of the murderer Johnson, who was executed in Auburn prison one year ago, but met with the same failure he has just encountered.—*New York Sun*.

Death and Spirit Power Illustrated.

ANGELS CARE TENDERLY FOR A MURDERED GAMBLER.

RELEASE OF A POOR HUMAN SOUL — REANIMATION OF THE BODY AFTER LIFE HAD DEPARTED — ITS STARTLING ECCENTRICITIES AND FRIGHTFUL DEMONSTRATIONS — A CHAPTER IN THE OCCULT EXPERIENCE OF REV. ARETUS LEWIS, IN SUBSTANTIALLY HIS OWN WORDS.

*“I had finished my theological course, married a wife, visited Europe, and preached the gospel more than seven years before the spirit of Gale returned to pay its promised visit,” resumed Mr. Lewis in his narrative. “He passed over to the shores of immortal life some eleven years previous to the time of which I now speak, and the idea that he would or could return had been expelled from my mind, although the facts related in the first chapter of this narrative remained as vivid in my recollection as when originally impressed there.

“In the course of my clerical duties I was called to many deathbeds, and frequently urged to make peace between great sinners and their offended Maker after the faces of the poor mortals were damp with the sweat of dissolution. Quite late one afternoon in May, 1850, I was asked to attend the bedside of a dying gambler, who lived three miles from town upon a beautiful homestead farm. The house was hidden among fruit trees, flowering vines and neat hedge-rows, and as I looked across the soft velvet grass and the flower beds at this earthly paradise, it seemed incongruous indeed that death could here so easily march to conquest. But he is no more a respecter of places than of persons.

*This highly interesting narrative is from *THE ENQUIRER*, of Cincinnati, Ohio. It illustrates startling incidents easily within the range of possibility, as will be fully illustrated in the pages that will follow, and which will relate even more wonderful phenomena, which are known to be based on the solid rock of truth.

“The poor man had been fatally wounded by a pistol-shot. It was fired by an antagonist at the gaming-table as the finale of a dispute over cards or dice, and as I entered the room, the victim was vomiting blood and exhausting his little remaining strength by an attempt to talk, while a surgeon strove to locate the bullet.

“‘No use, doc,’ said he, ‘I’m a goner whether you find the lead or not. I know it, and so do you. Let me tell you the truth. I was to blame for this whole business, and it will not be right to punish Hank. I was a fool, and he did right to plump me through and through. Ah! here’s the parson. Good evening, sir. If a prayer’ll do me any good I need it awfully; not that my life may be spared, for that is past hoping for, but that I may not be dealt with too harshly. I’ve been a tough customer all my life, and must take a lot of punishment, of course; but I’m sorry for a good deal of meanness I’ve done, and want to own up and ask forgiveness.’

“Hereupon he was overcome by a fit of coughing and vomiting, at the conclusion of which I offered a fervent prayer for the forgiveness of the dying man, who appeared so truly penitent. He seemed grateful, but said:

“‘Looks cowardly, doesn’t it, to ask a favor now from one I’ve always abused? Expect I’ll get a heavy dose over there, for I’ve earned it, and may as well take it like a man. But a thief was let off by Christ himself, and I never stole a cent in all my life, so help ——’

“A great rush of blood came from his mouth, he groaned in agony, went into severe spasms, and soon was still in death. As apparently I could render no more service there, at about eight in the evening I started for home. Passing through a forest and reflecting on the darkness of the road, suddenly a light appeared in front of me, at which the horse, ordinarily a gentle creature, shied and plunged so that I had much trouble to manage him. Distinctly I heard these words spoken within a few feet of my ear:

“‘Return to G—’s; you are wanted there.’

“Well did I understand that was no mortal summons, and all the more gladly I returned. The house was in confusion, for after the surgeon had pronounced the man dead, and was about leaving the premises, the supposed corpse had turned completely over, and greatly terrified the attendants.

The surgeon was making a careful examination of the body as I entered.

“‘Most curious thing I ever saw,’ said he in half monologue. ‘The man is dead, and so he was when the body moved and flopped over. An electrical motion, undoubtedly. Well,’ he continued, turning to me, ‘there’ll be no more of it; that was the last kick.’

“He sat by my side, and had just begun what promised to be an explanation of such electrical phenomena, when, with a jerk, the corpse sat up in bed and glared at us! Those attendants who were getting ready to wash the body and prepare it for sepulture fled in terror, and the surgeon would have followed them had I made a movement to do so. For a few minutes he was dumb, and then blurted out, explosively:

“‘By G—! a stiff never scared me till now. What do you think of it, sir? Please excuse the oath; I was taken unaware.’

“Before I could reply, these words were whispered in my ear: ‘Elbert Gale is present. Keep your own counsel; we want to astonish the M. D.’ Then I said: ‘There are natural causes for everything like this, of course, and explanation will come in due season. We may as well return the body to its horizontal posture and recall the men.’

“As we reached the bed to perform this duty, the arms of the corpse were spasmodically raised and the clinched hands shaken in our faces. The doctor retreated a few paces, but when I took hold of the body and sought to return it to a recumbent position, he lent his aid and our purpose was successfully accomplished. The situation was curious and embarrassing. While the doctor had lost his self-possession, and was amazed at the unusual and inexplicable occurrence, I, having a fair inkling of the cause, remained cool and collected and ready for any contingency that might be presented. With my friend Gale in charge of the exercises there was nothing to fear, and I felt equal to a face-to-face contest with anything that presented itself. But was I acting an honest part with the doctor while he groped for causes without the least prospect of a discovery? I was at the point of giving him a scrap of information when another message was whispered: ‘Let him be taught by events.’

“They came fast enough—too fast for the doctor. The

right arm of the corpse was raised, held aloft for a moment, and then it fell like a helpless clod. Immediately the other arm was up and went through the same motions. Again the body assumed a sitting posture, and, turning its face toward us, slowly winked one of its bloodshot eyes. Down it went with a crash and its heels went up, and this motion was repeated some half-dozen times in the most eccentric and appalling way, including the slow, unspeculative wink whenever the head came up. A leg was lifted and let fall, then an arm, and all the limbs went up and down in this order, one at a time, till they had been thus exercised many times. The hands were loudly clapped as if applauding these ghoulish gymnastics, and then, very stiffly and awkwardly, the corpse climbed out of the bed, made three jerky bows, took a step or two in our direction, and fell prone upon its face, so heavily as to cause vibration of the floor, and make everything in the room rattle again! I sprang forward to return the body to the bed, when the doctor shouted:

“‘For God’s sake let it alone! The devil’s in it, and I wouldn’t handle it with tongs. Were it not for leaving you solitary with the — thing, I wouldn’t stay another moment. Why, the man is certainly dead enough. Why cannot he keep still? It beats everything.’

“I thought there might be a suggestion in the remark I then made, that possibly the carcass could yet help itself, and promptly it was replaced upon its former resting-place by invisible hands. At this the doctor was speechless, and spluttered like one gone daft when trying to utter something. I thought the business had gone too far, and said to him:

“‘My friend, this is the work of intelligences hidden from our-sight. I know they have the power to do it, for once heretofore they demonstrated it in my presence, and permitted me to see them at work. Perhaps the same agreeable and instructive sight may yet be granted us on this occasion. I respectfully and urgently request it.’

“‘I don’t!’ shrieked the doctor. ‘There’s a trick about it, and I want no more of such — flummery. There’s supposed to be some ghost business in this, eh? Well, it won’t humbug me, I tell you.’

“Then we saw standing at the opposite bedside a lustrous form, appearing as instantly as it could have been flashed upon

the vision by a lightning stroke, and its brightness at the first impression was little less dazzling than the transplendency with which the electric bolt sometimes spans the summer sky. It gave us no attention, but at once devoted itself to the *passé* individual on the bed. How two other bright figures emerged into view was as mysterious as anything that had occurred. They were also ministering to the deceased gentleman when first discovered, and came into our range of sight like two strong beams flashed from a Fresnel lens. Unquestionably they had been present from the first, but as invisible as those ministering angels which sacred legend nominates to take charge of all mortals. I saw that they were more potent to my senses than to the doctor's, but he saw form and movements, 'as through a glass darkly,' and so announced, but yet he was full of suspicion.

"'I do not understand what is going forward,' said he, 'but this is too serious a matter for trickery. That which has already happened must have been to some extent in the nature of a rude joke, and this is a sorry subject for frivolity, as everybody with the least sense certainly knows. This man has been abused by the indignity already done to his remains, and I trust there will be no more of it.'

"Still the forms before us worked silently, as if unaware of our presence. The dead man was the object of all their anxiety, and in his remains they evinced an absorbing interest, and labored with a zeal which a mere mortal would say was worthy of a better cause; but to a large degree 'good' and 'bad' with men are the subjects of quite limited definitions. The cause was as good as it could be under any conditions, else it could not have elicited the kind care of these heavenly messengers.

"Giving rein to thought in this kind of reflection, and watching the tender ministrations of the strange beings at the bedside, I was startled by a familiar voice, which accosted me in about these words:

"'Hello, Reety'—Gale's old, affectionate diminutive for my name—'what are you doing here? Oh, I see; another poor mortal has bid adieu to his troubles without the aid of a physician, as we used to say at school.'

"We exchanged greetings, and I introduced the doctor. Gale was dressed much after his style in mortal life, and

appeared as really a denizen of earth as either of the other persons present.

“‘Doctor,’ said he, ‘do you believe in miracles?’

“‘Not of the modern sort,’ answered the doctor. ‘Some of those old wonders may have occurred as stated, but we of to-day are not equal to their performance. Some devilry has been going on here—’

“The doctor was powerless to proceed, for just then a change in the illumination of the room made everything rosy red, and, as I afterward learned, enabled the good doctor to see plainly what was transpiring in his presence.

“‘You remarked that some devilry has been going on here,’ prompted Gale. ‘What was it?’

“The doctor made no reply, for all his senses were immersed in what he saw. A pretty cloud, rosy red, was revolving immediately over the dead man at an elevation of about four feet. This seemed to be fed with a bright powder from an antique cornucopia in the hands of one of the attendant spirits. A small column of mist arose from the head of the deceased, and also entered the cloud. Another attendant manipulated the head caressingly, while a third stood with a bright saber bare in his hands, appearing to await an emergency that would demand its use.

“A second cloud ere long formed above the first, and revolved in a contrary course. It was of a different color, light gray. Whence it came we did not see. Its revolutions were as rapid as thought, and threw out myriads of white ribbons formed by gleams of pearly light. The picture was pretty, and so entrancing that for a while I really became oblivious to the gravity of the occasion. But when a motion from one of the guides called the saber into action, we were awakened to a sense of the reigning conditions. The upper cloud was severed midway at one sharp blow, and the halves fell and enclosed the red globe below it with a concussion like that of muffled explosives. Very soon a number of small globular clouds surrounded the larger mass, and rapidly increased in size and density. Some of these were cloven by the saber, whereupon they united with others, made them spherical, and changed their motion in many eccentric ways.

“Directly the doctor exclaimed: ‘It’s assuming the form of a human being.’

“He saw the change before I did. Gale corrected him, however. ‘It is forming an immortal soul,’ said he.

“But it looked like the gambler before he was killed, except it was not yet awakened, and we learned that it might lie dormant for a long period.

“How long?’ I asked Gale.

“Possibly for a longer time than the man has lived on earth,’ was the answer. ‘A great effort has been made to eliminate his grossness, and I know there has been partial success, and that he has been cleansed of much that might have kept him in darkness for ages. He was a better man than one who professes to be good before the world, and commits a thousand enormities in secret. He was no hypocrite, and that counts largely in his favor. He gave to the poor, and that will materially abridge his period of darkness. He was truthful, and nothing elicits a more eager and substantial blessing. Your reflection is that he was a gambler. So are half the male members of your church gamblers, and of almost every church they are the same. What have you done about it? What are you going to do? Nothing. Any action you might take adverse to those people would ruin your church, and that you cannot afford. I do not press the matter. Were I in your place, I would probably do as you are doing, and make the best of a great calamity, but at the same time I would not insist that this poor fellow must be utterly condemned because he did in public that which hypocrites practice behind the door.’

“The doctor applauded, and thanked Gale for his ‘manly independence.’

“The released soul, more helpless than a new-born infant, was now in the arms of two of the tender guides, and as they were bearing it away to the Great Beyond, we heard the beginning of a distant chant in these words: ‘Come, ye disconsolate, where’er ye languish.’ The three bright forms with their charge were lost to sight with that instaneity observed in the extinguishment of an arc light, and Gale at the same instant receded from his mortal shape, and appeared before us in bright robes and a shining countenance.

“‘I can stay no longer on this occasion,’ said he, ‘but will soon find you two gentlemen again in company, and will then explain and apologize for some of the events of this

interesting meeting. Farewell.' Then the doctor and I found ourselves the only guards of that poor mortal's final repose."

THE NEXT MEETING, STILL FURTHER ILLUSTRATING SPIRIT-POWER.

"It is annoying to find a man who has pitched his tent in the environs of paradise only to employ his time in an effort to prove that he is somewhere else, and that the celestial beings by whom he is surrounded are simply sleight-of-hand performers and diaphanous cheats. His judgment is, of course, based somewhat upon his general inclination to incredulity, and more largely upon disbelief in angels and the heavenly condition, but the evidence in favor of good things and a better estate for humanity, is supported in calm minds by the strongest hope and an almost invariable instinct. To those in frequent communication with the Spirit-world, immortality is as patent as gravitation or the changes of the tides, and they fail to understand why a principle so agreeable to man's aspirations should arouse him to action for its discredit.

"He offers an excuse for this action in the fact that a majority of those who profess to be angels are not angels of light, and that the deeds they perform are not permissible except in the darkness by which they are surrounded. Were such an argument of general application we would condemn all meat, because occasionally some of it is tainted, or the whole equine tribe if we have been victimized by the purchase of a vicious horse. General principles cannot be established upon exceptions to the rule, but sometimes these exceptions are strong enough to sidetrack the regular trains and run extras at random, and this has been true in all religions and in every speculative science. It will always be difficult to separate the wheat from the tares, but this is no reason why we should lose faith in the wheat."

Such was Rev. Mr. Lewis' answer to the question propounded by us: "Why do so many people seek to discredit Spiritualism?"

He said that after Dr. S. had realized the truth of Gale's prediction regarding a conference of medical men and its result, he undertook to account for the prescience manifested by the spirit in the explanation that some preliminaries for that meeting had already been discussed by two who took part in it, and perhaps they were overheard. When asked if the

part he took in the conference and the advice he gave against his better judgment had also been discussed, at first he said that Gale was unquestionably a mind-reader, for he had on a few occasions merely wished him to do certain things, and before the wish was expressed in words they were done!

“‘Yes, said I,’ continued Mr. Lewis, ‘but he predicted things of which you had no hint or conception, to the more important features of which you were opposed, as he told you and as you have since admitted, and yet you did them exactly in accord with the letter of his prediction. Was that mind-reading?’

“‘The doctor said he was yet studying that part of the subject, and expected to have an answer ready in a few days, but it never assumed form in my presence. Other events crowded in, and it was left to be picked up by some other inquirer or by us, if we ever traverse that road again. The next visit from Gale was opulent with good things. It took place in Dr. S.’s office, and seemed quite accidental. We were discussing some of the phenomena I have already described, when the doctor said:

“‘I wish that fellow were here now, for I want—’

“‘To ask him a question?’ said Gale, and he stood before us. ‘I’ve been here quite a while, and know you are in doubt about the electrical treatment in paralysis. I bring you this answer: Moderately applied it may prove beneficial, and certainly can do no harm.’

“‘Is this information from the same source as that you have heretofore brought?’ asked the doctor.

“‘Yes.’

“‘Then why is it not positive like the other?’

“‘Because it is theoretical, while the other resulted from experience. The theory is a safe foundation to build upon, and it is left for you to find out how large a structure it will sustain. You understand that?’

“‘Certainly; I can distinguish between a needle and a crowbar.’

“‘Under all circumstances?’

“‘Doubtless.’

“‘Please let me experiment with the two articles you mention, and test your powers of discrimination.’

“‘Seriously?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“They were brought in—the bar, large and clumsy; the needle, small and delicate.

“ ‘Now, doctor, please turn your face to the wall,’ said Gale, ‘and I will drop one of these on the floor and ask you to tell which it is by the sound. All ready! Listen.’

“He dropped the crowbar, and it struck the floor with a thud and then went bounding off in a clatter and a jingle.

“ ‘That’s one of them, and I’ll follow it up with the other,’ said Gale. ‘Here goes.’

“He dropped the needle, and it struck the floor like a hundred pounds of solid steel, causing the floor to vibrate and the chairs to dance.

“ ‘Which was first dropped?’ he asked.

“ ‘The crowbar first and last,’ answered the doctor. ‘Only the last time it was thrown down with force.’

“ ‘That was the needle,’ replied Gale, ‘and it was not thrown, but merely dropped.’ I confirmed him.

“The doctor insisted upon seeing a repetition of the feat. Gale said he would make it yet more wonderful, and tossing the crowbar upon the table it struck as lightly as a ball of cotton, while the needle dropped upon the floor elicited a cracking sound from the tumblers and made everything rattle again. He raised a chair above his head and left it suspended a few seconds, when it floated down to the carpet as gently as a falling leaf. Borrowing the doctor’s handkerchief, he tossed it to the ceiling and it came down like a slug of lead, with a whizzing note as it cut the atmosphere. He asked for a knife lying upon the table. The doctor essayed to have it, but found it immovable. In a pet he applied both hands to the work and tipped over the table, but the knife remained immovable.

“ ‘Let the table alone a moment and it will right itself,’ said Gale.

“Directly it went back to an upright position, by a very deliberate movement, with the knife still in place, but immediately that instrument was wafted to Gale’s hand like a feather upon a breeze. He raised it high and caused it to make an eccentric and apparently endangering circuit of the room in mid-air. Then he said:

“ ‘That’s a very good knife and worth an effort to retain. In the higher branches of a large apple tree in your garden,

doctor, you will find it when wanted.' It had already disappeared from the room. The doctor replied:

“‘There let it stay. I will not go after it.’

“I volunteered to go, and found it with the point driven into a branch more than twenty feet from the ground. It was vibrating violently and gave me a slight electrical shock as I grasped it, and there was an eerie sensation all through my frame as I carried it to the house. When I entered Gale was swinging in a chair, which levitated some seven feet above the floor. He invited the doctor to take him down, but that gentleman refused to make the attempt. I tried it, and moved the chair a little, but it seemed to be held by several strong hands, invisible, of course, yet quite determined in their work. At length Gale said he would get down without help, and he came to the floor as lightly as if man and chair were made of rubber. Upon his invitation I sat in the chair, and was conveyed to the ceiling and returned by a movement as smooth as that of a skiff upon the water, but the doctor would not risk the trip. He wanted to know how it was done, and didn't find out. Then Gale floated up to the ceiling without the chair, reached down and asked the doctor to clasp his hand, and the doctor did it, and was lifted off his feet and raised several inches while he struggled for release and spit out a great volume of bad adjectives, and in the end he had a solid drop of half a foot, which shook him up from the foundation and made things rattle once more. At that date he weighed fully two hundred pounds.

“‘Now, doctor,’ began Gale, ‘I want your help—’

“‘Get some other — fool!’ shouted the medical man.

“‘I do not mean active assistance,’ explained the other.

‘Just keep your eye upon this piece of silver,’ indicating the polished handle of a surgical saw, ‘and tell me when you see an electric spark, even the smallest, fly from it, and I will show you something specially interesting. Please give this matter close attention and it will repay you.’

“The doctor fixed his eye upon the object and kept it there not to exceed two minutes, when he began to talk strangely—that is, for him.

“‘Tennyson is right,’ said he; ‘we know not anything. Yet knowledge might be easily acquired if we were not so self-conceited and miserably stubborn. The best opportunities are

lost to those who persistently close their minds against truth and refuse to receive it because they know it not. If they would take it in and make a brave effort for its assimilation, certainly some of it would stay with them to enlighten and bless.'

"This from Dr. S.! I was astonished, for there could not be a stronger arraignment of himself.

"'He is entranced,' said Gale, 'and we will hear other expressions not quite natural to the man, I think. I found he was a good subject and caught him with the handle of his own saw. What do you see?' he asked, addressing the doctor.

"'I cannot quite make it out,' was the reply. 'It appears like a large city with countless multitudes of people, but there are no streets, only avenues, arched by trees and paved with flowers, and no houses, but thousands of pretty arbors trellised by rose vines and leafy growths. As I get nearer it becomes plain that all these people are enjoying themselves and that it is the city of—of—'

"He made a long stop, and then said something in a low tone.

"'What city is it?' asked Gale.

"'They tell me it is the City of Knowledge,' he replied, 'but there is no such place on any map of the world I ever saw.'

"'Ask them what they know,' suggested the prompter.

"He mumbled some words and then replied: 'They say they know the secret of immortal life, but Ponce de Leon said that centuries ago, and lied. Ha! here is my father. I thought him dead. Certainly he will tell the truth. Yes, he too, says they know the secret of immortality, and that is the reason why he still lives. It is glorious to find him like this, and I believe he looks younger than I and more vigorous. Why, he has just said an insane thing—that he left the earth in 1851, and never knew what life was till then. Hm! that was the year of his death. He nods and says that is the wrong name for it, and that we on earth have no conception of real life, and cannot have till we have passed to the realms of knowledge. I still live on earth, unless that wild ghost has managed to kill me when I didn't know it. Lewis wouldn't permit such a thing as that. Hello, there's Bill Thornton. I know he is dead, for I was his doctor. I know he holds no grudge, for he is smiling. Having good times, too, he says,

with no notes nor grocers' bills to pay, and a continuous picnic for those who want it. He doesn't know whether he's in Heaven or not. Some say it is, and others think it only near by Heaven—a suburb like.

“The doctor continued in this vein for near ten minutes, and met several old friends. At length he said:

“‘There's Sam D. His presence settles the point about Heaven, for if he did not go to hell there's no use in having such a place.’

“The person thus referred to and the doctor were fierce rivals for the affections of a lady in their younger days, and Sam was preferred. We laughed loudly at the doctor's outbreak, and he awoke. When told that he had been entranced and what sentiments he had expressed when in that condition, he was incredulous for a while and then silent, and finally he begged me not to mention it to any one likely to spread the report among his friends. One point was gained toward silencing his opposition to the esoteric philosophy, and so much he understood as well as did I.

“The gas had been lighted for a short time, but now Gale turned it down quite low and said to the doctor:

“‘I believe I can enable you to see your father in this room just as he appeared to you while entranced, provided you want his spirit to come here.’

“‘I would be glad to have him come, if he can.’

“Five youthful spirits became immediately visible in the room, and Gale introduced them simply as his assistants, adding that they had been present all the time, but not apparent to mortal sense. These, assembled closely in one corner, were silent. Gale stood near them and pronounced an invocation replete with beautiful language and eloquent conceptions. At its conclusion we saw a faint light surrounding the assistants, and it seemed to have motion. They enlarged the circle and the light brightened. After a very short interval they moved across to an opposite corner, leaving the light, and out of the midst of it walked the form of a man and stood before the doctor. He examined it intently, and then announced in a strained voice, scarcely above a whisper, ‘It is the spirit of my father.’

“‘Then let me ask him if he saw you in the City of Knowledge,’ said Gale.

“The spirit bowed affirmatively.

“‘And told him you still lived and are happy?’

“Another bow.

“‘Do you recognize this gentleman as your son?’

“A third bow testified that he did.

“‘Now, doctor,’ said Gale, ‘you can ask any questions that occur to you as appropriate.’

“The doctor, whose nervousness had increased in a painful degree, intimated that he had no questions to ask, and the spirits disappeared simultaneously, closing the seance.

“For several days the doctor refused to discuss these phenomena, but one evening he called at my house and said:

“I suppose I’ll have to give in to a lot of these ghost notions, but it’s because I’m forced to. They come to me every night and charge that I know the truth, but refuse to let it make me free, and they’ll drive me to insanity if I don’t give in. Father came again last night and talked in his old accustomed way, and I promised to take his advice. It’s tough on me, Lewis, but I’ll not go back on a promise to the dead. Still, we need not publish this thing to the world, I suppose.’

“Eventually the doctor became a magnetic healer and a medium of great power.”

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MORTAL AND SPIRIT CONTINUES.

“‘What you have described was as you saw it, and cannot be verified by other testimony,’ we remarked to Mr. Lewis.

“‘Principally so,’ he replied, ‘but that difficulty was soon remedied. I understand the value of evidence which may be strongly confirmed as well as any one in my profession, and never miss an opportunity to secure it. The difficulty in distinguishing between external and mental phenomena has occasioned me no little trouble, and the almost impossibility of separating and classifying their results has left me completely befogged. In fact, in these matters I have sometimes been compelled to abandon all preconceived abstract views and accept the concrete sum of their joint result as the entire product of phenomena I had sought to classify and subject to additional tests. It is not humiliating to acknowledge difficulties in an investigation of that occult which a majority of men and women pronounce impenetrable, nor to confess the puzzle involved in distinguishing between the ego that per-

ceives and the non-ego that is perceived. Philosophers profess to know all about the unity and permanence of force, the convertibility of so-called mind and matter, the ultimate identity of the phenomenal and complex, and a whole lot of similar luxuries, but frequently they are mistaken, and it would not be strange if those who are investigating the mysteries of a future life were quite as frequently found to miss an adequate corollary. Still the work proceeds and cannot be abandoned, for forces on both shores of life have determined that the question shall be pursued till it is finally resolved, and there is no one else to consult in these premises.'

"We saw the force of this argument and so said. 'But established facts are the foundation of all real science,' we added, 'and most of these you have yet to hunt down and secure.'

" 'They are pretty well hunted down,' replied Mr. Lewis, 'and some are fairly secured, but they are secure to the few rather than the many, and none can really know these truths if they are received through an intermediary. You, I, everybody, must obtain them from the original sources, or they will fail to challenge belief. I could have no confidence in the narrative portions of this interview were they not part of my life, and necessarily the chief employers of my mental machinery, and I do not ask others to have faith in things which would in me arouse the most serious doubts. Perhaps but few would perceive them with exactly the mental impression I receive, and the most I would ask is that every person look into the matter for himself or herself. I have been greatly assisted by good friends in the Spirit-world, and when such help is offered it should be cordially welcomed. My friend Gale has offered me exceptional advantages, and many times he has introduced me to spirits of great intelligence and wonderful insight into the principle of immortality. Several weeks subsequent to our meeting at the bedside of the murdered gambler, he came to Dr. S. and myself while we were ministering to a sick lady in one of the most prominent families of the city. Manifesting himself to the doctor first, he whispered a prescription sent by a prominent physician on the further shore, and then he made himself apparent to me and delivered a friendly message from my father and mother, who have occupied a mansion in the skies for many years. Apol-

ogizing for the brief visit, he said that the lady's condition would not permit her to behold him with safety, but he engaged to meet the doctor and myself, with any friends we choose to invite, on the succeeding evening in my study.

"We were there with three friends (gentlemen) when Gale came through the open door and shook hands with me and the others. He was duly introduced to the guests, and for a time was regarded as one who was there by courtesy, as were they. He carried upon his countenance a comical smile, and joined in discussing the news of the day like one who understood it thoroughly. He even indulged in a bad pun and proved otherwise companionable. At length he asked, turning to me:

"'Reety, what do you keep in that closet? I hear something moving, and the sound comes from that direction. Nothing dangerous, I hope?'

"'Nothing but miscellaneous odds and ends,' said I. 'Certainly not anything alive.'

"'Well, I must relieve my curiosity by looking,' he rejoined, and suiting the action to the design, he advanced and threw open the closet door.

"'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' quoted the doctor. The guests set up a shout of laughter, of course suspecting a trick, for as yet they had no idea of the fact which had been brought to such an issue. Within the closet stood the semblance of a pretty girl, dressed like a bride, and beaming upon us through the sweetest smiles. She took Gale's hand and was led into the room. He returned to the closet and led out two girls closely veiled.

"'Probably the bridesmaids,' he commented. 'Where is the groom? Rather a neat arrangement, Reety, to keep wedding parties on hand for the amusement of your friends. When are we to witness the ceremony? Perhaps the gentleman will soon arrive and we can behold the happiness of the youthful pair. By the bye, what if he is also hidden in the closet?'

"The ridiculousness of such a notion was sufficiently plain to those who had noticed the size of the place, from which three persons had already emerged, when there was barely room for one, but Gale once more looked in, uttered an exclamation, and handed out a good-looking young gentleman!

His appearance was greeted with exclamations of astonishment, which finally subsided into laughter. Gale arranged the parties in line, removed his coat, took from the unfailing closet a suit of fine white vestments, in which he arrayed his form, and then asked the new-comers to sing. The oddity of the request increased the general hilarity, but it was promptly complied with, Gale leading in that grand hymn by Morris, of which I will repeat the opening and closing verses:

“Man dieth and wasteth away.
 And where is he? Hark! from the skies
 I hear a voice answer and say:
 ‘The spirit of man never dies.
 His body, which came from the earth,
 Must mingle again with the sod,
 But his soul, which in heaven had birth,
 ‘Returns to the bosom of God.’”

“Oh! Lord, God Almighty, to Thee
 We turn as our solace above;
 The waters may fail from the sea,
 But not from Thy fountain of love.
 Oh, teach us Thy will to obey,
 And sing with one heart and accord,
 ‘He gave and He taketh away,
 And praised be the name of the Lord.’”

“At the conclusion of the hymn Gale requested perfect silence in the room, and we heard, faintly at first, but soon full and clear, from a great number of voices in the far distance, an enthusiastic repetition of the singing. It came to us distinctly, as did the sweet singing in our immediate presence.

“‘To whom are we indebted for this second treat?’ I asked.

“‘To our temporary guides in this evening’s work,’ said Gale. ‘Zelida,’ he addressed the young lady in bridal array, ‘can you place your hand upon the ceiling above your head?’

“She floated to the top of the room and touched the ceiling with head and hands. Upon his invitation the other ladies followed her and did the same.

“‘Pass through into the room above,’ said he, ‘and I will send a sure guide to bring you back here.’

“Slowly they melted from sight as if absorbed into the

ceiling, and when they had entirely disappeared he told the groomish gentleman to bring them via the window and door. In less than a minute he brought them in as fresh and orderly as when they first came.

“‘Now,’ said Gale, ‘I wish you ladies to secrete yourselves in that closet in a way impossible of detection by mortal eyes.’

“On the instant they became invisible, and in a few seconds Gale opened the closet and led them forth in the same precise raiment they were covered on their initial appearance.

“‘Please let us hear our quartette in “The Star Spangled Banner” from the cellar,’ was his next request.

“The words had but barely escaped his lips when the beautiful song was heard beneath our feet, loud, clear and harmonious.

“‘Very spiritedly rendered,’ was the doctor’s comment at its conclusion.

“‘Now,’ said Gale, ‘we must resolve ourselves into a quintette, for we are going to give you some music on the cathedral chimes. You mortals will only begin to just realize we are away when you will hear the notes of “Yankee Doodle,” to be followed by such additional pieces as may strike our fancy, mostly patriotic. We are in that mood to-night. Now we’re off.’

“All went outside to listen. The cathedral clock tolled the hour of ten as we reached the yard, and its last reverberation had not stilled when the promised tune was rattled off like a gallopade. Then it was repeated in common time and followed by the soul-thrilling ‘Marseillaise’ and ‘Charley Over the Border.’ ‘The Campbells Are Coming’ was just started when one of the gentlemen opined they had already arrived, for we heard a babel of voices as if from an excited multitude, and realized that the unaccustomed tunes from the chimes had brought a lot of people together. The final piece rendered was ‘Croppies, Lie Down,’ and the excitement was at the highest pitch. More than 5,000 men and women surrounded the cathedral, and a score of armed men went in to secure the sacrilegious villains who were ringing profane songs from the blessed bells. Next morning’s papers gave the particulars as far as they were known, closing the account with the statement that the ringers were experts, and although they escaped

detection for the time being, their superior style of performance must eventually disclose their identity.

"The quintette appeared in my study while the cathedral was being searched for them, but had they remained ringing the chimes they would not have been discovered. Gale announced that they were a string band as well as tintinnabulators, and said they would now proceed to supply themselves with instruments. Where they found them I cannot surmise, but they had been out of our sight not more than three minutes when they reappeared with a harp, 'cello, guitar and two violins. Little time was required for tuning, and when they really got down to work the echoes of the street responded to the most exquisite melody. I thought some of the airs too gay for the clergyman's house, but Gale said no expression of joy could be too emphatic, and that this was the rule in the Spirit-world.

"Finally Miss Zelida sang 'Sweet Home' to the accompaniment, and all joined in 'Adieu But Not Good By,' when the musical programme was ended. Gale remained to explain the mystery involved in the strange movements of the gambler's remains, in which the doctor was greatly interested.

"'The man's soul was not only asleep then,' said Gale, 'but it had been paralyzed and somnolent for years. When the physique which held it in subjection had expired, it moved spasmodically, and the attendant spirits encouraged and assisted this movement, and at last impelled it to eccentric acts by the help of the electric current, which they control to a limited extent at will. Take my hand; you find it returns your pressure very much like a mortal hand. Take it again; you feel a moderate shock. I can make it much stronger, and as a medical man you understand what a power this is to give animation to one deceased. The matter was carried to extremes for the purpose of giving you certain evidences of spirit power, and I think on this head you were satisfied.'

"'Yes,' said the doctor, in a reluctant tone.

"'Ah! You need more evidence. Well, you shall have more, and in good measure when an opportunity presents. It will not be a long wait. I find the prescription brought you last night was promptly used and your patient is rapidly improving. Do you give proper credit to spirit power for this result?'

“‘The prescription was good and I approved it. Probably without the suggestion your message brought I would have changed the treatment at the time.’

“‘Then let it be understood that to this time you have not benefited through spirit agency,’ said Gale, with an unusual show of impatience. ‘I will furnish you a mild surprise. Generally spirits are not permitted to see anything in the future, but in a day or two, probably to-morrow, you will be called in consultation on a case of great moment. You will be impelled to advise a certain line of treatment quite different from anything your judgment approves. It will be vigorously opposed, but you will carry the point by logic and insistence, and it will prove brilliantly successful. All this will happen, as I have stated, through spirit influence, with yourself as the instrument, and you will be powerless to prevent it or shape its course. What will be your view of such an event?’

“‘That most becoming a physician and a gentleman, I trust,’ replied the doctor. ‘I am interested in such a demonstration as we have had this evening, and would like to see more of them. When will you come again?’

“A time was fixed and the seance closed.”

It was at about this stage of his experience that our acquaintance with Rev. Mr. Lewis began, but not till a few years afterward did we know of his observations along the border lines of a future condition.

T. P.

Grand Philanthropic Missionary Work.

CONDUCTED FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF DARK SPIRITS.

SPIRITS WHO RESIDE ON THE LOWER PLANE—A SYSTEMATIC EFFORT TO REDEEM THEM—PATHETIC SCENES AND DETAILS—DIVINE LESSONS FOR THE ADVANCED THINKER TO CONSIDER.

•*When we endeavor to interest people in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, we are frequently met with the query: "Well, supposing that it is true that spirits can communicate with mortals, what good can such intercourse accomplish?"

Without considering the value of the moral teaching, or the knowledge imparted in relation to that life which we must all enter, sooner or later, there is opened to those who desire to assist their fellow-man an avenue through which an incalculable amount of good may be done.

We have heard much of missionaries and of mission work among the heathen; of the hardships endured and the privations suffered by those who consecrate their lives to the work of spreading the gospel of Christianity in lands where other religions are prevalent. But there is a missionary work that may be done in our own homes that has a greater power for

*These articles were prepared by E. T. Washburn, of Buffalo, N. Y., and have been carefully revised for "The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World." They impart a highly valuable lesson. They give a graphic account of the efforts made to redeem dark spirits, and the facts therein stated should be familiar to every reflective mind. They illustrate the important part which those philanthropically inclined can, under certain circumstances, take in assisting those less fortunate than themselves, and who have passed to the Spirit-side of life. There are hells on the Spirit-side of life—dark, deep and dismal—where those who are deeply dyed in sin are punished; but it should be known that each one there has made his own hell, and he feels the torment thereof keenly, and there he must remain until a disposition is awakened within the mind to advance to a higher plane. While hell, however, is only a condition—a state—yet it is in a certain sense a real place of torture. Carefully study Mr. Washburn's narrative, and you will learn a divine lesson therefrom.



SEANCES FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SPIRITS IN DARKNESS.

good than can be found in the dispensing of false doctrines among the Chinese, the Zulus or the Hottentots.

The mission-work to which I refer is that of assisting unprogressed or earthbound spirits. The field of operation is limitless; the number engaged in the work is very small, and the good results are so far-reaching as to be beyond human comprehension.

It has been my privilege to be selected, with a few others, to help in establishing a condition into which spirits who are in need of assistance are brought, that the necessary aid may be given them.

Those who are brought to us are gathered by the bands of spirits with whom we work, from various classes and conditions of human life. We have had all grades and classes embraced in the criminal, the social, and the religious strata of earth-life. Occasionally one comes who has some knowledge of the teachings of Spiritualism; but it is rare that those who have any considerable knowledge of its phenomena and philosophy stand in need of the assistance which those without that knowledge seem to require.

The phase of spirit manifestation through which our work is accomplished is that known as the "independent voice." And to those readers who are unacquainted with that phase of mediumship, I will explain that the seance is held in a dark room; the spirit or spirits who manifest are clothed with material to enable them to speak and converse with each other, or with members of the circle, in voices that are as clearly and distinctly heard and understood by those present as is the audible conversation of any two individuals in mortal form. In producing the independent voice full form materialization is unnecessary. Very frequently there is little materialized beyond the brain and the vocal organs necessary to produce the articulate sounds.

The various needs of the spirits brought to us are understood by those who bring them, and are attended to in divers ways. In cases where the spirit has been ejected from the body in a sudden, violent, or unexpected manner, some earth-conditions adhere so tenaciously that, unless the spirit can be brought into certain environments, where those retarding influences may be thrown off quickly, they are held near to earth for a long time, unable to penetrate the higher spiritual atmos-

phere until those injurious attachments have slowly and gradually passed away. By having their spirit bodies clothed with material, in the conditions which we establish, they throw off, with the dissolution of the material which has been placed upon them, that earth-condition which clung to them at the time of the separation of the spirit from the mortal body. It is this assistance that is sometimes required by those spirits who, in earth-life, acquired a little knowledge of the spiritual philosophy.

Then spirits who have no knowledge of spirit return, or who know nothing of the life beyond the mortal, are brought to us, not only that they may throw off, through materialization, those earth-influences which weigh them down, but because they also stand in need of information regarding the new life which they have entered. In fact, some are so little acquainted with the recent events in their lives as to be unaware that they have made the change called "death;" and when we consider the great difference between the true life in the Spirit-world and that heavenly condition after death which orthodoxy teaches those to expect who have faith in the vicarious atonement of Christ, or that condition of never-ending torture, in Hades, reserved for those who neglect to avail themselves of the plan of salvation, it does not seem at all strange that many do not understand the change that has come into their lives.

We endeavor to interest those who come to us, unaware that they have "passed through the valley of the shadow of death," in an account of our investigations and experiences in spirit phenomena; and, leading from that phase of the question into the philosophy, we endeavor to teach them something of the preliminary stages of Spirit-life; and to give them a general idea of the manner in which their salvation or progression must be accomplished. When a favorable moment arrives, we acquaint them with the fact that they have passed from mortal life; and with many we have found it necessary to argue for a long time, or request the attending band of spirits to remove a part or the whole of the material which enables them to manifest, before we can convince them that they are indeed in Spirit-life.

Many of those who come to us take up the conditions which immediately preceded the dissolution of the spirit and the mortal body. Some have passed out under the influence

of intoxicants or narcotics, and some in anger; many have been called suddenly, when in the midst of social enjoyment or the daily routine of duty.

Others come who realize that they are in Spirit-life, but not finding that happiness which they desire and which they expected would be theirs, are directed to us for such assistance as we may be able to render them that will aid in their progression.

There are vast numbers of spirits who, for various reasons, are held near to earth; so near, in fact, that they are almost as inaccessible to the higher and brighter spirits as is the average mortal; and it is in reaching that class that the great need and benefit of this mission-work lies. By being brought into the conditions with us, they are enabled to throw off, through materialization, much of the earth condition which has adhered to them; and through the information given them, they are led to discard erroneous ideas and beliefs. Thus they become accessible to the higher and brighter spirits, whose mission it is to point out to them the beauties of the life which they have entered, and to teach them how to overcome the obstacles which past error has placed in the pathway of their progression.

Each spirit who is aided becomes, in turn, a missionary, going out to do his or her work for others. It is like the ripple on a broad expanse of water. Started near one shore, perhaps by a pebble thrown from the hand of a child, the ripple expands, and never ceases in its continuous growth until it has spent itself on the furthestmost shore.

Those in the Spirit-world who are engaged in this mission-work are anxious that Spiritualists should have a more general understanding of the work and its results. Realizing as they do the vast importance of the work, they desire the co-operation of as many mortals as can possibly become interested in it.

An account will here be given of various seances held, and it is hoped that therein a clear idea of the work may be presented. And if there are any among the readers of "The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World," who have felt to utter the query mentioned in the opening paragraph of this article, it is hoped that in the presentation of the benefits of this mission-work they will be enabled to realize that there is an immense field in which "good" can be

done to humanity. In addition to the good that can be done to others through this work, there are great lessons to be taught those engaged in it, from a knowledge gained of the life experiences of those who are assisted. Their very need of aid is a positive proof that some great law of nature has been transgressed. And by observing the result of such transgression in the case of others, we are warned of the consequences which will follow a similar infraction of the law on our part.

A SPIRIT WITH A VENGEFUL FEELING GIVEN A LESSON.

In the following account of seances held, no fixed rule will be adhered to. Some will be simple narratives of events as they transpired, containing here and there scraps of dialogue, while others will be mostly composed of the statements, questions and answers as brought forth in various instances. Of course much of the information given to those who come to us, especially that relating to progression, correction and mistakes made in earth-life, explanations regarding heaven, hell and the judgment day, are necessary in nearly every case. Hence a verbatim report of each seance would necessitate a vast amount of repetition, and that I shall endeavor to avoid as much as possible.

The seances from which I have selected the material for these papers have been formed and held almost exclusively for this mission-work. One circle, composed at present of five regular members, including the medium, is devoted entirely to mission-work. So also is another, composed of three members, including the medium. A third has ten regular members.

In the first-mentioned circle most of the conversation with the individuals needing assistance is carried on by a spirit control of one of the members thereof. The controlling intelligence has been a long time in Spirit-life, and is well versed in the needs of those who are to be assisted. In the smaller circle I converse with those who come to us, following the impression given me by the band of spirits which works in connection with us; and in the larger circle all of the members join in the conversation to a greater or less extent.

We are informed by our spirit friends that the entire benefit of the seance is not derived alone by the spirit who manifests, but that in nearly, if not every instance, there are

many present who are in a similar condition to that of those who manifest, and that by listening to the conversation all are benefited alike. The following account of a seance illustrates the workings of revenge:

A spirit came to us not long since who was in a terrible passion with one whom he called "Bill B."

The immediate circumstances leading up to this fit of passion were sufficient to have angered almost any human being, and were as follows: A horse had been stolen, and the man who came to us had been accused by the person whom he called "Bill" of being the thief. It was in vain that he protested his innocence; the crowd would not believe his declaration, and he was lynched.

When his spirit left the body his mind was so filled with anger against the one who had falsely accused him, that no thoughts entered there other than those of anger and a desire for revenge. He was not even aware of the fact that he had entered Spirit-life.

In our talk with him we first ascertained the cause of his pitiable condition, and then we endeavored to calm his mind. After we had succeeded in quieting him, and had gotten him in a condition where he could forget his wrongs long enough to give his attention to that which we wished to say to him, we explained the change that had taken place in his life.

When he became fully aware that he was, indeed, an inhabitant of the Spirit-world, he stepped aside, and there came in his stead one who seemed weighed down with remorse. He prayed for annihilation—anything that would bring rest and peace of mind.

We asked him what it was that pressed so heavily on his conscience. At first he was loth to acquaint us with the cause of his distress, but upon our assurance that we only desired to aid him, and that we knew that a free and open account of the whole matter would be conducive to his peace of mind, he told us his story.

There was an acquaintance of his who had in many ways aggravated him, until a desire for revenge had taken possession of his mind. A horse was stolen, and he felt that an opportunity had arisen that would enable him to "get even" with his tormentor, so he aroused in the minds of the people a suspicion that "Harry" was the person who had stolen the horse.

Events followed one another so rapidly that before he had realized the gravity of the situation, the man whom he had accused of the crime had become a victim of lynch-law. When the full knowledge came to him that his false accusation had resulted in the summary execution of an innocent man, he was stricken with remorse.

We asked if his name was "William B.," and he replied that it was. Then we understood that the two principal actors in one of life's tragedies were present with us, and, realizing the benefit which would accrue to each through such action, we asked William to call upon Harry to forgive him. At first he demurred, saying that Harry was dead, and could not communicate with him anyway, and even if he could communicate it was impossible that any man could forgive so great an injury.

We asked if Harry's forgiveness would make him happier, and upon his replying that it would afford him more happiness than any other boon that could be bestowed upon him, we told him that if it were a boon worth having, it certainly was worth asking for, and he could do no less than make the attempt. We also assured him that we felt positive that even though Harry had passed into the life beyond the mortal, he could make himself manifest to him; and thus urged, he called aloud: "Harry! Harry! If you can speak to me, will you—can you forgive the great injury I did you?"

There was silence for a few seconds, and then came the reply: "Bill, I forgive you freely and fully. I should not have treated you as I did. Come, we will be friends!"

William's joy in receiving the forgiveness of Harry for the terrible wrong he had done, was too great for me to depict in words, and after we had informed William that he, too, had made the change called "death," and he had been given time to fully comprehend the truth of our assertion, the two departed together the best of friends.

Here were two human lives made, for a period, intensely miserable through desire for revenge. Both had passed through important and wonderful changes and experiences, the great lessons and advantages of which they had been unable to realize because revengeful thoughts had obscured their reason.

What were the great lights which, like meteors, burst through the dark clouds that surrounded them, and, by re-

storing to them the reason which they had lost, made it possible for them to step out from the dark spots wherein they had halted, and press onward in the grand march of progression? One was repentance, the great purifier—that which helps to prepare the way for a full application of that holy attribute, forgiveness.

Here, then, we have, first, revenge, which may be likened to a sword without a hilt, which will, when used, wound the one who wields it even more deeply than him against whom it is turned. Beware of it! Next, repentance, that which must follow each wrong act, speech or thought, and after that comes forgiveness. We find that as we more clearly understand the workings of nature's laws, it is much easier to forgive others their trespasses against us than it is to forgive ourselves when we have injured another.

A REGRETFUL SUICIDE MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN.

“Well, it is done! I wonder who will find me in the morning! What will they say? What will Laura say? I would like to stand by and see how she will take it! I wonder if she will be sorry or glad that I am gone?”

“What an ending of a life that once held promise of so much happiness! I was the only child of wealthy parents. No pains were spared in educating me, and everything possible was done to add to my enjoyment. I did not take advantage of the opportunities offered me, and grew into a careless, selfish man.

“I became acquainted with Laura. She, too, was an only child, and, like myself, had become willful and selfish. After a time we were married, and when two people with dispositions like ours attempt to live together as man and wife, the result is easy to foretell. Unhappiness could but ensue from such a union. We could not meet without reproaches and bitterness. At last our life has become so unhappy that I cannot bear to go home. Home! It is mockery to speak of it as such.

“I have resolved to put an end to it all! I have opened this vein in my hand, and my life is slowly ebbing away with the blood that trickles from the wound. I am growing weaker. Have I done right by Laura? Have I been as patient with her as I might—as I should have been? Alas! no. I must go to her and beg her forgiveness; tell her that I have been a brute

to treat her so unkindly. Oh, God! my strength is going fast. I cannot rise! Oh, Laura! I would go to you if I could. I realize that I have been unmanly, and I would that I might make amends for all the pain that I have caused you. Is this death? I am growing so weak! The end is near! Laura, f-o-r-g-i-v-e!"

The foregoing was listened to by the writer, and was the soliloquy of a spirit who had been brought to us for assistance. It was a brief outline of his earth-life, and a re-enactment of his last moments after having taken the step that was to launch his spirit into the life beyond. That which follows is the outline of a conversation between the spirit and myself when he had again taken up the conditions:

He complained of a feeling of weakness, and I told him to give me his hand and I would strengthen him. He declined to do that, saying that there was blood on his hand, which came from a slight wound.

To draw his attention from himself for a time, I asked his idea of the life after the change called "death." He said he had never given much thought to the subject, and had no very definite idea as to what that life would be. I told him that I was a Spiritualist in belief, and that I had often conversed with those who had entered Spirit-life; that I had learned that the change called "death" is but a stepping-stone out by the spirit from the mortal form; that the spirit takes with it the same ideas, passions and appetites that it held before the change; that the Spirit-life is so real, and the spirit so tangible to itself, that many who have entered the state do not realize that they have made the change.

The spirit became restive, and begged leave to withdraw, saying that his wife was ill, and that he must hasten home. But he stated that he had become interested in the recital of my experiences, and would be glad to listen to me at another time.

I inquired the nature of his wife's illness, and he said that she had been informed that he had committed suicide, and, being in a delicate condition, the shock had thrown her into convulsions. I asked if there was any ground for the report that he had committed suicide. He reluctantly admitted that he had attempted to take his life, but said: "You are witness to the fact that the attempt was futile, as you can see that I am still alive and active."

“Oh, how wrong it was of me to attempt such a thing! I will hasten home at once and beg Laura’s forgiveness for the suffering I have caused her, and I will show her that I am capable of being a good, true and loving husband. I will make amends for all the wrong that I have done her, and her life shall be joyous, happy.”

I was so moved by his talk that I could not immediately open his eyes to the true situation, but sought to gain time by asking if he did not fear that his sudden appearance, as of one of the dead returned, might prove another severe shock to his wife and increase the gravity of her condition. He said that that thought had not occurred to him, but that he could see the wisdom of being careful, and must adopt some means of gently breaking to her the intelligence that he still lived.

Being unable to further delay acquainting him with his true condition, I cautiously told him that this attempt on his life had been successful; that his spirit had indeed left his body. He could not realize the truth of my assertion, argued that he was just as much alive as he ever was—in fact, he felt that, as regards a true realization of life and its duties, he was more alive than before his attempt at suicide. I assured him that I could believe that such was the case, but that he had made the change called “death” nevertheless, and that I would prove to him the truth of what I had said.

I asked him how he knew that his wife had been thrown into convulsions when informed of his rash act? “Because,” he replied, “I was there, and saw her go from one spasm into another.”

“Did you not speak to her, and tell her that you still lived; that you were by her side?”

“Yes, I told her that and much more; but she was in no condition to understand what I said to her.”

“Were there not others with her? If you had spoken audibly would they not have observed your presence, especially as you were believed to be one of the so-called dead?”

He saw the point that I was aiming at, and said: “Indeed, I fear that what you tell me is true, and that I am the victim of my own rash cowardice; and now what is to become of me? How am I ever to be at peace with myself again? Oh! would that I had better understood life and its duties, its responsibilities! How can I make restitution to her whom I have

so cruelly wronged?" I tried to comfort him with the assurance that we are afforded opportunity in Spirit-life to outwork all the mistakes of earth-life; and commending him to the care and teaching of those of the spirit-band who are associated with us in our work, I bade him "good night."

Poor man! Had he been possessed of a true understanding of life he would have realized that to seek to escape the petty annoyances of earth by taking the course which he did was an act of cowardice, and could only result in great suffering for himself and others.

Why can we not understand that each experience which comes to us is the effect of a cause, and that by carefully analyzing our experiences and arriving at their causes, we can place ourselves in a position to avoid much that is unpleasant?

A SPIRIT WHOSE BODY WAS PLACED IN A CASKET BEFORE DEATH.

A few months since a spirit was brought to us who requested that he be released from the box in which he was enclosed. He was in a state of nervous excitement, and it was some time before we could get him sufficiently calmed down to enable us to convince him that he was not then confined in a box. After having thrown off the excited condition which he took on at first, we learned something of his past history. He had been a lawyer, residing in New York. Having been ill for some time, his physician recommended a trip to Europe as a means of restoring his health. Accordingly he sailed across the ocean and landed upon the other side. The needed change and rest seemed for a time to renew his lost strength, and he felt that he was fast improving in health.

But finally he was stricken with that which those about him supposed to be death. The body was placed in a metallic casket preparatory to its transportation across the water to his family. The man had passed into a condition which gave the body all of the outward appearance of death, and while in that state the body had been prepared for shipment. While the man was seemingly dead, his spirit had not been released from the body, and he was conscious of everything which took place about him, but was incapable of making the least sign to attract the attention of those present.

Picture to yourself, if you can, the horror of his position. The mind—the man—fully alive to all that was being done

about him, but unable to make known his condition through the avenue of any of the senses. He knew when they first pronounced him dead. He understood their conversation when the question of the disposition of the body was being discussed; and he realized what was taking place when his body was being laid in the casket, and when the lid of the casket was being fastened. Imagine the terrible mental suffering of that man as he lived through those awful hours.

The spirit was at last freed from the body, but not until after the casket had been placed aboard ship and a part of the journey across the water had been accomplished. There was a brief space of time during which the physical functions were restored, and the struggle at that period must have been terrible; but one horrible feature could have been added to increase the intensity of his suffering, and that would have been to have passed through the ordeal of funeral service and burial. The first excited condition which he displayed was due to the fact of his having taken on the condition immediately preceding the dissolution of the spirit and the body; and for a few moments he fully believed that he was in the casket. He realized my presence, and would call upon me to assist him in getting out of the box in which he believed himself to be confined.

After a time we succeeded in getting him into a state of mind where it was possible to interest him in questions that did not pertain to his own personal experiences. I then began to talk with him regarding the truths of Spiritualism, and explained to him that the life beyond this was so entirely different from that which the majority of mortals had been taught to believe, that many made the change called "death" without being aware of it or understanding what change it was that had come to them. I told him, too, that it is possible, under certain conditions, for those who are in Spirit-life to communicate with those in earth-life; that communication between the two worlds can be carried on in many ways; that through one avenue of communication I had many times conversed with spirits just as intelligibly as we were then talking together. Not realizing his condition at the time, and never before having had the experience himself, he was unprepared to admit the possibility of such intercourse. He considered my past experiences interesting, and expressed a determina-

tion to investigate spirit phenomena on his own account. I explained to him that, according to the teachings of those who had experienced life in the Spirit-world, "there is no death; what seems so is but change," a mere separation of the immortal spirit of man from the mortal body; that life is taken up by the spirit in the Spirit-world just where it is laid down here; that is, we begin the Spirit-life at the same point of mental or spiritual development that we had arrived at in mortal life; that opportunity is afforded in Spirit-life to rectify and outwork all the errors of earth-life; in fact, that all must work out their mistakes or they cannot progress, and that we are taught that sooner or later all do progress.

The reasonableness of the philosophy of Spiritualism appealed to him, and he felt that if we were convinced of the truth of that which had been given to us, we could not be afraid to enter Spirit-life. I asked him if he were prepared and willing to make the change, and he replied that he felt he was neither prepared nor willing. There were many things he had done that needed re-arranging, and there was much knowledge of the future life which he hoped to acquire preparatory to making the change. He was unwilling to depart from this life, because there were those dependent upon him whose lives would be seriously affected by his being taken away. There was his mother, who, while she owned the home in which they lived, was dependent upon him, in a measure, for support. There were two sisters who were attending school and a brother whom he was educating. He felt that he could not be content to leave them, even though he had made some provision against such a contingency in the way of life insurance.

When, at last, I informed him that he had indeed left the form; that his terrible experience in the casket had ended in the separation of the spirit from the body, he could not for a time realize that I was telling him the truth. I called his attention to that which I had previously told him in relation to spirits not being able to understand that they had made the change, owing to the fact that they had been incorrectly taught regarding the condition of the spirit after the birth into Spirit-life; and by persuading him to note his own appearance and that of those surrounding us, I was enabled to convince him of the truth of my assertion.

At first he could not be reconciled to the change, but after

I had reasoned with him a little, and had commended him to the care and teachings of those bright and beneficent intelligences who work in connection with us, he saw the wisdom of a graceful submission to the inevitable, and, thanking us for the assistance given him, he withdrew.

There is but one lesson which I shall endeavor to deduct from the above-mentioned experience, and that is: Be careful that you do not, through ignorance of the truth, place any person in a like position to that occupied by this man in his awful experience. Have a care that there be no question of the fact that dissolution has really taken place before permitting a body to be laid away in the earth or otherwise disposed of.

EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITS WHO EXPECTED TO MEET JESUS.

During one of our seances, held about a year ago, after I had talked for some time to a spirit who was unaware that he had entered Spirit-life, a lady addressed me, stating that she was aware of the fact that she was a spirit, but that she could get no clear understanding of the life on which she had entered.

She said that, having been reared in the orthodox faith, she had expected to see Jesus on entering the Spirit-world, and that she and others, together with their pastor, who had joined them, had traveled far and wide in their search for the Savior. But, although they had passed through many scenes of beauty, and had found much to admire and enjoy, they had failed to find him of whom they were in quest; nor could they find any person who had seen him.

They had been attracted to us on this evening, and, having listened to the conversation between the gentleman and myself, she had addressed me, hoping that I might be able to enlighten her on some points that were not understood by her or her companions. She said that the ideas which I had expressed were new to her, and she was anxious that their pastor should discuss them with me.

The man who had been designated as "our pastor" then spoke to me, and repeating much of that which the lady had uttered regarding their experiences in Spirit-life, he added: "I, having been the spiritual teacher of these people when we were in mortal, and having taught them of the beauties and splendors of Heaven, and of the Savior whom we were to meet,

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they are asking me why it is that the life which we experience is not as I taught them that it would be. We have traveled far and long, searching for Heaven, for the Savior, and for God, but we have found no city with pavements of gold; neither have we found the Son of God, who was to take away all our sins; nor have we been ushered into the presence of God the Father. And when these, my people, ask me regarding the fulfillment of the promise contained in my teachings, to them I can only reply that I do not know. I am as ignorant as they. And now, my friend, having listened to your conversation of a few moments since, I feel that through you we can gain some information regarding the life which we have entered that will aid us."

I then said to him: "You are a minister of the gospel. It was your mission to teach the people how to live on earth and what the life would be after the change called death. You seem an honest, straightforward man, and there is one question which I would like to ask you. Your life having been devoted to the ministry, you were afforded opportunity to study and inform yourself in regard to that vital question: 'If a man die shall he live again?' Were there ever any doubts or misgivings in your own mind as to the truth of that which you taught? Everything being accepted on faith, and no proof whatever offered in support of the orthodox teachings, I have wondered how it is that an honest, intelligent man can teach the Christian religion in its entirety, as founded upon the Bible."

He replied: "I did, at times, have doubts; that is, I would begin to wonder if that which I had been taught, and was then teaching, were all true; and for a moment I would be sore troubled. But then the thought would come to me that I was being tempted of the devil, and I would fall upon my knees and pray God to forgive the thought, and to sustain me in the hour of temptation by restoring to me my faith."

I then said: "We are believers in Spiritualism, and you have proof of the fact that the spirits of the so-called dead can communicate with mortals, as you are demonstrating that fact now. We know that man lives beyond the grave. We believe, for we have been taught by our own friends who have proved their identity, that man begins life in the Spirit-world at the same point of spiritual development that he had attained in mortal life; that there is no 'change in the twinkling of an

eye,' so far as the spiritual nature is concerned. He—the mind, the man—has but stepped out from the environments of the mortal into the limitless realm of the spirit; and he enters the Spirit-life knowing no more, nor no less, than when he left the mortal body, except that, in some instances, the mind may be enriched by the one experience of making the change. Instead of being met by a Savior who bears away all his sins, he has to work out his own salvation. Opportunity is offered him for the outworking of all the errors and mistakes of earth-life; and instead of being a bankrupt, whose liabilities are assumed and forgiven by Christ, he is obliged by nature's law to pay every debt which he has incurred. We believe in a progressive life for all mankind, and that all will, in time, attain a state of spiritual unfoldment that brings with it a condition of pure happiness. By a progressive life we mean a life of constant spiritual unfoldment; a dropping off of the grosser appetites and passions, and a taking on of the divine attributes of love, charity and wisdom. We believe that the life of the spirit is one of active employment, not in endeavoring to advance personal interests, but in working for the advancement and happiness of others, the highest enjoyment being attained by promoting the happiness of our fellow-men. We believe that progression does not begin with all individuals immediately upon their entry into Spirit-life, because some are not sufficiently developed, spiritually, to take up a life of advancement; their tastes and inclinations are for material things, and until a desire arises within them for something higher they must remain upon the earth-plane.

“We believe these teachings of our spirit friends, because they accord with the working out of nature's law, as illustrated by the life of man here on earth. From the day of a child's birth into mortal life, to the time of his transition to the life beyond, each day brings its lessons and experiences; the transgression of a law of nature brings its punishment, and the transgressor suffers, sooner or later. There are times when the innocent are forced to suffer with the guilty, but there is no instance where a man can come forward and suffer for the misdemeanors of another, while the wrong-doer goes free. Such is frequently the case in matters governed by the laws of man, but in those governed by nature's laws, never.

“Now,” said I, “let us consider some points in your

religious belief. You believe that God made the earth in six days and rested upon the seventh; while geology teaches that the earth must have been thousands of years in forming. You try to reconcile the six-day statement with the geological fact by saying that the word 'day,' as used in reference to the creation, means a longer period of time than the twenty-four hours to which it is now applied. When we discuss the longevity of the man of the present time, as compared with the mortal life of man as recorded in the Bible, we find that whereas few of the present day reach the age of one hundred years, it was a common occurrence, in the early days of the world, for man to attain the age of seven, eight, and even nine hundred years. This comparison is reconciled by the explanation that the years were shorter periods of time, in the days of Methuselah, than is our period of three hundred and sixty-five days. The Bible is full of accounts of various occurrences where communion was held between spirit and mortal; spirits, or angels, as they were called, were frequently seen, and that which is to-day termed spirit phenomena was then a common occurrence and accepted as a matter of fact. Such acts, at that time, are conceded to have been according to natural law, and to have been the work of God. Similar manifestations at the present time, according to your religious belief, are supernatural and the work of the devil. To carry a point in argument you overlook the fact that like conditions produce like results always, and that what was once a law of nature is always nature's law.

"You claim that man's salvation depends upon his belief in the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, and you tremble when you think of the terrible position of the heathen, who is condemned to eternal damnation because he never heard of Christ. Then, too, you say the elect only, or those who accept Christ and his atonement, are the children of God. If a man have several children, and some of them love and obey him, while the others are wayward and disobedient, are they not all his children just the same? And are not those who are wayward and disobedient in greater need of his charity and his love, to reclaim them from their evil ways, than are the good children who are treading the pathway of righteousness?

"Your God is a God of love and also a God of hate. He is a merciful God and a merciless God. A just God, and still

condemns a man to punishment because he does not love a being of whom he has never heard. In fact, He blows hot or He blows cold, just as it may please your religious fancy.

“You believe that yours is the true religious doctrine, and that those who do not accept your faith are in error. You believe that God is all-wise; and you also believe that all things are possible with God. Then is He not a monster of the most diabolical type? For has He not created a part of His children to enjoy everlasting bliss, while the others are consigned to everlasting punishment even in their creation? Such barbarity in an earthly parent could only be possible in the lowest type of humanity; and when we ask a believer in the Christian faith how it is that he can endure such an unreasonable doctrine, his answer is: ‘God’s ways are not man’s ways.’ There are many other points that I might touch upon, but what say you to those which I have mentioned?”

“I must say,” was his reply, “that I have never looked at the matter in the light in which you put it. I have no argument with which to meet you, as you have already used those which we have always kept in stock. I fear that I have been in the wrong all through my life, so far as my religious convictions were concerned. And now, if that be true, what course ought I to pursue to set myself right with my fellow-men and with myself?”

“I would advise you,” said I, “to first give the whole subject your serious consideration. Discuss our conversation with your people and see what conclusion you can arrive at. If convinced that you have been in the wrong, acknowledge it and earnestly, sincerely desire that the truth may be made plain to you. When you have discarded the erroneous ideas which you have so long entertained, as I feel that you will do, you will be ready for progression, and will find those who are far advanced in Spirit-life, who will surround you with their loving kindness and teach you how to pass onward and upward.”

In conclusion, I will say that this friend afterward came to us and stated that he had become convinced that the teachings of Spiritualism were true, and that he had begun to outwork the unconscious wrong which he had done to the children of earth in teaching them the man-made doctrines of theology.

THE TERRIBLE AGONY OF A MURDERER.

At a seance held some time ago there was brought to us a spirit who, being in a dazed condition, seemed not to notice our presence. After having thrown off, through materialization, certain conditions consequent upon the manner of his passage from mortal to Spirit-life, he became conscious of his surroundings.

Simultaneous with his perception of the members of the circle, an object claimed his attention which caused him great uneasiness. We were made aware of this fact by his imploring us to remove "that barrel." The barrel seemed to be ever-present to his vision, and his anxiety to rid himself of it was an indication to us that a crime had been committed, and that the remedy in his case was confession.

As he continued to ask for the removal of the barrel, we requested him to inform us what the barrel contained. For a long time we could get no word out of the man, other than his prayers that the barrel be taken from his sight; but after promising that if he would tell us what were the contents of the barrel it should be taken away, and impressing upon him the fact that its removal could only be effected in that manner, he told us that concealed therein was the body of a man.

After he had once begun his story he told it willingly and rapidly, seeming anxious to share with us the secret that had caused him so much distress. It seems that a quarrel had arisen between an acquaintance and himself, and, being goaded beyond self-control by the taunts of his companion, he seized hold of him, and before he fully realized what he was doing he had strangled the man who had angered him.

Then fear of detection took possession of him, and to conceal the crime which he had committed, he dismembered the body, placed it in a barrel and set it afloat.

Our questioning, which brought forth the recital of his story, was prompted, not by curiosity, but by a knowledge that he could not be released from the condition of darkness and distress which surrounded him except through his voluntary confession. Hence we did not attempt to locate the affair, to ascertain his name, or to find out through what agency his spirit had been released from its mortal tenement. These details would, no doubt, have made this narrative more complete, but they were unnecessary to the work which we had in hand.

Sufficient it was to us to know that a stranger was present who was in great trouble, and in sore need of sympathy, love and instruction. After having listened to his self-accusation we assured him of our sympathy, and desiring to fully gain his confidence asked if the barrel had disappeared as we had promised that it would do if he followed our advice. He answered that it had gone, and seemed immeasurably relieved that it was so.

We encouraged him with the information that in the "life beyond the mortal" opportunity would be afforded him to overcome and outwork all the errors of his earth-life, and as our teachings were at variance with those that had been imparted to him in his early days, he asked what authority we had for our belief as we had expressed it to him. We explained to him that we were in frequent communication with those who had been our friends and companions in this life, and who had passed on into the Spirit-world, as well as with many others, who, in mortal life, had been well-known and highly-respected individuals; that the promises of future usefulness and happiness which we had given him were based upon the teachings imparted to us by those who had experienced the truth of that which they had taught us.

We told him that as there was no unforgiving God to fear, he must seek the forgiveness of all persons whom he had wronged. And last, but hardest of all, he must earn the forgiveness of his own accusing conscience. We explained to him that as each individual extended that forgiveness which he must seek, a weight would be removed from his conscience that would enable him to rise higher and higher on the ladder of progression.

Our sympathetic interest in his behalf, and his confidence in us, acquired through the fulfillment of our promise relating to the removal of the barrel, seemed to lighten the load of trouble that had pressed so heavily upon him. And when we suggested that he call upon the man he had slain to come and forgive him the great wrong which he had done, he only hesitated while we informed him that the conditions existing with us were such that his old friend could and would come to him if called upon to do so.

"Earl!" he called; "Earl, will you forgive the wrong I did you? I was crazed with anger, and knew not what I did

until the act which has caused so much misery was committed. If you can hear me, if you can understand what I have suffered, I pray that you will not withhold that forgiveness which I so sincerely crave!"

For a time no answer came, and the spirit was beginning to fear that the pardon which he so earnestly desired could not be granted, when a voice said: "Henry, I forgive you from the bottom of my heart! It was I who drove you to it with my gibes and taunts! I angered you beyond endurance, and the fault was mine! It was well for me that I went when I did, as I was only growing worse and worse each day, and had my life continued in the grooves which I then followed, I should have become unfit for anything useful. Instead of injuring me, you did me a kindness. I can now see in what direction my life was tending, and I am thankful to be spared the great suffering which must have resulted from such a life as mine would have been. The great wrong was done to yourself, and I have tried to reach and make you feel all that I am now telling you, but you have been so lost in your sufferings through remorse that I could not gain your attention."

After a little more conversation between the two, they thanked us for our assistance, and we believe that they are earnestly endeavoring to follow the bright and beautiful path of progress, which leads upward toward the seat of love, truth and wisdom.

VICTIMS OF FIRE COME FOR STRENGTH AND CONSOLATION.

At near the end of one of our seances held after the great Milwaukee fire, there was brought to us a family, consisting of husband and wife and their daughter. They were permitted to manifest that they might throw off with the material certain conditions which had clung to them in consequence of the manner of their passing from mortal to Spirit-life.

At their first meeting with us their manifestation was confined chiefly to materializing and dematerializing, but we conversed with them long enough to learn that they had been residents of Milwaukee, and that their home had been situated in the district laid waste by the fire.

They had no understanding of that which had befallen them, nor did they realize where they were. Our energies were bent toward making them feel that the welcome which

we extended them was genuine and toward gaining their confidence. The husband came bearing his wife in his arms, and they were attracted to us by being impressed with the idea that they were entering the office of a physician who would render medical assistance to the woman. When we ascertained what it was that they desired, I requested the wife to place her hand upon me, explaining at the same time that I cured the sick in that manner. But I had first to prevail upon the husband to test the truth of my assertion by getting him to place his hand upon me, and note the result of such contact. When he found that he was strengthened by touching me, he urged his wife and daughter to do likewise, and both of them came and placed their hands upon my shoulder and arm.

At our next sitting they came again, and were better able to converse with us from their experience at the previous meeting.

I asked the man if he knew there had been a great fire. He replied that his wife had told him that she noticed a bright light, and that she thought a big fire must be raging in the city. This conversation had, he stated, taken place after he had returned home very tired from a hard day's work, and he had eaten his supper and gone directly to bed. He had not paid much attention to the remarks of his wife about the fire, being too tired to keep awake. We subsequently learned from a member of the spirit band that the fire had swept down upon their home while all were asleep, and that they were suffocated in their beds, without being aware of their peril.

After a little I explained to them that they had made the change from mortal to Spirit-life, but for some time could hardly convince them that such was the case, as their experiences were different from what they had been led to expect through the religious teachings given them. When at last I had shown them that they were indeed outside the mortal form, the man began to lament that they had suffered such great misfortune. At first I had to smile at his ideas of death, and could understand how little there is in the teachings of theology that is calculated to make a man face the future life with any degree of confidence.

"Why," I said to him, "it seems to me that you are peculiarly fortunate. I gather from the conversation which we have had, that you were a poor man, forced to labor very

hard to procure a scanty subsistence for yourself and family. Your life, then, was one of trial and privation, and there was little prospect of brighter times in store for you. Now, let us suppose that either your wife Mary, or your daughter Aggie, or both, had been taken, or that you had been taken and the others left, would that have been any better than what has taken place? Or if you had even lost your little home and its contents, escaping with your lives, would you have been any more fortunate? Here you are, a whole family, who have passed over the dark river together. You would have had to make the change sooner or later, and that, perhaps, one at a time, after long and painful illness. As it is, none are left behind to mourn. You are still united, and can enjoy the experiences of the beautiful life which you have entered without a sorrow for loved ones left behind. You and Mary and Aggie need worry no more for fear that you may suffer from hunger and cold, for you have entered a life where you will be surrounded by loving friends and companions; where you will be taught how to live that the most enjoyment may be extracted from your daily experiences. If you will closely follow the instructions which will be imparted to you by the kind spirits who were instrumental in bringing you here, you will soon realize the beauty and happiness of the life which you have entered, and may peace and love go with you as you journey onward and upward."

He had closely followed all that I said, and when I had finished my remarks he said: "I had not looked at the matter in that light, but I can now see that it is as you have said—better that we are all together. Oh! it would have been terrible had a part of our family been taken and a part spared. I thank God that we are still united; and I thank you, kind friends, for all that you have done for us."

A CATHOLIC PRIEST MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN.

During the winter of 1892 and 1893 we had an experience with a spirit who came to us that was very interesting to the members of the circle. We had been sitting for some time, and there had been manifestations of a general character, when the medium exclaimed that her chair was being moved backward from the circle! The movement of the chair by an unseen force made her feel nervous, and she threatened to vacate the seat unless the annoyance ceased. Fearing that the medium,

would become so annoyed as to disturb the conditions and interfere with further manifestations, the members of the circle began to reason with the spirit who was causing the trouble, stating that unless the disturbing actions ceased, the seance would have to be terminated. That line of argument seemed to tend toward an increase of the annoyance, and we realized that the influence at work was either mischievous or malicious. Then we resorted to firmness, and called upon the spirit to speak, and in a manly way give us an understanding of that which he desired to accomplish.

After considerable persuasive effort on our part we elicited the assertion that he would put a stop to such doings. Being asked why he desired us to discontinue our sittings, he replied: "Because they are undermining the church!" And to the question, "What church?" he answered: "The Holy Catholic Church."

Then we knew (having had previous experience with spirits of his persuasion) that we had a difficult case on hand, and that the spirit must either be won over into a knowledge and acceptance of the truth, or he would annoy us and retard our work for some time.

At first his animosity toward us and his prejudice against spirit manifestations prevented him from treating us in a manner which would naturally be expected from one who was educated for and had occupied a position in the priesthood. He was angry, intolerant and abusive, by turns; and his position in the Spirit-world was so near to earth that he was unaware that he had made the change from mortal to spirit.

During the time that he was present with us at our first meeting, our efforts were directed toward convincing him that he was indeed in Spirit-life. For a time he was sullen, and would hardly reply to our questions; but our continued good temper and the entire absence of any feeling displayed toward him, other than that of friendliness and an evident desire to gain his confidence and esteem, at last forced him to admit that of late there had seemed to be a change in his surroundings, and in the manner displayed toward him by his former friends and associates. It had seemed strange to him that when he addressed his friends they made no reply, and gave no evidence of having heard him. So, too, he did not understand why a brother priest had taken his place in the church

service, and in the affairs of the parish, even though he had not been officially deposed or removed by those in authority over him.

We assured him that he had passed into the life beyond the mortal, and suggested that he investigate the matter with a view of ascertaining the truth or falsity of our assertion.

On the following evening he again came to us, and said that he found that we were correct in our claim that he had entered the life of the spirit. His feelings toward us savored less of animosity than on the preceding evening, but still he had little patience with that which he felt to be an obnoxious practice on our part in holding spirit seances. The practice seemed obnoxious to him because the actuality of the phenomena appeals to and convinces the children of the Catholic Church as no other belief or religious doctrine does or can.

There are few people born or reared in the Catholic faith who abandon Catholicism for any of the Protestant forms of belief. Occasionally there is such a case, but they are rare indeed as compared with those who, becoming convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, through the proofs afforded by the phenomena, drop out of the church and adopt a line of liberal thought based upon an absolute knowledge of the future life of the individual.

To our inquiries: "If he believed in the infallibility of the Pope? If he believed that God would only grant forgiveness promptly to those in purgatory whose relatives or friends pay to the priests a stated sum of money to enlist their intercession through masses said for the repose of their souls? If he believed that power had ever been or could be delegated to him through any agency, mortal or divine, to forgive the sins of others, or to grant absolution for wrongs committed against others than himself?" His reply to each question was in the negative.

Being asked what it was that appealed to him and held him loyal to an institution in whose principal tenets he had no faith, he replied: "It is the power over the minds and actions of others, the life of ease, and the opportunity to gratify tastes and passions, that led me to remain in the church. Besides, having no faith in the doctrines of the Catholic religion, in which I was educated, I could have no faith in the doctrines of other denominations, which I had always been taught were

heretical, inasmuch as that originally they were offshoots from the mother church."

Having been carried one step forward, by being convinced, through his own experience, of the fact of communion between spirits and mortals, he was the more ready to listen to a brief outline of that which has been taught us regarding the experiences of the individual in the future state. We told him of the life of progression; of the ability inherent in and of the opportunity afforded each and every individual to overcome and outwork all the errors of earth-life. We told him of the power of love, which makes man work, not for self alone, but for the welfare and happiness of his fellow-creatures; for it is only in forgetting self, and in remembering others, that true happiness and progress is found.

After having given expression to other ideas which have been impressed upon us by spirit teachers, relating to life, its laws and its aims, we suggested that he take time to consider his position in life, in connection with the thoughts which we had imparted to him, and at a later meeting advise us what conclusions he arrived at.

During the interim between this and the next meeting I was often conscious of the presence of the priest, and at such times would render him what assistance I could by giving him thoughts upon the plane along which it was desirable that his consideration should extend. He, in that time, manifested at a seance at which I was not present, and showed by his remarks that the thoughts which had been given him had taken root in his mind.

At our next meeting he came deeply regretful of his past error, and filled with despair for the future. Realizing the enormity of his action in having taught as truth a doctrine in which he had no belief, and remembering the advantage which he had taken of his capacity as priest to wrong others in the gratification of his personal desires, his spiritual vision could discern naught but darkness.

We did all in our power to encourage him, by assurance of opportunities that would be presented through which he would be enabled to work himself into the higher spiritual atmosphere. The spirit friends also assured him of their assistance, and admonished him to remain strong and steadfast in his determination to advance, humbly willing to undo all

wrongs committed, and ever on the alert to aid any with whom he came in contact, who could be benefited through his instrumentality.

And thus there was started upon the highway of truth one who had long been traversing the dark paths and byways of superstition and error.

AN OUTLINE OF THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE WORK.

This paper being designed to form a dividing line in the series of communications on "mission-work among the spirits," will be devoted to a mere outline of the advancement of the work in the circles hereinafter specified, and to a brief mention of the mediums and members thereof.

The earliest record of such mission-work that the writer is familiar with, is that of the experience of Judge Edmunds, as related in the work entitled "Spiritualism," by Judge Edmunds and Dr. Dexter, published in 1855.

An account is given therein of several seances with a trance medium, where the manifesting intelligences were from the dark sphere, and were in search of knowledge as to the manner in which a higher and happier condition might be attained.

The first circle to be devoted exclusively to mission-work of which I have any knowledge, is that which was formed by Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Reiley, of Buffalo, N. Y., with Mrs. M. A. Swain as medium, the other members of the circle being Mrs. Sarah Fisher and son, Mr. Leander Fisher. It was six or seven years ago that Miss Eva, the spirit daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, requested that the work of the circle be confined to the advancement of those poor, darkened souls who, through the workings of ignorance, inhabit the earth sphere but one remove from mortals.

Miss Eva has been in Spirit-life about twenty years, and is only seconded in her philanthropic efforts by Mrs. Dora, daughter of Mrs. Fisher, who passed to the Spirit-home some sixteen years ago. Both have advanced to a high state of spiritual unfoldment, as have the other members of the band who are associated with them in the grand work of redeeming souls from darkened conditions, and starting them upward in the higher spiritual atmosphere.

The other members of the band best known to us (because

they have manifested most) are: Mr. Fox, so-called, whose name in the mortal was Nabis. He was of the time 250 B. C., and is an historic character. When he was in earth-life he was tyrannical and cruel, and the glorious work in which he has been long engaged is a beautiful illustration of the truth that man can and must work out his own salvation. Jim Black is an Indian spirit, strong in intellect and in spirit-power. During the earlier stages of his medium's development he exhibited wonderful power in physical manifestations, and some of the accounts given of his feats during that time are indeed marvelous. Our young friend "Jimmie," bright, kind and of great strength in assisting those who come for aid, was unfortunate in his earth experience. His lot in life was cast amid adverse surroundings, and, perhaps, fortunately for him, considered in the light of events subsequent to his entry into Spirit-life, he was early called from mortal sphere to the Spirit-world, where he was rapidly advanced.

"Tom" and "Mogazona" are controls of Mr. Fisher, and are of incalculable aid in the work, owing to their ability to unfold the record of those who come to us for help. Both are progressed spirits, and the lessons which they impart are instructive and entertaining to the members of the circle, as well as to the individuals whom we are endeavoring to assist. Space permitting, I might mention others on the spirit side of life who are giving their time and attention to the mission-work in connection with this band.

The recognized mediumship of Mrs. Swain dates back forty years, and has advanced from table-tipping and rappings through the various phases of automatic and independent writings, trance mediumship, clairvoyance and clairaudience to a very high and satisfactory phase of independent voice—two or three spirits manifesting at one time on many occasions. Mrs. Swain has been a medium all her life, though unconscious of the nature of the powers which she possessed in earlier years. She was known as a medium long before the people were as liberal in their religious views as they now are, and at a time when to be a medium meant that you must be subjected to much that was unpleasant and painful. But she has stood firmly through it all, seeking to glean a lesson of life from each experience, be it sad or be it joyous; and ere many years she will be called to that brighter land, there to receive the

reward that must come to those whose earth-lives have been spent in assisting others.

Of the members of the little circle, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher, I must say that they always stand ready, eager to extend their sympathy and aid to all who come to them needing assistance, relinquishing much of social enjoyment with their fellow-mortals that they may devote the more time to this good work; and at the end of each evening spent in this labor of love they realize the satisfaction of having contributed their mite toward the advancement of their fellow-men. It has been my privilege to be associated with them in this work for two years past, and I feel that I have good reason to rejoice in that I am thus favored.

Mrs. E. S. French is another medium with whom I have been permitted to be associated in the mission-work. She, like Mrs. Swain, has been a medium from childhood, and strong manifestations date from a period about twenty-five years since. Her development has also carried her through the various phases of physical, mental and independent manifestations, and there are now produced through her mediumship remarkable manifestations of the phase of independent voice, even under adverse conditions. Mrs. French's mediumship dates back to a time when but few congenial souls could be found who were in harmony with her and with the work which the Spirit-world was trying to perform through her instrumentality. She has, like all other known mediums, been persecuted and maligned by those who had not accepted the truth; but those experiences, while they have always hurt her sensitive nature, have tended to broaden her spiritually, and have taught her to be sympathetic, kind and charitable; and when she enters into the Spirit-world there will be many to greet her with words of love and gratitude, for she has been instrumental in the conveyance of many a message of love and cheer from dwellers in Spirit-life to their loved ones on earth.

Of the spirit band surrounding Mrs. French, I wish to speak of the great Indian chief, "Sa-go-ya-wat-ha," better known as "Red Jacket." He is now, as he was in the mortal, renowned as an orator, and it is indeed a pleasure to listen to the grand thoughts to which he gives expression. Then there is Dr. Hosack, who was eminent as a physician in Brooklyn early in the present century, and who now enjoys

the love and confidence of those who have formed his acquaintance since he passed to Spirit-life. Many a mortal has cause to be thankful to him for advice and counsel in an hour of need. There is, also, our genial and whole-souled friend, Captain Dan Bromley, who always has a pleasant word and a loving thought with which to greet those with whom he comes in contact; and last, but not least, in the band of which she is a member, I will mention our dear friend "Aunt Abbie." She is always present with us when there are children to be assisted, and her love for the dear little ones draws all toward her.

The mission-work carried on through the mediumship of Mrs. French was begun some two years since, at the request of the members of her band and of numerous other spirits. They could see the urgent need of such labor, and had no difficulty in enlisting the sympathy and hearty co-operation of a sufficient number of mortals to establish the conditions necessary to the advancement of their philanthropic project; and although there has been much opposing force brought to bear by those on the spirit-side of life who are governed by ignorance, superstition and bigotry, still the work has gone steadily on, and we can all realize that no small amount of benefit is being derived by those who are suffering the effects of ignorance, selfishness and false teachings.

Among those in mortal-life who gladly devote much of their time to aid in establishing conditions into which the poor, darkened souls are brought for assistance, I am pleased to mention Mrs. Sully-Chick, Mrs. Anna M. Shaver, Mrs. Caroline Washburn, Mrs. E. T. Washburn, ex-Judge George W. Cothran, Mr. Charles W. Bigden and Mr. Fred G. Scott. All are deeply interested, and realize that much good is being done the spirits who are brought to us, and that we, also, are benefited by the knowledge gained of the experiences of those whom we assist.

The various accounts of seances given in the papers preceding this were, with one exception (part second), condensed reports of some of those held with Mrs. French as medium, and while they do not give the whole of the conversation in any case, they are intended to give a comprehensive idea of the line of argument which we adopt in dealing with "our visitors from across the border."

The papers following this, and so noted, are from sten-

ographic notes taken at the circles held at Mr. Bailey's, with Mrs. Swain as medium, and will, I think, be perused with interest by the readers of "The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World." Many thoughts may be gleaned from the remarks of "Tom" (a control of Mr. Fisher's), which are well worth being treasured by those of us who are still on the mortal plane, and I hope that they may be widely and carefully read. It is due to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey that I am permitted to use these full reports in this series of papers, and I am very happy to secure them for the purpose, as they give a much more comprehensive idea of the scope of the work than do the articles which I have prepared from memory.

GRADUALLY LIFTING A SPIRIT FROM ITS DARK CONDITIONS.

EVA (spirit daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—The atmosphere is very bad to-night, and we will not keep you very long. We have made a selection of not very rough ones to-night.

SPIRIT—Where is this fortune-teller?

MR. FISHER—What do you want of a fortune-teller?

SPIRIT—Well, I would like to consult one. Where is he?

MR. BAILEY—That gentleman who just spoke to you sometimes tells fortunes.

SPIRIT—I saw the sign over the door: "Tom, the Fortune-Teller." Where is he?

MRS. BAILEY—He is right here—this young man.

SPIRIT—What would be your charges?

MRS. BAILEY—Oh! I think they will be very reasonable.

SPIRIT—Well, no matter! no matter! I have a little business on hand that I would like to know about. You treat business matters, don't you?

MR. FISHER—I presume that Tom does.

SPIRIT—Where is Tom?

MR. FISHER—I will place myself in a condition so that Tom can take possession of me, and then he can answer for himself.

SPIRIT—Oh! that's it! Well, now, I would like to get a little information.

MR. BAILEY—You would rather have it come authentically, would you not, like that?

SPIRIT—It doesn't make any difference how it comes, if I only get something that is satisfactory.

MR. BAILEY—But if you had your mind made up how you wanted it to come, it wouldn't make any difference how much truth was told you, you would not be satisfied unless it came a certain way, and that would not be giving the fortune-teller a fair chance.

SPIRIT—Well, if it is the truth, it will be satisfactory enough.

MR. BAILEY—Tom is a spirit, and when he controls this young man, what he tells you will be true. This young man doesn't know anything about what he is saying.

SPIRIT—It doesn't make any difference! I don't suppose it will amount to much, but, at the same time, I would like to try the thing, because I have heard that there is fortune-telling that gives very good, accurate things.

MR. BAILEY—I guarantee that you will be satisfied with what he tells you. He will tell you things that you know he doesn't know anything about.

TOM—Well, how do you do, sir?

SPIRIT—Is this the fortune-teller?

MR. BAILEY—That is Tom.

SPIRIT—How do you do, sir?

TOM—Well, what will you have?

SPIRIT—I would like to get a little information.

TOM—What kind of information do you want?

SPIRIT—I want some information in regard to business.

TOM—All right! State your case.

SPIRIT—If you are a good fortune-teller you cantell me what I want.

TOM—How could I tell you what you want?

SPIRIT—Well, that's the way they generally do, I believe. They tell you what it is you want, and tell you about it.

TOM—I don't know that I can tell you what you want, but I will begin by calling you by your name. You were christened John, but most people call you Jack.

SPIRIT—That's all straight enough.

TOM—There is a woman here, and she says that you will remember her very well. Her name is Lucy. She says that if you had done as she told you to do, you would not be hunting around for fortune-tellers regarding your business; but you didn't follow her advice.

MR. BAILEY—Is that right?

SPIRIT—That is right, yes. Well, if she can tell you that much, can't she give me some more advice?

TOM—I presume that she can. I don't think I would bother my head about business. You have got to die and you can't take anything with you.

SPIRIT—You have to live until you die.

TOM—That is true, you have got to live, but you can live on much less and be just as comfortable, and perhaps you would be much better, because you wouldn't be using your brain, tiring it all out to make more money.

SPIRIT—You know we want to make all we can, and I would like to get a little information.

TOM—I will tell you, in the first place, that you had no business to sign those notes for Dick; you know he fooled you two or three times—but you have got a soft spot like some other people.

SPIRIT—Yes, I have got an all-fired soft spot! Is there any way out of it?

TOM—If you hadn't signed those notes for Dick you wouldn't have been in the tight place that you are in now. But I'll tell you what it is, Jack, I don't think I would bother my head about business.

SPIRIT—I am obliged to! I must get out of this fix, you know.

TOM—Don't you know that you can't take anything with you when you die?

SPIRIT—That may be; I don't expect to take anything; but, at the same time, we have got to leave something for those who are dependent upon us.

TOM—Yes, that is true; but don't you know that your life is very short? And you know, Jack, you were warned the last time that you went to the doctor's to be very careful about getting excited, because you know that you have heart trouble.

SPIRIT—Yes, I know; but do you mean that I am going to die soon?

TOM—Oh, yes. A great many people die with heart trouble, or die suddenly, and after they make the change called death, they are not aware that they have died. And whatever they had on their minds at the time of their death they take with them. And they can't take any notice of anything in Spirit-life, because those thoughts dwell in their minds and

they are completely absorbed in them. You know that, for some time past, you have been completely absorbed in your business.

SPIRIT—Yes, I had to be! It has been wearing on me pretty hard. Now, what you have been telling me is strange. It is a fact about Lucy; she did warn me, but it is so strange that you should tell it to me. Now, if she told you that much, couldn't she tell you how to ease this thing up some?

TOM—Yes, I will tell you. When I get through talking to you, you will see that, under the circumstances and the run things have taken, it won't be necessary for you to bother any more about business.

SPIRIT—Well, I don't understand that at all!

TOM—No, I know you don't. You remember my saying to you a short time ago that sometimes people make the change called death and are not aware of it?

SPIRIT—Yes, I know you said that.

TOM—Don't you suppose that when you leave your body you will be Jack just the same? Why, of course you would be, because it would be Jack that moved out; and wouldn't you take your thoughts and experiences with you? They belong to you.

SPIRIT—Well, I guess we don't have much of the bother we have while we are here. If we took all of the bother and perplexities with us it would be a very sad thing indeed.

TOM—Oh, yes, for a time you do take them along with you, because they are a part of you—until you are aware that you have made that change and cast them off, you take them up just the same. There's a little girl here, Jack, and she says that her name is Gertie, and that you are her papa. She says she loves papa, and she wants papa to come to her. She says: "Papa, don't bother any more about business now, because you can come to me."

SPIRIT—Is it because you see that I am going to die that you talk in this manner to me?

TOM—It isn't because I see that you are going to die, but—now don't be startled—it is because I know that you have already made that change.

SPIRIT—Made the change?

TOM—Yes; for it is only a change—only a step from the

old life to the new. The beginning of the new life lies just outside of the body.

SPIRIT—Well, you startle me! I feel very strange!

TOM—Don't be startled; it is all well with you. In order to gain your attention, I was obliged at first to humor your fancies; that is the way we have to get the attention of spirits who have made the change called death and are not aware of it, and who have taken with them their thoughts, desires and inclinations of their past lives, and are wandering about trying to give expression to them and work them out. You have entered Spirit-life!

SPIRIT—Can it be possible?

TOM—It is true! Would you like to see me as a spirit?

SPIRIT—Yes, I think I would.

TOM—Now look! (Tom leaves Mr. Fisher.)

SPIRIT—Dear! that beats everything!

MR. BAILEY—That is Tom, the spirit who has been talking to you.

SPIRIT—The fortune-teller?

MR. BAILEY—Yes. You can understand now how he can tell fortunes, can't you?

SPIRIT—Dear! that gives me a strange sensation!

MR. BAILEY—There's nothing to be frightened at.

SPIRIT—No, sir, I am not frightened; but it seems very remarkable and very strange; away beyond my comprehension. Oh! that is strange! He has gone back into him!

TOM (Returns to Mr. Fisher)—I am not a fortune-teller, as you suppose.

SPIRIT—You mustn't blame me; I saw the sign!

TOM—That was to attract you to this place, so that you would come into these conditions and be instructed pertaining to the change you have made, because you did not understand it. I have been in Spirit-life some time, and my pleasure and happiness consists in aiding and assisting poor, benighted spirits like yourself, who have lately come into the soul-land as strangers, having no conception or idea of the future life; so they have to be instructed pertaining to the duties of the new life. It is a beautiful life which you have entered, a life of growth, progression and beautiful unfoldment, where the soul expands and grows in knowledge, and through that knowledge it reaches the higher realms of thought.

SPIRIT—Well, I am lost!

TOM—Come with me, all of you, friends, and I will take you where you will receive the necessary instructions for the proper development and growth of your spirit, where you will be taught how to reach and where to find your friends, those who love you and those who have gone on before.

SPIRIT—That will be delightful!

TOM—And where, after you are sufficiently prepared and instructed, you will be taught how to return to earth and administer to those whom you have left behind, those whom you love—for you can return. Now I will leave the young man, and you go with me.

SPIRIT—Well, I will!

EXPERIENCES OF A SPIRIT WHO ON EARTH WAS WEALTHY.

The experiences in the Spirit-world of those who have been considered shrewd business men in earth-life, furnished us much food for reflection. I remember a spirit who came to us a short time since, and accosted me as follows: “Why do you not speak to me?”

I replied: “Because I was waiting for you to address me first.”

“Well,” he said, “I have found that none of my former friends will recognize or speak to me. If I approach them, they stare straight at me without appearing to see me, or they seem to gaze right past me; and when I accost them, they make no reply, but turn on their heel and walk away. And strangers, too, whom I address, turn away without noticing me. I was curious to see if you would speak to me, and as you said nothing for some time I began to think that you were going to treat me as the others had; but you did answer when I spoke to you.”

I asked why it was that people had treated him in the manner which he had described, and he replied: “Well, I don’t know just why it is, unless it is because they are envious of my position in life. You see, I am a rich man and people seem to be envious of me. I guess that’s all.”

“You say that you are a rich man, and that the reason people treat you so coolly is on account of their envy. Now, is there not some other reason? How did you come by your riches? Was there anything in connection with the accumula-

tion of your wealth that would cause people to look upon you with an eye of disapprobation? My motive in asking these questions is not that of curiosity, but a desire to get at the truth of the matter, so that I can assist you, if possible. It seems to me a sad thing for a man to be in the position in which you find yourself, and now let us look into the matter with a view of bringing about a better state of affairs."

"You seem to be a fair kind of a fellow," he replied, "and I don't mind telling you that I have been a little sharp at times in driving a bargain with others, and there have been times when I pressed people who were in my debt a little hard, perhaps; but I am not the only man who has done those things, and there is no good reason why people should make such a fuss about it all of a sudden. I began life a poor boy, but I was determined that I would not always be poor. So I commenced to save and accumulate, and as I grew older and possessed more my cravings for wealth increased and my scruples grew less, until I would stop at nothing to gain the coveted dollars." (Speaking to another spirit.) "What the devil do you want here? Get out of here! I don't want to see you! Turn those eyes away! Will you turn them away, I say!"

"What is the matter now?" I asked. "Do you recognize those eyes? Why is it that they trouble you?"

"I don't like to have her look at me like that!" he said, "and I won't have it, either. Turn your eyes away, I tell you! Of course I know the eyes! I turned her out of doors once, because she couldn't pay the rent; but that is no reason why she should follow me around like this with those everlasting eyes. I had to have my rent, and if she could not pay she had to get out, that's all!"

"Well, now," said I, "let us discuss another subject, and forget, if we can, for a time, those unpleasant things. For several years I have been interested in that vital question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' and I have investigated sufficiently to convince myself that there is a life beyond the mortal. I have ascertained that the change which we call death is but the birth into a higher life; that our home or condition in that higher life depends wholly upon our life here; that if we lead good lives, full of love and sympathy for our fellow-man, full of unselfish effort to brighten the lives of those about us, we find awaiting us on the spirit side of life a home

correspondingly bright and beautiful. But, on the other hand, if we live dark, selfish lives, striving only to gratify desires of a selfish nature; if we crush down others that we may raise ourselves, we find that our habitation in the Spirit-world is as dark and forbidding as were the deeds of our mortal life."

"You say," he interrupted, "that you have ascertained these facts through investigation. Will you please explain how it was that you ascertained them? Who knows if there is a life beyond this? The church doctrines teach that there is, but you must accept it all on faith, as they prove nothing whatsoever of a life beyond the grave."

"You ask me to explain to you how I have ascertained that there is a life beyond the mortal? I will tell you! I have in various ways, that were entirely satisfactory to me, communicated with those who have been my friends or relatives in this life, but who have passed through the change called death. They have proven their identity to me, so that I have confidence in them, and in that which they tell me. It is they who teach me of the conditions of Spirit-life. They tell me of their own experiences and of the experiences of others whom they have met or seen; and their teachings accord so well with the laws of nature, as they come before our observation here, that I cannot doubt the truth of that which they impart to me."

"What do they tell you regarding the death and subsequent conditions of the individual? Is there any 'change in the twinkling of an eye'?"

"They say that the change called death is but the stepping-out of the man, the mind, the spirit, from the mortal body, which, through accident or disease, has become unfit for further occupancy. That the spirit takes with it into the Spirit-world the knowledge and ideas which it has gained in earth-life; and that its condition, as I have before stated to you, depends upon the life which was led in the mortal."

"What do they teach you of heaven and hell; of God and the devil; of the atoning power of Christ; of the judgment day, and of eternal punishment?"

"They teach us that heaven and hell are conditions of mind, and not locations. That a heavenly condition is produced by a life of unselfish devotion to the good of humanity, by forgetting self and laboring for others. That hell is a condition of mind consequent upon an earth-life on exactly

opposite lines; where one has striven for self-gratification, regardless of the needs or rights of others. We are taught that there is neither personal God nor personal Devil. That no one can atone for your sins or for mine, but ourselves. That we must outwork our own transgressions. That punishment is not eternal; being an outworking of the law of cause and effect, it is very plain. You do a wrong deed, knowingly, the memory of that act remains with you. At last a time comes when you will meet that occurrence in your memory with a full consciousness of all its wrong. You ask: 'How can I make restitution? How can I undo that which I have done?' Then will the way be made clear to you. Then will those come to you who have love in their hearts, those who understand the laws of being. They will teach you that in working for others you can lessen the load that you bear; and as you earnestly strive to follow out their teachings, peace will come to your troubled spirit and you will be happier. The degree of your happiness will depend upon the earnestness and strength of your efforts in overcoming the errors and mistakes of your past life."

"Well, my friend," said the spirit, "I like the teachings which your friends have given you. They seem reasonable and right; and I wish to set about undoing some of the wrongs of my past life at once. Tell me, pray, how can I undo the wrongs which I have done? So far as I can, I am willing to restore to those whom I have overreached that which belongs to them; but some have moved away, and some are dead. I will go for my safe at once and begin to make restitution!"

"Wait a moment," said I, "there is one right here whom you say you treated harshly. Begin the work of restitution by begging her forgiveness. That is a little thing to do, and it will aid you in reaching a brighter condition. Being the only restitution that you can make in this case, there should be no hesitancy on your part in doing as I suggest."

Before the man could sufficiently control his pride to do as I had requested, the woman's voice was heard, saying: "Mr. —, I freely forgive you! I know that the feeling I have had toward you has retarded my progress, and in forgiving you fully and freely, as I do, I feel that it will greatly benefit both of us."

At first the man seemed to be taken aback at the forgive-

ness so generously extended by the person whom he had wronged, and was inclined to doubt its genuineness; but when I informed him that in harboring animosity, hatred or revengeful feelings towards others, no matter what the provocation may have been, we are wronging ourselves and forming a condition that will react upon us, and debar us from that happiness which can only come through a full forgiveness to all humanity, he was brought to a right understanding of the matter, and was glad to avail himself of that forgiveness which had been extended to him.

"Now," said he, "I will begin at once to undo the wrong which I have done. I have a sum of money in my safe sufficient to repay many small debts. I will dispose of my property as fast as I can, and reimburse some whom I have defrauded of larger sums. So excuse me, please, while I set about the work at hand."

I explained to him then that he had made the change called death, but was for a long time unable to convince him of the truth of my statement. It was only when I called his attention to the fact that it was on account of his being spirit that his friends and acquaintances did not notice him—simply because they did not see him—and asked if he did not know that the woman who spoke to him was in Spirit-life, and if she did not appear to be clothed like himself, that he began to realize that he was indeed in Spirit-life. When he fully comprehended the fact that he had no further control over the wealth he accumulated, and that he could not use it in outworking his earthly mistakes, he was greatly distressed.

He prayed that we would inform him how he could rectify his past errors, and at my request one of the spirits of the band spoke to him in substance as follows: "My friend, early in your earth career you became imbued with a love for wealth, and the powers it confers on earth upon those who possess it. You loved it, not for the good that might be wrought with it, but simply for itself; and you gloried in the knowledge that you possessed it. You were unscrupulous in its acquirement, and through the wrongs committed in amassing your riches, you have builded about yourself a wall of darkness. But thanks to the laws of nature, it is within your power to undo all the wrong which you have done; though the unloading may take you a long time. Follow closely the instructions that

will be given you from time to time, and falter not. At first it will be your mission to approach those who are still in the mortal, and who are possessed of a disposition like your own. When you find them doing as you did—enriching themselves at the expense of others—endeavor to impress them to pursue a different course. I will take you to a man who is sitting at this moment engaged in deep study, endeavoring to formulate a plan whereby he can add something to his already vast acquirements without rendering an equivalent value. Try to turn the current of his thought into a different channel, and thus help him to avoid adding another wrong to many preceding ones. Press forward in the work that is given you to do. You will ever find those about you willing to extend love and charity. And as you see your past errors slipping away, one by one, your reward will come in the ever-increasing happiness which you will enjoy.”

INTERESTING CONVERSATION WITH A SPIRIT.

EVA (Spirit-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—We bring quite a number of persons to-night, who are not very bad, but they are light, jovial and hard to reach.

SPIRIT—Say, what’s up? What’s the matter with you?

MR. FISHER—Matter with whom?

SPIRIT—All of you. What’s the matter with you, anyhow?

MR. FISHER—Why, nothing. You are happy and jolly, aren’t you?

SPIRIT—Yes, sir.

MR. FISHER—Where did you come from?

SPIRIT—Well, I came from down town; and I’ll tell you there’s a funny thing happened to me. I suppose that I am just as dead as anybody can be.

MR. FISHER—You are? You don’t act like a dead man.

SPIRIT—No, that’s just where the fun comes in, because, do you know, my folks think that I am planted five or six feet below the ground, but I am not.

MR. FISHER—I don’t see how they could think that. They might have planted your body, but I don’t see how they could plant you.

SPIRIT—Well, they think that they planted me, and that’s where it’s so jolly, you know. The fun comes right in there.

MR. FISHER—They think that they planted you, but you are not there at all.

SPIRIT—No, sir,

MR. FISHER—You can have a good time now, going about.

SPIRIT—Yes. I don't see a bit of difference, do you?

MR. FISHER—I don't know, because I haven't died. It's very interesting to me, to have you come and tell me these things.

SPIRIT—I suppose it is.

MR. FISHER—Yes, because I would like to know something about it.

SPIRIT—I don't know anything about how it is going to come out. I have no sort of an idea.

MR. FISHER—It's all right, so far?

SPIRIT—Oh, yes. Jolly! jolly!

MRS. BAILEY—It will get better and better all the time.

SPIRIT—I hope so.

MR. BAILEY—Did you ever hear of Spiritualism?

SPIRIT—Oh, gosh, yes! It was regular fun! Do you know, we used to sit around the table; and the way we used to fool those girls; we used to tell them all about their fellows.

MR. BAILEY—Didn't you believe anything in Spiritualism.

SPIRIT—No; do you?

MR. BAILEY—Yes; we are Spiritualists.

SPIRIT—Oh, well, that's all right.

MR. BAILEY—You are proving Spiritualism to us now, because you are a spirit, and we are mortals.

SPIRIT—A spirit! Oh, the devil! I never thought of that.

MR. BAILEY—Haven't you died?

SPIRIT—Why, yes, I suppose I have.

MR. BAILEY—Of course you are a spirit, then.

SPIRIT—It's a fact, but I didn't think of it before.

MR. BAILEY—Spiritualism is a fact, too, isn't it?

SPIRIT—Yes, I guess it is; but, you know, I never paid much attention to it.

MR. BAILEY—You have entered now where you can realize more of what life is than we can. You have entered an eternity, a life of progression.

SPIRIT—Well, I never made a great deal of progress; so I hope to God I shall begin!

TOM—I should think you would want to be looking around and trying to find some of your folks.

SPIRIT—I don't know as I care anything about any of my folks. I never had a great deal of—what do you call it? Never mind, we won't discuss that.

TOM—I know one you used to like. I should think you would want to find her.

SPIRIT—I am not hunting up people. I never found it very profitable to be hunting up people. I just take them as they come, and then let them go; that's the best way.

TOM—That's all right; but don't you remember your old Aunt Rosy?—your old colored nurse?

SPIRIT—Yes; I'll tell you what, that was a good old critter!

TOM—Why, of course she was.

SPIRIT—She had a face that was as black as the devil, but she had a heart that was good.

TOM—Yes, I know it, for I can see it now, that she had a real good heart. I tell you she thinks lots of you. She says that you are her Massa Charles. Is that your name?

SPIRIT—Yes, sir.

TOM—I don't know only what she tells me, because I am a stranger to you.

SPIRIT—Has she been talking to you?

TOM—Yes.

SPIRIT—Well, why don't she come to me?

TOM—She can't just yet; because, I'll tell you, Charles, when people die they progress out of the earth atmosphere, and go up into the spiritual atmosphere; and then those spirits cannot go directly to those who are "just planted," as you are.

SPIRIT—Oh, that's it! All right, McCovey.

TOM—It's all growth and progress where you are now. You have got to grow to get to where Aunt Rosy is, because, you know, she has been in the Spirit-life a good while. She loves you so much, and she will be so glad to have you come to her, because there's lots of things she can tell you pertaining to the new life that will be a great benefit to you.

SPIRIT—Well, I wish she would come to me.

TOM—She is right here, but you can't see anyone only those who are in the same condition that you are in at the present time. She can come down to you, and realize you, but you can't realize her right away.

SPIRIT—Well, I never thought—it's no matter. I guess I won't say it.

TOM—I know what you were going to say. You might as well say it if you wish to, because this is where every one can express themselves just as they feel.

SPIRIT—Well, I hadn't forgotten it, but it didn't just come to me.

TOM—You never thought anything much.

SPIRIT—Well, there's no use in fussing, getting sorry, and all those kinds of things—no use at all!

TOM—There's no use in fretting, but there is a good deal of use in thinking; because there is a great deal in Spirit-life to see and learn, and the more you learn, and the farther you advance, why, the better you will be.

SPIRIT—Do you know, boy, if I were to think I would be crazy in a little while? God! I would be as crazy as a bedbug!

TOM—Oh, no, you wouldn't. It would do you good to think; and you will have to think, because there are lots of things to think about. This is a wonderful life—a wonderful universe—and to think that you are out of your body, now, in this great, broad universe, and that you have a whole eternity to grow in.

SPIRIT—I will be a good deal bigger than old Goliath, if I keep on growing a whole eternity!

TOM—I don't mean that you will grow in size; I mean in knowledge and wisdom; there's lots of things to know. Think of all the planets, and this wonderful universe, all working together in such beautiful harmony.

SPIRIT—Well, do you know, they will work just the same way whether I know about it or not. If I were to understand all about them it wouldn't make a bit of difference—they would go on just the same.

TOM—Just the same; but still, wouldn't it be nice to understand all those wonderful laws of the spirit? And there's a great deal of good that you can do. Don't you think it is nice to make people feel good?

SPIRIT—Why, certainly. I never tried to make people feel bad.

TOM—No; but I'll tell you: There are a great many people who go into the life you have now entered, who are very sad and sorrowful because they don't find things exactly as they expected; and then, again, they didn't live just the right kind of lives.

SPIRIT—It serves them right if they didn't do right.

TOM—Yes; but at the same time it's a duty for any one to help these poor creatures out of the darkness and suffering, because they all have good friends who love them.

SPIRIT—Well, why didn't they live as they ought to?

TOM—You must take into consideration their conditions, surroundings and disposition; for they all have a great deal to do with it. If you had been born under the same circumstances, and had the same disposition, you would have done the same.

SPIRIT—I wouldn't have the same disposition; I wouldn't do it.

TOM—You would, because it would be natural for you. You would have been just the same if you had been born the same.

SPIRIT—I don't care if I had been born of a pig, I wouldn't have been anything of the sort.

TOM—Now, don't talk that way, because you would be just as it would be natural that you should be. It is natural for you to be the way you are now, and you couldn't be anything different; and if you had been born under the same surroundings as others, you would have been just as they are. It is all nonsense for people to say that they wouldn't be so and so, because they would be just the same! You were Charles before you were planted, and you are giving out Charles now. If you were some one else after you were planted, you wouldn't be yourself. You have entered a natural life now. I know from experience, because I have been in Spirit-life a long time.

SPIRIT—How do you find it?

TOM—Very beautiful.

SPIRIT—What does the beauty consist of?

TOM—The beauty consists of the wonderful country, the wonderful beauties of scenery; and, oh! the beautiful flowers! Do you know, the flowers that grow in the Spirit-land are so full of the bright spirit that they nod to you, and you can see them grow!

SPIRIT—Where are the gardens where these flowers grow?

TOM—They are up in the higher spiritual realms. You are now right on the earth-plane.

SPIRIT—How do you get up there?

TOM—By working.

SPIRIT—Say! what was that? Do you know my head went off?

TOM—Well, I'll tell you. In order to enable you to talk and hear, your spirit has been clothed with earth-conditions by higher spirits who understand this wonderful process; and when that material is removed from your spirit body you feel as if your head was going off, as you say.

SPIRIT—I did feel so.

TOM—That was when that material was dissolved from your spirit body. You cannot speak the way you are speaking now without your spirit being clothed with that material. You know, when you enter the new life you have to be taught and shown something about it.

SPIRIT—Yes, I suppose so.

TOM—You don't suppose that you are always going to be like this?

SPIRIT—Well, I don't know.

TOM—You have duties to perform and you have work to do.

SPIRIT—Well, I hope it won't be piled on very hard.

TOM—Oh, no.

SPIRIT—But I suppose that if I have to, I have to.

TOM—Yes, you will have to. That is the law of your being, and those laws have to be obeyed, because you wouldn't always be satisfied to go on exactly in the manner you did before you were "planted." You would be tired of the same thing always; and I want to tell you, Charles, your old nurse has lots of things to tell you and show you.

SPIRIT—What does she want to show me?

TOM—I couldn't tell you now, because I don't exactly know; but I know that she is very anxious.

SPIRIT—Well, I am ready.

TOM—She says the Lord has been very good to her soul.

SPIRIT—I know she was always prating about the Lord being good to her. Do you know that dear old soul, she took me to meeting one time, and she thought the Lord was going to bless me for it. And she thought I was going to get religion; but I'll tell you the thing didn't stick at all, and I felt, for that dear old soul's sake, that I would like to have it, if there was any such thing; and I guess I came as near praying as I ever did, but I couldn't make the thing stick.

TOM—Of course, Aunt Rosy didn't find things as she ex-

pected; but everything is all right, and she is very happy. She loves you, and is so anxious to have you come up into the spiritual realms—for you know she has been in Spirit-life some time.

SPIRIT—Oh, yes, a good while.

TOM—She is right here, and she says that she wants to help her Massa Charles.

SPIRIT—Bless the dear old soul!

TOM—And you are being helped to-night by coming in contact with me, because I am a spirit controlling this young man.

SPIRIT—Do I understand that the young man is a medium?

TOM—Yes.

SPIRIT—All right; go on.

TOM—I am controlling him, and I am going to show you myself as a spirit; and then afterwards, when I come to you, you must go with me. I will take you to a place where you will learn and see new things, and be led up to where your Aunt Rosy is.

SPIRIT—Is it far?

TOM—Not particularly far, but it will be all right—you will be satisfied. Now, this will amuse you.

SPIRIT—All right; I like anything that is amusing. What are you going to do?

TOM—I am going to leave off controlling the young man, and you will see me as a spirit. Now, you look right at the young man's head.

SPIRIT—I will.

MRS. BAILEY—Tell us what you see.

SPIRIT—Oh, shooting stars! How is that for high? Well, sir, that's funny! What is it? As sure as I am a living critter, he has skinned out of the fellow and stands there beside him!

MR. BAILEY—That's Tom.

SPIRIT—The one that was talking to me?

MR. BAILEY—Yes.

SPIRIT—I tell you that's a manifestation worth seeing.

MR. BAILEY—We'll make a Spiritualist out of you yet.

SPIRIT—I wouldn't wonder. He'll go back into him, won't he?

MR. BAILEY—Yes.

SPIRIT—All right; come on, old boy, let's have it out.

TOM (returns to Mr. Fisher)—Well, now—did you see me?

SPIRIT—Well, I did. That's a good thing!

TOM—Why, of course it's a good thing! I will tell why, Charles, this gentleman's daughter is doing what is called missionary-work. You know sometimes spirits are crushed out of their bodies, and sometimes people are run over by the cars, and are in a terrible condition; and they are brought here to this place to get righted. And, then, there are those who are in a terrible condition through not having lived the right kind of lives, and through heedlessness, and it is very hard to reach them. I am trying to reach you to-night.

SPIRIT—That is real good of you. I suppose that I ought to be reached.

TOM—Yes; and now I want you to go with me, and I will take you to a school.

SPIRIT—I don't like the sound of that.

TOM—It isn't exactly a school, but it is a place where there are bright spirits who have been in Spirit-life a long time; and they will explain everything to you, and you will be shown the way to get to your friends. Now, Rosy is very anxious about you; I tell you she loves you.

SPIRIT—Well, if there is anyone who can help me, it is dear old Aunt Rosy.

TOM—Yes, she took good care of you. No mother could have cared for you as she did, and there is a strong tie between you two, and that tie will be a great benefit to you. She can help you, because you have confidence in her.

SPIRIT—Well, I loved poor old Aunt Rosy. She's a darling! I would give a great deal to see that dear old soul! Rosy can never say that I wasn't good to her.

TOM—Yes, and that will be a great help to you in the life that you are now in; because every good thing you did, and every kind act of your life, you will see.

SPIRIT—Well, that's encouraging; but there aren't a great many to present themselves to me. I am glad that I have laid up a little for dear old Aunt Rosy.

TOM—Yes; I wish she could speak to you. Do you know, she is listening to all this conversation?

SPIRIT—Is that so?

TOM—Yes; you speak to her, and maybe she will answer you.

SPIRIT—Hello! Aunt Rosy! Are you here? Say, dear old mamma, how are you? A long time since we met, ain't it, Aunt Rosy? No, sir, she don't speak. Maybe she can't.

TOM—Just wait a little, she will try. You know, she has been gone some time, and she never spoke in this way. Speak to her again; it will encourage her.

SPIRIT—Hello! Aunt Rosy! Aunt Rosy! Here's your boy, Aunt Rosy! I thought I saw her then.

TOM—Yes, perhaps, if she can't speak to you she may be able to present herself to you. She is trying very hard to do something, so that you will know that what I have been telling you is true.

SPIRIT—Hello! Aunt Rosy, is that you?

SPIRIT (Aunt Rosy)—Massa! Massa Charles! Massa Charles!

SPIRIT—God bless her! Well, come on; for God's sake let's go! I want to go where she is. I catch a glimpse of her once in a while, for an instant.

TOM—Yes; now, my friends, we will all go.

SPIRIT—Yes, let's go.

EVA—We have reached nearly a hundred to-night. They were all thoughtless, and just enjoyed life the best they could. We got them interested in the conversation, and then got them under our magnetic influence.

UNAWARE OF THE GREAT CHANGE TO THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

EVA (Spirit Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—There will a lady speak to you this evening, who is quite peculiar; one whom people generally call cranky. She doesn't know that she has made the change. We have gathered together as large a class as we could, of people who led lives similar to hers.

SPIRIT—Say, Mister, I have sent for you, and sent for you, and I don't know what in the world is the reason that you haven't come to see me. I am not fit to come here. I am almost dead with my head.

MR. BAILEY—You know doctors can't at all times command their services.

SPIRIT—Well, you should have come to me. I am feeling badly. This has almost upset me.

MR. BAILEY—You will soon feel better. I am very glad that you came to see me, because I can fix you up very nicely.

SPIRIT—Do you think there's any chance for me to get any better?

MR. BAILEY—Certainly; I know there is. Don't be discouraged about it. How do you feel to-day?

SPIRIT—I am feeling very badly indeed.

MR. BAILEY—Where do you feel bad?

SPIRIT—It's my heart, and I do think that sometime I shall go right out.

MR. BAILEY—Well, that's a good way to go, because it saves suffering.

SPIRIT—But I do suffer. I suffer all the time.

MR. BAILEY—But when people go with heart trouble they go so quickly that their suffering isn't prolonged.

SPIRIT—My head troubles me, too. Sometimes I really think that I am going out of my mind.

MR. BAILEY—Oh, no.

SPIRIT—This has been too much for me, but I wanted to see you, because I heard that you were such a wonderful doctor.

MR. BAILEY—You will feel better, now, in a very short time.

SPIRIT—What do you think I had best to take?

MR. BAILEY—I will give you something to take that will relieve you.

SPIRIT—I would be so glad to get relief, but when I get to feeling a little better, then something always comes to upset me. I think if you could have come to me, perhaps you might have helped me; but this is going to kill me, I am sure.

MR. BAILEY—Oh, no. I think you are feeling better than when you first came.

SPIRIT—No, I don't think so.

MR. BAILEY—You know the mind has a great deal to do with it. You should be cheerful.

SPIRIT—That is what my folks are everlastingly telling me, but how can a poor, sick person like me be very cheerful? I feel so weak.

MR. BAILEY—You will feel stronger in a little while.

SPIRIT—I think it is a dreadful thing to get sick, and then have your own family act as if there was nothing in the world the matter with you.

MR. BAILEY—That is too bad.

TOM (controlling Mr. Fisher)—Yes, I tell you that's too bad

MR. BAILEY—That is Tom. I would like to introduce you to him.

SPIRIT—Is he a doctor, too?

MR. BAILEY—Yes.

TOM—Say, I want to ask you a question. Tell me who Dan is?

SPIRIT—Well, I can't tell you.

TOM—Don't you know Dan?

SPIRIT—Why, I don't know that I do.

TOM—He says that you used to know him. Why, you have been married twice, haven't you? He was your first husband.

SPIRIT—Oh! Do you mean my Daniel?

TOM—Yes, your Daniel, then.

SPIRIT—How did you know it?

TOM—I can't tell you now, because it would kind of scare you.

SPIRIT—I don't want to be frightened.

TOM—No. I just got it that you were married twice, and that he was your first husband.

SPIRIT—To be sure, that was my husband's name.

TOM—Did you like him?

SPIRIT—I guess I did! Who ever heard of any person asking such a question?

TOM—What made you marry again, then?

SPIRIT—Because I wanted to.

TOM—Your second husband's name is John. Did you like John as well as Daniel?

THE SPIRIT FEARS SHE MAY GET INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE.

SPIRIT—Why, yes. You don't get me into any scrape! You are just trying to get me into trouble. I am not going to do anything to get myself into trouble.

TOM—I am not going to get you into trouble. I just want to get your mind off a little bit. Say, you used to live in the country, didn't you? You lived on a farm with Daniel, and then, when you married John, you went to the city to live. Didn't you?

SPIRIT—Yes.

TOM—How did you like the city?

SPIRIT—Not at all. I never had much health in the city. Doctor, don't you think it would be beneficial for me to go into the country to live again?

MR. BAILEY—I guess it would.

TOM—Now, I will tell you, Mary, you will be all right after a little while. Your name is Mary, because Daniel says so.

SPIRIT—Yes.

TOM—Now, I am going to hold out my hand, and you come and put your hand close to it, and you will get some magnetism from it, and you will feel better.

SPIRIT—Yes, I will. Oh my!

TOM—Do you feel that?

SPIRIT—Why, yes! That is an electric battery, isn't it.

TOM—Yes; that will make you feel so much better.

SPIRIT—Well, I am a great deal better. Well, I declare! I think it is beautiful and grand to do those things. It helps me, I am sure; I am feeling so much better. I haven't talked so long at a time for months, and I haven't been at all troubled with my heart.

TOM—I am afraid that you thought too much of your heart; but you couldn't help it. Say, Mary, would you like to see Dan?

SPIRIT—I would be frightened to death to see him!

TOM—You know how you love your Jennie? You love her, don't you?

SPIRIT—Why, yes, certainly!

TOM—Now, if you were to die, don't you think you would want to look after her a little bit, and see how she is getting along?

SPIRIT—Well, if I knew about it—but I can't say.

TOM—Now, supposing that you had died, and you would go to Jennie and she would be afraid to see you, and you would want to make yourself known to her and tell her that you lived; wouldn't it make you feel real bad if Jennie should shut the door against you and say that she was afraid to see you?

SPIRIT—Yes, I suppose it would.

TOM—Of course it would make you feel real bad. And, Mary, it makes Daniel feel real bad to think that you would be afraid of him.

SPIRIT—Do you think he knows?

TOM—I know that he knows. I can prove it to you.

SPIRIT—Has he been dead a long time?

TOM—He has been dead over twenty years, he says.

SPIRIT—Yes.

TOM—It makes him feel real bad, because he loves you. You don't suppose that when people die they stop loving those whom they loved before, do you?

SPIRIT—I can't tell you. I don't know.

TOM—Do you suppose that if you died you would forget to love your Jennie? You couldn't do it. You know there is nothing like a mother's love, and certainly a mother won't forget her children, will she?

SPIRIT—I guess not. But you know the Bible says we are changed in the twinkling of an eye, and I can't tell you how it will be. You don't suppose that we take our human feelings with us, do you?

TOM—Of course you do, or you wouldn't be Mary. If that means anything in the Bible, that we are "changed in the twinkling of an eye," it means that we are changed from earth-life to Spirit-life, into the spirit-body. Don't you know that you have a spirit-body when you die? St. Paul says: "You have two bodies, a physical body and a spirit-body." Do you know, Mary, that Daniel is just as happy as he can be?

SPIRIT—Well, I hope that he is.

TOM—Yes, he is. He says that he didn't take much stock in your religion.

SPIRIT—Well, he was a good man.

TOM—You don't suppose that he went to the bad place, down below, do you?

SPIRIT—No. I think that the Lord would be kind to him.

TOM—Why do you think that the Lord would be kind to him?

SPIRIT—He wasn't a bad man, you know.

TOM—Did he believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?

SPIRIT—I don't know how he felt the last few moments. You know they are forgiven at the last moment—we trust that they are.

TOM—Yes, we will hope they are, too; but I doubt it. I don't believe in this deathbed repentance.

THE SPIRIT CARRIES HER BELIEF TO THE SPIRIT-SIDE OF LIFE.

SPIRIT—It is better to seek the forgiveness of the Lord at the last moment than not at all.

TOM—Well, now, let me tell you; I think that the Lord has something else to do besides trotting around from place to

place for people to ask his forgiveness. I don't think that it makes any difference to the Lord.

SPIRIT—I don't think that you talk as you should talk.

TOM—Don't you think that the truth should be told at all times?

SPIRIT—But you are so derogatory. "The Lord trotting around," don't sound well. Doctor, I am sure that you are not disposed to ridicule sacred things, are you?

TOM—Not things that are sacred, but I have very peculiar ideas about those things. I am not orthodox, by any means. I believe that God is a God of love, and saves all of His children.

SPIRIT—Yes, I think the Lord is love.

TOM—Yes, and He never gets angry. Don't you know that it says in the Bible, Mary, "I am the Lord thy God, and I am an angry and a jealous God." I don't think that is a very good example for Him to set for His children on earth, do you?

SPIRIT—We have to obey the commandments.

TOM—Don't get out of it that way, now, Mary. Do you think that it is a very good example, and do you think that is a very nice thing for any one to say? That's no kind of an example for any one to set for others.

SPIRIT—There's a spiritual meaning to it.

TOM—What is the spiritual meaning?

SPIRIT—The Lord is all righteousness. He has no sympathy with sin.

TOM—If he is all righteousness, he couldn't get angry and jealous. And he said: "I am an angry and a jealous God, and you must have no other gods but me."

SPIRIT—We shouldn't have any other gods.

TOM—According to that, there must be other gods.

SPIRIT—We must not worship idols, or make gods out of anything.

TOM—Every one has their God, according to the state to which the mind is developed.

SPIRIT—I do think this man will make me crazy.

TOM—You will think that I am the best friend you ever had before you get through with me. Do you know, Daniel tells me that was all stuff and nonsense that you believed.

SPIRIT—He tells you so?

TOM—Yes, he does. He says he's found out that it isn't true. Now, what do you think of that? He says he is happier than he would be sitting around the throne of God, telling God how good he is.

SPIRIT—Mercy!

TOM—He says God doesn't need to be told how good he is; he knows how good he is without being told. What do you think of that?

SPIRIT—It's very strange how you can talk that way!

TOM—I can't help it, you know. When I get these things I must tell you. You wouldn't want me to tell you stories, would you?

SPIRIT—No. But I am afraid that I will get so excited that my heart will trouble me again.

TOM—No, it won't. Say, Mary, did you ever hear of spirits?

SPIRIT—Yes, I have heard of them.

TOM—Are you afraid of them?

SPIRIT—Yes. I wouldn't like to have anything to do with them. It is forbidden.

TOM—Oh, pshaw! It isn't forbidden. Where is it forbidden?

SPIRIT—In the Bible.

TOM—What does it say in the Bible?

SPIRIT—You must not have familiar spirits.

TOM—And then in another place it says you must "try the spirits." Mary, you are not afraid of me, are you?

SPIRIT—No, I am not afraid, but I think you talk very strange.

TOM—Didn't I help you by giving you magnetism?

SPIRIT—Yes, and I feel very grateful to you, too. I thank you so much.

TOM—You needn't thank me, because I love to do it. Do you know, there's nothing in the world so beautiful as making other people happy. I asked you if you were afraid of me.

SPIRIT—No, I am not afraid of you.

TOM—Do you know that I am a spirit?

SPIRIT—No.

TOM—Yes, I am; and that is the reason I know your name, and know that you had two husbands.

SPIRIT—I know that is queer. I think he is crazy.

TOM—Say, Mary, would you like to see me?

SPIRIT—I am looking at you.

TOM—No, you don't see me, you only see the young man I am talking through. I control him.

SPIRIT—You control him?

TOM—Yes; I am using his powers of speech to speak to you, and now I am going to leave him, and I want you to look at me; then you will see him and see me, too. Now, you look!

SPIRIT—I think you are just making fun of me.

MRS. BAILEY—Oh, no. You just watch as he tells you, and tell us what you see.

TOM—I think you will like me when you see me.

THE SPIRIT BADLY FRIGHTENED.

SPIRIT—Will you let me stay with you, please, doctor? I am frightened to death of that man!

MR. BAILEY—There's nothing to be frightened at. When you see him you will see that he is beautiful.

SPIRIT—Look at him! Look at him!

MR. BAILEY—Isn't he beautiful? Just see what a fine face he has.

SPIRIT—I am frightened!

MR. BAILEY—There are other ladies here, and they are not frightened.

MRS. BAILEY—Oh, no. He is beautiful; we have known him for years. He is a spirit who comes to our home and shows himself to those who are to be helped.

SPIRIT—That is dreadful, isn't it?

MR. BAILEY—Oh, no, it is beautiful. He will be a good friend to you. Don't you think that he looks beautiful!

SPIRIT—Yes, but it is so strange!

MR. BAILEY—He will go back into the young man again, and explain things more clearly to you.

SPIRIT—He told me that he controlled the young man.

MR. BAILEY—Yes, he enters the young man and uses his organism to speak to you. The young man is unconscious. He doesn't know what he is saying. I'll tell you, we are Spiritualists. You have heard of them, haven't you?

SPIRIT—You are?

MR. BAILEY—Yes, we are Spiritualists. We sit here, and spirits come and talk to us just as you are talking now. We

have a lovely daughter who comes and talks to us. Don't you think that is beautiful?

SPIRIT—Yes, if you are not frightened.

MR. BAILEY—Oh, no. It is nothing to be frightened at.

TOM (returns to Mr. Fisher)—Now, what was the matter? Why were you afraid of me?

SPIRIT—It looked so strange.

TOM—I think that it is beautiful to be able to see a spirit. I don't know what you will do when you come to die.

SPIRIT—I can't help being frightened!

TOM—You will get over it pretty soon, because I am going to help you a great deal.

SPIRIT—I had almost forgotten that I was ill.

TOM—I wanted to make you forget. I think that after a time you will forget all about it. Why, Mary, here is little Freddie! Don't you know?

SPIRIT—Yes, I know.

TOM—He was your little boy. He is your boy now, but not little now, for he has grown up to be a fine man. Don't you know that they grow up in Spirit-life?

SPIRIT—No, I didn't.

TOM—Yes, they grow there just the same as they would have grown on earth. Don't you think it will be nice, when you come to die, that you can see all your friends, and be real happy with them?

SPIRIT—I suppose it will.

EXCELLENT SENTIMENT GIVEN TO THE DESPONDENT SPIRIT.

TOM—I think it is beautiful that, through the good, all-wise power, there is no one banished eternally; for all have a chance to rectify and correct all the mistakes they made while on earth, after they die. Don't you think that is nice?

SPIRIT—Yes, it must be.

TOM—I'll tell you what it is, Mary, it is nothing to die. It is just like going to sleep, and waking up in another life. And sometimes people die and they do not know that they have died, because they take their thoughts with them that they had before they died; and those thoughts cling to them so that they don't take any notice of anything else. And when people die, there are lots of kind spirit friends who go to them and try and help them, and make it better for them. There's a good many

who make the change called "death," and don't know it, because they feel so natural—just the same, almost, as they did before they died; so that they cannot think that they have died. Now, if you were to die, I don't think that you would take any notice of anything, because you would be thinking all the time of your heart and your head. Say, Mary, what would you do if you found out that you were dead?

SPIRIT—I can't tell, I am sure!

TOM—Well, I can tell you. If you were dead, you would do just as you have been doing. You would not know that you had died, because you would feel so natural. Those spirits who make the change called death, are very often brought in contact with earth conditions, in order to acquaint them with that fact, and they talk just as you have been talking to-night.

SPIRIT—I hope that you are not deceiving me.

TOM—I am not deceiving you, Mary, because I am a spirit. I have died, you know. I have been in Spirit-life a long time, and it is beautiful. If you knew, Mary, what a beautiful life there is before you, you would want to die right away.

SPIRIT—Do you think so?

TOM—I know so.

SPIRIT—I have such a dread of death!

TOM—Oh, it's nothing to die. Don't you think it would be nice if you found out that you had died, and it was all over?

SPIRIT—I sometimes think if it were all over I would be glad.

TOM—Well, now, Mary, don't get at all startled, because it is all right. You know that Daniel is near by, and he is going to help you; for you have made the change called death and you don't know it.

SPIRIT—Oh, dear me! Have I?

TOM—Yes.

SPIRIT—Well, I feel very strange!

TOM—It will make you feel strange, of course, because you had no knowledge of it; but I will take you and show you such beautiful things. You will go with me, won't you? You won't be afraid of me?

SPIRIT—I don't think that I will.

TOM—Of course you won't. You won't, because I want to help you. I will be just as good and kind to all of you as I can. And I will take you where you will have such beautiful,

bright teachers, and where you will learn something so beautiful.

SPIRIT—I have lost all pain.

TOM—Of course, you won't have any more. Say, Mary, you have a spirit-body now, and the good spirit friends have clothed your spirit-body with material, so that you can talk. Pretty soon that will be taken from you, but don't be frightened, because I will be right with you, and will take you by the hand.

SPIRIT—Oh, thank you.

TOM—Don't you know how good you felt when you took that hand?

SPIRIT—Oh, yes. It made me feel so much better.

TOM—Now, I think that we will bid the friends good night, and we will go. When the material is withdrawn from your spirit, and I leave the young man, you will see me; and you will know that I am going to help you, won't you?

SPIRIT—Yes, I guess it is all right.

TOM—It is all right with you.

THE SINS OF A SPIRIT ARE ARRAYED ALL AROUND HIM.

EVA (Spirit-Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—We have brought some very unhappy spirits to-night.

SPIRIT—Well, I don't know! I am at a loss, an entire loss, to know which way to turn, and how and what to do.

TOM—What seems to be the trouble? Have you lost your way?

SPIRIT—I don't know that I have lost the way. I don't know the way.

TOM—What has happened to you?

SPIRIT—I'll tell you, my friend, as well as I can. I don't know that I shall be able to make you understand, but I am perfectly miserable. I am wretched! I have struggled to get out of this condition, but how? Every wrong thing I ever did (and God Almighty knows my life was full of wrong) is arrayed all around and before me. Oh, it is terrible! It is most awful!

TOM—It belongs to you. That is your property, and you must expect to reap what you sowed.

SPIRIT—But must it always be thus?

TOM—No, not always.

SPIRIT—I can turn no way—if I go out; if I come back; if

I go to the right; if I go to the left, it is always there, haunting, pursuing me, tormenting me!

TOM—Well, my friend, I sympathize with you in your sad condition, and I will do all I can to aid and assist you.

SPIRIT—Take it away from my sight.

TOM—That I cannot do.

SPIRIT—Then how can you help me?

TOM—You must take it away yourself, by labor. I will give you some of my experience, which I think will be of assistance to you at the present time.

SPIRIT—Have you passed through this experience, or is it your experience now?

TOM—I have passed through an experience, but not just like yours.

SPIRIT—There's no turning away.

TOM—Well, my friend, it is what you created, or sent on before you. What could you expect, after leading the selfish life that you led?

SPIRIT—I prayed and asked God to forgive me.

TOM—That doesn't matter. That doesn't change the effect of wrong doing. If God—such a God as you prayed to—existed, and would pardon and forgive the deeds you committed while in your earthly body, would that take away the suffering and wrong from those you injured and made unhappy, many times, by your selfishness?

SPIRIT—Well, what can I do? I have fought this thing; I have struggled to get away from it; I shut my eyes, but still I see it! I have lain upon the ground and buried my face; but still it is there! I have run; I have tried to flee away, but still it is always before me!

TOM—It is only part of man's extreme selfishness to cry out to a God to be forgiven for wrongs which he has done—begging and praying God to forgive him for the injuries which he has done others; because, if that forgiveness were granted, it would not take away the suffering and sorrow that you caused many by your selfishness. Now, the only way is to labor and make restitution as far as you can.

SPIRIT—I have tried to make restitution to some whom I have wronged. It is a hard word to say; it is hard for me. I tried to make them feel that I regretted it, but I cannot do it; they believe me not.

TOM—It is hard for you to say that you wronged any one, because you were of such a nature that you only considered yourself, and everything and everyone must conform to your opinions. So, you see, you must begin by making full acknowledgment of your wrong. Should the wrongs not rise up before you as you have seen them, you would not realize the life you led while in the body.

SPIRIT—I think you are right there, my friend, because there were things that were quite forgotten; but to me they seem not such enormous sins that they should pursue me day and night.

TOM—Man will, many times, excuse great mistakes and great errors which he has committed, but should others commit those errors he would not excuse, but would condemn very harshly. These things, in one respect, will be your savior; for this reason: They will show you your condition through the reflection of your past life. Now you have entered a new life. Avoid any repetition of those acts of selfishness. Try and cultivate unselfishness. Reach out in the condition which you are now in, toward some who are still more weighted down by the effects of their past life, and try to assist them when you are prepared to do so.

SPIRIT—But, my friend, I am discouraged. Never would I come to you with this tale of my misfortunes and my sad condition, were I not discouraged.

TOM—You must not be discouraged, my friend, for the Star of Hope is shining above you. There are many bright, loving, sympathizing souls who have passed on and up through earth conditions, who will reach down their helping hands to you, and aid you to cast off those conditions which so cling to your soul and prevent you from progressing as you should; for you have entered a life of progression. When you sincerely and earnestly desire to repent and make restitution, unselfishly, you will have help extended you, and you will get thoughts in various ways, which you must follow. They will help you, step by step, out of these terrible conditions which so stain your soul at the present time.

SPIRIT—Yes, they are terrible. I would be willing to do almost anything, if these dark, terrible presentations could be removed.

TOM—You must brighten them up by deeds of unselfish-

ness. Some of those whom you wronged are in Spirit-life, and you will have opportunities, in the course of time, of coming in contact with them, and asking their forgiveness.

SPIRIT—Will you please, sir, to tell me what must be the first step?

TOM—When I leave this young man (for I am a spirit, controlling him), I will tell you what the first step is. I, too, have passed through the change called death, and have been in Spirit-life some time.

SPIRIT—Have you, too, suffered?

TOM—Not in the way you suffer. I only suffered from false teachings.

SPIRIT—How could you suffer from false teachings if you were honest?

TOM—Because I did not find Spirit-life as I expected to find it. It was a disappointment to me for a little time. I wanted to see the saints whom I had prayed to. I was looking for them. Your education clings to your spirit for some little time after you make the change, until it is worked off. Now, it makes me very happy to try and bring sunshine into these souls who are in such darkened conditions as you are.

SPIRIT—Oh! I pray you, give me a little sunshine, for it has been so long—I have been so lonely—I have suffered. I cannot rid myself of these things! I have asked forgiveness, which is something new for me, yet here I am, surrounded by everything that is unpleasant.

TOM—My dear friend, I wish to put a question to you now; and I wish you to answer me honestly. Do you not think, after living the life that you lived, when you had so many opportunities to do so much good, that you deserve just what you have experienced?

SPIRIT—That may be, but must a man be forever in darkness of soul, of spirit—nothing but the dark deeds of his life before him every moment? No way out of this misery and suffering?

TOM—By laboring, and following the advice of the spirit friends who wish to aid and assist you, you will rise out of these darkened conditions, and be able, in time, to labor and assist others; for there are many in sad conditions like yourself; and you, having passed through this soul-purification by suffering, will feel more keenly for others than you possibly

could if you had not had this experience. You never cared very much, in earth-life, whether anyone else was happy or not. Now, my friend, I think that you feel differently. I think that now you would not wish even your worst enemy to pass through what you have passed through. Would you?

SPIRIT—No, I would not.

TOM—Then do you not see that this experience has been a benefit to your soul?

SPIRIT—Inasmuch as it has made me feel more for others, perhaps it has been good for me.

MAGGIE—Dear, dear man. I will tell you what you must do. You must feel it down in your heart: I will be good. I will do everthing that is good. Won't you?

SPIRIT—Who is that?

TOM—That is dear little Maggie. She is a beautiful little spirit child. Listen to her and talk to her; she will help you.

SPIRIT—That dear child! Be good! Why, dear little one! Why, yes, I will be good, bless your little heart! (Sobs.) Why, the dear child! Those are the sweetest words that have fallen upon my ears in so long! Be good! I will endeavor to be.

TOM—I will help you. Now, I am going to leave the young man, and you look upon me; and when I come to you, you will know that I come to aid and help you, because I come in the spirit of love and charity, and wish to assist you out of these darkened conditions, up into the light where it is bright and beautiful; and where you will see one who loves you. She tells me that her name is Mary.

SPIRIT—Oh, Mary!

(Tom leaves Mr. Fisher.)

SPIRIT—Oh! That must be one of the Holy ones!

MR. BAILEY—That is Tom, the one who was speaking to you.

SPIRIT—That gives me hope. With that one shall I go?

MR. BAILEY—Yes, with Tom.

A SPIRIT WHO IS ENVELOPED IN DARKNESS AND DESOLATION.

EVA (Spirit Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—The one who will speak this evening understands that he has passed through the conditions of unfoldment, but he will talk as though he were still in darkness.

SPIRIT—Good evening! Oh, the darkness! The darkness!

Will the shadows ever pass away? Wandering, wandering, and no companionship; nothing but desolation. The very fountain of life seems dried up. Ah! a glimpse! gone! gone! Why is this?

MR. BAILEY—That is the result of your earth-life.

SPIRIT—How could I hinder my earth-life? How could I make it different? I believe the path is laid out for us, and we must travel it.

MR. BAILEY—That is an orthodox idea, but you will find out that it is a mistake.

SPIRIT—Is there no sunlight? Is there no joy?

TOM—You will attain joy by working for it.

SPIRIT—How work? There is nothing to do but to wander, wander!

TOM—Do you not find others in a worse condition than you are?

SPIRIT—How can they be worse? Rocks, roughness and dryness—all solitude!

TOM—Through these experiences thought is brought out. It is well to be left alone with your own conditions.

SPIRIT—But it is most depressing at times.

TOM—Very true, but you must face the reflections of your own life. If you were to attain that which you have not labored for, you would not appreciate it. It would not be a benefit for the growth and development of your soul, as it would if you had worked for it.

SPIRIT—I have always labored. I have never been idle.

TOM—Very true, my dear sir; you labored on the material plane, for material gain, and for selfish, worldly ends. I look about me and I see many who never did a kind or unselfish act in all their earth-life.

SPIRIT—Well, are we not placed on earth for that purpose—to toil for the physical?

TOM—No.

SPIRIT—Then why are we beset with these wants and these cravings? We must have raiment, we must have food and shelter, and to gain it we must labor; not alone for ourselves, but for those who are dependent upon us.

TOM—Very true; but there is much that you labor for that is unnecessary. People surround themselves with that which only tends to make them more selfish.

SPIRIT—I have sometimes thought so, and yet it seems that we are placed in positions where we are forced to move just so.

TOM—That may be; but, my friend, take lessons from nature. Each tree and each beautiful flower only draws and takes from the earth that which is necessary for its growth and development; and thus, one tree does not seek to draw all the sustenance from the earth, to the exclusion of the others. It only takes that which is necessary for its own growth, development and unfoldment, leaving the rest for others to grow and thrive upon. Now, what a beautiful world this would be if the human kind would take that lesson, and each one take only that which is necessary for his own growth and unfoldment, leaving the rest for other souls, who are suffering for the bare necessities of life. Why, my dear sir, there is enough wasted in many households to feed and clothe many who are on the verge of starvation; and if each and all would strive to give to others that which is going to waste, how different the conditions in earth-life might be made.

SPIRIT—That is all very true; but of what use can one individual be? It would not be so much as a drop in the ocean.

TOM—Still, the ocean is made up of drops, and each drop helps to make the whole. And so it is with every good deed, every good thought, and every kind act, one toward the other. Some, to obtain the proper growth and development, must be left to themselves. There must be a strong, earnest, sincere, unselfish desire for growth and betterment of condition; and that desire, when sincere and unselfish, will be responded to by those whose mission it is, and whose happiness consists in aiding and assisting poor, sin-sick, earth-bound spirits (due to their having lived false and selfish lives), and helping them up out of the darkness into the light. You could not expect growth in the caves of the earth. Flowers would not bloom and flourish there. So there are mental conditions that are far worse than the caves of the earth, which retard spiritual growth.

SPIRIT—I believe you, sir; but in order to reach something better, what is to be done? How is this growth to be arrived at? What are the conditions?

TOM—First of all, to realize that your condition is the result of your life on earth; perchance much of it through ignorance.

SPIRIT—My life on earth! Certainly I am on earth. What is the meaning of those words?

TOM—Yes, you are on earth at the present time, but many who are here now are what I would term earth-bound. They have passed through the change called death and are not aware of it.

SPIRIT—Can such a thing be possible?

TOM—Yes, it is possible.

SPIRIT—After the soul, the spirit, the mind has left the body, it does not know that it has made the change? and has its reason and identity?

TOM—Yes, for identity is preserved through all eternity. Their mental condition is owing to their having formed erroneous ideas of things on earth. They thought that by believing certain things, and subscribing to certain creeds, that they would be saved from what they term sin; that the Son of God came upon earth and died to save them from those sins; and that by so believing they will be saved. When those people come to make the change called death, in various ways—some by accident—and their spirits are thrust violently from their physical bodies, they find themselves outside of their bodies (they have a spiritual body which corresponds exactly with their physical body), and they do not find things as they expected. They do not see God or find themselves in the arms of Jesus, as they supposed; consequently, though they realize that something has happened, many of them do not think that can be death, because they do not see and experience that which they thought they would. Then, again, there are those who reason that such doctrines could not be—they would be contrary to reason, and they are not aware when this change called death takes place.

SPIRIT—Well, sir, I beg your pardon, but it does seem to me contrary to all good sense and reason.

TOM—When people of that class leave their bodies, they find their identity the same, but they do not realize that they have made that change, because they were so sure that when that change took place they wouldn't have any life. And they are surrounded, many times, with the conditions they made by the lives which they led while in the body. Sometimes people of that class have led very good lives, and it takes only a very short time for the higher spirits to help them up out of their

darkened condition into the light, where they can take up the duties of Spirit-life and progress.

SPIRIT—What are those duties?

TOM—The duties of Spirit-life are many and various. They must in each case be adapted to the growth and development of each individual soul. You know that the trees and the flowers do not all absorb the same chemicals from the earth. Some spirits may have been well developed in the physical body, in various ways; they may have developed generosity, love and kindness, toward their fellow-beings, while other things will be lacking; consequently their spirit would have to have additional training in those qualities that are lacking.

SPIRIT—Yes, I think that I understand you.

TOM—The interchange of thought, and the interblending of ideas, and working together—each working for the other—that helps the growth of the spirit. We get our instructions and thoughts from those above us, and we in turn extend our experiences and our development and growth to those poor earth-bound spirits when a desire is awakened within their spirit for a change. There is great brightness and beauty in Spirit-life; there are smiling faces and beckoning hands. The loved ones who have gone on and up extend their love and sympathy to those poor souls in darkened conditions, and they will aid and assist them up into the bright sunlight, where their spirit may expand and be made ready to receive the great knowledge of this great, grand universe. It is only a matter of time, and the spirit's desire.

SPIRIT—Well, it is my desire. I would advance; I would go up into the light.

TOM—Growth must come from desire. If those on the physical plane would desire, earnestly and sincerely, that only which develops the spirit—but most of the desires on the physical plane are to gratify the physical. Many desire to have great wealth, that they may surround themselves with that which wealth alone can bring.

SPIRIT—But that leaves the heart and soul so hungry—it satisfies not. I have passed through that.

TOM—That is so, for those things are but fleeting. How much better it would be if they desired only that which would promote the growth and development of the spiritual, and not

let the demands of the physical dwarf the spiritual growth; for then there is so much more to be done.

SPIRIT—That has been my case.

TOM—And that is the case with many.

SPIRIT—I would take hold of something that will give me life and liberty. This darkness, this barrenness, I would get from me if I could.

TOM—You can get rid of much of these unpleasant conditions through desire, and helping others; for the greatest happiness is in making others happy. And the spirits who have passed on and up through these conditions will return to you and aid and assist you out of these unpleasant surroundings into the beautiful sunshine of growth and soul-unfolding. They will help you where your soul can be warmed and brought into a new and glorious life; where you can receive instructions from those rich in experience of the soul life, who will hand their wisdom, love and sympathy down to you through others who are nearer your condition; and you, in turn, in time, can hand the same down to others still below you. And so, then, onward and upward, aiding and assisting, and receiving aid and assistance as you assist those who are below you.

SPIRIT—Well, I will try. I must try. I must get out of the darkness and find better conditions.

TOM—Yes, and you all, dear friends, will be aided and assisted to the beautiful soul-land beyond.

CONCLUSION—STATEMENTS WORTHY OF CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

When we are born into this mortal stage of existence we are dependent for the state and rapidity of our development upon the conditions, circumstances and surroundings preceding our birth; and upon those conditions, circumstances and surroundings among which we are placed at birth. In fact, the earlier stages of our existence are beyond our control, and many feel that we should not be held to a strict responsibility for our acts or thoughts which have naturally grown out of those conditions; but that we are so held would seem equally as reasonable and just as that we should suffer for the indiscretions of our ancestors, and that we do so suffer is a well-established fact.

If, then, conditions, circumstances and surroundings enter

so largely into the proper unfolding of the bud of humanity as it blossoms on the material plane, so must they have their influence when the material stage shall have reached conclusion, the petals shall have dropped away and withered, and the individual shall have been born into the next or more spiritual stage of existence. Realizing that this is true, what, then, is there for us to do, if we would perform our duty toward our fellow-man and toward ourselves, but to exert all our energy in the direction of establishing such conditions as will give to the unborn child, or to the new-born spirit, the better opportunity for the unfoldment of the good that is within it.

As time passes on and the dark ages roll away in the dim distance of the past, humanity realizes the great necessity of enlightenment; and various and many are the institutions established and being established, all intended to elevate the standard of human knowledge. This work is being done by certain of earth's children, that each rising generation may receive more of the light of truth and knowledge than its predecessors, thus improving mortal life in its every walk. Human enlightenment tends toward the extinction of drunkenness, vice and crime, with their attendant accessories and consequences; and by stimulating the aspiration to higher things than those demanded by the baser part of our natures, it raises mankind higher and higher in the scale of moral development.

It seems to me that this advancement must tend toward the betterment of the physical and material, as well as of the spiritual condition of the race; as it teaches us how best to control the circumstances and conditions which surround us.

The provisions made for the advancement of educational endowments are being continually added to, as are the various charitable and reform institutions which are provided to care for the welfare of the mortal. And all of the philanthropic efforts toward advancement in knowledge, and in the betterment of the material conditions surrounding our mortal life, have their influence in producing a better condition for those who are to be born into this plane of life.

The various religious sects, bodies and societies claim to have been established for the purpose of propagating a code of morality here, and to teach us of that life beyond the mortal

which all must enter; but to those who have had long and varied experience in the investigation and study of spirit return and Spiritualism, it has become thoroughly understood that, however much of good there may be in the moral teachings of Christianity, as applied to our earth-lives, it falls far short of the mark when it attempts to teach of the future state.

The system of religion as taught by the various denominations, which makes the atoning grace of Christ the foundation of salvation for the human family, has, by its promises, raised up a race of people, many of whom owe their very unhappy condition in the Spirit-world to their erroneous ideas of life, and to the false doctrines of the religious denominations to which they belonged while in the mortal. Having received such earnest and solemn assurance of forgiveness, through Christ, for all sins of omission and commission, and selfishly desiring to gratify appetites and passions that are inconsistent with right living, they go on from year to year, always intending to lay hold of the Christ-principle, but always delaying the coming of the day upon which their lives are to be regulated by that principle, because they are too weak to lay aside their selfishness. They believe that they have faith in the redeeming power of Christ, but they lack strength to forsake their sins and follow him. Thus, then, they go on, and one day awake to find themselves beyond "the dark valley of the shadow of death," and behold the Christ comes not to them, and neither are they in the presence of their God. Being met with a condition that is entirely new to them, they are at a loss how to proceed; but, realizing more clearly than in earth-life their own unworthiness, they plead more and more ardently for that forgiveness for their sins which will allow them to enjoy the blessings of Heaven without having to pay the debts which they have incurred.

Thus, one condition especially established for the uplifting of the human race has in this vital particular proven abortive in its efforts. Had the Christian denominations contented themselves with teaching a high code of morality for the government of the mortal life of man, and omitted the speculative theories on the future life which have been taught as fact, it would have been much better for the human family. And it is to aid in counteracting the effects of the false teachings of theology, as well as to assist those poor souls whose lives have

become warped and misshapen from other causes, that I call upon the good Spiritualists of this land to give a helping hand.

Who is there among us, whose investigations and study have been carried on over any considerable period, that has not come in contact, in one way or another, with spirit intelligences who exhibited evidence of a malicious or mischievous intent to mislead or do harm? Few of us there are who have not had experience with what are commonly termed "dark spirits;" and many firm Spiritualists will argue that the only proper course to pursue when a dark spirit makes himself manifest to us, is to firmly and decidedly drive him away; and if he should persist in manifesting after repeated efforts to drive him out, then the conditions should be broken, thus depriving the spirit of the power to manifest. Experience has proven to me that in at least ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the dark spirit is amenable to kind and courteous treatment, and it is almost always possible to interest them in some line of thought bearing upon spiritual affairs, that will tend toward developing within them a knowledge of the life which they have entered, and the responsibility which rests upon them as individuals endowed with an inalienable right to eternal advancement and progression.

Each and every time that a dark spirit manifests in our presence, an opportunity is afforded us to aid a human being; and we should have a care how we trifle with these opportunities to do good, lest that by-and-by we be forced to question ourselves, asking: "Have I made the best of the opportunities that have been presented to me? Has not my brother come to me for aid, and did I not turn him away empty-handed?" A patient and kindly temperament should always be maintained in dealing with unprogressed spirits, and truth should always be spoken to them. Let a malicious or mischievous spirit understand that you always tell the truth, and let him see by your patience and perseverance that you are sincere in your desire to aid him, and it is rarely the case that you will fail in winning his confidence and esteem. That step gained, and a little idea given him of the fundamental principles of life, according to the teachings of our spiritual philosophy, and you have placed the spirit in a position to be reached by the higher and brighter intelligences, who can teach them how to throw off their darkened conditions by earnest and persistent labor.

Much precious time is lost to the darkened soul when impatiently driven from your presence without having been given that aid which he needs; precious time to him, because it dooms him to a longer period of darkness and unrest; precious time to him, because the harshness which he has met with from you has stirred him to greater bitterness, and may cause him to add other errors to the record of his life; and as he must outwork and undo all of his wrongs which he may commit, we are making ourselves responsible for a share of his transgressions, and we will, undoubtedly, be called upon to wash away the stain thus made upon our own mantles.

Always bear in mind that anger is one of the strongest conditions which you can furnish a malicious spirit, or one who tries to persecute you. They always come in an angry mood, and if you throw off the same condition toward them, you are simply providing them with ammunition with which to fight you; therefore, be patient, charitable and kindly in your treatment of them, and your efforts will be rewarded by the good results which will follow.

The individual who enters Spirit-life imbued with the idea that Christ in any way possessed the power to forgive his sins—no matter if he be an earnest and consistent Christian, or a hypocritical believer—is at once handicapped in the race of spiritual progress by the possession of that erroneous impression. One is so wrapped up in the desire to meet his Savior and receive that heavenly reward for a life well spent, and the other is so filled with fear that all may not be well with him and that he has delayed too long sincere repentance, that neither can be reached by those higher spirit intelligences who are qualified to lead them upward into the light. And unless they can come in contact with some mortal or mortals who can turn their minds into the proper channels, they must drift along until, becoming wearied of searching and finding not—wary of praying and receiving no response, they ask: “Is this all of life? Is there nothing higher? Oh, give me truth, if I have it not!” Then the positive condition born of their firm belief in Christ, having given place to a passive or receptive condition born of aspiration, they can be reached by the higher teachers.

And while this class of spirits does not suffer the torments of conscience which rack those who are bound in darkness

through degradation and vice, still they, too, lose much of time that is precious to them, if they are unable to enter a condition where the pathway of progression can be pointed out to them.

Enjoyable as it is to converse with and to receive instructions from those in the Spirit-world whom we love and in whom we have confidence, still to those who are endowed with a sympathetic nature there is vastly more pleasure to be derived from the same time spent in aiding some poor soul who hungers for sympathy, and who is desirous of attaining a higher position in Spirit-life. To very many people who have not investigated Spiritualism, and whose only ideas concerning it are gathered from others almost equally as ignorant as themselves regarding the subject, the idea seems prevalent that there is nothing to it beyond the claim that our friends who have passed from mortal life can communicate with us, and that part they do not believe. Now, if it were clearly understood that our conversation with those dear ones whom we love so much are but a small, though a very delightful, part of our experience, and that there is a field for work within the limits of our grand truth, sufficiently large to give employment to all who can possibly become interested, and a work, too, which brings light and joy to all concerned, there would be a very different feeling on the subject.

When we listen to an ethical lecture, we can appreciate, to a certain extent, the sentiments expressed; and while we may agree with that which is said, still it does not impress us so strongly as do actual facts with which we come in contact in our daily experiences. For instance, the drunkard and the conditions surrounding him teach us a much more forcible lesson of the evils of intemperance than can any lecture that may be delivered before us. So it is with the mission-work among the spirits who are in need of assistance. By coming in contact with them, and observing the result of the mistakes which they made while in the mortal, we are forcibly reminded of the consequences which must follow similar errors on our part. Thus, while acting in the capacity of teachers in the primary stage of Spirit-life, we are also gaining grand and useful lessons, which can, if we will permit them, exert a mighty influence for good upon our lives.

In the preceding papers giving accounts of seances held, I have selected a variety of cases, so that the readers might

become conversant with the mode of procedure which we adopt in dealing with the various classes of spirits whom we endeavor to assist. As there are never two people exactly alike in every particular, so there are never two cases which we treat that are just the same. No two individuals of any class that have been brought to us have been just alike. The manner of their passing out may have been the same, but there is always a difference in the characteristics of each, and in the causes which have led up to their being in need of aid after having passed out of the body. Thus there is a never-ending variety, which is always interesting, while it is also instructive.

In concluding these papers on mission-work, I realize more vividly the vastness and importance of the subject, and my own lack of capacity to properly place it before the people; and if my literary abilities were on a par with the deep interest which I take in the mission-work, I believe that I could have so filled the hearts and minds of the readers that they would rest not until they, too, should experience the pleasure and satisfaction of assisting some poor, darkened soul into a brighter and happier condition.

E. T. WASHBURN.

Death by Torture Vividly Portrayed,

A CHAPTER OF HORRORS IN THE NAME OF RELIGION.

IT IS AN EXCEEDINGLY SAD COMMENT ON RELIGION, THAT THE MOST HORRIBLE OF ALL DEATHS HAS BEEN CAUSED BY IT, A PERVERSION OF NATURE, BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE.

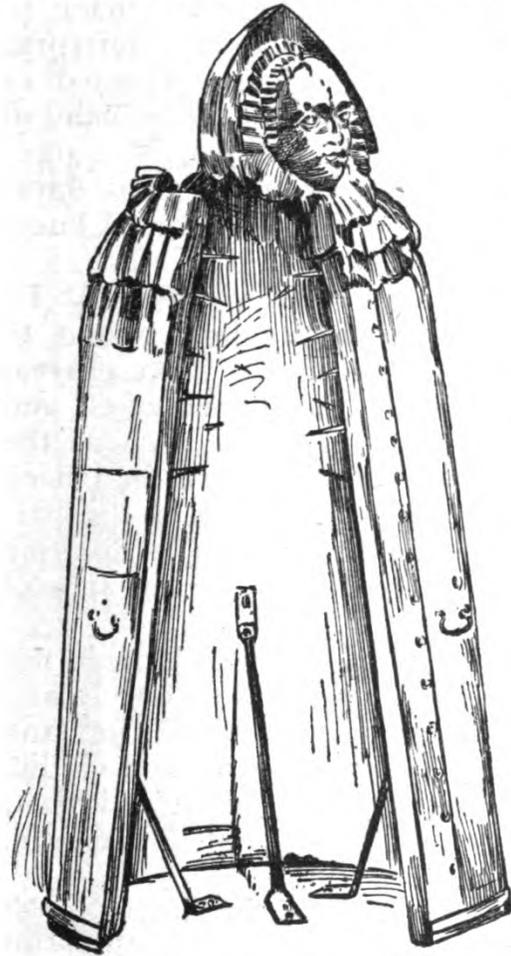
(Expressly prepared by MR. A. M. GRIFFEN. He is a resident of Chicago, leading an active professional life, and has made a special study of matters of history pertaining to the various churches.)

*It was the theory of the civil law of Ancient Greece and Rome, which was perpetuated in the laws of the European nations until about the middle of the last century, that men could be made to tell the truth by inflicting upon them severe bodily pain; and thence arose a general system of torture, or, as it was termed, "putting to the question," in criminal, and sometimes in civil, legal proceedings. But this system did not contemplate the death of the subject; nor was the torture often employed as a punishment directly for crime; but the chief object was the discovery of evidence in regard to the criminality of the accused, or as to his accomplices in crime. This was the theory of the law; but there were forms of punishment employed by some of the ancients which were intended, by the intensity of physical suffering entailed, to make the crimes for which they were inflicted not likely to be often committed. Of such forms of punishment were crucifixion, and exposure to wild beasts in the arena, and other cruel modes of inflicting death, so commonly employed by Nero in the persecution of the early Christians.

Although torture existed as a fact in all of the European countries, and as a part of the law and authorized procedure of those countries (excepting England, Aragon and Sweden),

*We are indebted to THE COSMOPOLITAN, a most excellent magazine, of Irvington, N. Y., for the illustrations in this chapter on "Death by Torture." In that magazine they are produced under the head of "Salvation Via the Rack," a thrillingly interesting article.

it remained for the ecclesiastical law and office to reduce it to the perfection of a fine art and to make of it the chief means of coercion, both in the confiscation of property and in the "conversion" of souls.



THE IRON MAIDEN OF NUREMBERG,
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The victim was placed inside, and the doors closed so as to impale him on the iron spikes. He was left there until from decay his body dropped into the moat.

Most of those gentlemen are still in the habit of screwing thumbs, burning feet, and questioning, by various torments, those who refuse to tell them where they have put their money.

"Conquerors, having succeeded those thieves, found the invention very useful to their interests; they made use of it when they suspected that there were bad designs against them;

What a strange anomaly it is that the law of nations, more or less civilized, for ages should have been that of the barbarian and of the highwayman; for, reasonably enough, such sources would seem to have been the origin of torture. Among the old Romans "the law of torture was said by Cicero to rest originally on custom (*mores majorum*)."

Voltaire, that quaint old French reformer who boldly characterized the French people as the most cruel of all nations, presumably on account of the many cruelties practiced by them in the name of religion, makes the following observations in his Philosophical Dictionary respecting the origin of "the question:" "They were not, however, the simply curious who invented it; there is every appearance that this part of our legislation owes its origin to a highwayman.

as, for example, that of seeking freedom was a crime of high treason, human and divine. The accomplices must be known; and to accomplish it those who were suspected were made to suffer a thousand deaths, because, according to the jurisprudence of these primitive heroes, whoever was suspected of merely having a disrespectful opinion of them, was worthy of death. As soon as they have thus merited death, it signifies little whether they add frightful torments for several days, and even weeks, previously—a practice which savors, I know not how, of the Divinity.”

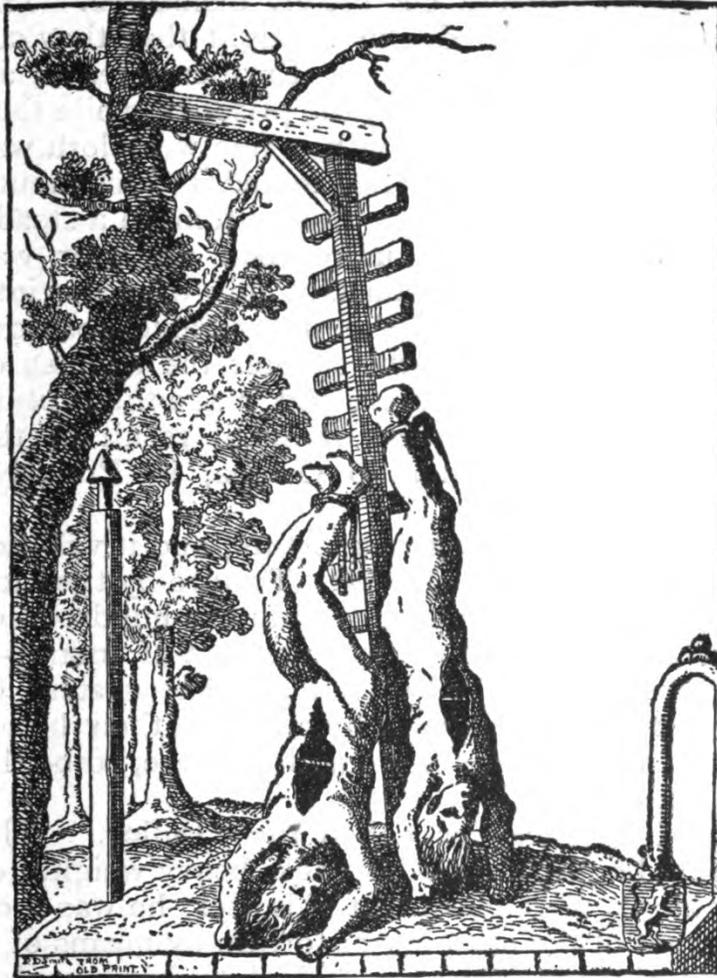
The church—the Christian church—dating from A. D. 381, adopted the Roman law as being the best suited to accomplish her ends. Heresy not only took the place of treason, but outranked it in the category of capital offenses; and the doctrine of confiscation of worldly goods, as well as the thousand and one forms of cruel punishment which had been more or less prevalent among “the heathen” and the barbarian, with many additions thereto, were made the doctrine and practice of the so-called Church of Christ for upwards of four hundred years.

Death was the only sure avenue of escape which could not be closed by the cruel hand of the minions of the church, and the millions whom the assumed representatives of God and Christ on earth pursued with all the relentless fury and vindictive persecution of religious frenzy, were glad indeed that, though they could not live in peace, they might at the last die, and thus escape their tormentors.

The horrors that have been committed in the name of religion no tongue or pen can portray, and these methods of cruelty were employed with the declaration and avowal that they were authorized and justifiable on the ground that the “preservation of the faith” required it, and souls needed it to save them from torments awaiting “the damned” in the regions below.

While many of the methods of torture employed by the church during the Middle Ages were those of the Greeks and Romans, the final establishment of the Inquisition, about A. D. 1254, led to refinements of cruelty in the use of the torture to enforce confessions, and as a mode of punishment, which were unknown before, and which the barbarian mind had theretofore been utterly incapable of conceiving.

“All the records of the fantastic cruelties of the heathen world do not afford so appalling a picture of human weakness and depravity as the authentic and genuine documents of the



THE BROTHERS DE WITT EXECUTED AND MAL-
TREATED—DRAWN BY D. D. SMITH, FROM AN
OLD PRINT.

used by the Greeks in punishment of free citizens, as well as of slaves, and also by the Romans for the punishment of none but slaves.

This device consisted of an open wooden frame, without a bottom, except perhaps a roller in the middle to support the body of the victim, who was placed on his back within and under the frame. His wrists and ankles were then fastened by

laws and proceedings of this Holy Office, which professed to act under the influence of the doctrines of the Redeemer of the World.” This is from the pen of the compiler and translator of Llorente’s History of the Inquisition of Spain.

Perhaps next to burning at the stake, the instrument which played greatest part in the methods of torture is the rack, which seems to have been

ropes to rollers at each end of the frame, and these rollers were turned by means of a ratchet wheel until the sufferer's body was brought to the level of the top of the rollers, and in many cases until the joints were completely dislocated. The cords binding the victim were drawn so tight that they cut through the flesh nearly to the bone. Furthermore, as an accompaniment of this terrible torture, the prisoner, while thus bound, "was forced to open his mouth, a fine wet cloth was spread over his face, and water was then forced into his mouth from an earthen vessel with a hole in the bottom, in a steady stream, which fell so slowly that more than an hour was required to consume a pint. This constant flow of water into his mouth and nostrils, joined to the unfavorable position, added to all the other torments of the sufferer the agonies of an incessant struggle with suffocation, and made the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs a very frequent result of the infliction of the cruelty." [Evan ap Gwalia, in *Primitive Catholic*, May 20, 1893.]

The object of this proceeding was torture, and it will not be questioned that it was accomplished! Torture by the rack was no idle ceremony; it was a dread reality to hundreds of thousands of victims, and stands as a monument of infamy—not to religion pure and undefiled, but to that system of idolatry, superstition and fanaticism which men in their blindness and ignorance believed, as some still believe, to be the true religion of Christ.

Another form of the rack was called the "Pulley." The victim's hands being bound behind his back, heavy weights of wood, or iron, or stone, were fastened to his feet; he was then hoisted up to the roof of the chamber of torture by means of a pulley, or windlass, the ropes being attached to his bounden hands. Then his body was allowed to suddenly drop within a few inches of the ground, which often dislocated every joint of his limbs. Thus heresy was supposed to be jerked out of the wretched creature in an expeditious and most thorough manner. Sometimes the same "holy" end was attained by stretching the heretic's body horizontally in the air by ropes secured to the feet and wrists, at the same time fixing underneath the back, at the base of the spine, a sharpened stake, the office of which was to prick the tender part and thus prevent "sagging."

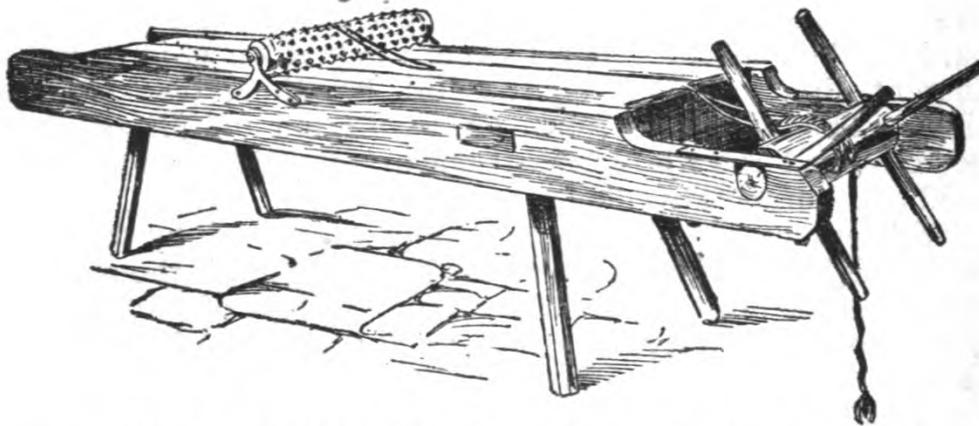
Other methods of racking or wrenching the body, par-

tially or completely asunder, were also employed, one of which in particular strikes the imagination with intolerable horror. It is described by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, of February, 1895. It consists of hitching a horse to each of the four limbs of the wretched culprit's body, and then "the horses were started up, but immediately checked, after a single wrench had been given. The tendons, sinews and muscles which bind the limbs to the trunk are of great strength and elasticity, and will sustain an almost incredible strain without actually parting. After a short intermission the drivers once more whip up their steeds and another wrench is given. This process is continued for a longer or a shorter time, according to the toughness of the subject; it was not infrequently prolonged for five or six hours. At length, when the spectacle had become monotonous to the spectators, the horses were sent on their way for good; there was a moment's tug, and then all four limbs came away at once, in as many different directions, leaving the still breathing trunk in the midst. The limbs were now hastily collected and placed upon the body, and the whole ghastly heap was laid upon a pile of wood and burned alive."

Sometimes the victim was simply suspended by the arms while weights were attached to the feet. Again, if thought advisable by the masters of the ceremonies, trees of suitable size and flexibility were forced together and the limbs of the heretic fastened to them. The trees being then suddenly loosened, flew apart with sufficient force to tear asunder the wretched being who had been courageous or foolish enough to incur the wrath of the ecclesiastics by asserting some degree of independence or freedom of thought.

One special device for torturing, called the "Squeezers," is deserving of special mention, and particularly as it was the invention of one of those "holy men of God" who graced the Church of Rome in its palmiest days of power. This was a certain archpriest named Du Chayla, who was stationed at Pont-de-Montvert, in the territory of the Cevennes, that hotbed of Protestantism in France, during the reign of the celebrated Louis XIV. This redolent functionary of Rome had for his assistants eight young priests. Having failed in his efforts to convert the Huguenots by preaching, he deemed it advisable to resort to force, and for this purpose converted the arched

cellars of his dwelling into a veritable torture chamber and prison. The soldiers of Louis XIV. being entirely subject to his command, speedily apprehended those of the contumacious whom he designated. He placed his victims in his dungeon, and tortured them day by day in the usual and unusual methods employed by the church. He not only "put hot coals into their hands, which they were then made to clench; wrapped round their fingers cotton steeped in oil, which was then set on fire;" but, according to John Cavalier's "Memoirs of the Wars of the Cevennes," "This inhuman man had invented a rack (more cruel, if it be possible, than that usually made use of) to torment these poor unfortunate gentlemen and ladies; which was a beam he caused to be split in two, with vices at each end. Every morning he would send for these



RACK WITH SPIKED ROLLERS, ACROSS WHICH THE VICTIM WAS PLACED.

poor people, in order to examine them, and if they refused to confess what he desired. he caused their legs to be put in the slit of the beam, and there squeezed them till the bones cracked," etc., etc.

Radical method, indeed, and exceedingly effective, we would conjecture, to rid the system of the poison of heresy. But Rome is not to be criticised for her methods in the past, since she was then, as now, the only known receptacle of infallible truth upon the face of the globe, and her ways are no mere human ways.

Then there were thumb-screws, or little vices for crushing the thumbs; pillories, masks, collars and gags; pincers for

pulling out the hair, for tearing the flesh and pinching out the nails; irons for singeing and branding; iron gauntlets for crushing the hands; knives for skinning the living body, and numerous other instruments and devices for torturing the body for the good of the soul, the mystery of which anomalous proceeding, however deep to the modern conception, seems to have been quite clear to the mind of the mediæval Christian.

The horrible torture of deprivation of sleep was sometimes inflicted upon Protestants by Catholics, and especially by the dragoons billeted upon the Huguenots of France by Louis XIV. at the dictation of his Jesuit confessors. The horrors of this mode of cruelty can better be imagined than described.

Passing on to other methods of inflicting torture, we have two forms of the "iron boot," both horrible in the extreme; one, a favorite one in France, consisted of passing rings of iron around the legs and then driving wooden wedges between the rings and the flesh till the muscles were reduced to a jelly; the other was an actual pair of iron boots, into which the feet were put and boiling water then poured in, so that often when the feet were removed from the boots nothing but the bare bones remained.

Breaking on the wheel was likewise much practiced upon the Huguenots, but not especially under the direction and supervision of the Inquisition, since the Holy Office did not in the later days of French persecution flourish there—the Catholic League, Louis XIV., the Jesuits, Madame de Maintenon and the dragoons amply supplying the pious needs of Rome in that kingdom. While the ordinary apparatus used in this punishment consisted of a framework, upon which were fastened sharp-edged boards, whereon the victim was tied, who then was broken and crushed by heavy wheels which the executioner rolled back and forth over him, the method employed in France, as described by Samuel Smiles in his "Huguenots in France" (page 58), was as follows:

"To be broken alive on the wheel was one of the most horrible of tortures, a bequest from ages of violence and barbarism. It was preserved in France mainly for the punishment of Protestants. The prisoner was extended on a St. Andrew's cross, with eight notches cut on it—one below each arm, between the elbow and wrist, another between each elbow and the shoulders, one under each thigh, and one under each

leg. The executioner, armed with a heavy triangular bar of iron, gave a heavy blow on each of these eight places, and broke the bone. Another blow was given in the pit of the stomach. The mangled victim was lifted from the cross and stretched on a small wheel placed vertically at one of the ends of the cross, his back on the upper part of the wheel, his head and feet hanging down. There the tortured creature hung until he died. Some lingered five or six hours, others much longer. This horrible method of torture was only abandoned at the French Revolution in 1790."

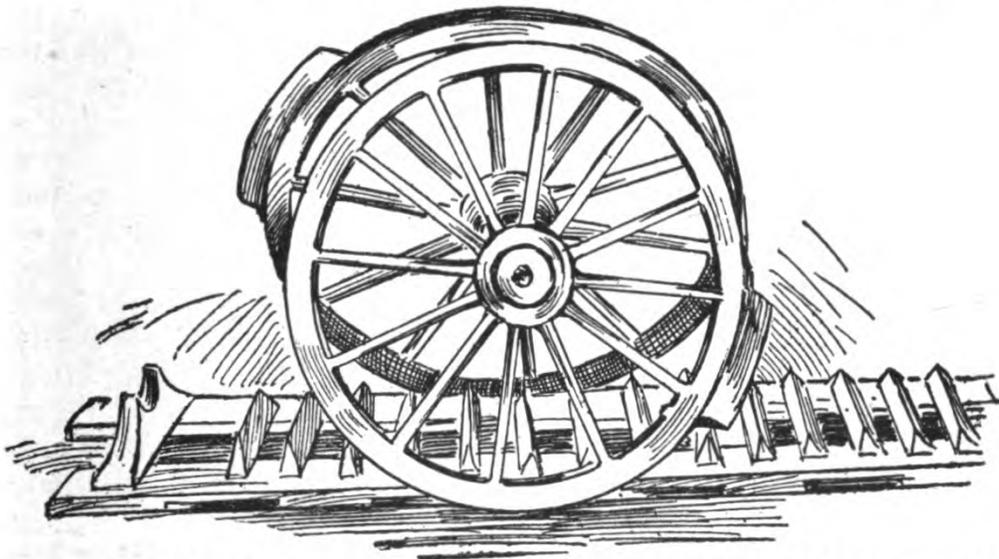
Many of the Huguenot, or Protestant, preachers of France were tortured to death in this manner. An example illustrating the heroism of these preachers is given by the same author (page 40), as follows:

"Homel (formerly the pastor of the Church of Soyon) was taken prisoner, and found guilty of preaching to his flock after his temple had been destroyed. For this offense he was sentenced to be broken to death upon the wheel. To receive this punishment he was conducted to Tournon, in Viverrais, where the Jesuits had a college. He first received forty blows of the iron bar, after which he was left to languish with his bones broken for forty hours, until he died. During his torments he said: 'I count myself happy that I can die in my Master's service. What! did my glorious Redeemer descend from Heaven and suffer an ignominious death for my salvation, and shall I, to prolong a miserable life, deny my blessed Savior and abandon his people?' While his bones were being broken on the wheel, he said to his wife: 'Farewell, once more, my beloved spouse! Though you witness my bones broken to shivers, yet is my soul filled with inexpressible joy.' After life was finally extinct, his heart was taken to Chalencou to be publicly exhibited, and his body was exposed in like manner at Beauchatel."

Another cure for the sin, or crime, of heresy might not inappropriately be called the "Water Cure." The poor victim was placed in the "Water Cell" in the chamber of torture, and firmly tied in a sitting posture in the center of the vault, while high above him was a small pipe from which the water dripped, drop by drop, upon the same spot of the head, until insanity or death relieved the soul from its torments. At other times the heretic was fastened to a bench, on his back,

and the water allowed to drop upon the pit of the stomach. The effect on the mind can hardly be imagined. Julian Hawthorne, in the number of the *Cosmopolitan* before cited, thus describes the supposed effect of this torture:

“It is said to produce the most intolerable agony. The drop always falls on the same spot, and at a regular interval. Before long every perception of the body and mind becomes concentrated on that one spot. The impact of the tiny globule of water is awaited with a terrible strain of anticipation; and when it comes, its most imponderable touch is felt like the



APPARATUS FOR BREAKING ON THE WHEEL. THE VICTIM WAS TIED ON THE BED OF SHARP-EDGED BOARDS, WHILE THE EXECUTIONER ROLLED THE WHEEL BACK AND FORTH OVER HIM.

explosion of a bomb, but without the merciful annihilation which the bomb inflicts. After endurance has passed its limits, raging madness supervenes. But in order to allow this torture to perform its perfect work, many hours, or even days, are required.”

While the physical effect of the long-continued and steady dropping of water upon one spot of the body, without the aid of imagination, would in the end quite probably be destructive of the physical tissue, there was a somewhat analagous form of torture known to, and quite probably employed by, the Spanish Inquisition, which so combined mental and physical torture as to make it, probably, the most dreadful of all. It

was that of the "Pendulum." Llorente, in the preface to his history, before referred to, describes this torture as follows:

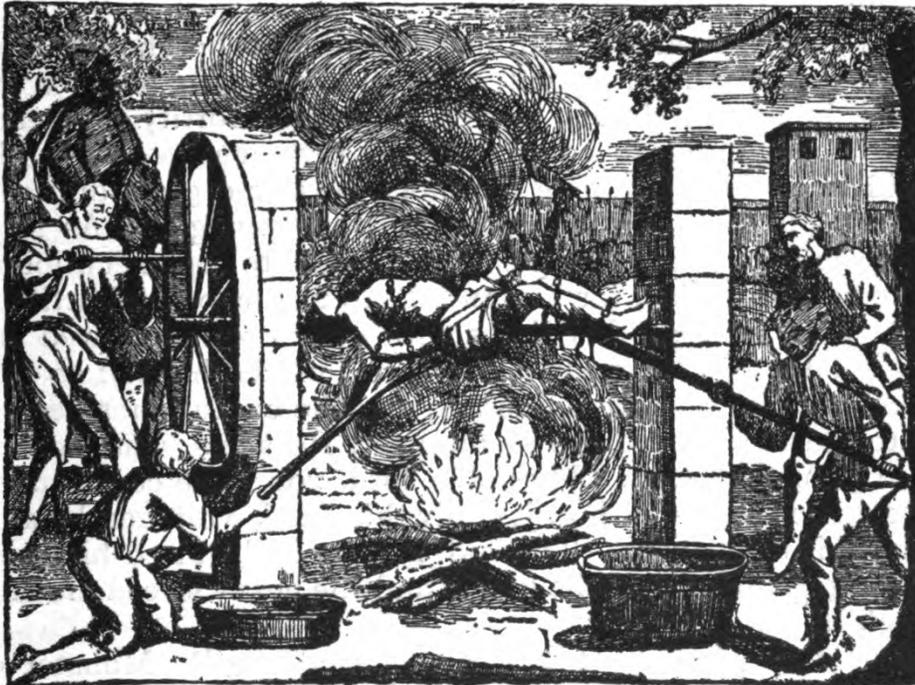
"The following fact shows that the inquisitors of our own days do not fall below the standard of those who followed the fanatic Torquemada. * * * was present when the Inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the order of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was: some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the nature of the crime of which he was accused.

"One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be death by the 'Pendulum.' The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows: The condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer: at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on, until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the Holy Office, in its mercy, ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy or ensuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the Secret Tribunal, A. D. 1820!!!"

This assuredly was the inspiration of a fiend. Roasting over a slow fire—another form of torture often practiced by the same delectable institution—would strike the imagination as tame compared to the torture of the Pendulum; and thus of those other gentle and humane methods, such as "pouring melted lead into the ears, immersing one or more limbs or the whole body in boiling oil," skinning alive, piercing or tearing out the tongue, putting out the eyes, cutting off the hands, crushing the body with heavy weights, and otherwise mutilating the form divine.

None were so high, none so low, as to escape the inquisitorial office. Created by the papal authority, and permitted and sustained by the secular government, it assumed jurisdiction over both ecclesiastical and civic officers. Kings, princes, magistrates, archbishops, bishops, priests, learned men, laymen in all stations of life, the pure and saintly, age, youth nor

sex were spared. The "dead hand" of the Inquisition was laid upon the living and the dead alike, and the dearest treasures of the human heart were shattered as though they were but dross. Even the remains of the dead were dragged from their graves and burnt upon the sacrificial pyre that the greed of brutal and ignorant monks might be satiated from out the heritage of widows and orphans, whose estates became, by the



ROASTING A MAN TO DEATH—DRAWN BY M. RICHMOND, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

laws of the Inquisition, thereby confiscated. But it is not the purpose of this chapter to detail the devastating effects produced in general by this dreadful institution and ally of the Church of Christ.

The iron hand of religious persecution spared neither age, nor sex, nor condition. Of the forty-seven Hungarian martyrs who were beheaded at Prague, in the month of March, 1621, ten averaged not less than seventy years of age. They belonged to the nobility and the learned. There were among them Count Schlick, rich and powerful, versed in Latin and Greek; Wenceslaus, of Budowa, who was renowned for his

scholarship, and was seventy-four years of age; General Christopher, of Polzicz, famous for his knowledge of natural history and celebrated for his travels in Asia and Africa; then tottered upon the scaffold one Gaspard Kaplizz, ninety years of age, whose execution had been decreed by the ecclesiastics of Rome and their more than willing tool, Ferdinand II. of Austria, and to all of whom belongs the eternal infamy of this most unholy deed. Alfred Michiels thus describes the shameful tragedy:

“The wretched old man had feared lest he should grow weak at the supreme moment, and, on leaving the hall for the scaffold, he muttered this prayer: ‘O, God! fortify my heart, so that I may not lose courage before my enemies or die like a timid man.’ On reaching the block he found great difficulty in bending his knees, which were stiffened by age. ‘As soon as you see me in the right posture,’ he said to the executioner, ‘strike without delay, for I cannot keep in this painful attitude long.’ And he bent his limbs with an effort and bowed his hoary head. But the poor old man had placed himself so that he rendered the operation difficult, and the executioner begged him to raise his head. The minister, Rosacius, who accompanied him, then said: ‘My noble lord, you have commended your soul to God; offer him joyfully this head, whitened by age, and raise it to heaven.’ The old man smiled, raised his brow by raising his hands on the block, and the heavy sword crashed through his neck.”

And the “faith” of Rome was vindicated! Monster of iniquity! Such is thy record, such thy deeds, and yet there be those who still hug thee to their bosoms as the paragon of sweetness, gentleness and all-embracing charity and love, claiming the fealty and obedience of all mankind. The historian proceeds:

“The fearful scene went on. Whenever one of the martyrs strove to address the people, a roll of the drums or a peal of the trumpets drowned his voice. The executioner tore out the tongues of some of the victims prior to striking the blow; among these being the most famous of all the culprits, John of Jessen, whom anatomists regard as one of the founders of their science. All Europe respected this friend of Kepler and Tycho Brahe;” but this availed nothing, the wretched man was immolated upon the bloody altar of the Moloch of the ages,

and his lifeless body, as with a fiendish rage, was "cut into four parts, and the bleeding limbs were exposed on posts."

The dreadful work went on. One poor wretch "had his tongue nailed to a gibbet, and was not released till he had endured this punishment for two hours."

"After the punishment of the forty-seven martyrs," continues Alfred Michiels, from whose work, the Secret



VICTIMS ON THE RACK BEING SKINNED ALIVE.—DRAWN BY M. RICHMOND FROM AN OLD PRINT.

History of the Austrian Government, these details are taken, "scaffolds and gibbets were erected in every part of Bohemia. Sentences of confiscation, exile, and perpetual imprisonment followed each other without relaxation. The persecutors aggravated the consequences by a diabolical invention, for an imperial decree condemned all the sons and grandsons of individuals treated as criminals, under one pretext or another, to wear around their necks a red silk cord, representing the mark of the axe. This emblem was intended to make them constantly remember that if they still wore their heads on their shoulders, it was owing to the clemency of the sovereigns. It was also a means to indicate them to the Jesuits. What ideas

must have been produced in the minds of these young people by this abominable sign, which reminded them of the captivity, despair or death of their relations, and the punishment with which they were themselves menaced? They wandered about like shadows, scarcely caring for an existence so precarious; reading in every glance pity or hatred, and already bearing the mark of the fatal blow. Bigots have at times singular inspirations."

Strange as it may appear, it would seem that the peculiar office and function of the "church militant" in the world has chiefly been to make life for man as miserable and death as terrible and dreadful as possible. Contemplate for a moment the punishment and torture of the galley-slave, which continued for the space of a hundred years in France, ending in 1775, just before the outbreaking of the so-called Reign of Terror, which in truth was the breaking of the chains which held the people in subjection to the priesthood of the Church of Rome. Samuel Smiles, the author of "The Huguenots in France," thus describes this lifelong and dreadful torture (page 194):

"The punishment of the men found attending religious meetings [that is, Protestant meetings], and taken prisoners by the soldiers, was to be sentenced to the galleys, mostly for life. They were usually collected in large numbers, and sent to the seaports attached together by chains. They were sent openly, sometimes through the entire length of the kingdom, by way of a show. The object was to teach the horrible delinquency of professing Protestantism; for it could not be to show the greater beautifulness and mercifulness of Catholicism. The punishment of the Chain varied in degree. Sometimes it was more cruel than at other times. This depended upon the driver of the prisoners. Marteilhe describes the punishment during his conveyance from Havre to Marseilles, in the winter of 1712. The Chain to which he belonged did not reach Marseilles until the 17th of January, 1713. The season was bitterly cold; but that made no difference in the treatment of Huguenot prisoners.

"The Chain consisted of a file of prisoners, chained one to another in various ways. On this occasion each pair was fastened by the neck with a thick chain three feet long, in the middle of which was a round ring. After being thus chained,

the pairs were placed in file, couple behind couple, when another thick chain was passed through the rings, thus running along the center of the gang, and the whole were thus doubly chained together. There were no less than four hundred prisoners in the Chain described by Marteilhe. The number had, however, greatly fallen off through deaths by barbarous treatment before it reached Marseilles.

“It must, however, be added, that the whole gang did not consist of Huguenots, but only a part of it—the Huguenots being distinguished by their red jackets. The rest consisted of murderers, thieves, deserters and criminals of various sorts.

“The difficulty which the prisoners had in marching along the roads was very great, the weight of chain which each member had to carry being no less than one hundred and fifty pounds. The lodging they had at night was of the worst description. While at Paris, the galley-slaves were quartered in the Chateau de la Tournelle, which was under the spiritual direction of the Jesuits. The gaol consisted of a large cellar or dungeon, fitted with huge beams of oak fixed close to the floor. Thick iron collars were attached by iron chains to the beams. The collar being placed around the prisoner’s neck, it was closed and riveted upon an anvil with heavy blows of a hammer.

“Twenty men, in pairs, were thus chained to each beam. The dungeon was so large that five hundred men could thus be fastened up. They could not sleep lying at full length, nor could they sleep sitting or standing up straight; the beam to which they were chained being too high in the one case and too low in the other. The torture which they endured, therefore, is scarcely to be described. The prisoners were left there until a sufficient number could be collected to set out in a Chain for Marseilles.

“When they arrived at the first stage out of Paris, at Charenton, after a heavy day’s fatigue, their lodging was no better than before. A stable was found, in which they were chained in such a way that they could with difficulty sit down, and then only on a dungheap. After they had been there for a few hours, the prisoners’ chains were taken off and they were turned out into the spacious courtyard of the inn, where they were ordered to strip off their clothes, put them down at their feet, and march over to the other side of the courtyard.

“The object of this proceeding was to search the pockets of the prisoners, examine their clothes, and find whether they contained any knives, files, or other tools which might be used for cutting the chains. All money and other valuables or necessaries that the clothes contained were at the same time taken away.

“The night was cold and frosty, with a keen north wind blowing; and after the prisoners had been exposed to it for about half an hour, their bodies became so benumbed that they could scarcely move across the yard to where their clothes were lying. Next morning it was found that eighteen of the unfortunates were happily released by death.”

As the author remarks, “it is not necessary to describe the tortures endured by the galley-slaves to the end of their journey.” But hear the description of their torments in the galleys: “The royal galley was about a hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet broad, and was capable of containing about five hundred men. It had fifty benches for rowers, twenty-five on each side. Between these two rows of benches was the raised middle gallery, commonly called the waist of the ship, four feet high and about three or four feet broad. The oars were fifty feet long, of which thirty-seven feet were outside the ship and thirteen within. Six men worked at each oar, all chained to the same bench. They had to row in unison, otherwise they would be heavily struck by the return rowers both before and behind them. They were under the constant command of the *comite*, or galley-slave-driver, who struck all about him with his heavy whip in urging them to work. To enable his strokes to tell the men sat naked while they rowed. Their dress was always insufficient, summer and winter—the lower part of their bodies being covered with a short red jacket and a sort of apron, for their manacles prevented their wearing any other dress.

“The chain which bound each rower to his bench was fastened to his leg, and was of such a length as to enable his feet to come and go whilst rowing. At night the galley-slave slept where he sat—on the bench on which he had been rowing all day. There was no room for him to lie down. He never quitted his bench except for the hospital or the grave; yet some of the Huguenot rowers contrived to live upon their benches for thirty or forty years!

“During all these years they toiled in their chains, in a hell of foul and disgusting utterance, for they were mixed up with thieves and the worst of criminals. * * * They lived under the constant threats of their keepers, who lashed them to make them row harder, who lashed them to make them sit up, or lashed them to make them lie down.”

To such a pitch had priestcraft brought the rulers and people of France, having had the direction of religious and educational, and, in good measure, political affairs, in that



DAMIEN BEING TORN TO PIECES.—DRAWN BY D. D. SMITH, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

country from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by Louis XIV., in 1685, until the Revolution in 1790, that the moral sense of the entire population was well nigh obliterated. The populace, debased and impoverished by the accursed rule of Rome, in many districts subsisting chiefly upon grass, found their only pleasure in “hunting” the poor Protestants, and “the most distressed districts in France were those in which the bishops and clergy were the principal owners of the land. They were the last to abandon slavery, which continued upon their estates after the Revolution.”

Under the reign of the clergy France had not become religious; it had become brutalized and dehumanized. It could only be aroused from its spiritual torpor and all but physical death by the Voltaires, the Diderots, the Marats and Robespieres, and the shock of revolution. The same horrid regime of inhuman cruelties and torture would in all probability have continued had the clergy kept their way, for it only ceased because the secular government would no longer respond to their bloodthirsty commands.

If men whose heads were whitened by age, nor those of learning, morality, wealth, position and influence were spared by the fierce tiger of religious persecution, neither were old and decrepit women nor helpless babes. During the devastating persecution that raged under the direction of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, at Utretcht, a widow of eighty-four years was beheaded because she had lodged a Protestant preacher over night.

We have read of the cruelties and the insane and barbarous orgies of Fiji Island savages, and the blood has run cold in the veins, and the heart has sickened in the reading, but the doings of savages have never eclipsed those *autos-da-fe*, or deeds of faith, of Christians. Witness the following as typical of the proceedings of Spanish Catholics in the Netherlands:

“And many women were put to death, because they received their husbands in the night, that were fled for religion; yea, they have killed women great with child, and ripped up their bellies, and taken out the child and killed it; and some they have flayed alive, and covered drum-heads with their skins; and some they have tied to a post, and made a small fire around about them, and so roasted them to death. * * * The young children that lay in the cradle, they quartered them and took them upon their pikes, and so went up and down rejoicing in their cruelty.” [Harleian Miscellany, Vol. V., p. 178.]

This was before the peaceful Dutch took up arms to resist the Spaniards and their fierce “Council of Blood,” or Inquisition, and is a fair example of the deeds of those Christian gentry in the Netherlands in the middle of the sixteenth century, when they were there to convert or to exterminate the Dutch because they would not bow down to the idol at Rome.

In six years 180,000 victims were inhumanly slaughtered by the Christian barbarians in the Netherlands, and more than a hundred thousand householders fled from the land of their birth because of the cruelties practiced upon them.

Again, an occurrence took place in Spain, in 1557, which would also seem peculiarly fitted to draw all men most tenderly toward the "bosom of the Mother Church."

Mary de Bourgogne, at the city of Murcia, in 1552, had attained her eighty-fifth year. She was supposed to be of Jewish descent, which was a fact sufficient of itself to incur the suspicions of the Inquisition. Being accused of favoring Judaism, the old lady was apprehended and cast into prison. "It will no doubt appear incredible," remarks Llorente, "but the trial proves that in 1557 she was still in prison, waiting until sufficient proof was found to condemn her. After having waited in vain, the inquisitors commanded that Mary should be *tortured, though she was then ninety years old*, and the Council had decreed that in such cases the criminal should only be intimidated by the preparations. The inquisitor Cano says that the *moderate* torture was applied, but such were the effects of this gentle application that the unfortunate Mary ceased to live and suffer in a few days after."

Misericordia et Justitia (mercy and justice) was the motto of the Inquisition. The mercy in the above instance probably consisted in the fact that Mary was subjected only to a *moderate* torture; but what justice would have demanded, by the same standard, may be clearly inferred from other examples so abundantly afforded by history.

The fate of the Bohorques sisters, of Seville, in Spain, will perhaps serve to illustrate the truly impartial and relentless manner in which the Inquisition dispensed its cruel and inhuman justice. It was the custom of the Holy Office to celebrate an *auto-da-fe* once a year, on which occasion sentences were pronounced and immediately carried into execution. Llorente thus describes the torture and burning of Donna Maria de Bohorques at the *auto-da-fe* on the 24th of September, 1559, as well as the character, position and attainments of the young lady, and the circumstances attending her destruction (page 216):

"Donna Maria de Bohorques was the natural daughter of Pedro Garcia de Xerez Bohorques, one of the first families of

Seville, and from which sprung the Marquises de Ruchena, grandees of the first-class. She was not twenty-one years of age when she was arrested as a Lutheran. She had been instructed by the doctor, Juan Gil (or Egidius), was perfectly acquainted with the Latin language and understood Greek; she had many Lutheran books, and had committed to memory the Gospels, and some of the principal works which explain the text in a Lutheran sense. She was conducted to the secret prison, where she acknowledged her opinions and defended them as Catholic. She said that some of the facts and propositions contained in the depositions were true, but denied the others, either because she had forgotten them or was afraid to compromise others. She was then tortured, and confessed that her sister, Jane Bohorques, was acquainted with her sentiments, and had not disapproved them. The fatal consequences of this confession will be shown hereafter. The definitive sentence was pronounced, and Maria Bohorques was condemned to *relaxation* [i. e., burning]. As the sentence was not communicated to the prisoner till the day before the *auto-da-fe*, the inquisitors desired that Maria should be exhorted during the interval. Two Jesuits and two Dominicans were successively sent to her. They returned full of admiration at the learning of the prisoner, but displeased at her obstinacy in explaining the texts of Scripture which they proposed, in a Lutheran sense. On the day before the *auto-da-fe* two other Dominicans went with the first, to make a last effort to convert Maria, and they were followed by several other theologians of different religious orders. Maria received them with as much pleasure as politeness, but she told them that they might spare themselves the trouble of speaking to her of their doctrines, as they could not be more concerned for her salvation than she was herself; that she would renounce her opinions if she felt the least uncertainty; but that she was still more convinced that she was right, since so many *popish* theologians had not been able to advance any arguments for which she had not prepared a solid and conclusive answer. At the place of execution, Don Juan Ponce de Leon, who had abjured heresy, exhorted Maria to do the same. She received his advice very ill, and called him ignorant, an idiot and a babbler; she added that it was no longer a time to dispute, and that the few moments they had to live ought to be employed in meditating on the passion and

death of their Redeemer, to reanimate the faith by which they were to be justified and saved. Although she was so obstinate, several priests, and a great number of monks, earnestly entreated that she might be spared, in consideration of her extreme youth and surprising merit, if she would consent to repeat the *Credo*. The inquisitors granted their request; but scarcely had Maria finished it than she began to interpret the articles on the Catholic faith, and the judgment of the quick and the dead, according to the opinions of Luther; they did not give her time to conclude, the executioner strangled her, and she was afterwards burnt. Such is the true history of Maria Bohorques, according to the writings of the Inquisition."

In the following year, 1560, the Secret Tribunal dealt with the sister, Donna Jane Bohorques. Llorente tells the sad tale in these words (page 226):

"She had married Don Francis de Vargas, lord of the borough of Higuera. She was taken to the secret prisons, where her unfortunate sister declared that she was acquainted with her opinions, and had not opposed them; as if silence could prove that she had admitted the doctrine to be true. Jane Bohorques was six months gone with child; but this did not prevent the inquisitors from proceeding in the trial, a cruelty which will not surprise, when it is considered that she was arrested before any proof of her crime had been obtained. She was delivered in the prison, her child was taken from her at the end of eight days, in defiance of the most sacred rights of nature, and she was imprisoned in one of the common dungeons of the Holy Office. The inquisitors thought they did all that humanity required in giving her a less inconvenient cell than the common prison. It fortunately happened that she had as a companion in her cell a young girl, who was afterwards burnt as a Lutheran, and who, pitying her situation, treated her with the utmost tenderness during her convalescence. She soon required the same care; she was tortured, and all her limbs were bruised and almost dislocated. Jane Bohorques attended her in this dreadful state. Jane Bohorques was not yet fully recovered when she was tortured in the same manner. The cords with which her still feeble limbs were bound penetrated to the bone, and several blood-vessels breaking in her body, torrents of blood flowed from her mouth. She was taken back to her dungeon in a dying state,

and expired in a few days after. The inquisitors thought they expiated this cruel murder by declaring Jane Bohorques innocent, "in the *auto-da-fe* of this day. Under what an overwhelming responsibility will these monsters appear before the tribunal of the Almighty!"

Human language utterly fails to express the feelings of detestation, execration and horror which deeds so monstrous



THE TORTURE OF GELEYN CORNELIUS, WHO WAS AFTERWARD BURNT IN 1572.—DRAWN BY M. RICHMOND, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

must ever excite within the human breast; and yet—and yet, gentle reader, there are those who to-day defend the tribunal of the Inquisition, and who have the hardihood to declare that the Roman Catholic Church never persecuted anybody.

Under the reign of Ferdinand II. of Austria, "a real Inquisition was established, under the name of the Counter-Reformation, armed with unlimited authority, whose judgments were without appeal, and which was presided over by

the Archbishop of Prague." To record, or to read, the details of the transactions of this diabolical Inquisition is to excite feelings of inexpressible horror and indignation. Jesus Christ had said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Assuredly the Archbishop of Prague must have been a Christian, as Christianity was understood in those days, but it was not the teachings of the gentle Nazarene that inspired the following deeds of diabolism recorded by the author of the Secret History of the Austrian Government:

"When threats, blows, spoliations and torture were not sufficient to convert the heterodox, they were assailed in the noblest and deepest of human feelings; their children were torn from them and martyred in their sight, in order to tame their resistance and overcome their courage. Parents could not behold their boys and girls mutilated without yielding, and then a priest dictated to them the form of abjuration. Two officers, on one of these ferocious expeditions, seized a naked child, and, each holding it by a foot, cut it in two with their sabres; then they offered the father and mother the bleeding halves. 'Here you have both sorts,' they said, with a jovial air, as if quite delighted with their jest."

Upon another occasion, the soldiers being billeted upon a Protestant family, as was the custom according to the method of "conversion" so commonly employed by the Catholics in power in those days, they seized the mother of a young infant, bound her to a post, placed the little one on the floor at her feet, and there let it starve to death!

In all the annals of human, and inhuman history, no parallel to such diabolical cruelty can be found—but these were monsters from the region of the Inferno, which by some inscrutable providence were permitted to infest the fair regions of earth in those dreary days of fanaticism, atrocity and rapine.

It is stated by Sir James Mackintosh, on the authority of Lord Burleigh, that during "Bloody Mary's" reign in England, "more than three-score women and more than forty children were burnt; that among the women 'some were great with child, out of whose bodies the child by fire was expelled alive, and yet also cruelly burnt.'" (Mackintosh's History of England, Vol. 2, p. 328.)

Though the list of abominable cruelties perpetrated upon

tender and helpless humanity in the name of him who said "of such is the kingdom of heaven," might be much further extended, the reader is no doubt quite fully prepared to appreciate Shelley's apostrophe of religion itself as a—

——“prolific fiend,
Who peopled earth with demons, hell with men,
And heaven with slaves!”

Burning at the stake has been a form of torture and mode of execution almost exclusively practiced by the Romish Church, and that to an almost incredible extent; and torture by the application of fire in every conceivable way has also frequently been resorted to by the same agency—such as the use of hot irons for branding, the tearing of the flesh by hot pincers, piercing the tongue with hot awls, boiling in oil, pouring melted lead in the ears, etc., etc. But for brutal atrocity the following modes of torture, the description of which is extracted from the work of Alfred Michiels, can scarcely be excelled (p. 206):

“The pious butchery [of Hungarians] commenced on the 20th of February, 1687. * * * The most noble persons, the men of highest reputation, and the brave captains who had fought in the war of independence, were led on the scaffold, either together or separately, with victims of the lower class. Some were dragged out and lengthened on ladders expressly made to dislocate the limbs; others had their heads bound with cords or fillets of metal, until their eyes started from the sockets. They were hanged by the hands to gibbets, and enormous weights attached to their feet, while the hangman burned their armpits with wax tapers, or shook over the unhappy men torches of pitch and resin, which bedewed them with a liquid shower of fire. They were tortured with red-hot pincers, and steel blades or nails raised to a white heat were thrust beneath the nails on their fingers and toes. Many, half roasted and half lacerated, died under the tortures. Leopold's delegate offered six hundred florins to any one who invented a new punishment, and one of these tortures, the most atrocious of all those described by the historians, makes our hair stand on end. Large wires at a white heat were introduced into the natural passages of the body, after the victims had been stripped of their clothing!”

Incredible as it may appear, the agents of the Holy Roman

Church not only applauded and approved, but instigated such hellish deeds as these! Torture was a part of the religion of these inhuman creatures, who, by a strange perversity of reasoning, are by some apologists of the mediæval church, still accounted as defenders and preservers of the true faith! The present incumbent of the so-called St. Peter's chair, Pope Leo XIII., boldly and without apology, expresses himself as desirous of a return to the "more robust faith of the Middle Ages," which, by fair implication, means that the Pope would, if he could, bring the world back to such a coercive and brutal policy and practice as that which prevailed during the Roman Catholic domination in the Middle Ages.

Reverting to the torture of women, it is curious to note that Charles V. of Spain, who was also the Emperor of the Netherlands, in his laws for the punishment of the heretics of that country, provided that the men should be burnt alive and the women buried alive. What prompted the distinction may not be easy to conjecture, but it is of no importance in the presence of the dreadful fact that the decree was often literally carried out, and helpless women, for no other crime than reading the Bible and interpreting it for themselves, were actually buried alive!

The massacre of Protestants in Ireland, in 1641, when, according to Sir William Temple, 154,000 were slain in cold blood, and according to the positive evidence existing to-day in the form of depositions in Trinity College, Dublin, no less than 27,000 perished, afforded multitudes of instances of cruelty and torture, beside which the cruelties of the Turks and savage tribes all but pale into insignificance. This massacre was remarkable for the torture of women, as well as for the extreme severity and fiendish brutalities of the procedure in general. Besides burning to death, hanging to the gibbets, butchering with the sword, etc., etc., the inhuman wretches tied some of their victims to horses' tails, and, setting the animals to a gallop, dragged them to death; they scourged others and then set savage dogs on them to tear the bleeding sufferers to pieces. But perhaps the acme of savage cruelty was reached when the inhuman monsters tied women with their backs to strong posts, and, stripping them to their waists, cut off their right breasts with large shears and there left them to die from loss of blood!

Even France, whose people are to-day celebrated for the politeness of their manners, and in the old days of chivalry was renowned for its gallant knights-errant, lost its heart and gentleness under the touch of the baleful wand of Rome to such an extent that thousands of innocent women and children were subjected to a punishment doleful in the extreme. This



THE EVIL PERSONAGE WHO IS SUPPOSED TO PROMPT THE DEEPLY RELIGIOUS TO DEEDS OF TORTURE.

was incarceration under distressing circumstances in prisons, nunneries and old castles. One of these dungeons, the most celebrated, is thus described by Samuel Smiles in his *History of the Huguenots* (p. 193):

“The persecutions to which the Huguenot women and children were exposed caused a sudden enlargement of all the prisons and nunneries in France. Many of the old castles were fitted up as gaols, and even their dungeons were used for the incorrigible heretics. One of the worst of these was the *Tour de Constance*, in the town of *Aiguemortes*, which is to this day remembered with horror as the principal dungeon of the Huguenot women. The town of *Aiguemortes* is situated in the department of *Gard*, close to the Mediterranean, whose waters wash into the salt marshes and lagunes by which it is surrounded. It was erected in the thirteenth century for Philip the Bold, and is still interesting as an example of the ancient feudal fortress. The fosse has since been filled up, on account of the malaria produced by the stagnant water which it contained.

“The place is approached by a long causeway raised above the marsh, and the entrance to the tower is spanned by an

ancient gatehouse. In advance of the tower, to the north, in an angle of the wall, is a single large round tower, which served as a citadel. It is sixty-six feet in diameter and ninety feet high, surmounted by a lighthouse turret of thirty-four feet. It consists of two large vaulted apartments, the staircase from one to the other being built within the wall itself, which is about eighteen feet thick. The upper chamber is dimly lighted by narrow chinks through the walls. The lowest of the apartments is the dungeon, which is almost without light and air. In the center of the floor is a hole connected with a reservoir of water below.

“This Tour de Constance continued to be the principal prison for Huguenot women in France for a period of about a hundred years. It was always horribly unhealthy; and to be condemned to this dungeon was considered almost as certain, though a slower death, than to be condemned to the galleys. Sixteen Huguenot women confined there in 1686 died within five months. Most of them were wives of merchants of Nismes, or of men of property in the district. When the prisoners died off the dungeon was at once filled up again with more victims, and it was rarely, if ever, empty, down to a period within only a few years before the outbreak of the French Revolution (p. 273).

“It is not known when the last Huguenot women were liberated from the Tour de Constance, at Aiguemortes. It would probably be about the time when the last Huguenots were liberated from the galleys [in 1775]. An affecting picture has been left by an officer who visited the prison at the release of the last prisoners. ‘I accompanied,’ he says, ‘the Prince de Beaureau (the intendant of Languedoc under Louis XVI.) in a survey which he made of the coast. Arriving at Aiguemortes, at the gate of the Tour de Constance, we found at the entrance the principal keeper, who conducted us by dark steps through a great gate, which opened with an ominous noise, and over which was inscribed a motto from Dante—“*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate*” [Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here].

“‘Words fail me to describe the horror with which we regarded a scene to which we were so unaccustomed—a frightful and affecting picture, in which the interest was heightened by disgust. We beheld a large circular apartment, deprived

of air and light, in which fourteen females still languished in misery. It was with difficulty that the Prince smothered his emotion; and doubtless it was the first time that these unfortunate creatures had there witnessed compassion depicted upon a human countenance; I still seem to behold the affecting apparition. They fell at our feet, bathed in tears, and speechless, until, emboldened by our expressions of sympathy, they recounted to us their sufferings. Alas! all their crime consisted in having been attached to the same religion as Henry IV. The youngest of these martyrs was more than fifty years old. She was but eight when first imprisoned for having accompanied her mother to hear a religious service, and her punishment had continued until now!"

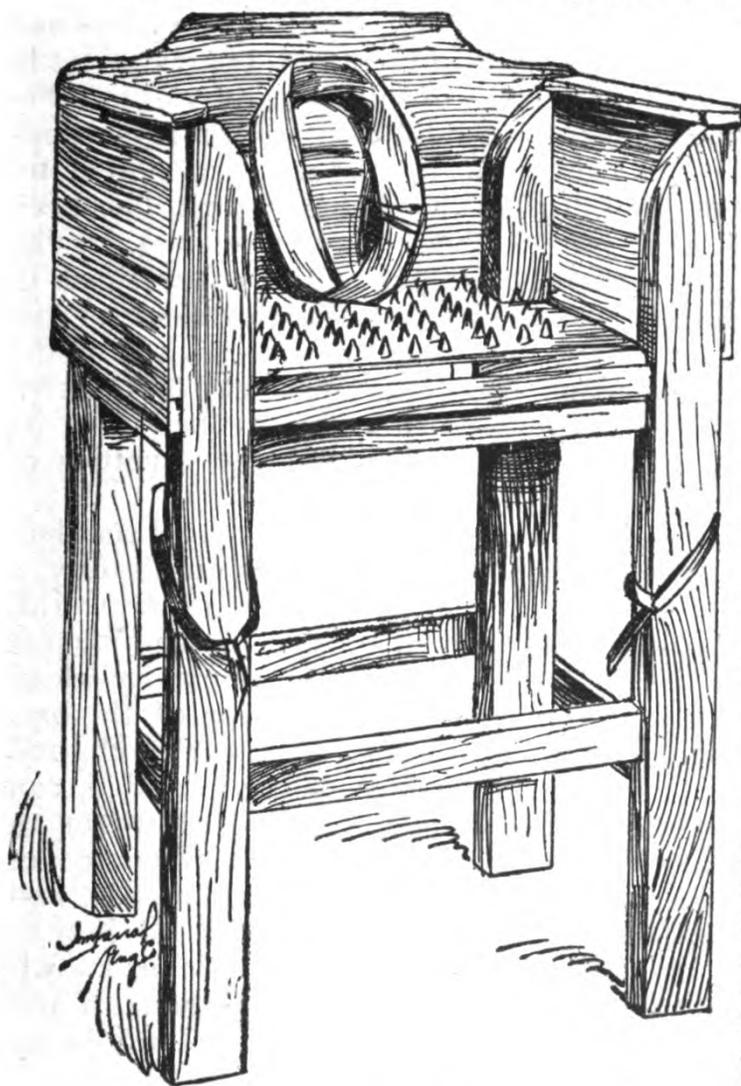
Thus the fearful record might be enlarged into volumes; but the lesson would be the same, namely: that it has remained for the Christian religion, more than any other agency or power, to fill the cup of human life with wretchedness and woe; and, instead of having been the evangel of heaven to smooth and make pleasant the pathway to death, it has seemingly been the office of this religion in the past to put thorns and brambles in the way, and to make of death a monster with visage more hideous than any Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, and to transform God the Father into a veritable demon, whose vindictive malevolence was indeed surpassingly perfect.

But the Christian apologist will say that it was not the spirit of true Christianity which inspired the dread cruelties of the past, but was only a perverted conception of the true teachings of the church and of the "Holy Scriptures." If this be so, then Christianity came to the world too soon; the world should have first become civilized and humanized, for evidently God made the mistake either of giving his revelation prematurely or confiding it to a most unworthy keeping; or there has been no such revelation as claimed.

Whatever may be the merits of the "true Christian doctrine," men's conception and understanding of that or of any other doctrine, must always be colored and limited by the quality and degree of their intellectual and moral development; and when, in a barbarous, or semi-civilized age, the dominant, or ruling classes, believe, or affect to believe, that they have received a revelation from God, or from some infallible source of wisdom and truth, there will necessarily be tyranny, per-

secution and oppression exercised upon those who do not submit to, or who oppose, their government or the authority of their supposed revelation.

The main problem which is presented by the history of



TORTURE CHAIR.—THE VICTIM WAS FORCED TO SIT ON THE SPIKED SEAT OF THIS CHAIR.

religious persecution is one which involves a psychological analysis of human nature at a time when the rational and moral faculties of man were not the controlling agencies in human affairs. When men are guided by reason, they cease to be controlled by any form of belief which is not based upon, or in accord with reason; and hence, in our age, when an unreasoned belief actuates human conduct, the practical life of mankind will be in accordance with that belief. Therefore it is, that a belief, or faith, which includes, as a part of the scheme of divine justice, vengeance, wrath, torments and suffering for the non-conforming, will naturally produce devotees whose works will be of a character to comport with their faith. Our God punishes the

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heretic and the infidel in his spiritual world; he is also the ruler of this world, and we are his representatives and agents in this world, and lest we incur his displeasure we will likewise torture and punish his enemies, who are our enemies. But when reason begins to assume the sway, man becomes less and less certain that he knows the will of God and begins to act in accordance with natural principles of justice and right as between man and man; instead of in fulfillment of the mysterious and imaginary decrees of a supernatural and mythical potentate.

That death, the liberator of the human spirit, has been made hideous, and that life has been made wretched, by the church in the past, is due to the ignorance and superstition of the masses, to the inherent cruelty of the doctrines of the church itself, and to the rapacity, greed and fanaticism of the ecclesiastics made efficacious by the subserviency of the civil powers. Not until the ecclesiastical authority had lost its influence over the secular governments did the cruelties of torture cease.

There has been, under the beneficent influence of the doctrine of one brotherhood, one race, one common destiny, a steady growth of the humane idea and sentiment in the world, until now it is beginning to be recognized that he who is most humane is most divine, and this feeling of humanity alone would prevent a recurrence in any civilized nation of the barbarities of the past. But the doctrines of the church, and especially of that church whose doctrines, being infallible, can never change, would still perpetuate, if men were but true to their faiths, the same old policy and practice of coercion of religious belief. But men are better than their creeds, and the light of the supernal world shining in upon all human hearts, is fast bringing forth that era of brotherly love, knowledge and co-operation which is to be the fulfillment of the destiny of man on earth, which has so long been foretold by prophet and sage.

Death by Accident Vividly Portrayed.

TESTIMONY OF THOSE WHO HAVE HAD NARROW ESCAPES.

SENSATION IS PAINLESS—INSTANTANEOUS DEATH PREFERABLE TO ILLNESS—DR. HEIM TELLS WHAT HE THOUGHT WHEN SLIDING DOWN THE ALPS—SOME VERY REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.

*It is reported from the Tyrol town of Valcomannica that parts of the body of W. Ruth, an American tourist, who was lost two summers ago on a tour over the Presena Pass in the Adamello Alps, South Tyrol, have been recovered in a mountain crevice at the foot of the Pizgana Glacier. Ruth had been a well-known character among the Alp climbers in that neighborhood. He was last seen in August, 1893, at the village of Pinzola. He then informed the innkeeper that he meant to travel to Ponte di Legno, over the mountain mentioned above. Several guides offered their services, but Mr. Ruth declined on the plea that he knew the way, as, indeed, he was familiar with every pass and precipice in South Tyrol.

He started in fine weather, but soon afterward it became foggy, and when the American tourist had not arrived at Ponte di Legno two days later, many of the expert guides of the district went out to search for him, dead or alive. They were unsuccessful, and the case of the American attracted much attention, not only in the neighborhood where he was supposed to have died, but all over Europe. Mr. Ruth came from one of the Western States of America, and was apparently well-to-do. Alp climbing had been a mania with him for years, and he had the reputation of a fearless and well-experienced tourist.

A few days ago, says a dispatch from Valcomannica, a

*Special correspondence of the Chicago Inter Ocean, October 6, 1895.

chamois hunter shot a buck on the Pizgana Glacier, and the body of the animal happened to fall in a deep crevice. The aid of some herdsmen was invoked, and one of them let himself down into the crevice on ropes to get the chamois.

He found the carcass at the bottom of the rent at the side of what appeared to be a human skeleton and remnants of clothing, which he gathered up and brought to light. The head had been well preserved in its icy inclosure, and was recognized as that of W. Ruth, the likeness being re-enforced by the finding of the peculiar clothes which the American was known to have worn.

The supposition is that the tourist lost his way in the fog and happened to strike the dangerous pass of Lagoscuro, leading to the ice-fields of Ritgana, instead of the pass of Presena, and was precipitated into the deadly depths below.

The finding of Ruth's body brings the known Alp disasters of 1893 up to the round number of fifty; the average number of persons succumbing annually on the continent to the climbing sport being thirty-three. This season fourteen tourists died in the Alps by falling off precipices, an unusually large percentage, for violent tumbles are among the less frequent accidents peculiar to Alp climbing, the devotees of which are more often threatened by lightning, avalanches, rain of stones, high winds, snowstorms, intense cold, exhaustion, followed by deathly sleep and famine.

The relatives of these fourteen unfortunates are clamoring for special laws prohibiting, or, at least, restricting, this dangerous sport, which counts among its enthusiastic supporters persons in all stations of life, the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Italy, and the Crown Princess Stephanie and her young daughter being the most noteworthy royal Alp climbers, or Bergfexs, as they are called here. The fact that these imperial women adhere to the sport would probably have little weight with legislatures; but now comes Dr. Heim, the celebrated geologist, and professor of the Zurich University, and declares that sudden death by a fall, by being run over, or by being swallowed up by machinery, water, or by snow avalanche, is the most beautiful way of leaving this life—is indeed preferable to any other mode or fashion of departure for the unknown regions.

“To drop from a precipice,” says the doctor, “means,

subjectively speaking, as glorious an end to the victim of accident as death on the battlefield. It strikes man suddenly, without asking one to become acquainted with those nasty emissaries of bodily dissolution, sickness and pain, while the mind is clear, and during increased mental activity he takes flight, without the least feeling of uneasiness.

“I have looked into the faces of many Alp climbers who met death by unlucky falls,” said the professor, “and, like others, failed to read of previous sorrows, or fear, anxiety, pain or terror. The relatives and friends of persons having suffered sudden death often lament their fate for a special reason that has no existence in fact. They dream of horrible tortures to which the departed, in their opinion, have been subjected. Others get over the shock by saying to themselves, ‘Thank the Lord, it was all over in a jiffy.’ In reality, there was nothing to overcome. The death agony—if, indeed, we can speak of such under the circumstances—did not last a minute, neither was it of a second’s duration. If it had been, its photographic counterpart would appear on the victim’s face; but if you take ten people who died in their bed, and ten who expired in their boots, and contrast their features, you will find that the facial expression of the latter is far more pleasant, more tranquil, more hopeful, than that of persons who apparently departed this life well prepared for the long journey, and, in many cases, resigned to their fate.

“I have viewed the bodies of the brothers Wettstein, who recently died by falling off the Jungfrau. The faces of both these young men bore the stamp of serene happiness. I am quite sure that, as they were rolling to their graves, they experienced the same lofty feelings that I and others underwent while standing at the threshold of eternity. Their happy and composed features indicate that at the time of death they were above physical pains, that they had made their peace with God and the world; a conciliatory feeling dominated their minds; they were rushing down into a blue, rosy heaven, so soft, so blissful—and then suddenly all was still.

“In case of accident, followed by sudden death, the state of unconsciousness is not preceded by any pain, and while the body is approaching this condition a second is equal to a thousand years in duration to the mind of the stricken person. When the loss of consciousness occurs, it does so with infinite

suddenness. Death, following in the wake of unconsciousness, works no change physically or mentally perceptible by its victim; the state of absolute quietude, of painless expunction, remains unshaken.

“No, there is not even that feeling of paralyzing terror in facing sudden death, or what appears like sudden death, which overcomes one in the event of lesser danger. Neither myself nor the half hundred rescued victims of Alps climbing whom I have interviewed on the question, experienced anything of the sort at the supreme moment. Our feelings—those of myself and my colleagues in danger—corresponded in all respects, were serene and resigned; our mode of thinking was uncommonly rapid, but at the same time full of self-possession.

“Before I relate my own experience, ‘how it feels to die,’ I will give the interview I had with the well-known Alps wanderer, Sigrist, who recently had a backward fall off the crown of the Korpstock Alp, Switzerland. This is Herr Sigrist’s report:

“‘Although I fell backward from the tremendous height, I experienced none of the anxiety which occasionally attacks us in dreams at supposed falling accidents; on the contrary, I felt as if I were carried downward slowly on giant wings that protected me against collision. During the whole duration of the fall, consciousness never left me. Without feeling the least bit embarrassed or frightened, I reviewed my situation and the future of my family, and the various features of my own life and their cases passed before me with unequaled rapidity. I have heard people say that in falling a great distance one loses his breath; I never lost my breath, and when my body finally bounded against the rocks at the foot of the glacier I became unconscious without experiencing any pain whatever. I felt nothing of the many wounds on head or limbs received during my journey down the precipice from coming in contact with rocks and masses of ice. The moments when I stood at the brink of future life were the happiest I ever experienced. I remember clearly reading the provisions of my life insurance policy with my mind’s eye; the big sum of money which death was bound to bring to my loved ones I saw before me counted out on a green cloth table, all in crisp bills and shining gold.’”

Dr. Heim gives the following description of his journey down a mountain side, which, as he fully expected, would end

in certain death: "I was coming with two friends from the summit of the Santis, in St. Gallen, when, at the height of 5,400 feet, we found ourselves opposite a snow field lying between two mighty rocks that had to be traversed. It was a peculiar path, running apeak for several miles, it seemed. My companions hesitated to take it, but I decided to slide down on both feet, standing up boldly. I went down with unequaled velocity, but there was no danger until I made a movement to save my hat, which the current of air was carrying along. I fell and lost all control of my limbs.

"Quick as the wind I flew against the rocks to my left, rebounded, and was thrown upon my back, head downward. Suddenly I felt myself carried through the air for at least a hundred feet, to finally land against a high snow wall. At the instant I fell it became evident to me that I was to be thrown against the rock, and I did my utmost to avert that calamity by digging with my fingers in the snow and tearing the tips of them horribly without knowing it. I heard distinctly the dull noise produced when my head and back struck against the different corners of the rock; I also heard the sound it gave when my body bounded against the snow wall, but in all this I felt no pain; pain only manifested itself at the end of an hour or so.

"For this reason, I say, the victims of more or less sudden death by accident, such as falls, drowning, explosions, by being run over or swallowed up by machinery, die a happy death. They know their fate, but have no time to regret it. They know that pain is in store for them, but have no time to feel it. Their main feeling is one of surprise, but not unpleasant surprise. In all cases where death follows the unconsciousness produced, immediately, without interval, the victim should be envied. This summer an old lady, whose two sons had been accidentally killed, said to me: 'Oh, if they only had opened their eyes once while I held their bleeding heads in my lap.' Poor woman, unconsciously she wished her beloved boys a moment, or moments, of the most excruciating pain, of dread, and terror. I explained the case to her as above outlined, and made her poor old heart rejoice instead of weep.

"I reckoned that my descent down the mountain side lasted five or six seconds; it would take me two hours to de-

scribe the thoughts and feelings I underwent during this short space of time. And all my thoughts, notions and ideas were thoroughly consistent and coherent, not mixed up and jumbled up as in dreams. First, as already intimated, I saw the possibility of my fate. I calculated to myself: Ten to one I will be a dead man upon my arrival at the bottom of the mountain. If, however, I find myself alive and fully conscious, I will have to take some of the vinegar-ether which, on leaving the Santis, I placed in my vest pocket. A good thing, I mused to myself, that it is where it is. I would scarcely be able to reach for it if it was still in my knapsack, where I used to carry it.

“I will take two or three drops of the ether on my tongue, I continued in my thoughts. That will revive me and keep me from taking cold. But what about my stick? Ah, that may be useful if I live, and besides it is a beautiful alpenstock. I will keep it. And, true enough, I held on to it. Then I thought that it might be well to take off and throw away my spectacles, that they might break and thereby injure my eyes. I reached for them, but was unable to do as intended.

“Thus I spent several, or may be only one precious second, in egotistical circumspection. After that my thoughts turned upon the consequences which my death would have for my family. I must try to save myself for the sake of my wife and children, I argued. The friends that were with me are probably lamed by terror and I must double their energies by calling for help, if I can. A good way to spur them, I thought, would be to cry out: ‘I am all safe, but must have a drink at once.’ Then I managed to be present when the news of my death reached home. I heard my wife and children cry and lament, and I tried to condole with them. I even cracked jokes in this endeavor. Again I saw with my mind’s eye the confusion that would reign in the university on account of my failure to begin lecturing.

“That brought back to me all my struggles, my early training, my trials and small triumphs. My life from childhood to manhood glided past my mental observation like a living picture, vivid, impressive, joyful and sorrowful as it had been. Tableau followed tableau in quick succession, each figure being distinct, and incidents being perfectly and completely pictured. When I had arrived at my present state and condition I saw a magnificent blue heaven opening to receive

me. All was serene happiness, while rosy and violet clouds marked the horizon. Into this heaven I floated with perfect equipoise, with beautiful anticipation, while my mundane eyes perceived my body flying through the air and saw the snow field below. I heard a dull thud; I had struck ground.

“It is an open question to me whether the above-described sensation of going to heaven is not a very strong argument for the teachings of the Christian religion. The mind of man becomes clear and pure on the threshold of eternity; it becomes the most wonderful machinery for thought and observation. Its retrospective faculties are marvelous—can its prognostics be waved aside?

“After finishing off all earthly affairs, making peace with man, the independent soul sees the heavens open, all around is beauty and happiness, a world steeped in blue and roseate tints. I should say here that I am far from being a pronounced religious man. No period of my life have I been given to speculating much on the teachings of the church, but when about to die I experienced all those sensations which are ascribed to deeply devout persons during their last moments on earth.

“I have heard a man say on his deathbed: ‘I see the angels; I see Christ opening his arms to receive me,’ and classed these utterances with other delirious ravings I witnessed. To-day their significance, to my mind, is no longer doubtful, especially as the testimony of Sigrist, above quoted, and that of many others, proves that my experience was not an exceptional one. Reconsider the following facts: I, like the others, had about made up my mind that I was to die, which means that I was to enter upon a new lease of spiritual life in eternity. The rapidity of perception peculiar to a person in that state then placed me into my new sphere even before I was ripe for it, which is a perfectly natural psychological process; but if there be nothing beyond this life, as atheists assert, why the heavenly phenomena? Why not a blank instead of a paradise? When consciousness left me a black veil flitted across my eyes. My mind’s eyes were filled with heavenly visions to the last. Who will explain it all?

“To return to actualities, I will repeat that during my downward journey time seemed to stretch indefinitely, and the faculties of objective observation, subjective feeling, and

thinking worked simultaneously without interfering with each other. There was no confusion, no perplexity; my calculations were logical; I acted with lightning rapidity.

“I thought to do so, too, when I began to cry out, as intended, ‘I am all safe; bring me water,’ or words to that effect; but I had actually lain perfectly still, without the least mental or physical performance, for over half an hour before I gave that sign of returning life. My friends, who had watched me from above and afterward sat at my side for a considerable while, say so. Without seeing them I took the vinegar bottle from my vest pocket, reached for my spectacles, that rested at my side, and felt of my back and limbs to find out if any bones were broken. The fact that I failed to notice my friends, and did not even look for them, is explainable only on the theory that I had continued thinking where I had left off in my selfish calculations when unconsciousness overcame me; it was the instinct of self-preservation that dominated my feelings upon regaining life. Forty minutes I had been dead to the world and to myself, and at the termination of this period I was the same selfish being as before. I cried for help, because, having no recollection of the comatose state in which I had been, I thought my friends at least a mile or two away, as they were at the time when I reached the foot of the mountain.”

“And did the heavenly thoughts recur to you, also?” was asked the professor.

“No,” said Dr. Heim; “I experienced them only at the moment of standing on the threshold of eternity. Then my soul rose gloriously to the occasion, but the certainty of death being removed, my material instincts and spirits triumphed.”

Dr. Heim has collected a great mass of testimony from other victims of accidents, who, like himself, escaped death by a miracle. The majority of the persons whom he interviewed are, besides his own countrymen, Englishmen, Germans, Tyroleans, Hungarians and Bohemians. Some of them record experiences which correspond with the above-described sensations, adding that at the supreme moment of heavenly phenomena they heard the most exquisite music.

The Transcendent Beauty of Death.

AS VIVIDLY PORTRAYED BY A MASTER MIND.

DEATH THE BENEFACITOR OF MANKIND—THE LOWEST RESULTS OF FORMATIVE TENDENCY—CRYSTAL LIFE—THE LICHEN—THE GREAT TREE FERN PERIOD—DEATH AS ESSENTIAL A FUNCTION AS BIRTH—“IF THIS BE DYING, NOTHING COULD BE EASIER.”

*Humanity has a faculty for ignoring and abusing its benefactors which amounts almost to a genius. Scarcely an age can be mentioned which has not starved its Homer, poisoned its Socrates, banished its Aristides, stoned its Stephen, burned its Savonarola, or imprisoned its Galileo. Nor is the strange perversion of sentiment confined to our fellow-mortals. The great, calm, stern, yet loving forces of nature have constantly fallen under the unjust stigma, and though we have outlived many earthly misconceptions or misrepresentations of most of these, a ghastly, repulsive, lying mask is still permitted to conceal the kindly, though stern features of Pallida Mors, albeit both religion and science are striving hard to tear it away. Let us endeavor to lift up a tiny corner long enough to catch a glimpse of what lies behind it.

I regard the prevailing conception of death as false in three important particulars: First, that it is in some way an enemy of, or opposed to, life; second, that it is a process of dissipation or degeneration involving and associated with a fearful waste of energy, time, and material; third, that it is a harsh, painful ordeal, from which every fibre of organic being shrinks in terror.

I am aware that my first contention will seem like a flat contradiction in terms, but a few illustrations will probably

*This splendidly written article is by Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D., in Open Court, Chicago, Ill., Dr. Paul Carus, editor and proprietor.

make my meaning plainer. Let us take those earliest and lowest results of formative tendencies in matter, the crystals, "the flowers of the rocks," as Ruskin beautifully calls them. Here we have individual units which for beauty, variety, and definiteness of form, brilliancy of color, and purity of substance, stand absolutely unrivaled in all the higher walks of life. Watch them forming, and see with what certainty atom seeks atom, here a diamond, there a cube, again a prism or rosette, each substance having its own definite, peculiar shape, with an utter disregard of all alien materials in the mass. Mark how crystal seeks crystal and proceeds to weave its own warp and woof, in column, in truncated cone, in spire, in lace-like web of slender needles, each according to its kind. See how the advance columns of the various ingredients of the mass cut through, ride over, or yield to one another, in regular social order of rank, dependent not upon bulk or hardness, but upon purity of substance and organizing power, upon crystal vitality in fact, and suppress if you can the conviction that these organisms are alive. The only thing they lack is the inherent faculty of dying. Drown and dissolve them by fluid, fuse into shapeless masses by volcanic heat, and on the very earliest opportunity they will promptly and surely resume their former shape and beauty. Gentler influences they defy. So long as they exist they are indestructible, and their lifetime is that of the everlasting hills. Here, if anywhere in the universe, is eternal life, in the popular sense of the term, but it were better named eternal death.

Crystal life is a bar of adamant to progress. Beautiful in itself, it is utterly barren, inhospitable, hopeless, as regards future growth. It can neither grow itself nor assist anything else to grow, save in one way, by dying.

The old earth shrinks a little in cooling, and our mass of crystals is suddenly elevated from cavernous depths to the top or side of one of those long wrinkles we call mountain ranges; the sun heats it, and the rains pour upon it, the frosts gnaw at its edges, until at length its vitality becomes impaired, and it succumbs to the elements. The whole structure crumbles into a shapeless mass of dull, damp, colorless, lifeless clay. Here, indeed, to all appearances is the desolation of death in all its hopeless repulsiveness. But wait a moment; here comes a tiny descendant of some crystal which has stum-

bled upon the faculty of dying, and improved thereon unto the fifty-thousandth generation, a lichen spore, drifting along the surface of the rock. It glances forlornly off from the flinty faces of the living crystals, but finds a home and a welcome at once upon the moist surface of the clay. Filmy rootlets run downward, tiny buds shoot upward, the new life has begun. It ensnares the sunlight in its emerald mesh, entangles the life-vapors of the air in its web, and grows and spreads until the valley of crystal death becomes transformed into a cushion of living green in the lap of the gaunt, grey granite.

But what as to further progress? The lichen is green and beautiful, but as an individual it can never develop into anything higher. Here again progress is absolutely barred by life, and must call death to its aid. The lichen dies, and its dust returns to the earth, carrying with it the spoils of the sunlight, the air, and the dew, to enrich the seed-bed. A hundred generations follow, each one leaving a legacy of fertility, until the soil becomes capable of sustaining a richer, stronger, higher order of plant-life, whose rootlets push into every crevice and rend the solid rock; the living carpet spreads; grass, flower and shrub succeed one another in steady succession, until the cold grey rock-trough is transformed into the lovely mountain glen with its myriad life. As the poet sings, the crystals have risen "on stepping-stones of their dead selves to nobler things," and of any link in the chain the inspired dictum would be equally true that "except it die, it abideth alone."

But, says some one, this is all true as to the surface of Mother Earth; but how about the deeper structures, her ribs and body bulk?

Every layer of the earth was part of the surface at one time, and the more intimately death has entered into their composition, the more highly organized the corpses of which they are composed, and the more useful and important they are.

Come back with me a few hundred years to the great tree-fern period, and gaze upon the matted jungle of frond and stem, thirty to sixty feet in height, which covers mile after mile of swamp. Here, indeed, is life in all its glory, yet it is a living shroud. No hum is there of insect life or twitter of birds that build their nests in the branches; for there is neither flower, berry nor seed to support the tiniest life. No animal can live on its stringy, indigestible fodder. The rank growth

crushes out any possibility of nobler, more generous plant-life. The old earth gives a tired sigh, her bosom heaves and sinks, and the waters rush in and cover the jungle, drown it, crush it, bury it with silt, compress and mummify it, and it is numbered with the "has beens," until one day a man stumbles upon a fragment of its remains in the face of some sea cliff, and coal, the food of the steam-engine, the motive power of latter-day commerce and civilization, is discovered. Alive, it was a worthless weed; dead, it becomes "black diamonds."

There is another illustration very much in point, indeed, but so familiar through the medium of Sunday-school literature, and so nearly worn threadbare as a text for sermons, that I hesitate to allude to it. I refer to that exemplary being, the coral insect. This sturdy little polyp anchors himself to the surface of the sunken reef, and with an industry and devotion that would do him infinite credit, if we could for a moment imagine that he was actuated by any other motive than that of filling his own greedy little stomach, he swallows and deposits in his tissues the lime-salts until his whole substance becomes literally petrified, and forms a stepping-stone of adamant for the succeeding generation. This process is repeated a few million times, and the lovely coral island, with its lofty palms, emerald verdure, silver sands, and glittering bird and insect life, breaks the surface of the howling waste of waters. Alive, he is a flabby, shapeless atom of greyish jelly; dead, he is a rainbow-hued crystal of loveliest outline—a thing of beauty in himself and the rock-ribbed support of countless other forms of life and beauty above the surface. Alive, he is an insignificant, slimy little salt-water slug; dead, he is a part of the framework of the universe, and a saintly creature, whose value as a moral example can hardly be overestimated.

When we turn to the higher forms of being, the dependence of life upon precedent, death is so self-evident as to have been formulated into a truism. That the grass must die that sheep may live, are facts as familiar as the multiplication table. If the command, "Thou shalt not kill," were to be interpreted to extend to our animal cousins and our vegetable ancestors, it might as well read at once, "Thou shalt starve."

In this sense death is as important and essential a vital function as birth, and the highest aim of many an organism is attained, not by its birth, but by its death. Literally: "He

that loseth his life shall save it," in the world to come. Without this power of the lower life to forward the higher life by dying, progress of any sort would be absolutely impossible. There be forms which, when they are devoured, refuse to die, but we call them parasites, and should hardly choose the tape-worm as a symbol of progress.

Even when we reach the human stage where no such direct digestive transformation into higher forms is possible, the same necessity is still apparent.

To permit progress in the social, political, or moral worlds, it becomes ultimately just as sternly essential, cruel as the fact may seem at first sight, that the old generation should die, as that the new should be born.

Now, let us look for a few moments at the second prevailing misconception of death as a destroyer and waster. This is apparently supported by a vast array of facts, ranging from the tremendous loss of life among the eggs or young of the lower forms to the sudden cutting short of existences in which meet the labor and preparation of generations of the past and the hopes of the future. What is the use of being born only to die, of laboriously building up an organism or character only to have it destroyed, annihilated, scattered like smoke?

To the first part of the question the answer almost suggests itself, viz., that this destruction is only apparent. Nothing is really lost at all. Merely the form is changed, and as it is necessary that life should be produced in great abundance in order to give nature, figuratively speaking, a wide field for selection, some method becomes absolutely indispensable by which the elements of the unfit, incompetent, non-elect forms can be promptly returned to the great crucible of nature, there to be available for use in new and improved patterns. So far from being a waster, death is the great economist of nature, enabling her to conduct her most extensive experiments with a mere handful of material.

But, you will reply, this accounts only, so to speak, for the materials used. Are not the vantage grounds so hardly won, the wonderful organizing power, the long years expended, utterly lost and hopelessly wasted? I answer, no; but rather secured thereby. They become an immutable part of the history of the race. The upward growth of the race is not an even, continuous line, but a series of ever-ascending, tiny

curves, each the life of an individual, and the tiny shoot of the curve of the life that is to follow is given off from near our highest point.

Death is the great embalmer, the casket into which our loved ones are received in the very flower of their beauty and the glory of their strength. A sheaf of corn fully ripe is a beautiful, dignified, inspiring sight and memory, but it must be reaped to make it so, and not left on the stem to rot and freeze.

And it should not be forgotten that so long as life lasts, not only is growth possible, but degeneration also; and that the further the zenith of power is passed, the more probable does the latter become. Nothing can imperil the good that a man has done save his own later weakness, treason or folly; and when the mortal dart pierces him it transfixes him where he stands and secures the vantage ground he has won. Death's function here is, as it were, a ratchet upon the notched wheel of human progress, to secure every inch gained as a starting point for the life to come.

But the crowning beauty and noblest impulse of the process is that it is intrinsically a burying of the old life to enrich the new. The parent form falls with all the scars, the weariness and grime of the conflict, into the gentle lap of Mother Earth, in order that the new life may rise, fresh, pure, triumphant. Old errors are buried, old failures forgotten. The good of all the past is inherited, the evil falls by its own weight. The race takes a fresh start every generation. We are all but drops in the grand stream of life, which flows with ever-widening sweep through all the ages.

We are immortal, if we but form a true, sturdy link in the great chain of life. It is this unbroken continuity of life, ever rising to nobler levels from the ashes of apparent death that is so beautifully typified by the Phoenix and similar traditions. We should cheerfully pay the debt of nature, proudly confident that she will be able to invest the capital to better advantage next time, from the interest we have laboriously added to it.

There need be no shrinking dread of the "pangs of dissolution," the "final agony," for such things have no existence save in disordered imaginations. Ask any physician whose head is silvered over with grey, and he will tell you that while disease is often painful, death itself is gentle, painless, natural,

like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. It is literally true that there is a time to die as well as to live, and when that time comes the event becomes not only tolerable, but, like all other natural processes, desirable; every fibre of our tired, worn-out being demands it.

The overwhelming majority of such records of authentic "last words" as we possess, re-echo the saying of Charles II. on his deathbed: "If this be dying, nothing could be easier."

Even in such an extreme case as death under the fangs of wild beasts, all those who have gone very near the Valley of the Shadow from this cause, unite in testifying, incredible as it may seem, that after the first shock of the attack there is absolutely no sensation of pain.

For instance, Livingstone, upon one occasion, was pounced upon by a lion, which felled him to the ground, and, making his teeth meet in his shoulder, dragged him a considerable distance into the jungle before his followers could come to his assistance. Livingstone asserts most positively that he was perfectly conscious of what was happening when he was being carried, could hear the cries of his friends, and wondered how long it would take them to reach him, but that he felt no pain or fear whatever, nothing but a strange, drowsy, dreamy sensation. And yet his shoulder was so severely injured that he never fully recovered the use of it, and his body was identified after death by the scars.

Sir Samuel Baker reports a similar experience with a bear which he had wounded. The great brute felled him by a stunning blow from its paw, and he was aroused to consciousness by its crunching the bones of his hand; it continued the process up his arm, and had almost reached the shoulder before the rescuing party could reach him, and yet Sir Samuel declares that he felt no pain whatever, and that his only sensation was one of intense resentment against the beast for seeming to enjoy the taste of him so much. Nor are these by any means exceptional instances, as many other such reports could be collected, and it is almost an axiom with surgeons that the severer the injury the less the pain. Many a man has received his death-wound and never knew it until his strength began to fail.

But nature is even more merciful than this. Contrary to popular impression and pulpit pyrotechnics, the fear of death,

which is so vivid in life and health, absolutely disappears as soon as his hand is laid upon us. Every physician knows from experience that not one person in fifty is afraid or even unwilling to die when the time actually comes, and in the vast majority of instances our patients drift into a state of dreamy indifference to the result as soon as they become seriously ill. So universally is this true that we seldom feel any uneasiness as to the result of a case in which a lively fear of death is exhibited. The highest sensibilities are the first to die; so that both pain and fear are usually abolished, literally rendered impossible, hours, days, or even weeks, before the end comes. Our dear ones drift gently out into the sea of rest, on the ebbing tide of life, with a smile upon their sleeping faces.

For every minor injury nature provides a remedy; for every hopeless one, a narcotic.

In not a few instances this indifference becomes changed into positive longing for death. Days of suffering and nights of sleepless weariness quickly bring men to stretch out their arms to the great rest-bringer. Fever-parched and pain-weary men and women long for death as tired children long for sleep. Ask your own family physician, and he will tell you that as a matter of fact he has heard five prayers for death to one for life, when fate is trembling in the balance.

Because the thought of death in the noon-tide of life sends a chill through them, people never stop to think that their feelings may entirely change with the circumstances, and will not understand, as the good old Methodist elder shrewdly expressed it, that they "can't expect to get dying grace to live by."

The ghastly *in articulo mortis*, or "death-struggle," of which we hear so much in dramatic literature, religious or otherwise, does not occur in one case in ten, and then usually long after consciousness has ceased. When death comes near enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his twin brother, sleep.

A Very Startling Confirmation.

OF STATEMENTS MADE PREVIOUSLY ON APPARENT DEATH.

AS FROM THE DEAD — REAPPEARANCE BEFORE PARENTS OF A DAUGHTER MOURNED FOR A YEAR—SHE WAS ONLY IN A TRANCE, AND HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE COFFIN BY A LOVER—DRAMATIC SCENE AT THE REUNION—OTHER INCIDENTS.

*A girl, who a year ago was pronounced dead and prepared for burial, has reappeared before her astonished parents and friends as the wife of George E. Thompson, a young farmer, living with his mother near this place.

Mrs. Thompson was Miss Ellen Norman, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Norman, living just on the outskirts of Hope. She was the belle of the neighborhood, and was engaged to marry Thompson, who came here with his mother a few years ago and took up a farm. In October of 1894 the girl was taken ill with a malady which puzzled the doctors, and on October 24th she died; at least the doctors pronounced her dead, after subjecting her to numerous tests.

In a few hours the face of the dead girl began to turn black, and the doctors at once ordered the body to be placed in a coffin and the coffin tightly closed, as they feared that the disease was something contagious. The funeral was set for the next day, October 25th, and the coffin containing the body was kept over night in the Norman house.

The only watcher was Mr. Thompson, who declared that he was not afraid of the disease, whatever it was. It was due to his watching that the young woman is alive to-day.

After the Norman family had retired, leaving Thompson

*Special telegram to the Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch, from Hope, N. D., September 14, 1895.

alone with the dead girl, he removed the lid of the coffin in order to once more gaze upon the face of his fiancée. As he sat looking at the discolored face and the white hands folded across the bosom, he was startled to see the chest of the body in the casket rise and fall in a spasmodic way, as though the girl was gasping for breath. In a moment he was bending low over the coffin with his ear pressed against her chest. There was life in the body, for the heart was fluttering faintly.

Wrapping the form, which had not become rigid, in the blanket which had been given him to throw about his shoulders during his vigil, Thompson, without awakening the family, carried the girl to his own home, where he explained all to his mother. She agreed with him that it would be folly to arouse the neighbors, as it was not at all certain the girl would come to life again.

After placing Ellen in bed and surrounding her with hot pillows, Dr. Z. E. Mullan was called in and sworn to secrecy. This done, Thompson returned to the Norman residence, and, after making up a dummy body and covering it with the grave-clothes taken from the girl, and dropping a handkerchief lightly over the face, so that if the coffin should be opened on the morrow for any purpose the deception would not be noticed, resumed his watch.

When the morning came all was the same, apparently, as it had been left by the family the night before, and the coffin remained, under orders from the doctors, unopened, even for Mr. and Mrs. Norman to take a last look at the dead girl.

The funeral was held at the little church here in the morning and was largely attended. The sermon was an affecting one, and at its conclusion the casket was lowered into the grave and hidden from sight. Mr. Thompson's mother was the only one who knew that the body of the girl was not in the casket. Mrs. Thompson remained at home taking care of the girl, and, as it was given out that she was ill, nothing was thought of her absence from church.

After Miss Norman had been carried to the Thompson residence and Dr. Mullan had worked over her for several hours, it became evident that she had simply been in a trance, and that the discoloration of the face was caused by the stagnation of the blood. A galvanic battery was brought into use, and after a time the supposed dead girl began breathing in a

fairly natural manner again. She remained unconscious or delirious for several days, according to Dr. Mullan, who remained almost constantly at the bedside, and then awoke as from a heavy sleep. She was very weak, and was therefore not informed as to the true state of affairs. She was simply told that she had been quite sick, and that she must remain absolutely quiet. As she became stronger all was explained to her. She wanted her parents sent for at once, but this Dr. Mullan would not listen to, saying that the least excitement might bring on a relapse.

About the middle of December, Miss Norman was spirited away from Hope by the doctor and Mr. Thompson, and since that time she has been traveling in the South and West, where she has fully regained her health. Soon after leaving here she and Mr. Thompson were married, and shortly after that Mullan returned to his home here, leaving his patient in charge of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson arrived here a few days ago over the Great Northern road, first having advised Mr. and Mrs. Norman that the daughter they had mourned as dead was alive and well, and on her way home to them as the wife of Mr. Thompson.

There was a dramatic scene when Mrs. Thompson met her father and mother. The townspeople at first refused to believe that the young woman was the one they had seen buried as they supposed, and would not be convinced that it was really she until the grave where her body was supposed to be lying was opened and the dummy body taken from the casket.

Mrs. Thompson looks as well and happy as a woman can, but does not care to talk of her strange experience, although her husband is ready at all times to discuss the matter. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are now living on their farm, a short distance from the town.

GLIMPSES OF THE OTHER WORLD.

The experiences of Gail Hamilton with death and the other world, remind me forcibly of an able physician I knew when I was a boy, who experienced the sensation of death more than once, says a writer in the *New York Press*. His recital of what it was to die made a terrible impression on me. He was a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form, and on

two occasions practically died from it, his life going out peacefully as he sat propped in an old arm-chair. His first death was followed by a public announcement of that fact, and the funeral arrangements were made. When we arrived at his house we found him sitting in the chair telling of things he had seen in the great beyond. He thus described his soul leaving his body:

“They left me in the room alone and went off to weep. I looked toward the closed door and saw my soul standing there, sadly, regretfully. It paused to gaze back upon me before departing forever. I heard it say: ‘Shall I really leave that poor old body that I have been with these fifty-three years? Shall I let it go down to the grave to rot? Can it be made to do any more good in the world? I hate to leave it. Somehow it hurts me to go. I feel as if I am deserting a good old friend. No! I will not leave it yet. I will remain with it a little longer. There is plenty of time for me.’ It walked back to me and took possession of my body, and I breathed once more.”

My father, a warm friend of this doctor, was one of the watchers at his deathbed on two occasions, and I have his word for it that the death, in both cases, appeared genuine. This man could tell all sorts of marvelous things of the other world. Plutarch tells us of Thespeseus, who spent three days in what he regarded as hell, looking over the ground, while his friends above were preparing to bury him. After his return Thespeseus became a great reformer.

[END OF VOL. II.]